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"What happened?" Larry hissed.

What else happened? If not for you having an affair, why would all these things happen? You betrayed Joan, but you won't even divorce her.

"Joan told me Ms. Young was in the garden earlier, but it's been almost a day since then. She hasn't come back. When I went to the garden, Ms. Young is nowhere to be found," Dustin explained.

What? Ms. Young keeps a low profile, and she's nice. If it's nothing major, she wouldn't bother herself with it. Why is she missing?

"Have you call the cops?"

"I did, but they can't find her either," Dustin responded. Then, Dustin watched the other man's reaction carefully.

With the way he's panicking, it seems like he hasn't come to the conclusion that Gabriella is the one behind this. But I'm not sure if my guess is right.

"Larry," Dustin said after a moment of silence.

Larry slowly turned around to look at the other man gravely.

"Say, do you think it's possible that Gabriella did this?" Dustin carefully suggested.

He wanted to see what reaction this man would have upon hearing those words. Is he really biased toward her after she became pregnant? At that thought, Dustin sneered.

"Why would she kidnap Ms. Young?" Larry threw a perplexed look at the man.

Is he kidding me? Has he not realize what kind of person Gabriella is after so long? She's a woman who'll take revenge on whoever wrongs her. Ms. Young chased her out of the house yesterday, so how can she not be angry about that? What a joke!

"To her, everyone around Joan, excluding you, are her enemies. Isn't that right?" Dustin voiced as he strode toward Larry.

He's right. Gabriella's not someone who's easy to deal with.

In the room, Delilah was yelling, "What are you trying to do? Who are you?"

The man sneered as a dark look crawled onto his face.

"The one who's going to kill you."

Hearing that, a cold glint flashed past Delilah's eyes.

I don't know who he is, so why is he trying to kill me? The elderly woman's curiosity was piqued as she gave the man a once-over.

Since neither of us has crossed paths with each other, why are you trying to kill me?

"I'm not the one who bears a grudge against you. Don't you know who you've crossed?" The man was chewing on a piece of gum as he shot her a glare.

In response, Delilah lowered her head and tried her best to figure out what happened.

She had been living in the village for many years, and she had always been nothing but helpful. The villagers all liked and respected her, so she could not think of someone who would wish to kill her. Although the villagers rarely strayed far from their homes, they knew about the dangers of the world outside the village. Therefore, they cherished their friendships. There's no way they would do something as horrible and shameless as this.

No. It can't be them.

"Who told you to come after me? Even if I die, I want to die knowing who did this to me," Delilah gritted out.

What use is it for you to know that? The man slapped her hard.

"Keep dreaming. If you can't figure it out yourself, you can keep up with the guessing in hell," the man rejected immediately.

How cruel. Delilah tensed as she kept her gaze on the man.

I've been hiding this for years. Am I going to reveal it today? She tensed her jaw.

When she was younger, to protect herself, she had practiced all forms of martial arts. As she hailed from a wealthy family, she had been in various types of training classes and competitions. It was only fate that had brought her to the village.

Delilah tried to conceal every part of her past life, hoping that she could start anew. Thus, it had been a long while since she had combated someone else. So what if I'm old now? Am I an easy target just because I'm old? Delilah scoffed as she rolled her shoulders.

Then, she yelled, "Hey, I want to go back!"

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Hearing her shout, the man spun around to glance at her suspiciously. Has this old wench lost her mind?

"What? Do you want to go home? Which home? The home in hell?" Right then, the man burst out laughing.

He's too much! Delilah ambled toward the man, her eyes fixed on him the entire time.

"I've given you a chance. Let me out. This will be the last time I'll say this. Otherwise, don't blame me for showing you no mercy," Delilah whispered.

What can she do? She's got one foot in the grave. I can't believe she's threatening me now. She's better off reminiscing about her sweet past with the time she has left. The man shook his head and sighed.

"Ten minutes. That's all the time I'm giving you. You can tell me whatever last words you have, especially about your assets. That's really important," the man muttered, smirking.

What an animal. I can't believe he's planning to get my assets too. He's really lost his marbles for money.

"So you're not going to let me go?" Delilah questioned.

For a moment, the man was taken aback by the vicious look in her eyes. However, he managed to recompose himself quickly.

"What are you trying to do? What can an old woman like you do? What will you do if I don't let you go? Are you going to hit me? You? What a joke. I'd say you—"

Smack! A punch rammed toward the man, so quick that the man did not even have the time to react.

Instantly, he collapsed on the ground, in immense agony.

"Y-You f*cking wench! How dare you hit me!" the man screeched, jabbing his finger at her.

So what if I did? Goodness me. That feels great. It's been so long since I've hit someone. I really am getting rusty at this. After the punch, Delilah dusted her hands.

"What's wrong? Did you think I'm the kind to take things lying down? Yes, while it's true that I keep a low profile at most times, it doesn't mean I'll relent at all times." With that said, Delilah kicked him and turned to leave.

"Stop! You've got to pay for my medical fees!" the man on the ground screamed.

Is he trying to be funny? He should be glad I'm not suing him for giving me psychological trauma. How can he be that shameless to ask me to pay for his medical fees?

"How is it? Have you found her? Where did Ms. Young go?" Joan asked in a shaky voice.

Dustin, who was beside her, gently patted her shoulders. "Don't worry. We're doing our best to look for her. She'll be fine. It's okay."

When Larry saw the two interacting, the light in his eyes dimmed.

Lucius ran toward Dustin and hugged his leg, asking, "Mr. Dustin, did something happen to Grandma? I'm so worried about her."

Larry averted his eyes.

Have they already chosen Dustin instead?

"No. I can't just sit here. I have to look for her," Joan blurted out as she moved, about to leave the house.

"Who are you going to look for? Aren't I right here?" came Delilah's loud voice.

Joan's eyes lit up as her heart finally lowered from her throat to her chest.

"Ms. Young, where did you go? You scared me!" Joan gripped the elderly woman's hands with her own shaking ones.

"I'm fine. You can rest assured now." Delilah smiled then patted Joan's shoulder.

None of them knew that the elderly woman was well-versed in martial arts; there was no one in the world who could lay a finger on her. The man from earlier, by then, had fled the scene on all fours.

"Ms. Young, we tried looking for you in the garden earlier, but we couldn't see any signs of you. Moreover, you didn't pick up Joan's call. You've frightened her," Dustin quietly stated.

"I... I went out for a moment, and I lost my phone. I think I dropped it on my way there. I'm fine now," Delilah lied.

She did not want the few people in front of her to worry, especially Joan and Lucius. Moreover, she had come out of the incident completely unscathed. The one who wanted to harm her had to try harder than that.