

## Chapter 5 Try To Show Up On Time

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"Fled?" Belinda responded as if she had heard a funny joke. She stared back defiantly, her eyes brimming with derision. "You were the one who didn't show up that day, Lucas. You set the time, but then, you postponed it. Why should I wait for you like some sort of servant? Do you think you're that important?"

Belinda's words, sharp and dripping with irony, caused Lucas to frown slightly. His expression darkened as he said, "You-"

Before he could continue, Belinda interjected, "No need to worry, Mr. Clark. We'll definitely finalize the divorce. I'll see you at the courthouse tomorrow at ten."

Turning to leave, she hesitated momentarily and then glanced back at Lucas with a sarcastic edge in her eyes. "Try to show up on time this time, Mr. Clark. We both know how valuable our time is."

With that, she walked away without a second glance.

After passing a corner, she paused, her lashes fluttering as she composed herself.

Despite her outward poise, her heart was anything but steady.

Drawing a deep breath, Belinda made her way back to the hall.

Upon entering the hall, she was greeted by a sudden commotion from the crowd.

"Mr. Singh, are you alright? Mr. Singh?"

"Someone call an ambulance, quickly!"

"Jordy! Jordy, come on, wake up! Don't scare me like this!"



As the cries continued, a figure brushed past Belinda, rushing towards the center of the commotion.

Jordy Singh, a middle-aged man, was sprawled on the floor, his complexion turning an alarming shade of blue. He looked like he was having trouble breathing.

Lucas quickly kneeled beside Jordy.

"Lucas!" At the sight of Lucas, Amanda Singh, Jordy's distressed wife, seemed to have found comfort.

"Stay calm, Mrs. Singh. Mr. Singh is going to be okay," Lucas reassured Amanda in a soothing tone. Then, he turned to address the crowd, saying, "Someone get Santino to bring the family doctor here!"

"Move aside!" demanded a clear, authoritative female voice suddenly.

At that moment, Belinda walked over to Jordy.

She attempted to kneel beside Jordy, but her gown was too restrictive.

With a slight frown, she ripped the hem of her gown without hesitation.

Now kneeling beside Jordy, Belinda swiftly unbuttoned his shirt to assess his condition, a mask of concentration on her face.

"How is he?" Darren inquired from close by.

Turning swiftly to Darren, Belinda said, "Get the medical kit, quick."

"Okay," Darren said.

Belinda then addressed the onlookers, saying, "Could everyone please back up? He needs more air."

The people around complied and stepped back, allowing more space for Jordy and Belinda.

Lucas watched Belinda manage the emergency with efficient calm, lost in thought.

He recalled then that Belinda had studied medicine in university before.

Soon, the Thomas family butler arrived with the medical kit, exclaiming, "Here you go, the medical kit!"

Belinda opened the kit, pulling out alcohol, cotton swabs, and a syringe. She moistened a cotton swab with alcohol and disinfected a spot near Jordy's heart. Then, she began preparing the syringe. After a while, she was about to inject Jordy.

"Wait!" Suddenly, an urgent cry from a woman made Belinda stop.

