

## Chapter 956

Charlie woke up the next day after New Year's.

Josiah felt a sense of relief when he heard the news.

At least Meredith would not blame herself if anything had happened to Charlie.

"How is he doing now?" He asked.

Wesley replied, "He is still weak but the doctor mentioned that Mister Charlie will get better if he cooperates with the treatment plan."

"Okay."

Looking at Josiah, Wesley hesitated before asking, "Sir, do you really think that the accident was staged by Charlie's mother and that Charlie has got nothing to do with it?"

Josiah looked at him and replied, "Yes."

"But why?"

"Because my aunt is the kind of person who would do such a thing."

"You're saying that...Mister Charlie would not do such a thing?"

"If Charlie was really the one behind this, my aunt wouldn't have taken on all the blame when she knew that Charlie might die. After all, paying someone to kill is illegal and she still needs to manage the Larson Group."

Wesley thought about Josiah's words and thought that they did make sense.

He then asked, "Then what do you plan to do now? Regarding Charlie's mother."

She was after all his aunt, his family. She nearly collapsed because of what happened to Charlie. What else could Josiah probably do?

Wesley too murmured under his breath, "But this situation is a bit tricky. If we lock her up in jail, Mister Charlie wouldn't have anyone else on his side. Plus, he's crippled..."

"Enough," Josiah cut him off.

Of course, Josiah had thought about all these.

There was really nothing that he could do toward Charlie's mother.

"You've been working hard for the past few days. Take a few days off for the New Year's," Josiah said flatly.

"It's okay, Sir. I'm alone anyway. It doesn't matter to me if I celebrate or not," Wesley replied.

Josiah responded instead, "But it matters to me."

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Wesley had no choice but to say, "If that's the case. Have a good break, Sir. I'll get going now. Um...feel free to call me if you need anything."

After Wesley left, Josiah left his study and went to check on Meredith.

Meredith had been sleeping for two days and two nights.

Perhaps she finally got proper rest, Meredith's complexion looked good. Her lips were plump and red and

her skin was fair. Josiah had the urge to kiss her.

Josiah hesitated but in the end, he leaned over and kissed her.

Meredith was still sound asleep, not realizing that she was kissed.

Josiah wanted to kiss her again but he heard footsteps nearing the room and he quickly took a few steps backward.

After a while, Nia walked into the room.

"Daddy, are you done with work?" Nia whispered softly as she walked toward them with a few stalks of rose bushes in one hand and a vase in her other hand.

"Yes, darling." Looking at the flowers in her hands, he asked, "Nia...are these flowers for your mom?"

"Yep. Mommy will be able to sleep better with the smell of the roses."

"I see. I'm sure your mom will be glad to see those flowers when she wakes up."

"But when is Mommy waking up?" Nia was clueless as to why her mom had been sleeping for so long, hence she was worried. "Daddy, could it be that Mommy is sick?"

"She's not, don't worry, sweetheart," Josiah patted Nia on her head and comforted her, "Your mom will wake up tomorrow."

"Really?"

"Of course. Since when have I lied to you?"

Nia felt reassured. She placed the vase on the bedside table and started arranging the flowers in the vase.