

## Midnight 611

### Chapter 611: Love Me, Okay?

Well, it was better than killing himself from frustrated love or something.

A few scantily-clad women noticed the handsome man, coming forward in succession to accost him.

"Go! He's not the man you can touch!" Cecelia chased them away, standing in front of Kevin.

A buxom blonde frowned at the teenage girl, "Who are you? Mind your own business!"

"He is my man. Got that?" Cecelia sat down on the sofa beside Kevin, shifted her legs, and cocked her head.

The blonde let out a disappointed snort and left whiningly.

Kevin watched coldly as Cecelia drove away those girls, remaining silent.

Cecelia, ignoring his cold look, moved closer to him. She picked up a cup in her hand and poured the whiskey in.

"Cecelia, what are you up to?" Kevin compressed his lips into a cool smile.

"Don't you drink? I'll drink with you." Cecelia drank up the whiskey in her hand. Wow, it rasped her throat. The last time she came to the bar, she only drank beer. The whiskey was much stronger, and her cheeks flamed with liquor.

"I don't need you to drink with me. Go home!" Kevin took the cup away from her hand when she was about to take one more drink.

"Bloody mean! Fine, I'll buy drinks myself! Waiter --" Cecelia gestured for the waiter to bring her a pitcher of beer. She asked the waiter to open all the bottles and took a swallow.

Kevin didn't care about her anymore and began to drink in silence.

The two sat on the sofa, one cup following another.

The hours wore on; night came. The glass table in front of them was now full of empty bottles. Cecelia was dead drunk and couldn't utter a complete word.

Kevin, who could drink a lot better than Cecelia, also got a little tipsy. He closed his eyes, sitting back upon the sofa.

Cecelia turned to him, falling into his arms drunkenly.

"You know, I've been into you since the first time I saw you. I'll always remember the day I saw you sitting on the bench, and dad was talking to you, trying to get you back to the Smith family, but your eyes were cold and distant... The loneliness in your eyes distressed me. I suddenly realized that you had suffered a lot, and I also knew that my parents owed you and your mother more than I could imagine. I really wanted to make it up to you for my parents, and take good care of you. I don't want to see you get hurt again... But you refused to come back. You were cold to the Smiths, and you never gave me a

chance... Brother, when you gave everything to Savannah, did you ever think that someone else is waiting for you behind you?"

Kevin subconsciously pushed her away, but the girl wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing herself to him tightly. She inhaled deeply in his arms, murmuring,

"Brother, you know, after I met you, I wished I could grow up quickly every day. When I grow up, I can have the opportunity to be with you and take care of you. Now that I'm an adult, not a child, and your wedding to Savannah is off... Can you give me a chance?"

"You're drunk." Kevin sat straight in a wandering and mechanical way.

The last of his willpower kept him awake.

The girl was getting out of line.

Even if he and Savannah were not together, it was impossible for him to choose her!

Cecelia, however, clasped herself so close and tight to him, writhing her body against him.

"Brother, I'm not drunk. I meant what I said. Love me, okay?" At this, she raised herself on her feverish arm, pressing her lips to his.

Kevin wanted to push her away, but she held him so tight that he couldn't move her. Driven by the alcohol or something, he lost his head and kissed back before he could stop himself.

He let go – his hands moving of their own accord and twisting into her hair, pulling her to him, his mouth opening, his tongue stroking hers.

Such a scene of passion frequently happened in the bar, and it didn't draw much attention.

They kissed deeply. Cecelia moaned against his lips. Everything ignited inside her, and she was saying she wanted him.

"Take me... to somewhere quiet." Gasping for breath, she wrapped her arms around his neck, offering a more cordial invitation.

Kevin, driven by the alcohol and passions of her body, picked up her without rational thought, carrying her through the crowd to the second floor of the bar.

This was the place where he had occasionally come with Dan for relaxation, so he had booked a box here as a restroom.

He went in with the soft and frangible girl in his arms, holding her down on the sofa.

Cecelia, ready as she was, closed her legs nervously but slowly opened them again, trying not to be shy, whispering in his ear, "brother, I want to be your woman..."

This "brother" brought him to his senses. His muddled brain suddenly clarified. He looked down and realized who the woman was under him.

She was his sister...

What was he doing?

He almost failed to resist her temptation and made a drunken mistake!

Dizziness came to him.

"Brother..." Cecelia made a tentative sound when he did not move, but suddenly he fell on top of her. She gasped and gave him a little push, but he didn't respond.

She raised her head and looked at him closely. Then she saw that he was asleep.

His breath was clear and stable. He was not acting. It should be that the drink got up in his head.

With a wry smile, she gently turned him down and lay him on the sofa.

After drinking too much, he shouldn't wake up all night.

She yawned and slumped over the sofa, her thinking becoming woolly as sleep crept up on her, and soon she fell asleep.

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When Cecelia woke up the next morning, she found herself sleeping on the sofa with his coat over her.

Kevin was nowhere to be seen.

She rose abruptly and opened the door. There were some guards from the Smith family waiting at the door.

"Miss, you wake at last." They sighed with relief.

"Where's my brother?"

The guards exchanged a glance with each other. "Mr. Wills called us in the early hours of the morning. He said you were drunk and asked us to guard you at the door. He left alone."

#### Chapter **612: I'm Not Going Anywhere**

Cecelia was ready to rush out to look for him, but the guard seemed to know what she intended to.

"Mr. Wills asked you not to look for him again."

"What do you mean!?" Cecelia stared at the guard.

The guard took a deep breath and lowered his eyes, not daring to meet the murderous eyes of Cecelia.

"He said he wouldn't see you again."

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Dylan opened his eyes as the first rays of morning sunlight entered the room. The sedatives had worn off.

Savannah, who had hardly slept all night, sat up and looked at him.

"Are you awake, Dylan?" she asked softly.

Last night, Garwood sent Savannah a set of clothing for her to change, and now, she dressed up in a T-shirt and jeans.

Dylan was in a daze when he saw her as if he couldn't make sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Why are you here?" He asked in a husky voice when he realized she was real.

"We'll talk about it later. What you need now is a good rest. I'll get the doctor." Savannah stood up and turned to go but heard the man's cold voice behind her.

"I ask you why you are here?"

The little woman should have married Kevin yesterday. Why was she here now?

Savannah stopped and turned slowly.

"I know... You didn't marry me and left me because you're ill, aren't you?" She asked in a whisper.

He froze, and his eyes darkened, his hands clenched.

"Who told you that?" His tone was stony.

"Anyway, I've already known."

"Garwood, or Fiona?" He asked through clenched teeth.

"Is that important?" Savannah's eyes turned red.

Yes, he would kill the one who told her the truth!

Who gave them permission to tell her he was in the hospital?

All that he had done was stultified!

After a long pause, he lifted his thin, bearded, but still handsome face and gave her an indifferent look.

"What if you know it? You may go now."

"Go? Where do you want me to go?" Savannah stared at him.

"Go back to Kevin and get married to him." His eyes were sightless. She had never seen him so weak.

"I'm not going to marry anyone else." Savannah bit her lip and said, "Dylan, I know you don't want to get Kaiden and me into trouble, but as Jacob said, it's not completely incurable..."

"Get out," he let out a strangled roar and turned over, not wanting to see her.

"I won't go!" she shouted angrily.

Dylan was about to call in a bodyguard when Savannah ran back to the bed and gave him a hug from behind.

"I don't want your pity. Get out of here, get out of my face!" The strait-jacket around him made it impossible for him to break free of her, and he could only warn her, grinding his teeth.

The more he said, the closer she held him.

She knew. His heart must be bleeding when he asked her to get out, and he felt more pain than her.

For more than half a year, she thought she was suffering, but in fact, he suffered much more than her.

Now that she knew, she would never leave him again.

"I won't go. I'm not going anywhere. I'll take care of you until you get well!" She articulated her words clearly.

"Oh, take care of me? It's not a common disease, and when it comes on, I may hurt you. Are you not afraid of being around a madman who may go insane at any moment?" He threatened her.

She was afraid. But what she was more afraid of was to separate from him.

"I didn't give up on you when I saved you from that fire, and I'll not abandon you this time. Dylan, pull yourself together! I risked my life to get you out of the fire that year, and you must value your life, even for me and Kaiden. You've promised me to take care of me and love me forever, would it be enough to fight?!" She gritted her teeth and tears slipped down her eyes.

Seeing her in tears, his heart was bleeding too for her. After a certain struggle, he gradually calmed down.

Just then, Jacob rushed in with the nurse. Seeing that Dylan was awake, they came forward to check him.

Savannah backed away and breathed a sigh of relief.

After that day, Dylan didn't insist she should go, but he didn't speak much and looked a bit dejected, ignoring all her care.

Savannah knew he was trying to disappoint her and drive her away in this way.

But it didn't matter as long as she could stay with him.

A week went by.

It was dinner time. Dylan put down the plate after a few bites and refused to take more.

Within a few days, he had lost a lot of weight.

In this situation, sooner or later, he would physically collapse.

Savannah took the soup and raised a spoonful to his thin, pale lips.

"Dylan, would you like some more?"

As her last word fell, he waved his hand and knocked the spoon off her hand, spilling the soup all over the floor.

He turned over impatiently.

This happened many times during the week. He deliberately blew up at her to give her difficulties so that she would leave him when she lost all patience.

Savannah got used to it. She silently picked up the spoon.

"If you don't like it, I'll make you something else," she said softly and made for the door.

"Why? Why don't you go?" His cold voice came from behind her.

He thought she would have enough of it and leave crying after he kept giving her cold shoulders for days.

But the little woman showed no sign of backing down after a week.

Without looking back, she said quietly, "My reason for not leaving is the same as your reason for canceling our wedding and estranging yourself from Kaiden and me."

Because of love.

She walked out of the ward.

Down the corridor, Joanne had been waiting outside for some time when she saw her daughter come out.

Savannah was surprised and went over to her.

"Mom, why are you here?"

"How is he today?" Joanne glanced at the ward behind her daughter.

On the day Savannah left the wedding, Joanne found out what had happened to Dylan.

She came to the hospital a few days ago.

"Fine. He's conscious for most of the time," Savannah whispered.

Joanne sighed. She knew Savannah didn't want to worry her. But they all knew the genetic disease was difficult to treat, especially mental illness. And people around the patient must suffer a lot.

Savannah looked terribly haggard after just a week.

Joanne took her to sit on a bench and asked after a short hesitation, "Savannah, I know I shouldn't interfere with your decision. But I'm your mother, and I have to say something. I talked to Dylan's father the other day and learned that Dylan's mother and brother all died of this illness, and even Dylan's sister is still in a nursing house. I'm afraid it's hard for Dylan to recover. I know it may be selfish of me to say that to you, but I really do love you so much... Savannah, please, leave him..."

Chapter **613: I'm Not As Weak And Timid As You Think**

Hanging her head, Savannah kept silent.

In fact, old Sterling said the same thing to her when he came to the hospital yesterday.

He didn't want to burden her with Dylan. He told her soberly that she could leave at any time, and no one would blame her. Anyway, she had nothing to do with the Sterling family now. If his illness didn't answer the treatment at present, they were going to send Dylan to the nursing home in Switzerland. The environment there was quiet and better for recuperation. What's more, they could keep Dylan's condition from the domestic media and avoid gossips.

Old Sterling knew Dylan's disposition well. Being talked about as a madman would be worth more than death for him.

After a long silence, she said quietly, "Mom, I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead."

"Would you have left dad if he were still alive and seriously ill?" Savannah looked at her, her eyes wet with a few tears.

The answer was easy and clear.

Joanne didn't even leave Ethan alone when he was dying. Though she had divorced him, she still took care of him in the last run of his life, not to mention her beloved ex-husband, Padgett.

Padgett was the love of Joanne's life.

She could even give her life to him. How could she leave him when he was seriously sick?

Joanne understood her daughter's decision when she asked this. She shook her head helplessly but didn't blame her.

"You might have a hard time," she said, her gaze full of pity.

"I'm sorry, mom. I can't give up on him. He was the man I loved. I can't bear the pain seeing him in this kind of state, and he's the father of my son," Savannah looked at her mother firmly.

They talked for a while. When Savannah sent Joanne out of the hospital and came back, she saw a nurse standing at the door of Dylan's ward, calling out to another colleague in panic,

"Hurry up! Go get Dr. Shamon! Get the syringe and the strait-jacket, and the spare key to the room!"

Startled, Savannah ran over in a hurry and learned from the panic nurse that Dylan had another attack. There was only a care worker in the ward just now. He drove the care worker out and shut himself in the ward. The care worker panicked and rushed to inform the nurse.

There were a lot of dangerous things, such as fruit knives and glass in the ward! He might accidentally cut himself when he was no longer conscious!

Savannah knocked at the door soundly without thinking much, but there was no response.

In a moment of desperation, she came up with an idea—she could climb into his ward from the ward next to his. Without saying anything, she hurried to the next ward. The nurse seemed to realize what she was going to do.

"Miss Schultz, you can't go in alone! Mr. Sterling would go out of his mind when his illness occurs, he might hurt you!"

Savannah found no time for hesitation. She climbed up the balcony to Dylan's ward. Luckily, the wards were on the second floor.

She jumped on the balcony of Dylan's ward and pulled the door open, gasping.

The ward was already a mess!

He was standing by the bed, holding in his hand the fruit knife that the care worker had used to cut fruit for him in the morning.

The sharp blade flashed with cold gloss.

A cold sweat broke out on Savannah's back. Holding her breath, she walked towards him.

"Dylan, give me the knife," she whispered.

Dylan slowly raised his hand, and he didn't seem to hear anything from the outside world.

It was too dangerous for him! At this thought, Savannah rushed over, raising to grab the knife, but she forgot the great difference in physical strength between men and women. He responded quickly, and before she could touch his hand, he caught her by her neck, choking her.

He stared at her, blankly with blood-shot eyes. His handsome face became terribly fierce as if he was a man-eating beast. He tightened his fingers little by little around her neck, mercilessly.

He had had occasional onset of the illness, but each time he wore a strait-jacket and was soon sedated, so Savannah didn't know how serious the situation could be.

The fact was, he didn't know anyone when he suffered the attack.

"Dylan, let me down..." She said, brokenly, breathing hard through her nose.

But he tightened his grip on her neck as if she were just a small prey to offend his own territory.

She could hear the crunching of his knuckles, and she felt the last breath of air ran away from her, and blackness came to her eyes.

Was he killing her?

The moment she was almost choked to death, he let go, and she slipped out of his hand, collapsing onto the carpet. She coughed terribly as she looked up.

He stepped back, staring at her blankly and painfully. All of a sudden, he raised the knife and cut himself on the arm, making it bleed.

She exclaimed, covering her mouth, and understood why he had suddenly cut himself!

He vaguely knew that he shouldn't hurt her, but he couldn't control it, so he hurt himself!

He would rather kill himself to stop himself from hurting her!



In response, she lunged at him, grabbed the knife from his hand, and flung it aside!

At the same time, the door of the ward was opened. Jacob rushed in with the nurse. They quickly dressed Dylan with a strait-jacket and sedated him, helping him to the bed.

When Dylan was settled, Jacob took Savannah out of the ward.

The onset of the illness passed without danger. No one was hurt except Dylan, who cut his arm himself.

Savannah gave a sigh of relief. Luckily, it happened after Joanne left, or she would be horrified when she saw what Dylan looked like just now.

It was already night.

Dylan was sleeping peacefully on the bed.

Savannah sat by his bedside, watching him, her eyes slowly sliding down onto his white bandaged arm.

"Even if you are unconscious and don't know anyone, you would rather hurt yourself than allow yourself to hurt me. Why don't you let me stay and take care of you?" She murmured. Her tears could not stop falling.

She held his hand, as if talking, smiling.

"I know. You are afraid that your illness might affect me and hurt Kaiden and me, but I'm not afraid. I'm not as weak and timid as you think. Please let me accompany you through this difficult time. Okay?"

#### Chapter 614: I Won't Die So Easily

The sleeping man did not move or respond.

"You know, there's something I've been too shy to tell you... In fact, I fell for you the first time I saw you that year. I wondered how there could be such a beautiful boy in the world. He looked well-educated and lived in such a luxurious mansion, but why did he look so lonely and depressed? I saved you because I liked you at first sight. Later, after so many years, and after what had happened between us, I finally remembered the past and finally knew that I had saved you. It's our fate." Savannah said with mixed feelings as she held his hand.

"God is nice to me. He sent the boy to my side, even though in a dramatic way. So I believe that we are destined to be together. As long as we make a great effort, we will beat your disease at last. We have experienced so many difficulties and misunderstandings. How can you just give in to the illness and give me to another man? Be active in the treatment and let me accompany you, will you?"

His finger trembled slightly in her hand. She didn't care and thought he was just dreaming. Leaning over to his shoulder, she closed her eyes and went on remembering her story with him, and as she said, she suddenly felt his other hand caressing her head.

Her heart stopped beating, and she looked up to see his dark eyes staring at her.

"Are you awake? How are you feeling now? I'll get the doctor..." She rose in a happy surprise.

He caught her hand and pulled her into his arms.

Still in his strait-jacket, he couldn't touch her closely, but she heard his strong heartbeat and his slightly husky voice saying, "I'm sorry. I hurt you again, but believe me, I made a choice to avoid hurting you physically. I don't deserve you, as you can see my situation, my illness deteriorating my body,"

She froze for a moment and suddenly understood. He had heard what she whispered in his ear.

"Don't worry. I won't die so easily." He struggled to sit up, his thin lips on her cheek, and he kissed away her tears softly.

Savannah locked her arms around his neck, fully relieved, and the tears ran even harder.

As long as he thought it out and wouldn't drive her away, that was enough.

They rested together in each other's arms, closely united.

"Sweetheart," he said in a playful voice, "I didn't know you could hide my illness from me together with my father for so long."

Three years ago, she overheard a conversation between old Sterling and Dr. Joe when she lived in Sterling's house and learned that he had that genetic, mental illness.

But she kept it all to herself and didn't breathe a word about it.

Savannah could hear that he was not angry.

"Your father didn't mean to keep it from you... Don't blame him. He didn't say anything because he was afraid that you'd be under a lot of pressure if you knew."

How could he blame his father?

Half a year ago, when he learned he had the disease, he knew that his elder brother's death had nothing to do with his father.

His elder brother died in an accident after a quarrel with old Sterling many years ago.

Although the quarrel was a cause, the main reason that killed his elder brother was not his father, but the terrible family disease.

But he had blamed his elder brother's death on his father and hated him and made a stranger of him for so many years.

His father, however, in order not to give him pressure, decided not to tell him about this family disease and would rather be misunderstood by him.

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Dylan's mood became better after that day.

After he saw that she was haggard because of taking care of him, he asked her to go back home for a good rest. Savannah agreed. As long as he calmed down, willing to fight the disease together with her, she would always take his word.

A few days later, Savannah learned that Fiona was transferred back to Zagreb Film from the head office.

In fact, she already didn't mind.

Now she only hoped that he could recover as soon as possible.

This morning, Savannah arrived at the hospital carrying the soup box she had cooked the day before.

Before she entered the hospital, a soft voice behind her called,

"Miss Schultz!"

She looked back and saw a ponytail, young college girl walking to her.

"Who are you?" She paused and asked.

"I'm Cecelia Smith. Nice to see you, Miss Schultz," Cecelia said shyly.

Savannah was surprised. The girl in front of her was the daughter of the governor and the girl who came to her wedding with Kevin that day.

"Oh, hi. What can I do for you?" Savannah responded with a polite smile.

Cecelia bit her lip and looked at Savannah.

"It's just...I haven't seen Kevin for a while. I've checked, but he has no departure record. Do you know where he might have gone? After all, Miss Schultz, you're the one who knows him most in the world..."

Savannah clenched her hands.

Kevin must be feeling down these days.

He must have secluded himself in a quiet place somewhere.

Then she felt confused. Why did this girl from the Smith family care so much about Kevin?

She had been wondering about Kevin's relationship with the Smith family.

The governor, Robert Smith, had helped Kevin a lot and cared for him so much almost without expecting any favor in return.

But Kevin didn't even invite Robert to his wedding.

His explanation was that he wanted the wedding to be low-key. Robert was the governor and the head of the Smith family, and it would be a big deal if he came in person.

On the day of the wedding, she also noticed something strange in Kevin's relationship with this girl.

Now, the governor's daughter found her in person to inquire about Kevin's whereabouts.

"Kevin grew up in Mission of Hope orphanage... He used to go back there when he's in a bad mood. Maybe you can go and have a look," Savannah replied after thinking for a little while.

"Yeah! Why didn't I look over there? What a fool I am!" Cecelia thanked Savannah and turned around to leave.

"Miss Smith," Savannah hesitated to stop her.

Cecelia paused and turned back.

"I'm wondering what the relationship between Kevin and you...?" Savannah asked in a tone of great curiosity.

#### Chapter 615: You Know It All

Cecelia didn't expect that Kevin hadn't told Savannah about his real origin. There was a pause before she said, "Sis Savannah, may I call you that?"

"Of course." Savannah smiled softly.

"He doesn't like to talk about it. Don't let him know that I told you." Cecelia cast down her eyes.

"I see." Savannah nodded.

Cecelia looked up and said slowly, "Kevin is my brother."

Savannah didn't react for a moment, but after a few seconds, she responded, "you mean... He's Mr. Smith's son?"

"Exactly," Cecelia nodded. "Brother is my father's child, who was born to another woman shortly after my father's marriage. My parents are in a political marriage. After marriage, there is no affection but only fighting and quarrels between them. Their relationship was very bad. Brother's biological mother was the daughter of the house housekeeper of my family. Accidently, she was pregnant with Kevin and was driven away by my mother. She died after giving birth to Kevin in another place. When my father found Kevin a few years ago, he felt guilty and wanted Kevin to come back to the Smith family, but Kevin refused every time. I'm very clear that at first, my brother did really hate my father and didn't want to forgive him, but slowly, he refused to come back because he wanted to protect my father from criticism. He was afraid that his career and reputation might be affected when the public knows he has an illegitimate son."

Savannah was speechless with shock.

It was no wonder that Kevin stopped looking for his biological parents. He had found them!

And his father was even a big shot in the political world.

Whether because he hated his biological father or he didn't want the Smith family's reputation to be tarnished, he couldn't tell his story.

So he just let it go.

It made perfect sense why Robert helped Kevin so much.

The two people were father and son.

"The Smith family has been in politics for a long time. My father only has one son, so whether my brother is willing to return to the family or not, the family's property and position in the political field are destined to belong to him. Now you, after knowing his real identity, will you go back to him? What he has is no less than what Mr. Sterling has. If you marry him, you will be the daughter-in-law of the governor. One day, the man beside you may be the most powerful man in LA. My brother can give you

whatever Mr. Sterling can give you. Most important of all, my brother loves you. Maybe he's still waiting for you to change your mind," Cecelia said slowly with a bitter smile.

Why did she feel so bad and sad when she tried to persuade the other woman to accept Kevin and makeup with him?

She was really uncomfortable, but she had to.

If Kevin could only be happy with Savannah, she would do this for him.

As long as he could be happy.

"Cecelia, I didn't marry Kevin but came back to Dylan, not because Dylan can give me more or something like that," Savannah said softly.

Cecelia paused, a little ashamed of herself for asking such a question.

Yes, if Savannah would give up Mr. Sterling because Kevin was the young master of the governor's family, what was there for Kevin to love? It was impossible for Kevin to like such a vain and fickle woman.

"I'm sorry, sis Savannah. I shouldn't have asked that" she murmured apologetically.

"Nothing. Cecelia. If you find Kevin, tell him I'm really sorry. I'll go to see him in person and apologize when Dylan is better," Savannah added.

Cecelia nodded and turned to leave. She couldn't wait to go to Kevin.

"Cecelia --" Savannah blurted out.

"Yes?" Cecelia paused and turned to look at her.

Savannah opened her mouth, unable to ask straight out.

"No... nothing. Take care."

Cecelia waved her bye and ran to the car, waiting not far away.

Savannah took a long breath as the car pulled away.

She was wondering if Cecelia really just took Kevin as brother only.

She was in a relationship now, and she knew how a girl looked like when she loved it.

From Cecelia's behavior and the anxiety in her eyes, she cared too much about Kevin as a sister.

But this was too ethically challenging for Savannah to say. What if there was a mistake? It would scare that girl.

But if it was as she guessed, it would be too much...

Maybe she was just oversensitive.

Savannah thought as she entered the hospital.

In the ward, Dylan, still wearing a strait-jacket, looked refreshed and calmed with his clean chin. He seemed no different from other people.

Savannah was much relieved to see him in good condition.

"Today's soup is made with chicken broth and leeks. I made it myself. You must drink it up, and not a drop left!" She put the box down as she said.

"One of the Smiths came to you just now?" He suddenly asked.

"Oh, yeah," she paused. Maybe his bodyguard saw her talking to Cecelia at the door just now. "Well, Miss Smith came to me."

"About Kevin?"

She nodded. "Yes, Kevin's been in a bad mood, and she couldn't find him. She came to ask if I knew where he was and told me something about Kevin, so it took a while."

Dylan knew that she was worried about his emotions, that she explained to him in great detail because she didn't want him to think much.

"Come here." He looked at her.

She went over, feeling that he pulled her into his arms as much as he could.

"You must be tired to stay with me. If you were married to Kevin, that wouldn't be the case." He rubbed his chin lightly against her forehead as he whispered.

"How can you say that again! I'm angry," she grumbled.

He gave her a kiss and then he thought of something.

"You know it all? Kevin's the son of the Smith family," he said casually.

She was not surprised that he already knew Kevin's story. With his power and ability, it was not strange that he knew everything.

"He may be illegitimate now, but he's still the master of the Smith family, and you can be the daughter-in-law of the governor," he said slowly.

## Chapter 616: I'll Be Fine For You

After a pause, Dylan continued.

"You will be happier than you're with me. He can give you whatever I can give you. He has a healthy body, and he can accompany you to go everywhere. You don't have to worry about anything at his side, and your mother will also be relieved."

Savannah snorted and put her arms around Dylan's neck.

"But I have no interest in marrying into the governor's family. I prefer to be the daughter-in-law of the Sterling family. If you feel you owe me anything, get well soon, and then you can go with Kaiden and me everywhere."

Dylan tried hard to hold his eyes flashing with the tears. He held her tightly in his arms and said no more. She felt the effort of his embrace and raised her hand, trying to loosen the strait-jacket on him, but he caught her wrist and shook his head, "No."

Savannah knew he was afraid of hurting her.

It was very uncomfortable in the strait-jacket. He didn't have to wear it when he was calm and alone in the ward. But now she was here, and he was afraid that he might hurt her when he had a seizure, so he insisted on wearing it.

She wanted to say that it was all right, but under his determined eyes, she had to let him have this way.

After a short while, the door was knocked and quickly came the sound of the little boy's voice, "Daddy!"

Savannah stood up with a smile and opened the door. After Dylan's condition stabilized a lot, she asked Louis to send Kaiden to see Dylan today, which would also help his condition.

Kaiden hadn't seen Dylan for a long time. He just heard from his grandfather that his daddy was not feeling well recently.

Savannah picked up Kaiden, walking over to Dylan.

"Kaiden," she whispered, "tell dad to come on and listen to the doctor so he can recover soon."

In Kaiden's mind, his dad was always a tough and unbeatable superman, and this would not be a big deal.

He made a cheering gesture, saying in a clear voice, "Daddy, come on! Eat more, and have a good rest. As long as you take medicine on time and follow the doctor's advice, you will be better soon!"

Dylan slid his hand down to take Savannah's hand and nodded gravely as if to answer his son and promise Savannah.

"Yes. I'll be fine for you."

With Kaiden in his company, Savannah felt Dylan was in a much better mood.

Two hours later, Louis came to take Kaiden away.

Kaiden wanted to spend more time with his daddy, but he knew his daddy was sick and couldn't be tired.

"Daddy, I'll see you in a few days." He waved his little fat hand to him before he left.

As soon as Kaiden left, the ward became quiet again. Seeing that Dylan looked a little depressed, Savannah raised her hand to unfasten his strait-jacket and said softly, "Come on, let's go out for a walk today!"

Dylan looked at her with surprise. He hadn't been out since he was admitted to the hospital.

The caring worker occasionally suggested pushing him out to the lawn to get some sun, but he refused.

Subconsciously, he felt as if he had been isolated from the normal world by the mental illness.

He didn't dare to go out for fear that others would see that he was different.

"I don't want to go out," he said, turning his head.

Savannah knew what he was worried about. She leaned over and coaxed him softly, "Rest assured, Jacob said you could get out when you are stable."

Jacob said that exposing himself to the outside world and the sun would help to improve his condition.

But Dylan was still reluctant.

"Go out with me, okay? I want to do some shopping!" Savannah shook his arm gently and acted like a spoiled girl.

Dylan looked at her little face and nodded with resignation.

After Garwood got his car ready, Dylan changed his clothes and left the hospital with her. Savannah asked Garwood to drive to a nearby park, intending to accompany him to spend some time in the park.

It was a lovely sunny day. As soon as they entered the park, they heard various birds calling to one another and saw some children playing happily in verdant parks.

Savannah watched Dylan secretly and felt that he was in a good mood. She breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed to be better to take him out more often than to keep him away from the crowd.

She was sure that if he went on like this, he would recover at last.

After walking for a while along a path in the park, Savannah felt a little thirsty.

"I'll go and buy some drinks. Sit here and wait for me, okay?" She said as she sat him down on a bench.

Dylan looked at the little woman in front of him. Once he had always protected her, and she had always lived under his wing. But now she had to take more care of him.

The feeling inside him was too hard to tell.

"I'll call Garwood to buy for us," he caught her hand.

He didn't want to make her too tired, and he didn't want her to take a step away from him.

He wondered when he had become so attached to her.

"Don't bother. The park kiosk is over there. It's near." She patted his hand, a smile hovering about her lips.

Her sweet smile calmed his restlessness, and finally, he nodded.

After she walked away, he closed his eyes in the warm sunshine, waiting for her to come back.

Just then, a child's cry came from a distance.

Two boys stood under a tree with a balloon stuck in the branch.

They couldn't get the balloon, so they whirled around the tree, and one of them was crying.



The other boy, who was two years older, looked around and ran up to Dylan, who was the tallest in his sight.

"Uncle, my brother's balloon is stuck in a tree. Can you help us get it down?"

Perhaps because the boy was about the same age as Kaiden, Dylan got up after a short hesitation.

The younger boy let out a sigh of relief when he saw an uncle coming to help.

Dylan raised his hand, trying to hold the long string under the balloon, but he felt a blank in front of his eyes, and his fingers missed the string.

He tried again and missed it again.

And, obviously, that string of the balloon was exactly in front of his eyes.

It wasn't that he couldn't reach it, it was that he couldn't determine the position of the string.

In short, he seemed to have temporarily lost his sense of place.

#### Chapter **617: Come Up And Sleep With Me**

The string was close at hand, right under his nose, less than two centimeters away, but it seemed so far away that he could not reach it.

The two boys gaped at what they saw, wondering what had happened.

The balloon was clearly in front of this uncle, why did he tried a few times but just couldn't catch it?

The younger one was a little frightened, and he cried again.

A middle-aged woman, who looked like the boys' parents, hurried over and tugged at the crying child.

"What are you doing? What's the matter? What are you crying about?" She asked as she cast her eyes on Dylan doubtfully.

The older boy glanced at Dylan and said, "our balloon flew up into the tree. But this uncle can't get it."

The middle-aged woman looked up at the balloon stuck in the trunk in surprise. At this height, any adult was tall enough to reach the balloon. Even she could do it easily. It was easy for the man in front of her to get the balloon down. Was he teasing her boys?

But it didn't look like that from the way he was staring at the balloon.

Could it be...

The middle-aged woman gave a shiver, hurriedly pulling the two boys aside, and scolded them in a low voice, "I told you not to talk to strangers! This uncle is a psychopath! Forget the balloon, I'll buy you another one..."

The word "psychopath" floated clearly into Dylan's ears. His body shook slightly, and he slowly turned to look at the woman and her sons.

The middle-aged woman shivered under his deep and cold eyes. She hugged the two boys more tightly as if the man in front of her was a beast, who would come up to tear them at any time. She thought she was right in her guess and began to scold her sons.

"See? He must have something wrong with his brain. Remember, don't ever talk to such a man again! What if he hurts you?"

The two children nodded vaguely and looked at Dylan in horror.

"What are you talking about? You have something wrong with your brain yourself! Watch your mouth!" Savannah, carrying two bottles of soft drinks, came over and stood in front of Dylan, staring at the middle-aged woman. The fire in her eyes almost burned her!

"If there's nothing wrong with him, why can't he reach the balloon? Well, it's a pity he looks so good but psycho..." The middle-aged woman gave a snort.

"You are psycho! All of you are psycho!" Savannah, purple with anger, raised the bottle in her hand and waved at the middle-aged woman.

The middle-aged woman was so frightened that she ran away with her boys as she muttered angrily, "Bad luck! Both mad!"

"Go! Get out of my face!" Savannah shouted after her.

Suddenly her wrist was caught, and she was gently pulled back.

Dylan looked at her and shook his head.

Afraid that this would irritate him, she led him back to the bench and sat down.

"Take no notice. That woman's so rude! You just didn't take the balloon off. That's normal... If I were to take it, I might not get it." Savannah comforted him awkwardly.

"The balloon was just in front of me, but I can't reach it," he said calmly, looking at Savannah with a tranquil eye.

Savannah silenced.

"I could see it, and I knew it was within my reach, but I just couldn't locate the balloon, and all of a sudden, I couldn't tell how far it was from me." He looked really upset.

Savannah listened to him calmly, her heart pounding, and she was suddenly saddened.

One of the symptoms of the second phase of this familial mental illness, Jacob said, was that the patient began to lose his sense of place.

The most typical example was that he would be unable to tell how far away an object was from him when it was in front of him.

His illness had become worse.

"You're taking so many pills. They all have side effects. You'll recover yourself when you stop taking them. Don't worry." She adjusted her mood, squeezing his hand, and forced a big smile.

He knew she was consoling him.

"You'll be taken for a psychopath too if you're still with me," he said with a wry smile.

"Stop it!" She clapped her hand over his mouth. "Don't say that again! If you want me to be happy and not be mad, there's only one thing you have to do: never give up!"

He said nothing more.

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After what happened in the park, they were not in the mood for shopping, and they returned to the hospital directly.

In the evening, Dylan took the medicine and went to bed early.

"Take off your jacket. You don't need to wear it when you go to bed. I'll be right there, and I'll call the nurse if anything happens," Savannah said as she reached for the strait-jacket on him.

She knew how uncomfortable he was in it. It was impossible to get a good night's sleep. Sometimes he couldn't even breathe.

"No," Dylan wanted to push her away, but she knocked his hand down softly and began to undo the buttons on his back.

"Be good. Take it off before you sleep every day. I'll wait until you fall asleep. It'll be alright." With that, she scraped off the strait-jacket quickly.

Savannah's hands trembled a little when she found his strong upper body deformed slightly after he wore the shackles for a few days.

"I'm sleepy," Dylan said softly, but without expression.

Savannah swallowed her tears and tucked him into bed but was suddenly grabbed by the wrist.

"Come up and sleep with me," he pulled her into his arms gently.

He knew she was tired too, so he let her lie down beside him.

Savannah blushed, and without much hesitation, she took off her shoes and put her arms around his waist, burying her head in his chest and inhaling deeply.

He smelled cool and nice, like the fresh air on a winter morning.

She curled up in his arms like a little kitty, with an impulse to indulge in his warmth forever.

#### Chapter **618: Give It To Him Now**

Perhaps because Savannah was too tired after taking care of him all day, her eyes started to glaze over, and she fell asleep soon.

Dylan heard her breathing steadily, knowing that she was asleep. Afraid that she would catch a cold when she woke up, and to make her comfortable, he sat up quietly and gently took off her outerwear.

Her forearms were exposed, and there were bruises on her white skin.

It looked like someone pinched it.

Dylan paused. It was he who did it.

He accidentally bruised her while he was briefly unconscious during the attack.

He was too careless, or he just couldn't control himself, but his unconscious movement could easily give her a terrible mark on her delicate white skin.

Before, he was the first one who wouldn't allow anyone to hurt her.

Not to mention to pinch her, he would not even allow anyone to hurt a hair from her head.

But it was he who left the bruises on her body.

She never mentioned it to him.

His illness not only implicated her but also unconsciously hurt her.

In the following days, as long as she continued to take care of him at his side, she would probably continue to get hurt.

Dylan's eyes clouded. His mood that had brightened a bit today darkened again.

After a long pause, he tucked her in and then quietly put on the uncomfortable strait-jacket again. After that, he got out of bed and walked slowly to the door.

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When Savannah woke up, it was nearly morning.

She rubbed her eyes, looking around, but no one was about. At once, she was wide awake and jumped out of bed.

"Dylan?" She pulled open the door and cried with an anxious look.

"Don't worry, Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling is in the next room." Garwood, who was just at the door of the next ward, heard her cry and came over immediately.

Savannah let out a sigh of relief. She was too nervous about him and thought that something had happened to him again.

She went to the next room and knocked on the door. There was no response.

Maybe he was still asleep. She thought as she opened the door and pushed in.

As soon as she entered the room, she was shocked.

Dylan was sleeping in a strait-jacket, and his hands and feet were tied to the bedpost with ropes, so there was no room to move!

One could imagine how uncomfortable to sleep in this position!

Even serious criminals would not be treated like this!

She gritted her teeth with repressed anger, closed the door gently, and walked to Garwood, staring at him and the bodyguards in the corridor.

"Who put the strait-jacket back on him and bound him?" She asked in a low voice with red eyes.

Garwood and his bodyguards hung their heads in silence.

"Is that what the hospital asked for? Why don't they tell us in advance before they treat patients in this way? That's too much! I'll go and ask Jacob!" Savannah, red with anger, started walking towards the doctor's office.

Even Susan in the nursing house had not been treated like this!

Garwood stopped her in a hurry, and after a short hesitation, he gnashed his teeth and said, "Miss Schultz, it was Mr. Sterling who asked for it!"

"He asked for it?" Savannah paused.

"Yes..." Garwood nodded with difficulty. "And Mr. Sterling demanded us to bound him to bed like this every night when you stayed here."

"Why?" Savannah froze.

"Mr. Sterling feared that he might hurt you again..." Garwood sighed.

Savannah remembered that her coat had been taken off when she woke up... Did he see the bruises on her arm?

She had tried to hide it for fear that he would see it and blame himself, but he still noticed it.

In fact, she wanted to tell him that it was really nothing and it didn't hurt...

She turned and took a glance at the outline of his sleeping figure on the bed through the half-open door, unable to speak.

For fear of hurting her unintentionally, he would rather close himself up and live in pain.

"Miss Schultz, it was Mr. Sterling's decision. ... It's all right. He won't suffer anymore when he's cured..." Garwood's voice trailed to a whisper.

His words sounded so unconvincing. They all knew that Mr. Sterling's illness was very difficult to treat, otherwise, his mother, his brother, and his sister would not have ended like that.

Savannah's voice caught in her throat. Looking outside the window, she saw the sun rising slowly in the east.

The rays of the sun poured in from the windows, illuminating every corner of the corridor.

There was a flash of hope rising in her heart.

His illness was like the night, which was long but would gradually recede.

She could not assume an expression of consternation or despair. It would only blow his spirits and worsen his illness.

Thinking of this, Savannah braced herself and forced a smile. She first went to the washroom to freshen up, and then she met the care worker and prepared some nutritious food as breakfast for him as usual.

The Sterling family would send a lot of food materials to the hospital every day for the care worker to make nutritious meals for Dylan.

However, Dylan didn't have an appetite every day and became thinner and thinner.

Savannah returned to the ward with breakfast. She was about to ask Garwood to see if Dylan was awake when a nurse came.

"Miss Schultz, Dr. Shamon wanted to see you in his office."

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Savannah sat opposite Jacob. She thought that he was just telling her about Dylan's recent condition. However, Jacob looked more serious than usual.

"Jacob, is Dylan's condition getting worse?" She could not help but feel a little nervous.

In front of Dylan, she could pretend to be relaxed and calm, but in front of the doctor, she would be frightened by a slight change in his expression.

"Take it easy," Jacob said quietly, "Dylan's okay, and there's no trend of deterioration. In fact, I called you here because there's good news for him. Last night, I had a video consultation with several famous brains and psychiatric experts in the medical field. There is a new drug made in recent years, which is specifically aimed at the treatment of this inherited mental disease. There're similar patients who have taken it, and the result is not bad."

"What are you waiting for? Give it to him now!" Savannah felt an extreme joy coming to her chest, her heart beating fast.

Jacob paused and said, "But this new drug is not yet ready, and it has a very serious side effect."

#### Chapter 619: **Maybe He Was The Lucky One?**

"What side effect?" Savannah caught her breath.

"Of the twelve subjects who took the new drug, nine had some degree of memory loss." Jacob stared deeply at Savannah. "That is to say, even if this new drug can cure Dylan, after that, he may also... forget a lot of people and things. The chance is 75%. I called you here today to ask your opinion."

Savannah gasped, pinching the corner of her dress, and remained silent for a long time.

So, if he took this new drug, he was likely to forget her and all his past with her?

A 75% chance of memory loss...

She clasped and unclasped her hands, and her palms were all cold and sweating. Finally, she moved her lips.

"Does old Sterling know that, what did he say?"

"I spoke to him on the phone just now, and of course, he was glad to know there's finally a new drug for the disease. After much hesitation about the possible side effect, he wanted to ask you and Dylan for your opinions. Especially you, Savannah. You're one of the most important people in the world for Dylan, and old Sterling will fully respect your decision."

Savannah hadn't expected old Sterling to give her the right to choose, but it was too hard.

How could she accept being forgotten by him after all they went through, but how selfish she was to give up a chance in place of him?

"If you can't accept this, we'll wait and try something else. Maybe there will be better medicine..." Jacob knew what she was worried about.

"No, please give him the new drug," Savannah blurted out.

"Are you sure?" Jacob held his breath.

Savannah remembered the helpless look in his eyes when he was called psycho in the park yesterday and the time when he put on his heavy strait-jacket and let Garwood bound him up.

"This's a good opportunity for treatment. How can we give it up? I'm afraid his condition will get worse, and he can't stand it. It will be too late to regret when this new drug won't work. Please, Jacob, let him try."

"But..." Jacob suddenly felt it was too cruel for her.

"It's okay," she interrupted him with a forced laugh. "There's only a 75% chance of memory loss, right? That means there's still a 25% chance of a good ending. I'm sure it'll be fine."

"But what if he wins the 75% chance?"

"Even if he does forget me, it's better than what he is now. Jacob, let him try the new drug," Savannah said firmly.

"Well, I'll arrange it." Seeing that she was so determined, Jacob nodded.

As he got up, Savannah suddenly said, "by the way, Jacob, don't tell him about the side effect of the new drug."

"Why?" Jacob was puzzled for a moment.

"I'm afraid he won't get treatment if he knows..." Savannah murmured. If he knew the possible consequence of taking the new drug, if he knew there was a 75% chance that he would forget her, he would probably refuse.

"I see." Jacob nodded soberly.

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Dylan had been in a much better mood since he was told about the new drug.

There would be a set round of treatments while he was on the new drug, and the whole process would take about two or three months. Dylan would be sent to a hospital in NY for the treatments.

He wanted Savannah to accompany him to NY. Savannah, however, had to take care of Kaiden, and it was no good in the interruption of her work in the Morton group since she was making steady progress on it. What's more, she had to work personally in the cooperation between K&G and YSHEN, and she couldn't leave for so long.

Joanne and old Sterling also came to talk to her, suggesting she stay. In order to assure her, Jacob would take an elite medical team to accompany Dylan to NY.

Savannah decided to stay at last. Following him might give him too much pressure, and two months was not so unbearable.

On the day Dylan left for NY, Savannah took Kaiden to the airport to see him off.

Watching the private plane verging into clouds, she breathed a sigh of relief, showing a quiet and relaxed smile.

Kaiden hadn't seen his mommy smile like that for a long time. He also knew that his dad was on his way to treatment this time. He would be a healthy daddy again after about two months.

He heard from his grandpa that daddy suddenly called off the wedding to mommy, not because daddy was a bad guy, but he didn't want to burden himself to mommy.

They could have the wedding when daddy recovered from his illness!

He would finally have a complete family.

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Dylan called Savannah as soon as he arrived in NY and told her he was fine. He showed her and Kaiden his new living environment when they had a video chat. It was a very famous private hospital in NY, and the brain specialist and psychiatric experts were also present. After two days' rest, he would take the new drug and start the course of treatment.

Although Savannah was still worried about the side effect of the new drug, it was nothing compared to the fact that Dylan's condition could be cured.

A 75% chance... Maybe he was the lucky one?

The days went by.

During the days of treatment, Dylan made video calls to Savannah every day. He would also send text messages if Savannah was too busy or he was in intensive treatment that day.

Savannah now lived in Green Bay with Joanne. She had to travel between LA and Chicago while taking care of Kaiden. Although it was a little hard, she didn't feel tired because her mother and her son were all at her side.

Every day was full.



Most of all, there was something to look forward to.

She was waiting for him to come back to good health.

\* \* \*

Smith's house

"Not yet? What a good-for-nothing you are! You cannot even find a man after so long!" Cecelia got up from the couch, folding her arms, her pretty little face was red with anger.

After she talked with Savannah last time, she learned that Kevin might have gone back to the orphanage. She went to the orphanage and found him teaching children to draw in the classroom. His beard face indicated he had lived there for a while.

### Chapter 620: Where's He?

Cecelia took pity on him when she saw him staying here to escape sorrows and wanted to take him back, but Kevin only gave her cold shoulders and never eased up.

When persuasion failed, Cecelia had to go back home first, and she decided to take him away the next day. But he had gone when she came again.

Cecelia immediately sent for him, but half a month passed, and she heard nothing from him.

A line of guards now stood before Cecelia, all with their heads down, listening to her complaints and daring not to say anything.

"What are you still doing here? Keep looking!" Cecelia got more annoyed at their silence.

At the same time, Mrs. Smith was about to go downstairs when she saw the scene in the living room and frowned.

Her daughter had always been an elegant lady under her strict disciplinarian, at least in the presence of her and her husband, and she had never lost her temper in front of the guards.

But now, her behavior was a bit strange.

Mrs. Smith didn't understand why she had to seek out her bastard brother secretly. Cecelia explained that she was afraid Kevin would have an accident in a depressed condition after his wedding was off.

Actually, since Kevin was found by Robert and came to the Smith's house once, Cecelia's temper had changed quietly. She had been very good-natured and easy-going before, but now she seemed to be more rebellious.

As a mother and woman, Mrs. Smith could feel the change.

At that moment, a guard rushed in and came to Cecelia.

"Miss, we've found out where Mr. Wills is."

"Where's he?" Cecelia looked at the guard, almost cheerfully.

"He'd just been back to JK. I'm not sure if he's still here..."

Before the guard could finish, Cecelia ran out of the house like the wind.

The guard was stunned for a moment and hurried after her.

Mrs. Smith's eyes darkened. The strange behavior of her daughter looked unnatural. An eerie, uneasy feeling gripped her.

She took out her cell phone and dialed a number.

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At JK office.

Kevin came back to the company today to plow through the backlog of work.

It was time to get back to normal life after spending so much time calming down outside.

He was checking a recent project when his phone rang. He didn't look at the screen before he answered it.

"Hello, Kevin Wills."

A familiar, awkward female voice said, "Mr. Wills, it's me."

Kevin recognized this was Mrs. Smith's voice. But what did she call him for? Recovering from his first shock, he asked dryly, "Mrs. Smith, what do you want?"

"I don't know what happened between you and Cecelia, and by what means you changed her into another person. She's been looking for you like a maniac these days, ignoring her study, and refused to listen to her father or me. I admit that I had done something wrong, but if you want to revenge me for your hard times, just come to me and let Cecelia alone, okay?" Mrs. Smith cut to the chase.

"I never had anything to do with your daughter, and I don't have time to do anything to her," Kevin replied coldly.

"Then why is she out of mind for you? She didn't even take the class well and kept looking for you these days. As soon as she heard that you're in JK, she rushed out to look for you! Kevin, she's your sister. She's related to you by blood! Please keep away from her!" Mrs. Smith was more and more excited while speaking.

"I kept telling her not to look for me. But she wouldn't listen. I can't help," Kevin replied coldly, repressing the uneasy feeling in his heart.

"That's all right, I don't mind if you say something harsh to her. It will be better if you can leave LA... Cecelia's only a little girl. After a while, she will give up and forget you." Mrs. Smith softened her tone.

Kevin didn't answer.

Mrs. Smith almost lost her temper. She was more convinced that Kevin still had hatred and approached Cecelia for revenge.

"Kevin, I know you hate Robert and me for what you and your birth mother had suffered, but Cecelia is innocent. Please vent your anger on me and don't hurt Cecelia..." She continued, pleading.

Kevin didn't expect that Mrs. Smith, the wife of the governor, who always put on airs, would be so humble to a bastard whom she had always despised.

And all this was for her daughter.

He never had in his life enjoyed the tender treatment of his mother.

In order to protect her child, a proud woman would rather lower herself to such a degree in front of her husband's illegitimate child.

The feeling of being loved by a mother must be really good.

Unfortunately, he would never have a chance to enjoy it.

That girl was far happier than he was.

Kevin hung up the phone and called Dan in.

"Book a flight to Italy for me right away. If no ticket to Italy, any flight to Europe is okay." He ordered as he turned off his laptop.

"Why are you going abroad all of a sudden? In such a hurry?" Dan was surprised.

"Don't ask. I'm going to the airport now. Tell me the flight when you've done." Kevin threw his coat on him and walked out with his laptop.

"It's not all that urgent, is it? You'll at least take some luggage with you, won't you?" Dan chased him to the elevator.

"Just pick some clothes up and send them by international express. Thanks, guy." Kevin threw the keys of his apartment into Dan's hand before he went into the elevator.

Dan gasped, and before he could say more, Kevin added as the door closed, "don't tell anyone where I go no matter who comes to look for me."

Dan let out a sigh and called the secretary.

He was about to come back to his own office when rapid footsteps approached.

A slender figure came hurrying in, closely followed by a man in a dark green uniform who looked like a guard.

The girl looked around anxiously, hurried into Kevin's office, and then ran out, walking up to Dan.

"Where's he?" Cecelia tiptoed and grabbed him by the collar.

Dan gasped. Of course, he knew who the girl was.