

Midnight 661

Chapter 661: Don't Play Tricks

"Now it's just the hair. Next, it can be anything from her body." The boy smiled and snapped his finger. The man in the room got his meaning, slipping the dagger against Savannah's pale face until the dagger reached her ear.

The blade was pressed tightly against her earlobe as if it would be cut off the next moment.

Nicolo gasped, glancing at the boy, who was so ruthless at such a young age. No wonder he was brought up by the godfather.

Dylan's face was still immovable, but the pupil of his eyes contracted slightly. It indicates that despite his calmness, he was furious.

The boy kept his eyes fixed on Dylan. He was about to give his next order when Dylan interrupted him fiercely.

"Enough!"

"Oh, so why didn't you admit that you care about this woman just now?" The boy smiled triumphantly:

"Don't talk nonsense. You tied her up and hurt her because you wanted to get back at me. I'm standing here in front of you, and you'd better deal with me instead of embarrassing an innocent woman," Dylan snapped.

The boy laughed, and suddenly he lowered his voice, showing scarcely suppressed anger. "But I believe you'll be more painful to see your beloved woman bleed, right?"

Dylan's eyes darkened.

He had been trying to remember when and how he had offended the boy. But he still couldn't figure it out.

Had he offended too many people before? Or did he hurt a lot of people in the business world?

But now, the boy's words gave him a suspicion.

The boy would rather hurt his enemy's beloved person than kill his enemy directly... Could it be that the person the boy loved had been hurt or died because of him?

So, the boy wanted to let him taste the same pain.

The boy was 13 or 14 years old at the most. The person he loved couldn't be his lover, so they could be the elders, such as his parents.

If so, it made perfect sense.

The boy believed that he had killed his parents, so he had kidnapped Savannah.

He really couldn't remember who his parents were and what kind of problems he had with them.

Now it was not the time to think about it.

The boy wasn't ready to let Savannah off. He wanted to torture Savannah slowly and let her watch his beloved woman die in front of him.

"Wait a minute," he said briefly when the boy signaled the man in the room.

"What's it? You want to beg me to forgive her?" The boy raised his eyebrows.

Dylan knew it was useless to beg him.

Though he was only a boy, he was crueler than most of the adults.

"Even if you want to kill her, at least give her a chance to make the last phone call to our child. He will be sad if something happens to his mother," he said quietly.

The boy paused and did not expect him to put forward such a request.

Dylan continued, "She wouldn't be at ease if she dies without a word to her son. Just satisfy the last wish of the innocent woman who will die because of the bad blood between us."

The boy touched his nose, and a complicated light came into his eyes. Finally, he ordered something to the man next to him in a cold voice.

Dylan narrowed his eyes and knew he must have guessed rightly.

The boy was indifferent to anyone and everything but was extremely sensitive to family affection. His attitude softened when he asked him to give Savannah the last chance to talk with Kaiden on the phone.

It seemed that the boy was avenging his father or mother.

Brent walked up to Dylan with a cell phone and growled, "Don't play tricks. Otherwise, she will die right in front of you."

Dylan took the phone and dialed Kaiden's number.

The phone call was answered, and a soft child's voice came through the phone, "this is Kaiden, who's that? "

The boy's innocent, sweet voice echoed in the cold and depressing warehouse, and everyone heard it.

"It's me," Dylan said calmly, "want to speak to your mommy?"

"Daddy!" Kaiden sounded very happy and excited, "Yes, I missed mommy a lot!"

Brent handed the phone to the man who came out of the room. The man took the phone and walked back and placed it against Savannah's ear.

Savannah didn't know why Dylan called Kaiden now. Did he think the boy would kill her, and he gave up?

He was not a man who compromised easily... Was it impossible to save her?

But when she heard Kaiden's voice, she couldn't think of anything else. She was choked by tears and unable to say a word.

"Mommy, are you there? Kaiden misses you! Why don't you speak?" Kaiden wondered.

"Well, mommy misses you too. Did you listen to grandpa when mommy's not beside you?" Savannah smiled through tears.

"Of course, I've always been a good boy! Don't forget to bring me toys when you and daddy get back." Kaiden giggled.

Savannah, holding back her tears, nodded, "Sure. We'll come back soon."

Then Kaiden said in a hurry, "Mommy, grandpa's going to take me to the park. I must go, and I'll call you when I get back. Kiss me!"

Though there were so many people watching her, Savannah was not shy at all. For fear that there would be no more chance again, she made a kiss sound and said good-bye to Kaiden. After hanging up, she could not help her tears anymore.

Meanwhile, the boy's eyes flashed with an unknown emotion as he watched Savannah.

If his mom and dad were still here, would he be as happy as the little boy over the phone?

It must be the happiest moment to be loved and petted by parents.

Brent noticed that his young master secretly clenched his slender fingers as if trying to suppress something.

Only he knew what the boy was thinking.

Dylan, who had been watching the boy's reaction, let out a slight sigh of relief.

Chapter 662: How Could That Alone Erase His Hatred?

The scene that Savannah talked with Kaiden touched the boy to the soft part of his heart.

As the call ended, silence returned to the huge warehouse.

Dylan looked at the boy and secretly held his hand.

After a long silence, the boy said, "Well, since you want to suffer for your woman, I'll have to comply."

Then he made a gesture.

Dylan let out a sigh of relief!

He took the right step.

If this boy really lost his parents, suffering from pain, he would be touched when he witnessed the affection between a mother and a son.

There were two consequences.

One possible result was that he wanted to destroy others' happiness.

Another one was that he didn't want to see another child who lost a parent in front of him.

So, Dylan took a gamble.

Fortunately, the boy was the second case.

The woman he kidnapped was not only his enemy's woman but also an innocent mother.

He still didn't have the heart to hurt a mother because that was what he didn't have and wanted most.

Brent made no comment when the boy changed his mind. He waved his hand, and the hatch man in the room came out.

"If I let your woman go, you're going to have to suffer what she's going to face. Have you decided?" The boy looked at Dylan with jovial condescension.

Dylan was relieved to see the hatchet man away from Savannah.

"No more nonsense," he sneered.

Two men came forward, tying Dylan up.

Before Dylan reacted, one hatch man stepped forward and gave him a harsh blow!

The hatch man was a prizefighter. He could beat a normal man within an inch of his life with one blow.

Even though Dylan had practiced self-defense, he was tied up now and could not avoid the blow. It left him breathless, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Another blow followed, and he gave a sullen moan.

In the room, Savannah listened and started in alarm when she heard Dylan was going to suffer for her. The sound the fighter made when he beat Dylan gave her more creeps. She struggled hard at Dylan's silent moan, agonizing effort to get out to see him.

Inside the warehouse, the abuse and batter continued.

After several blows, the two men pressed Dylan against the wall, beating him severely with an iron staff. It was made of iron, always used to punish betrayers and informers or torture enemies.

Not yet after a minute, Dylan's shirt was torn, and his skin was broken, and his oozing flesh was crossed with welts.

Savannah heard the iron staff snapping down, and Dylan's faint aching breath, her brain, and her heart pained terribly.

"Let me out! What are you doing? Stop it! Stop it!" She cried hysterically.

She didn't know what was going on, Dylan, only that he was suffering the pain that should have occurred to her!

The boy took one look at the tattered, ragged man with his thin lips rising in surprise.

Dylan Sterling was a tough guy.

He didn't say a word under such a heavy punishment.

The boy then made a gesture. One of his men took a bucket and dug a handful of something white-out, rubbing it on Dylan's wounds.

Dylan's face turned as pale as paper. He swallowed with difficulty, his muscles shaking with endurance.

His body was covered with cuts and bruises, and on the wounds, there was white powder mixed with the blood.

The white powder was salt!

Nicolo and others gasped.

Lashing was not enough. Rubbing salt in the wound... The boy wanted to torment this man to death!

What profound hatred he had for this man?

Finally, Dylan could no longer stand the pain and fainted with weakness.

Brent looked at Dylan and whispered to the boy, "young master, that's enough. He's the master of the Sterling family, after all. The Italian government pays great importance to its safety. It's difficult to explain if he's killed in our place."

The boy sneered. Enough?

How could that alone erase his hatred?

Dylan might not be directly involved in the death of his parents, but he was just unlucky to be a Sterling.

Savannah's cry interrupted the boy's thought. With a thoughtful twitch of his eyebrows, he ordered something to Brent.

A moment later, Brent brought Savannah out.

Savannah gasped when she saw Dylan lying in blood. Her eyes widened in fear.

"Dylan!" She cried and struggled hard to release herself out of Brent's arm.

Brent received a look from the boy and let go of Savannah.

Savannah rushed over and helped Dylan up carefully.

"Wake up, Dylan..."

At the sound of her voice, Dylan opened his eyes slowly. For a moment, he thought he was dreaming.

"Are you all right?" He whispered through his pale lips.

"I'm good..." Savannah could hardly choke down her tears.

He was still worried about her at his last gasp.

Why? Why was she so foolish as to suspect that he was not true to her?

Even if he had forgotten her, he could still give his life for her. She realized that his love didn't go at all.

She touched his back and it was reddened and wet by the blood, and the wounds on his body were still widening and opening...

She didn't know what to do.

"Hold on, hold on..."

Dylan knew she was scared. He tried to pull himself together and nodded.

Suddenly, he noticed the boy behind Savannah made a gesture to Nicolo.

Receiving his order, Nicolo took out one gun, cocked it, and pointed it straight at Savannah's back.

Savannah felt that Dylan used all his strength to turn around and protect her under him, and then she heard a shot. Dylan's body gave a hard gripped before he fell to the ground.

The whole world quieted down.

It was quite a while before Savannah came to herself and realized what had happened. She got up with a pale face, shocked to see that Dylan was lying flat on his face.

Blood splattered the back of his head...

Nicolo was holding a gun with a smoking muzzle.

The boy was watching all this, his eyes as dark as a dead lake, as if he were watching a movie scene.

He was not surprised that Dylan took a bullet for Savannah.

He ordered Nicolo to shoot Savannah deliberately to take Dylan's life.

"Dylan!" Savannah shouted at the top of her lungs.

She tried to pick him up but was afraid of touching his wound.

"Dylan, no! Don't scare me, wake up! I beg you, open your eyes, and look at me! Dylan, please look at me. Look at me! You can't leave me, you can't leave!!!" She cried with tears rolling down her cheek.

Chapter 663: **Don't Come Over**

Suddenly, a hurried footstep patterned along to the door of the warehouse, and a guard pushed the door in, looking flustered.

"The cops are coming!"

Nicolo's face changed. "How could that be? How did the police find their way here? Didn't you frisk that man carefully when he came in?"

"I've checked. I didn't find a tracker or phone on him. I didn't see anyone following him." The guard panted, and his face was full of fear.

Instead of trying to figure out why the police were coming, Brent immediately said to the boy, "I'll escort you out the back door."

The boy looked at Dylan on the floor and wanted to check if he was dead, but Brent didn't give him time.

Nicolo and several of his men were about to take Savannah as a hostage before leaving the warehouse when the front door of the warehouse was kicked open!

"Hands up and drop your gun!"

A group of policemen waded in.

Nicolo and his men had to put down their weapons and raise their hands, staying where they were.

Several police officers handcuffed those Mafiosi, while others searched the warehouse.

One police found Dylan lying unconscious on the ground with his blood, rushing to him in shock.

"What's wrong with Mr. Sterling?" he asked Savannah, who was still in a daze.

Another officer crouched down and examined Dylan carefully. His face turned white with fear.

"He's been shot in the head... He's not breathing!"

If Mr. Sterling, the master of the Sterling family, died in Milan, how would they explain to the US government?

"He's not dead? Is he?"

"How could he survive after being shot in the head? Do you think we're in an action movie?"

"Now what? It's too late to send him to the hospital, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, we're done for it this time."

In the murmurs of the policemen, Savannah's face turned paler, her ears buzzed, and black spots danced madly before her eyes. Suddenly she could hear nothing else.

It was impossible.

He was not going to die. He is the toughest man she has known. He was her man, who wouldn't give up his life easily.

After two days without food or drink, she was exhausted, and before she fell fainting on the floor, she cried, as loud as she could roar,

"Call an ambulance, call an ambulance!"

* * *

Savannah was in a melancholy dream.

The whole world seemed to be in boundless mist and fog.

She kept walking ahead, looking for Dylan, but he was nowhere to be found.

Finally, she saw a figure standing in front of her.

That dignified, tall, and distinguished-looking man could be no one else but Dylan.

"Dylan!" She rushed to him in surprise, trying to hold him, but only heard his distant voice.

"Don't come over."

"Why? Come back with me! Let's go back together... Please, let us build our family again. Kaiden is waiting for us back home," She felt aggrieved and puzzled.

"Sorry, I can't go back with you. Baby, go on with your life, live in peace and happiness Go back home, Kaiden is waiting for you," His voice was sad and lonely.

She was aware of something, her heart pounding with pain.

"No! I don't want to go home alone, and if you don't come with me, I'll stay here with you!" She cried as she ran to hug him.

His body was so cold, like ice, making her tremble.

He pulled her arm and released himself from her hold, his cold hand in her hair.

"Go back. Just keep walking. Don't look back. Your mother and Kaiden, who love you, are waiting for you. Don't make them sad." His tone was pitying and mournful.

She felt she was going to lose the most important thing in her life, and her heart was mercilessly cut by a knife.

"But you have the heart to make me sad? I can't go on with my life without you, honey," She whispered in a husky voice.

"Go back." He let go his hold of her. Then he turned slowly, walking resolutely towards the end of the mist.

She tried to catch up, but somehow, in her dream, her legs strained stiffly, and she could not move.

In despair, she watched his figure disappear.

Tears rolled down her face. She was crying so hard that she could hardly breathe. She finally lost her strength and fell to the ground.

"Savannah, Savannah, wake up!" A worried and anxious female voice came from her side.

Savannah opened her eyes wide and saw a figure of a woman watching her nervously.

It was Elisa.

Looking around with difficulty, she found she was in a hospital ward.

Elisa was relieved to see that she was awake.

"I'll call the doctor." Then she ran out of the ward.

Savannah raised herself upon her elbow and got out of bed groggily, stumbling out of the ward.

Her head was still dizzy, and her legs were limp, but it wasn't enough to stop her from looking for Dylan.

She made her way along the corridor, looking into the next ward.

He should have been sent to the same hospital with her, and he should be in a ward not far away from hers if he were here.

If he was alive...

She dared not think.

However, she found no sign of him after searching all the wards along the corridor.

Her heart sank. She was oppressed by sinister forebodings, and she could hardly breathe.

The bad dream, more like a bad omen, made her heartbeat violently.

When she finally moved to the nursing station, she found Andrew talking to a nurse with a solemn face.

"Don't talk to Miss Schultz about Mr. Sterling when she wakes up. Don't mention Mr. Sterling till she gets better."

The nurse nodded.

Savannah's last hope was ruined by Andrew's words. She broke up, leaning against the wall.

Was he dead?

What the chance was that a man could still be alive after being shot in the head?

Savannah's mind went blank.

So, he came to say goodbye to her in her dream just now?

She slipped down the wall and gasped, covering her mouth.

Andrew noticed Savannah out of the corner of his eyes, startled, running to her.

Chapter **664: Dylan's Condition**

Elisa was looking for Savannah hastily when she arrived and saw that.

"Don't worry," the doctor said, "take her back to her room, she needs rest."

Andrew realized that Savannah had heard him. He exchanged a look with Elisa.

Together they helped Savannah get up.

Elisa softened her voice and said, "Savannah, let's go back to finish the injection."

Savannah, however, came to her senses and struggled out.

"I won't go back! Where is he? Take me to him, please..."

Elisa and Andrew hesitated as though they were trying to suppress something. Finally, Elisa whispered, "Savannah, easy. You are still very weak. Let's talk about it later..."

Savannah quivered more terribly.

"I don't care if he is alive or dead," she mumbled, "I want to see him. Please, Elisa, take me to him. One last look..."

"Savannah, don't worry, Mr. Sterling is fine." Elisa burst into tears.

Fine? No way.

If he was fine, why did Andrew tell the nurse not to mention Dylan to her, and why did Elisa refuse to let her see him?

Savannah knew that Elisa was comforting her.

How could he still be fine after being shot in the head?

Her fists were clenched so tightly that her nails dug deep into her palms.

"Take me to him, please. I... I will be strong," she murmured.

Elisa was about to persuade her when Andrew grabbed her arm and whispered, "come on, take her there."

It was not good to keep Savannah in fear.

Elisa nodded.

They took the elevator down and went to another inpatient building, a special place for the treatment of critically ill patients.

The unknown destination kept Savannah in suspense. If Elisa hadn't held her, she wouldn't have had the strength to walk so far.

She was even ready to be taken to the morgue and found him sleeping under a sheet of white cloth.

Finally, Elisa held her up outside a room at the end of the corridor.

She saw Garwood and several of his bodyguards, who had come with him to Italy, standing outside the door.

This room was an intensive care unit.

But it was a great relief to her, she had to say!

At least he wasn't dead!

Garwood was surprised to see Savannah coming. He stepped forward and looked at Andrew.

"Miss Schultz is not well yet. Why bring her here in a hurry?" He whispered in a reproachful tone.

"Well, she will never rest until she sees Dylan." Andrew sighed.

Savannah's heart flew into her mouth again. She broke from Elisa rushing to Garwood and asked impatiently, "Garwood, where's Dylan? How's he?"

Garwood hesitated for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying quietly, "Miss Schultz, you and Mr. Sterling have been in the hospital for three days."

She had been unconscious for three days...

"Before Mr. Sterling went to the warehouse to save you that day, he talked to Mr. Caffrey. A technology company of Knight Group is now working on a new locator that can be easily implanted into the body for effective positioning and tracking. They implanted the locator in Mr. Sterling's body before he went to the warehouse, so the Italian police could get there in time," Garwood said slowly.

In time? Savannah looked at Garwood blankly.

She was fine, but he was black and blue, and he got shot in the head to protect her...

She swallowed her tears and slowly turned her face towards the closed door.

"How's he?"

"Rest assured. Mr. Sterling is not dead. He's fortunate. He had no breath when he was sent to the hospital, but after the emergency treatment, his heart began to pound. The doctor said there are three kinds of shots in the brain, and the injury of Mr. Sterling is called tangent brain injury. The bullet penetrated his skull and scalp and simply caused trauma to the scalp with no major nerve injury. Mr. Sterling's just finished a microsurgical operation, and he's temporarily out of danger."

Savannah was finally relieved. She could not control her tears of joy.

He was not dead!

But her relieved smile froze when she remembered Andrew and Elisa's hesitation. If Dylan's operation was completely successful, and there was nothing serious, they shouldn't have hid it from her.

"He's all right now, isn't he?" she asked nervously.

Garwood and Andrew glanced at each other, and after a long silence, Andrew said, "Mr. Sterling is not awake after the operation."

"Apart from the operation, it's only two days after the operation. That's normal." Savannah didn't immediately understand what he meant.

"The doctor said, in his case, maybe... he'll never wake up," Andrew said at last.

What did he mean?

Savannah seemed to have been sucked dry of all her energy. There was a mist before her eyes, and she almost fell. Luckily Elisa caught her in time.

"Go ahead..." She kept calm with an effort.

Andrew received a wink from Elisa, knowing she wanted him to put it mildly. But how?

He took a deep breath and continued, "how could a man be all right after being shot in the head? Though his life is saved, the parts of the brain responsible for consciousness are damaged, and it's hard for him to wake up from this vegetable state. You need to be prepared."

"Savannah, we are afraid you can't accept this, and we planned to tell you when you feel better..." Elisa held her tightly and sobbed.

"No, I don't believe it," Savannah said, shaking her head as she held back her tears with difficulty. "He has just had an operation, and it's not surprising he's not awake now. Why should the doctor conclude that he won't wake up? I'm sure he'll wake up! Advances in medical science can save him! If the conditions in Italy are limited, we can go back to the US!"

She couldn't believe that he was now in a vegetative state since the family disease he had could be cured.

He was so strong, never afraid of any difficulty, and he would not be easily knocked down!

Elisa patted her on the back, comforting her softly, "Yes. We also believe that Mr. Sterling won't fall like this. God wouldn't be so cruel to him."

Chapter 665: Can I See Him Now?

Savannah buried her head in Elisa's shoulder and wept.

Sobs shook her slender frame.

At last, she swallowed all her sadness and straightened up.

"Have you informed his father?" She looked at Garwood with red eyes.

She couldn't fall at this moment. She should take care of everything for him.

Garwood nodded. "Old Sterling was shocked and sad, but he held on. A domestic medical team has been sent to take Mr. Sterling home."

"Garwood," she clenched her hands. "Can I see him now?"

Garwood nodded with a sigh and opened the door.

Elisa was about to go in with Savannah when Andrew winked at her. She knew that Savannah wanted to be alone with Mr. Sterling now, so she stayed where she was.

Pushing the door open, Savannah stepped in.

Lots of medical equipment and tools in different sizes and functions stood solemnly around the bed.

Dylan lay quietly in the bed, his head wrapped in white gauze, tubes in his nose, and fluids in the back of his hands.

These tubes and instruments were keeping him alive.

Savannah cupped her hands together to cover her mouth for fear that she would cry out.

In the dream, he left her and left her alone. Was this a sign that he was going to sleep forever?

What then was the difference from death?

Biting her lip, she fought to hold back her tears of grief.

No. She couldn't plunge into the pain.

At least he was still breathing and had a heartbeat. He was alive.

She should have a thankful heart.

And because of her, he was lying here.

She could not abuse what he had done for her.

At the very least, be strong.

After a moment to calm herself, she went to the bedside. She stretched to touch his cold finger, swallowed her tears, and forced her lips into a smile.

"Please, Dylan, wake up quickly. When you wake up, we get married and never be apart, okay? We will never be apart again, that's a promise,"

The man on the bed gave no reply as if he had gone to another world.

She didn't lose heart but settled down and sat by and kept talking to him.

Before she left the unit, she spoke earnestly to Garwood and then looked back at the man lying unconscious on the bed.

Then she opened her lips softly.

Elisa almost cried when she heard Savannah uttered good night to Dylan.

Savannah couldn't possibly give up Dylan, after all, holding out hope that he would wake up.

Dylan was still in a coma three days later.

Savannah went to the intensive care unit to talk to him every day.

It didn't matter if he didn't respond.

On the fourth day, the medical team sent by the Sterling family arrived from LA, along with Jacob.

As Dylan's former attending doctor and old friend, when he heard what had happened to Dylan in Italy, he immediately talked to Old Sterling and asked to come.

Jacob had an overnight consultation with the brain specialist from the US and the doctors in Italy.

Dylan hadn't completely recovered from the operation and was in no condition to travel, so they decided to send him back to LA a week later.

Savannah moved next door to Dylan's room when she was in better condition so she could look after him.

She talked to him every day and occasionally asked Kaiden to speak to Dylan on a video phone.

Kaiden heard from his grandpa about his father's injury in Italy. He was calm and collected, knowing he shouldn't cry. Otherwise, his grandpa and mommy would feel even worse.

Nicolo and a group of Mafia associates were arrested and handed over to the judiciary. Even Chiara was charged with kidnapping.

Only the boy and his bodyguard escaped.

Savannah knew the boy was behind the plot and that Nicolo was an accomplice.

The one who could have Nicolo, a Mafia boss, at his back, must be somebody in the gang.

She shared these details with the local police in Milan.

Because the injured was a well-known figure from the US, the Milan police, under repeated pressure from the Foreign Ministry, dared not treat the case with neglect.

But the boy's whereabouts were still unknown.

Nicolo and his people made no mention of the boy's identity.

That boy had a strong protective net behind him. Otherwise, he would have been searched out by the police.

Savannah spent a whole afternoon with Dylan and didn't left until he was about to receive fluids.

She walked out of the unit and saw Garwood waiting in the corridor.

"Miss Schultz. How is Mr. Sterling today?" Garwood greeted as usual.

"Looks better..." But there was no sign of waking up.

"No news about the boy yet?" She changed the subject.

Garwood shook his head and whispered, "Not yet..."

Savannah sighed, her expression complicated.

She must have hated the boy; indeed, she also wanted the police to catch the evil boy quickly.

But for some reason, she didn't want to kill the boy. She wanted to confront him about why he tied her up and tormented Dylan. What profound hatred he had for Dylan?

Garwood took her silence as a sign of depression and added, "the police asked you to help the drawing of the kidnapers tomorrow."

Savannah had already been to the police station a few days ago to do the profiling of the boy and his bodyguard, but the result was not very clear. The police said they would call in the technical personnel to do a more accurate picture.

Savannah nodded.

The next day.

Savannah went to the police station with Garwood.

With the help of a technician, Savannah completed the profiling on a computer.

After several modifications by technicians and Savannah's confirmation, two pictures finally appeared on the screen.

"Yes. It was this boy who had Nicolo kidnapped me, and this man was supposed to be his bodyguard." Savannah took a deep breath and sat up straight.

This time the portraits were very clear based on high-resolution digital synthesis.

Chapter 666: Do You Know This Kid?

Standing behind Savannah, Garwood stared at the composite portrait of that boy, frowning.

Savannah noticed a look of surprise on Garwood's face.

"Garwood? What's the matter?"

"The boy looks like a person..."

"Who?" Savannah wondered.

Garwood, with a look of incredulity, said, "Looks like Geoffrey, Mr. Sterling's elder brother."

Dylan's dear departed brother? Surprised, Savannah looked again at the boy's face on the screen, recalling a photograph of Geoffrey she had seen in Sterling's house.

Although she had never met Geoffrey in person, she was impressed by him in the photo.

Geoffrey looked gentler and more elegant, different from his overbearing brother.

Savannah concentrated, frowning. Yes, that boy seemed to have Geoffrey's high forehead and long nose.

Did that boy have a special relationship with the Sterling family?

She had a guess...

But if she was right, why did the boy hate Dylan so much?

Garwood's expression changed too.

A technology officer nearby noticed their expression, wondering, "What's the matter? Do you know this kid?"

Savannah winked at Garwood and replied calmly, "No."

The policeman asked no more.

Walking out of the police station, Savannah and Garwood both stopped.

"Miss Schultz, did you also suspect that the boy was related to the Sterlings?" Garwood broke the silence first.

Savannah took a deep breath and nodded.

"Although Dylan's brother died before marriage, he had a beloved girlfriend, and because their love affair was discovered and not allowed by his father, he died in a car accident after a quarrel with his father... Is it possible that the boy was Geoffrey's posthumous child?"

"Quite right, for the boy's age." Garwood's hands were sweaty at this guess.

"By the way, what happened to Geoffrey's girlfriend after he died? Where did she go?" Savannah had never heard the Sterling family speak of that woman.

Garwood didn't know much about it, but he came to the Sterling family several years earlier, and he had heard something about that woman.

"The woman was one of the people who indirectly caused the death of Geoffrey. No one in the Sterling family dared to mention her after that. The woman left LA with a broken heart and disappeared." Garwood tried to recollect.

Savannah was silent. Perhaps Geoffrey's girlfriend had been pregnant at that time. She left the city after her beloved man was dead and gave birth to his son in another place.

But why did the boy go to Italy?

Was the boy's mother still alive?

"If the boy is the son of Mr. Sterling's brother, it seems that he knows his own identity. Why did he come to seek vengeance from Mr. Sterling? He's his uncle! Besides, Mr. Sterling had a good relationship with Geoffrey and never harmed him! Mr. Sterling was so sad after his brother's death that he was even estranged from his father because of that. What on earth is the boy doing?" Garwood said in a puzzled tone.

"We know that Mr. Sterling was very close to his brother, but the boy may not be unaware of it. Maybe there was some misunderstanding that made him think that the Sterling family had killed his parents," Savannah said thoughtfully.

After a short pause, she continued, "The boy hated the Sterlings. He blamed them for his unhappy parentless childhood and all he had suffered. So he caught me and wanted Dylan to taste the pain of losing love. He was going to kill me in front of Dylan so that Dylan would suffer, and then he would kill Dylan so that Old Sterling would also suffer from the loss of his son... The boy was simply trying to get revenge on the Sterlings."

A shiver ran down Garwood's back. He didn't expect a boy of 13 or 14 could be so deeply vindictive.

"Fortunately, the boy's conscience was not entirely extinguished. I guess Dylan also guessed that he had something to do with his brother, so he deliberately called Kaiden to show the mother-son affection in front of the boy. The boy let me go, but... it's a pity he didn't let Dylan go." Savannah's voice became muffled as she clenched her hands.

Maybe the boy knew that Kaiden on the other side of the phone was his cousin, and he didn't want this cousin to be the same as himself, so he kept her alive.

The boy was not an inhuman child.

But she didn't know what he had been through for these years.

Anyway, they must find him first. Only then could they tell him the truth, clear up the misunderstanding, and let him know that no one had harmed his parents.

* * *

When they returned to the hospital, Savannah went to the ICU alone.

Dylan slept quietly with the aid of the medical devices, his long eyelids casting shadows down his closed eyes.

Savannah sat beside him, gently rubbing his hand, which was cold because of the drip.

"How are you feeling today?" she said softly as if they were chatting. "You look much better. Oh, I've successfully defended my dissertation, and I'm at the top of the final examinations. You should give me praise. If you don't believe me, get up quickly, and I'll show you my report card."

There was no reaction from the man in bed. Only the blood pressure values and regular heartbeat on the machine confirmed that he was alive.

Savannah lifted his pale hand, cautiously bringing it to her cheek.

"You see, the wound on my face healed without leaving a scar. But what about you? When will you wake up?"

He was breathing evenly.

Savannah put his hand back on the blanket and continued, "I went to the police station today..."

She paused for a moment before she said, "Did you see something in the boy who kidnapped me? Is that what I thought? He's probably the child of your elder brother and Kaiden's cousin, your nephew. Though we don't know exactly what happened to the boy, there must be some misunderstanding between you. But it doesn't matter, as soon as you get well and find the boy, we'll make everything clear. So please wake up quickly."

Chapter **667: Dylan We're Home**

Though Dylan showed no signs of waking up, he recovered well, and his condition turned stable.

The Milan police continued to track down the whereabouts of the boy, while Garwood left several people to follow the progress at any time.

A week later, Savannah flew home with Dylan on a private plane.

A team of nursing staff sent by the Sterling family was waiting for them at the private airport with a prepared medical vehicle.

As Dylan was carried onto the hospital bed in the vehicle, Savannah leaned over him in the glow of the morning sun with a discouraging smile:

"Dylan, we're home."

Some old servants of the Sterling family turned their faces away, secretly wiping away tears.

Savannah didn't tell Old Sterling about the identity of the boy after returning home.

For one thing, it was not certain.

For another, she didn't want to worry about the old man again.

If he knew that he had a grandson outside, and the boy grew up in the Italian Mafia with bitter hatred and misunderstanding to the Sterlings and almost killed Dylan, how would he feel?

So Savannah decided to be silent for the time being, and she hired a private detective to investigate Geoffrey's girlfriend.

Two weeks later, the private detective told Savannah the result of the investigation.

Geoffrey's girlfriend, Jennifer Mitra, was the same age as Geoffrey. They met at an off-campus networking event in high school.

Geoffrey studied in an exclusive school, and Jennifer was in an ordinary one.

The two of such different ranks were deeply attached to each other and fell in love.

Jennifer came from an ordinary family. Her father was a gambler who had been in prison many times, and her two brothers were both notorious gangsters in the city.

At that time, Old Sterling was not so open-minded as he was now. His criteria for choosing a daughter-in-law were as strict as those of other elders from big families. He couldn't accept his eldest son to be with a girl from such a family. He broke up the affectionate couple and forced Jennifer to leave his eldest son.

In order not to affect the future of her love, Jennifer left quietly and did not let Geoffrey find her.

Geoffrey lost his love and got irritated. Then, after a big fight with his father, he was attacked by a terrible family disease and died in a car accident.

According to the private investigator, after Geoffrey's death, Jennifer went to the mourning hall with red eyes to take one last look at her love but was kicked out by Old Sterling.

She then left LA and went to teach in a primary school in a remote village.

She did give birth to a child at a clinic in that village.

The clinic had been changed hands several times, leaving no detailed records, and the private investigator couldn't find out the sex, name, or date of birth of the child.

At least, it could be confirmed that Jennifer had given birth to the posthumous son of her boyfriend Geoffrey.

Unfortunately, she seemed to have caught puerperal fever after that.

The medical condition was very poor in the remote village. Jennifer never recovered from her illness, and her condition went from bad to worse. Finally, she passed away when the baby was one month old.

The baby disappeared shortly after Jennifer's death.

So far, its whereabouts were unknown.

The private detective had asked the villagers about Jennifer's child, but Jennifer had always lived a secluded life and never had any contact with other people.

Most of the villagers didn't even know Jennifer had had a baby. By the time they knew it, the child had disappeared.

Savannah breathed a long sigh after hearing the whole story.

Although it was not completely certain that the boy who kidnapped her in Italy was the grandson of old Sterling, it was now certain that Jennifer gave birth to a child for the Sterling family.

And the possibility that the boy was Geoffrey's son was simply too great.

She and Garwood were right...

What had the boy gone through these years?

Anyway, they'd better keep it from Old Sterling now.

And she was not in the mood for anything else.

All she cared about was when Dylan would wake up.

* * *

It had been a month since they returned home.

The Sterling family recovered slowly from their master's accident. Beneath that calm surface was the pain beyond recovery.

Old Sterling had grown much older since his only son came back in a vegetative state.

Luckily, accompanied by his dear grandson and Savannah, Old Sterling held it out.

Dylan's bedroom was converted into a hospital room, and a nurse and a family doctor were arranged to take care of him. Old Sterling firmly believed that his son would surely wake up one day.

Savannah also moved into Sterling's house, next door to Dylan's.

Every morning, she would send Kaiden to kindergarten first and then went to K&G. She called back from time to time to ask about Dylan. In the evening, she would stay in Dylan's room for a long time after dinner, talking to him about her work of the day or the new design she had. Sometimes she cleaned his body in person.

Kaiden knew his daddy was critically sick this time, and he became more reasonable overnight. After coming home from kindergarten, he would stay at his father's bed together with Savannah, talking to his father about the interesting things he had in kindergarten.

A year flashed by.

Savannah's grandpa and Joanne had tried several times to ask her to Chicago or move back to Green Bay.

At first, they didn't tell Savannah to leave Dylan because they also hoped against hope that Dylan would recover.

But it had been so long...

Time chilled their hope.

They couldn't bear to see Savannah being with a man in a vegetative state all her life.

Then it was Kaiden's fifth birthday.

Because of Dylan, the Sterling family didn't dare make a big deal out of it.

But Savannah didn't want them to think that Dylan was a dead man. She proposed to have a birthday party at home as before.

Chapter 668: Dylan Moved

A vibrant atmosphere in the house might help.

Old Sterling just told the servant to do as Savannah asked.

Kaiden's friends in his kindergarten were invited to Sterling's house on his birthday.

Savannah also invited Joanne, Olivia, Matt, and Jacob to come to enliven the house.

Her grandpa was too busy with his business in Chicago, but he asked a servant to bring a gift to his dear great-grandson.

The light was turned off when the candles were lit.

Joanne smiled and asked Kaiden to make a wish.

The candles lit up the house. Light prevailed over darkness, like hope over despair.

Kaiden held his hands together, mumbled a wish in front of the cake with his eyes closed, and then he blew out the candles.

Savannah gazed at Kaiden's face with deep emotion.

Kaiden was a year older.

Over the past years, he celebrated his birthday with his father only, and this year he had only his mother.

When could he celebrate his birthday together with both his mother and father?

When would Dylan wake up?

She felt too lonely even though she was surrounded by so many kids and friends.

She could finally understand what it was like to have Dylan with Kaiden for the last few years...

He must have been hoping that she would come back to them.

After the lights were turned on, Kaiden, leaning in Savannah's arms, whispered, "Don't worry, Mommy. All I wished is that daddy could wake up earlier. Grandma said birthday wishes are easier to be realized!"

He wiped the corners of her eyes with his fat hand.

Savannah didn't know when her tears began to fall. She looked into Kaiden's caring eyes, holding back tears, and nodded with a smile, "Hmm. Kaiden is a good boy."

After cutting the cake, Kaiden took his friends to his toy room to play.

Olivia and Matt went upstairs to visit Dylan and said a few words of comfort to Savannah before leaving.

Cooper helped old Sterling back to his room, and soon there were only Savannah and Joanne in the living room.

Joanne looked at her daughter and sighed, "Savannah, sit next to me so we can catch up on things."

"Mom, it's late. You've had a long day today with the kids, and you must be very tired." Savannah forced a smile. She knew what her mother was going to say.

"My dear," Joanne held her daughter's hand and said softly, "There's something your grandpa and I have wanted to talk to you about for a long time."

Savannah lowered her head. She knew they wanted her to give up on Dylan and left him.

She couldn't say her mother and grandpa were cruel. They just loved her so much that they could hardly bear to see their beloved daughter have a hard life.

"I know you and grandpa did everything for my good. But I also know what I'm doing. Mom, you can rest assured. I'm sure he will wake up sooner or later," she said with certainty.

"That's what your grandpa and I thought at first, but now..." Joanne couldn't help herself. "It's been almost a year. He would have woken up if his condition wasn't that bad. What the doctor said was not a joke. It would be best if you were prepared... Savannah, you're so young, you can't cost a lifetime on him..."

"Mom, as you say, I'm still young, and I've got plenty of time. I can wait for him. He's my life, without him my world will fall apart. Kaiden and I still have high hopes Dylan will wake up and a bright future awaits us," Savannah smiled and gave Joanne a reassuring pat on her hand. Deep down her heart, pain and suppressed sadness had entrapped, but she can't give up the man she loved.

Joanne couldn't say more.

After Joanne was picked up by the driver, the living room turned to silence. Savannah tried not to feel lonely but without success. She hurried upstairs and walked into Dylan's room.

There was only a low beeping sound from the medical devices.

She stopped at the bedside, gazing at the quiet, calm face of the sleeping man. Tears came to her eyes as she remembered his usual bossy way and his calm, beautiful eyes when he looked at her. Then she

thought of her mother's words. She bent down and took his cold hand in hers, murmuring, "Dylan, when on earth are you going to wake up? I'm not begging you! I don't know how much longer I can wait for you. If you don't wake up, my grandfather and mother will take me away. I'm not frightening you! If you still don't wake up, I will leave you and marry someone else!"

Tears gushed from her eyes. She bent over his chest, unable to say another word—her graveness and sadness at last found expression in loud crying.

She didn't know how long she cried when something touched her arm.

She thought it was the bed sheet or pillow towel, but suddenly she realized that it was his finger. She straightened up and dried her eyes, staring at Dylan.

Had he just touched her with his finger?

In a moment, Savannah jumped up, rushed out of the bedroom just in time to see Jacob talking with old Sterling about Dylan.

They turned to look at Savannah as she came running, panting.

"What's the matter?" Old Sterling asked.

Savannah pointed at Dylan's room, "Jacob, come and have a look. Dylan just moved his finger! It looks like he's waking up!"

They were surprised. Jacob followed Savannah calmly and went straight to the bedside to check on Dylan.

Savannah stood at the door, afraid that Jacob would be disturbed. She was so excited that her heart was pounding heavily as if it were going to jump out of her chest.

Old Sterling followed them and stopped at Savannah's side, watching Jacob nervously as he examined his son.

Finally, Jacob straightened up, put the blanket over Dylan, and turned around.

Savannah swallowed, not daring to ask.

"How's Dylan?" asked Old Sterling. "Did he move? Is he going to wake up?"

Jacob glanced at Savannah and then at Old Sterling.

"He's still not responding." He shook his head.

Old Sterling looked disappointed and could not speak for a long time.

Savannah found it difficult to breathe.

"No, he just moved! His finger moved! He did touch me, or I wouldn't have noticed!"

Chapter 669: It's Not An Imagination

With that, she rushed frantically to the bed, holding Dylan's hand.

Jacob grabbed her by the shoulder, whispering huskily, "Savannah, he gave no response. It could be your imagination!"

"Not an imagination! It couldn't be! The feeling of his touch was clear. His finger did move! You may not check it out at home. Take him to the hospital and have a closer look. Maybe he will wake up soon!" Savannah said quickly.

"Even if he did move," Jacob shouted in a low voice to stop her from suffering another disappointment, "it's probably just nervous reflex activity! It doesn't mean anything. Not a sign of waking up soon! It's normal for vegetative patients to move their limbs!"

Savannah was quiet for a long while.

Recovering himself, Old Sterling glanced at Jacob and whispered, "Thank you, Dr. Shamon, you'd better go home right now."

Then he turned to Savannah sadly, "Savannah, come with me."

Savannah followed Old Sterling out of the room and went downstairs as if in a trance.

It was not until she sat down with Old Sterling on the sofa that she regained a sense of consciousness.

"Savannah. I know," said Old Sterling, his voice shaking a little and his eyes red, "you've been expecting Dylan to wake up, and so am I. But it's been a year. I'm afraid... It's very difficult to bring him around. I know your grandfather and your mother loved you very much, and they tried to persuade you to go back to your life and routine. They don't want you to waste your youth on Dylan. I know Dylan also doesn't want to see you suffer for him..."

Savannah looked up at Old Sterling suddenly, realizing what he was trying to say.

"So, I mean, starting tomorrow, you can move back to Green Bay or just go back to your grandfather's place in Chicago... Kaiden, it's up to him. If he wants to go with you, I won't force him to stay. After all, the kid should stay with his mother. Just let him come back to me every week, as he always did."

"Sir, are you driving me away?" Savannah was shocked.

"Dylan would agree with me." Old Sterling sighed.

He had made up his mind. It was his decision, and he knew it was the wish of his son.

The Sterling family could not afford to waste the youth of a promising young woman.

He would rather be the bad man.

"I'm not leaving," Savannah clenched her fist, "I'm staying with him. Sir, it's only a year! How can you be so sure he can't come? You are his father! Why don't you have any confidence in him?"

With that, she got up and hurried upstairs.

She closed the door, leaning her back against it, and the tears ran down.

It took her awhile to throw herself on the bed, sobbing, "Dylan, everyone is telling me to leave you. Wake up, please... Otherwise, I might not be able to hold on... I'm really tired..."

After all these ups and downs and storms of weeping, Savannah, exhausted, gradually fell into a deep sleep.

Warm, familiar breath against her ear woke her up.

She opened her eyes and found herself resting in a man's arms, sitting on his lap.

The feeling was so familiar.

She turned, rubbing her eyes, and saw Dylan looking at her tenderly.

Seeing her awake, he held her with great force and gave her a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Tears immediately blurred her eyes.

She couldn't remember how she fell asleep in Dylan's arms, but it felt as if he had never left her.

He was holding her tightly, in a white shirt and grey trousers, and though his face was tired and haggard, he was indeed awake.

"You wake up? Am I dreaming?" Savannah reacted and jumped up.

"How could it be a dream? I've always been with you." He smiled and pulled back her in his arms.

His big hand slid to her waist and pressed her closer to him.

She was overwhelmed by joy and grief, barely holding back tears.

She said he had just moved! It was not her imagination! He must be waking up soon! And no one believed it!

She buried her head in his arms with a heavy grievance and sobbed, "You bastard! Do you know how long I've been waiting for you? You made me cry again and again..."

He said nothing but hung his head and placed a gentle kiss on her hair, and then he raised her head and kissed away her tears.

"I'm sorry, I swear, I won't keep you waiting," he whispered in her ear, full of tenderness.

She closed her eyes in his passionate kisses, and all the pain and grief were slowly replaced by happiness again...

Suddenly, she opened her eyes and sat straight up.

Looking around, she found nobody else in the room.

All about her was lonely and still.

It was a dream.

Not reality.

He didn't wake up.

She found herself completely unable to suppress a sense of disappointment.

How could it be just a dream?

She jumped out of bed and ran to the next room, slamming the door open.

A nursing assistant was massaging Dylan's leg for him when Savannah came running in.

"Miss Schultz, what's wrong?" The nursing assistant turned around in surprise.

Savannah stared at Dylan, who was still asleep, showing no signs of waking, and finally told herself that it was just a dream.

What did that dream mean?

Was it because she missed him too much?

If he was not going to come out of this state, why did he come to her in the dream?

It was a long time before Savannah turned and walked slowly out, slowly into despair and loneliness.

* * *

Lying in bed, she couldn't fall asleep for a long time. When she closed her eyes, she recalled the dream.

The dream he had came back.

She wanted to sleep quickly and dream about him again.

But the pain in her heart kept her awake.

Tossing and turning for a whole night, she finally fell asleep after midnight.

It was a pity he didn't appear in her dream again.

She got up as the first morning light cast into the room.

After washing and changing, she was about to go to Dylan when Cooper came to her with a grim expression.

"Miss Schultz, please come downstairs with me."

Savannah thought of what Old Sterling tried to persuade her yesterday, filled with foreboding.

She followed Cooper downstairs.

On the floor, there were several suitcases.

Chapter 670: You Must Go

On the other side stood several servants and a driver.

Old Sterling rose from the sofa when he saw her coming down the stairs.

"Savannah," he closed his eyes a second and took a deep breath before he continued, "I asked them to have your luggage packed, including your carry-on clothes and daily necessities. You can see what else

you need to take away, and I'll ask them to bring it down for you. In the afternoon, the driver will pick Kaiden up at the kindergarten and take him directly to you."

Savannah awoke from her surprise with a bleak smile.

"Sir, are you kicking me out?" She asked quietly.

She knew Old Sterling was acting for her good. He just didn't want to waste her time, but she couldn't accept it.

Old Sterling sighed and took a couple of steps toward her.

"Savannah, you're wasting your youth here. I really can't explain it to your grandfather and mother. You must leave. You'll have a great future and a bright life outside this door."

"I'm not leaving." Savannah's eyes turned red.

Old Sterling was so determined that to make her leave, he had to stress his words.

"This is Sterling's house! Not your home! Don't forget, you and Dylan have nothing to do with each other right now. You don't deserve to live here! You must go!"

His remarks were quite shocking and hard.

The air froze. Cooper and the servants present all gasped, not expecting such cruel words from Old Sterling.

Savannah, however, wasn't frightened by the force of his approach.

"Sir, I know you said that for my good, but I'm not leaving. If you don't let me live in your house, I can live in a workmen's room, or I'll rent a room near the house... Just let me see him every day and take care of him."

Old Sterling felt his tear ducts burning and could barely restrain himself from changing his mind. He steeled his heart, looking at her with a cool, sarcastic smile.

"Take care of him? Thank you, Miss Schultz. But I don't need you to take care of my son. I just beg you to stay away from him. If it hadn't been for you, how could he be in this state?"

That was too much.

Savannah turned pale. Her blood was chilled by his last remark.

That was right. If it hadn't been for saving her, for taking a bullet for her, how could he be lying in bed in a vegetative state?

She was the cause of all his tribulations.

"You're his femme fatale." Old Sterling concluded, gazing at Savannah coolly. "Miss Schultz, I have had three children in my life, but now I have only one son left. Please let him go and don't harm him anymore, okay?"

Savannah quivered slightly as she took one step backward.

She was his femme fatale?

Her appearance brought him so many troubles!

His life would be more peaceful without her.

She'd better leave him...

"Cooper!" Old Sterling called out.

Cooper, receiving his master's instructions, picked up the suitcase and reached out to Savannah. "Miss Schultz, please."

Savannah followed Cooper in a trance toward the gate, followed by some servants picking a suitcase for her. Before she left the house, she stopped, looking back upstairs in the direction where Dylan lived.

* * *

Joanne was a little angry at Old Sterling when she learned that her daughter was sent away. But then she realized that he did that only for the sake of her daughter. She called and talked with her every day for fear that Savannah would be too depressed.

On the evening of Savannah's return, Kaiden was also picked up by the driver from the kindergarten and brought directly to Green Bay.

Although it was strange, Kaiden seemed to realize something and lived in Green Bay obediently without asking any questions.

Savannah went back to Sterling's house every day to see Dylan, but the servants were clearly instructed by Old Sterling to stop her at the door every time.

Savannah never had a chance to see Dylan. After several visits, she was aware of old Sterling's firm intention, so she didn't try again.

Every Friday, Old Sterling would send Louis to pick up Kaiden to spend the weekend with him.

Dylan was not yet conscious.

Joanne was worried about her daughter. Raymond also wanted Savannah to take over the Morton group as soon as possible. They asked Savannah to take Kaiden to Chicago, but Savannah said that she could not let go of K&G.

She stayed in K&G every day.

Joanne knew Savannah couldn't give up Dylan.

She was not there in body, but all her mind was still on Dylan.

When they had dinner together this evening, Joanne suggested Savannah close K&G so she could go to Chicago with no care in LA.

"I put my blood into K&G, and I've got a new design I'm working on. I can't close it now." Savannah mumbled as her hand trembled a little with the fork.

Just excuses.

"You can finish your new design before you close the company," Joanne responded with a soft smile, "We won't push you."

Savannah was silent, knowing that her mother and grandfather wanted her to leave LA and start a new life quickly.

But was it possible to live a happy new life without that man?

The thought of a new life without him tugged at her heartstrings.

Looking up, she saw Joanne's gaunt face.

Her mother had been worried about her, and her grandfather had been looking forward to her going back to Chicago.

They loved her and cared about her, but she let them down again and again. It was only right for her to be filial to them.

She had never considered their mood.

She could be there for the man who might never come out from that state without regret, but she could not ignore the worries and anxieties of her mother and grandfather.

And Old Sterling. He acted as a bad person and drove her away, only hoping that she could go out of the haze to welcome the new life.

She took a deep breath.

"Mom. Let me think about it, okay?"