

Midnight 691

Chapter 691: Promise Me

It was not convenient to apply for medicine on the back on his own.

Greta went over and took medicine from his hand.

"Greta..." Brent blurted out, turning with surprise.

"Lie down. Don't move." She pressed him down softly.

"No, I can manage it..."

"Don't talk nonsense," she said with a very emphatic pronunciation.

Brent then lay down and left his back to her.

Greta dabbed the medicine on his back little by little. The injury on his back was more serious than she thought. In addition to the injury left by the stick, some new scars covered each other, which should be the result of Barzini's punishment after she was arrested by the police.

Apart from that, there were some old wounds and bruises, each one representing the danger he had taken to protect her over the years.

Two bullet wounds...

That time, two of the gang's leaders fell out. To train her ability of management, Barzini sent her to intervene. Unexpectedly, the two leaders fought on the spot, and the bullets flew everywhere. Brent protected her tightly and took two bullets for her. Fortunately, they didn't get him in the key part.

And this knife wound...

Barzini ordered her to disguise herself as a man from her childhood. But she was only a nine-year-old girl at that time and began to know beauty. She secretly wore her hair long. When it was finally discovered by Barzini, he cut off her shoulder-length hair in a rage and tried to scratch her face with the scissors so that she would no longer care about her look. Brent rushed to block the scissors coming to her. After that, a horrifying wound left on his back.

At this, Greta glanced over at Brent, who was lying on his stomach.

He was one of the bodyguards Barzini gave her when she was five. He was said to be an orphan. Although he was only six years older than her, he had undergone severe training, and he had speed, agility, and lightning-fast reflexes.

They grew up together.

His mission was to keep her safe with his own life at any time and anywhere.

Now she was fourteen, and the man who accompanied her all the time was twenty years old.

He became a sexually attractive man with a well-developed physique. He had well-developed muscles at the shoulders and back. Sweat beaded on his sun-tanned skin, giving him incredible sensuality. Then she bent her glance on his narrow waist and tight buttocks...

Her heart skipped a beat.

"I can take care of myself," she said calmly, "leave me alone when my father beat me the next time."

"I'm your bodyguard," Brent said in a hollow voice.

"So you risked your life every time?" she asked coldly. "Do you think you're a cat with nine lives?"

Even if he had nine lives, he was almost out of them after all he had suffered for her.

"My life is nothing compared with yours," Brent replied in a deep whisper.

She froze, and her face changed.

"Brent, are you disobeying me?"

Brent sat up straight and looked at Greta, who lost her temper for no reason.

"I dare not," he lowered his eyes.

"Then mark my words. I was hoping you wouldn't take the bullet or blow for me next time! You can save me only when you can protect yourself well! Promise me!" Greta stared at him.

Brent froze and shook his head dully.

"Sorry, I can't promise you about this. Next time I'll still protect you when you're in danger. I'm not going to let anyone hurt you, even if it might cost me my life."

As his last word fell, Greta slapped him in the face!

A tiny palm print appeared on his cheek.

"You won't be told?" Greta slapped him on the other side of his face.

He raised his head, his eyes full of affection and concern.

"You're still in poor health. Don't get angry," he said softly.

Greta stared at him.

How could he have so little respect for his own life?

Greta, choked with anger, stormed out of his room.

She couldn't understand why she was so angry.

She was very uncomfortable when Brent didn't take his life seriously every time!

Back in her room, she felt so tired that she didn't have the strength to pack the luggage. She climbed onto the bed and fell asleep immediately without changing her clothes.

The next day, Greta followed Barzini back to Rome, accompanied by Brent and a group of bodyguards.

As the ancient capital of Italy, Rome was also the center of the Mafia.

Barzini, as the godfather and authority of the gang, lived in a Vatican-style estate behind the Trinity Church in Rome.

By the time they arrived, the housekeepers and servants were already waiting for them at the gate.

They were relieved to see their young master back safely.

Everyone knew that Barzini made the most of his adopted child.

After Greta was caught by the police, Barzini punished all who took care of Greta severely.

Barzini looked at Greta beside him. She was silent without any reaction. She used to be cool, but this time she looked weak and soulless.

Something in her changed after she learned that the Sterlings were not her enemies.

And this was not what he wanted to see.

His adopted daughter should be inhuman and heartless instead of starving for affection from her family.

Barzini's face darkened.

Golden shafts of afternoon light shone through the tall eucalyptus trees. In the garden of the manor, Greta lay on the lawn, chewing a blade of grass lazily.

Suddenly, a face appeared in sight from above.

"Brent, make a sound next time you're here." She frowned.

"Yes, young master," Brent hung his head slightly like an obedient bodyguard.

"What's the matter?"

"You have a fencing lesson this afternoon. The teacher has come. Won't you go?"

"Let him wait." Greta closed her eyes.

"Barzini will be unhappy," said Brent dryly.

"Only a few minutes late. If you don't say anything, the fencing teacher doesn't dare say much. Dad will never know."

"..." Brent looked at the girl speechlessly. His young master's temper seemed to have changed since she came back.

Chapter 692: I've Made Up My Mind

Before, Greta was an obedient child. She never neglected her studies and seemed to have inexhaustible energy.

But since she came back from Milan, she'd been a little slow and lazy. Sometimes she was late or left early, or even skipped classes.

When Barzini asked him about Greta's life and studies, he had to hide her real situation from him and hoped he wouldn't notice her change.

Greta didn't seem to care about anything now. After what happened these days, she just suddenly found that the world was not so hateful. The Sterlings were not her enemies but her relatives, and she didn't want to continue to work hard or be controlled by Barzini...

She sat up, spat out the leaves, and looked at Brent.

"Brent. What would you do if you found you still had a family?"

"I'm an orphan," Brent said dryly, "I was found on the streets of Italy, brought up by Barzini, and I have no family."

Greta rolled her eyes. "You're so dull," she said. "Just assume it, okay? For instance, if you found you had relatives, would you go to them and live with them?"

Brent blinked his eyes innocently, and he replied, "Probably not."

"Why?" Greta seemed dissatisfied with the answer.

"... Because I have no family." He never met this kind of situation and didn't know how to answer it.

"Well, fine." Greta sighed, paused, and then asked, "If you were sorry to someone, would you apologize?"

She wondered whether she should say sorry to her uncle and aunt in person.

The word "sorry" was not in her dictionary.

But they were her relatives, her nearest person in the world now. She had misunderstood her uncle and almost killed him.

She should go to LA and apologize to them.

Brent was silent for a moment.

"I never felt sorry for anyone," he said.

"Okay, you go ahead. I have nothing further to say," Greta was speechless.

She wondered if Brent could find a girlfriend with this character!

He didn't know how to chat at all!

Brent noticed Greta's displeasure, but he didn't know what he had done to offend her. He obeyed her words and turned to leave.

"Wait!" Greta shouted again.

He stopped at once.

"Is the wound on your back healed?"

He didn't seem to expect Greta to ask this, and then he whispered, "Yeah, much better."

"Well, go ahead."

A few days passed.

Brent was in the corridor outside Greta's room when her door banged open.

"Brent, come in!" She waved to him, flushed and excited.

Brent followed her words and went in, wondering what had happened. She hadn't been so happy for a long time since her return.

On the couch, the desk, and the bed in her room, there were a lot of gift boxes.

Most of them were gifts given by Barzini and his followers every year on her birthday—treasures of great value, jewels, antiques, paintings, and even the handwritten scrolls of an ancient Italian philosopher.

In short, Greta, young as she was, was worth a lot with her property.

But Greta had never been interested in these things, which were usually kept in a safe. Why did she suddenly take them out today?

"Brent, I've gone through these several times, and I want you to help me choose the best one from them. Which one would be a good wedding gift?" Greta pointed cheerfully to the boxes on the bed.

A wedding gift?

"Who's getting married?" asked Brent.

Greta grew up without friends. He should have heard about it if anyone they knew was getting married.

Suddenly, he raised his eyes as if he remembered something.

Greta didn't answer him. "Just choose one for me."

Brent had to look at the boxes. After a moment, he said, "Star of the Heaven."

"Your idea fits in with mine." Greta's eyes lit up.

The sapphire necklace was a valuable curio of Vittorio Emanuele III. It was very auspicious and should be a good gift for newlyweds.

Okay, that's it!

She shut up the box of the sapphire necklace and put it in the drawer of the bedside cabinet.

Brent looked at her warm face and asked, "Do you want to give this gift to Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz in LA?"

He had heard about their wedding yesterday.

This necklace must be for her uncle and aunt.

Though no one mentioned how Greta escaped from the detention house in Milan, he knew it was probably out of Mr. Sterling's hand.

Apparently, Greta and her uncle had cleared up the misunderstanding between them.

Greta always believed that her uncle was the one who was to blame for the misery of her parents. But now, she knew it was a lie, and she had done something wrong, so she changed her attitude and wanted to send a wedding gift to her uncle and aunt as an apology.

Brent was happy to see Greta's change.

She was no longer living in hate, no longer cold and indifferent to everyone.

Greta closed the drawer and didn't explain anything. She stood up and looked at him.

"I'm going to LA myself to give them the gift."

Giving the gift to them in person could show sincerity.

Besides, she wanted to see her uncle and aunt's wedding, and her young cousin, and her grandpa, whom she had not yet met...

They were her father's family and her family.

"In person? Did you tell Barzini?" Brent was amazed.

"No," She frowned and shook her head. "He wouldn't let me go. I've booked an air ticket, and I'll go alone. In two or three days, I'll come back. Dad isn't here every day. I heard he's going to Palermo to deal with some affairs tomorrow."

"But..." Brent was afraid Barzini would find out and punish her again.

"I've made up my mind." She looked at him and said coldly.

The day before Dylan's meeting, Greta left quietly and boarded the plane to LA.

Brent watched the plane disappear in the clouds.

Greta looked refreshed after she put down the hatred.

He had never seen her so happy since he had been with her.

Chapter 693: Where's The Young Master?

After seeing Greta off, Brent left the airport and drove back to the manor.

He parked the car and went inside the gate, only to find the atmosphere in the manor somewhat strange.

Several strong men stood on the doorsteps.

They were Barzini's trusted subordinates.

One of them, seeing he returned alone, sneered and came down.

Brent's heart gave a big jump.

Was Barzini back? Didn't Greta say he wouldn't return until next week?

He kept walking with an expressionless face.

"Why are you alone? Where's the young master?" One bald man asked.

Brent recognized the man was Beato, Barzini's confidant. He lowered his eyes and said calmly, "I don't know."

"Barzini's waiting for you," Beato shrugged.

Brent went in.

Barzini was sitting on the sofa in the luxurious living room, listening to the reports from his men. He waved them away as Brent came in.

"Greta left for LA this evening," he said slowly, and his eyes flashed with anger. "Why didn't you tell me instead of holding out on me?"

Brent didn't defend himself, and he didn't, as Greta ordered, pretend not to know her whereabouts. He hung his head and said stonily, "I'm sorry, Lord Barzini."

"Good." Barzini looked at him with fury in his voice, "You know how we punish the disobedient."

With that, he gestured to his men behind him.

One scar man handed Barzini a steel whip, which was always used on the traitors.

Barzini raised the whip and threw it hard at Brent.

A throbbing pain ran through Brent's back. He gave a silent moan and gritted his teeth without a word.

"You know what to do as Greta's bodyguard, don't you?" Barzini's sullen voice came coldly, "Keep an eye on her, and keep me informed of anything she does—that is your duty. But what did you do? You went to Milan with her, and this time, you saw her fly to LA without telling me. Oh, good."

Another cracking whipping fell on Brent's back!

Brent steeled and spat out blood.

"You've been with Greta for a long time, and you're becoming as stubborn as she is. I don't know whether she's influenced you or you've brought her down." Barzini ran his fingers on the whip with a grim smile.

As his last word fell, the whip fell again!

Brent's clothes had already split open, and the unhealed wounds on his back were broken open. His whole back was covered in blood, and finally, he fainted before the next whipping came.

Three days later.

Greta got off the plane in a good mood.

She went to her uncle's wedding yesterday. Though she didn't dare to meet the newly married couple, she met her little cousin and gave the wedding gift to him.

After all, she was to blame for making her uncle lying in bed in a coma for a year. How could she have the nerve to attend the wedding? She hesitated outside the wedding site and didn't leave until the ceremony was over.

Perhaps her uncle had forgiven her, but she was still guilty.

She was lucky enough to see her little cousin.

That boy was very pretty, cuter than she had imagined. He looked a little like her, especially his eyes and mouth.

She was sure her aunt and uncle would love the wedding gift.

Fearing that Barzini would come back early and her absence would be discovered, she did not stay long. She flew back to Rome on the same day.

The taxi stopped at the back door of the manor.

Greta got out with her small suitcase.

She had texted Brent before she boarded the plane, saying she would be back at this hour. Brent was supposed to be waiting for her at the back door. But when she got inside, no one was there.

A little puzzled, she dragged the suitcase quietly in.

Fortunately, no one was at the door today, and it was very quiet in the house.

Barzini was probably not back yet.

Greta breathed a sigh of relief and went upstairs to her bedroom. She stopped at Brent's closed door and knocked on it, trying to tell him she was back.

But no one answered.

She knocked on it again and then tried to wrench at the door-handle. The door opened, but there was no one in the room. Her heart was beating fast. She had a bad foreboding.

"Young master," struck in a displeasing voice from behind Greta. "You want Brent?"

Greta started, turning around, her back sweating.

She recognized Beato, Barzini's confidant.

Barzini was back?

So... Barzini already knew she went to LA secretly?

If so, he must have punished Brent.

"Where is Brent?" Greta found her voice trembled.

Beato said nothing but led Greta downstairs.

Down the stairs, he took her to the large basement where Barzini imprisoned his enemies and the betrayers.

It was cold and wet.

The further Greta went, the more frightened she became.

Finally, they stopped and got out of the way.

Greta froze in front of a cell in the basement.

Brent lay bloodied on the cold ground, breathing his last.

The clothes that hung about him were so ragged that the bloody marks left on his back were clear to be seen. The blood had dried on him. Some wounds even festered without timely care and medicine.

Barzini beat him to within an inch of his life!

Blame it all on her.

"Brent, Brent?" She darted to him but didn't dare to touch him for fear of hurting him.

Hearing Greta's voice, Brent opened his eyes slowly and moved his dry lips.

"Don't worry, I'm fine..."

She clenched her fist and looked at his blood-soaked body. He had been locked in the basement for at least two days. He would surely die without medical treatment.

"Let him go." Greta stood up and ordered Beato coldly.

"I can't let him go without Barzini's permission," he replied drily.

A murderous gleam shone in her cold eyes.

"Let him go!" She jerked out a pistol and aimed at the man.

"How dare you intercede for him!" A commanding voice wafted down from above the basement steps.

Looking over, Greta saw Barzini, accompanied by two strong bodyguards, standing on the top step.

She dropped the pistol slowly and then fell to her knees without hesitation.

"Dad, it's my fault. Brent is innocent. Please let him go," she said.

Barzini's eyes darkened.

"When did your heart become so soft, Greta? Besides, he's not innocent!"

Greta's change made him angrier than Greta's unannounced visit to LA.

He had a hard job to cultivate his foster daughter into a ruthless, cruel heir. He couldn't see her become so softhearted. How could his heir kneel and beg to him for a bodyguard?

Chapter 694: Punish Me As You Like

Did Greta still deserve to be his heir?

"Anyway, Brent knew nothing about this," Greta gritted her teeth. "Please let him go and give him treatment!"

"Let him go? Then you will take his punishment," Barzini said with barely repressed anger.

Brent, half-conscious, raised himself on elbows when he heard it, stretching out his arm to pull Greta's pants.

"No, Greta... Don't..."

Greta looked at Barzini firmly. "Dad, send him to the doctor, please. I'll stay here and receive your punishment."

Her fearless remark made the look on Barzini's face cooler.

"Good!" He gestured to his men behind him.

Two bodyguards immediately helped Brent to his feet.

As Brent was taken away, he struggled weakly to stop and whispered, "Greta... I don't deserve you..."

Greta looked at the young man who was bathed in blood and dirt.

"You're my people, and I must protect you," she said as she lifted her slim fingers to wipe the blood away from the corner of his mouth.

Barzini waved his hand.

Brent was taken out of the basement.

After watching him leave, Greta took a sigh of relief and turned to Barzini again.

"I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have gone to LA without your permission. Punish me as you like."

"Kneel here and think about it," Barzini ordered coldly.

Greta, without any complaint, bent her knees and knelt on the wet, cold ground.

Barzini shot a sharp look at her and made Beato watch her, and then he turned and left.

The basement was rough and littered with broken glass.

Greta was not sure what time it was. All she knew was that her leg had gone numb, and she felt pricking pain in her knee.

Without looking down, she knew her lower legs were bloody.

She didn't expect to have a punishment after spending 14 hours on a plane. Now she was exhausted and dizzy, close to fainting.

But she gritted her teeth, kneeling silently on the cold, wet ground.

It was not until the second half of the night that she finally lost consciousness and fainted on the ground.

Beato at the door hurried, went in, lifted her, and carried her out of the basement.

After carrying Greta to her bedroom, he told the maid to take good care of her and then went to the study. He knocked on the door and went in.

"Lord Barzini," Beato reported respectfully, "Young master has fainted. She's suffered a great deal, and I believe she won't dare to disobey you again. I just sent her back to her room,"

Behind the desk, Barzini, who was reading a book, raised his eyes and pondered for a long time. Finally, he said to himself, "Next time, she won't dare to disobey me again? Really?"

"You mean..." Beato looked at his master, confused.

Barzini closed his book and narrowed his eyes.

"Greta's changed ever since she knew that the Sterlings were not her enemies. She was now kind and soft hearted like a woman! She's not what I want before."

Beato frowned and said nothing. As Barzini pointed out, Greta was too kind to take the punishment for her bodyguard today.

This was not what a qualified heir should do.

Then he noticed a murderous look in Barzini's eyes.

"What do you want to do, my lord?" Beato asked.

A malign expression came to Barzini's face.

* * *

It was already the next morning when Greta woke up.

Her clothes had been changed by the maid, and her wound on the knees had been dressed. With her calves still twitching, she got out of bed and took a few painful steps. Her knees ached dully.

"Young master, don't get out of bed! You aren't well yet. Just lie there and rest. I'm at your service." The maid hurriedly came in.

Greta rubbed her head and remembered Brent. She tore her arms away and put on her clothes, and then staggered out of the bedroom.

Brent always got up an hour earlier than she did, and she used to see him at her door every day when she walked out of her bedroom.

But nobody was seen at her door today.

Was he so badly injured that he couldn't get up?

She walked quickly to his bedroom and pushed open the door, only to find his room empty.

Brent was gone.

Had he been taken to the hospital yesterday after he was taken out of the basement?

Just then, a servant passed by.

Greta lunged toward him and grabbed his collar.

"Where's Brent?"

The servant stammered, "Brent... He..."

"Tell me, did he go to the hospital?" Greta's uneasiness grew stronger.

"He... He didn't go to the hospital."

"Where is him?"

The servant hesitated as if not daring to tell her the truth.

Greta shook slightly with terror. She raised her fist to the servant and ordered in a threatening tone, "Tell me, or I'll kill you!"

The servant opened his mouth with a woeful face, "Early in the morning, Brent was taken out by Barzini's men. They seemed to go to the wharf nearby..."

What did Barzini's men take Brent to the wharf for?

Brent was still seriously injured!

Suddenly Greta was filled with foreboding. She scrambled to her feet and ran out of the house.

The pain shot through her legs from her injured knees. After she ran a short way, the white gauze bandage on her knees was stained with blood. The wound burst open after the strenuous movement.

She didn't stop but ran faster.

As soon as she arrived at the nearby dock, she saw Barzini's men walking in her direction, away from the shore, as if they had just finished a task.

They stopped in surprise when they saw Greta coming.

Greta's face went pale. With clenched hands, she stared at them.

"Where's Brent?" Her voice was icy.

The men looked at each other in embarrassment.

Greta darted forward, pointing a pistol at a man's forehead.

"Where's Brent?"

The man froze, breaking into a cold sweat.

"Barzini told us to tie Brent up and throw him into the sea..." he stammered out.

Greta reeled with shock, and her face went pale.

She stared blankly at the quiet sea.

"It's been executed," whispered the man.

Ten minutes before Greta arrived, Brent was thrown into the sea.

Greta woke up, dropped the pistol, and ran to the bank.

Barzini's men reacted and ran after her, afraid that she wanted to jump to rescue Brent.

"Young master! No --"

Chapter 695: I Avenged You

"Greta, Brent's already..." A man reached out his hands, trying to stop her.

It took Greta a long time to accept the fact. She stared at the calm sea, speechless.

Brent had been thrown into the sea after being severely punished.

She came late.

It was too late.

Greta collapsed on the bank, gasping for breath.

It was the last time she saw him in the basement last night.

Tears from the depths of despair rose in her heart and gathered in her eyes.

She had never shed a tear under Barzini's strict instruction.

But now, despair swept down upon her, overpoweringly.

She would never see the silent, wooden, amorous man again.

A tear, larger than an ocean pearl, fell from her eyes.

After a long time, Greta staggered to her feet, dried her tears, and ran the other way to the manor.

She flew up the front steps, across the porch, and threw open the door of Barzini's room.

Barzini looked up suddenly when she burst in without knocking.

"I thought you knew the rules!" he snapped with disapproval in his eyes.

Greta stared coldly at her foster father, who had just killed her bodyguard. He looked so calm, as if nothing had happened...

Anger and despair welled in her. Hot blood poured into her brain.

For the first time, she looked at her foster father without respect and fear.

"Why, why did you kill Brent?" She asked quietly.

Barzini seemed to have known the reason for her sudden rude arrival.

"Just a bodyguard, forget it. Is it worth getting angry with me? I'll get you a better bodyguard." He said simply.

"I ask you why you killed Brent!" Greta stared steadily at the middle-aged man in front of her.

Barzini, however, was not annoyed by her rudeness. He felt relieved at the return of his unsympathetic and feelingless adopted daughter.

This was what he wanted to see.

As his heir, she should be ruthless.

Her cold character, as well as the vein of cruelty in her, helped her run the gang for him.

"Feeling is the last thing you need. It'll become your weakness. You were too nice and too concerned about your bodyguard, and that, in turn, weakened you. I killed him, and you should be tough and cold at everyone around you." It was his way to teach her a lesson.

"You killed Brent to make me callous and insensitive?" Greta's lips trembled uncontrollably.

"Brent? All I know is that he's a machine I picked up from an orphanage and trained to be your bodyguard. He exists to protect you. If he became a nuisance in your way, he'd better disappear." Barzini talked about Brent as if he were a cat or dog.

Greta's face turned paler.

Barzini frowned. Never before had he seen such a cold, steely determination in her eye—such a cruel look of murder.

"Just a bodyguard. Is it necessary to care for him so much?" Barzini walked up to her, patting her on the shoulder reassuringly. "Greta, your job is to take care of my gang. I know you're a smart kid. All right, go back to sleep and get well. Everything's going as usual."

Would everything be as usual?

She glanced darkly at his hand on her shoulder.

He had lied to her for so many years and deliberately made her take the Sterlings as her enemies. She almost killed her uncle and aunt with her own hands, and she was unable to return to her family.

She had been grateful to her foster father for adopting her and giving her a good life, but now she knew that he was only a pervert, a cruel, selfish pervert.

He never regarded her as his daughter, nor did he really love her. All the while, he just took her as a tool, an unsentimental tool that could help him to manage the gang. He even killed the only person close to her...

She turned slowly and walked to the door.

Barzini smiled with satisfaction. He thought she was just a little lost and would recover soon.

"Thank you, dad, for all the years you've nurtured and sheltered me." Greta stopped short at the door and suddenly turned. "Rest assured, I will live up to your expectations."

Barzini, somewhat surprised, seemed not to expect her to return to her old ways. He nodded in relief. "Well --"

Before his word fell, Greta thrust her hand in her jacket and suddenly took a pistol out, pointing it at his chest.

His pupils constricted, and before he reacted, a rifle shot cracked out, and extensive blood splatter from his chest. He covered the hole in his chest and eyed Greta squarely in disbelief.

"You..."

Greta walked over to him, looking at him pityingly. "You want me to be a heartless person, don't you? You see, that satisfies you?"

Then she lifted her hand and gave him a gentle push.

Barzini fell on his back, and he died with his eyes open.

The carpet under the body was instantly reddened by blood.

Greta put down her pistol and walked out of the study.

She went back to the wharf.

The sky and water were as quiet and blue as usual. No one knew a man had just lost his life here.

She watched the calm sea silently.

Brent. I avenged you.

I told you, you're my people, and I won't let you get hurt.

This time, I failed to save you, but don't worry, I'll be with you.

She stood on the wharf, alone and still, gazing out to sea.

Her home was in that direction.

There was the Atlantic Ocean between her and her family.

On the plane back to Italy, she thought she might return to LA and live with them one day.

But now... she was afraid it was impossible.

All right, she could go to see her mom and dad in heaven.

They must have been waiting for her for a long time.

From now on, she would not be used by others, nor need to be a heartless and cold-blooded tool. She could accompany her parents forever and ever. Oh, yes, maybe she could meet Brent.

With a happy and serene smile on her lips, she grasped the necklace with her parents' photo around her neck and then closed her eyes and spread out her slender arms.

In the cries of the crew on a nearby returning ship, she jumped into the sea.

* * *

Two years later.

Dylan got a call from Jacob in the morning.

An hour later, he and Savannah arrived at the hospital.

On the corridor outside a ward, Jacob had been waiting for a long time.

"Where's she?" Dylan hurried over.

"In the ward," Jacob glanced at the closed door of the ward. "Greta's been transferred from the hospital in Cairo, Egypt."

"What happened to her?" Savannah asked anxiously.

"Two years ago, she was saved by a fisher in a small fishing village near the red sea in Egypt. She's been lying insensible in bed for more than one year," Jacob sighed and continued, "Two months ago, she woke up, but still weak. She never spoke of her name or her family. The fisherman was so kind that he had taken good care of her. Because the medical conditions in the small village were limited, he sent her to a hospital in downtown Cairo. Luckily, the deputy director of the hospital, my former colleague, had heard that I had been looking for an American girl. He checked and found that the girl was exactly who I wanted. Yesterday, he arranged a special plane for her, and she was transferred here this morning."

Chapter 696: We Love You

Dylan and Savannah gasped.

They had been in a state of excitement since they got the call from Jacob.

They never expected that Greta was still alive.

Two years ago, Dylan received a call from a subordinate in Italy. It was said that a Mafia boss known as godfather had been shot dead in his study, and the suspect was his adopted daughter.

At the time, Dylan and Savannah learned that Greta had been adopted by the godfather, Barzini when she was still an infant.

They didn't know why Greta shot Barzini, but she must be in a dangerous situation. She would be taken apart if she was caught by Barzini's men. Dylan immediately ordered his people in Italy to search for his niece and take her back to LA. But before they could find her whereabouts, bad news came: According to the crew on a ship, Greta, after shooting Barzini dead, jumped into the sea.

Shocked and in disbelief, Dylan and Savannah sent people to scour the coast of Italy.

Unfortunately, nothing had been found in the last two years.

They didn't expect Greta was cast up on the shore of a fishing village and survived.

"How is she now?" The couple asked in the same breath.

"Don't worry," Jacob comforted them. "It's nothing serious. Greta has a good constitution. She's just too weak from a two-year coma. She should recover quickly with good care."

They breathed a sigh of relief.

Dylan decided to go back to tell his father about Greta. Ever since he heard about Greta jumping into the sea, he had been hesitant to mention Greta's existence. If George found out he had a granddaughter, but she was dead, he would have a heart attack! Why made him disappointed after giving him hope? So he and Savannah agreed not to mention it to George.

Now it was different. They found Greta alive, and they could tell George right away.

He would be very happy.

After Dylan left the hospital excitedly, Savannah followed Jacob into the ward.

Greta, seated on the bed, gave a slight start when she saw Savannah coming in.

Savannah looked at the girl with emotion.

It has been almost three years since they met in the warehouse in Milan last time.

The cool boy who had shot Dylan ruthlessly now became an adolescent girl.

She looked younger and thinner than her peers. Her skin was pale and bloodless, and her hair was withered.

Savannah sat on a chair that stood beside the bed. She felt so distressed that she could not help taking her hand, whispering, "You suffered too much, Greta. I'm sorry your uncle and I didn't take you home earlier."

Greta didn't seem to be used to the care from others, and she pulled away from her hand.

Jacob smiled and said in a gentle voice, "Greta, don't you remember her? She's Savannah, your aunt."

Greta bit her lip. She remembered, of course, that she had kidnapped the woman in front of her.

Savannah could see she was still a little guilty for what she had done to them.

"The past is the past," Savannah said softly, "We're sure you didn't mean to. Two years ago, you flew to LA and came to our wedding, right? You gave us a necklace as a gift, didn't you? We accepted the gift, and we accepted your apology on the card. Forget about it, and from now on, you have a family. Let's live together, and we'll take good care of you, okay?"

"Family..." Greta mumbled.

"We're a family, Greta, we love you," Savannah murmured soft words of encouragement. "You have a grandfather, an uncle, an aunt, and cousins. Oh, yes, you've seen your cousin. On the wedding day, you gave the necklace to him personally. He kept talking about you. And your little cousin of one year old. She has your eyes and nose."

Greta looked at Savannah, and her eyes became moist.

It was so good to have a family.

She knew the taste of happiness for the first time.

It was two hours later when George arrived at the hospital.

He couldn't believe his ears when Dylan told him about Greta.

His eldest son had a posthumous daughter.

Besides Kaiden and Sheila, he had another granddaughter?

Between astonishment and joy, he could hardly say a word all the way.

In the ward, the moment he saw Greta, he could not help but turn red in his eyes.

The girl on the bed took after Geoffrey. Without a DNA test, he could still be sure that she was the blood of the Sterlings.

Dylan had told him about Greta's experience roughly.

George felt bad that he failed in the protection of the little girl.

He walked over and wanted to hug Greta, but he hesitated for fear of breaking something precious.

Greta knew that the old man in front of her was her grandpa. She looked at him, her lips trembling with emotion.

Savannah broke the awkwardness, whispering, "Greta, this is your grandpa."

George caught his breath and said gently, "Your name's Greta, right?"

Greta nodded, drawing back as if unable to resist the old man's tender call.

George felt sadder when he saw her cowardice.

"I'm sorry, Greta. You should blame me. I scolded myself very much too. Since your father died, I've blamed myself and felt remorse for separating your parents... After a quarrel with me, your father had a

car accident, and your mother left silently with you in her belly. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been wandering in a foreign country and suffered all this... Anyway, it's all my fault. I'm sorry, Greta, I'm sorry..."

Dylan and Savannah knew how hard it was for George, the head of the family, to be so low to a little girl.

George valued this granddaughter, and he wanted to fix the relationship with her.

Greta seemed to be going through a silent struggle. She clenched her hands and didn't speak for a long time.

George thought she still couldn't forgive him, and he didn't want to push her. Taking two steps back in silence, he told Dylan and Savannah to take care of her and intended to leave first.

Chapter 697: I Shouldn't Blame Anyone

"Grandpa," Greta's voice whispered behind him.

All of them in the ward looked at her in surprise.

George didn't expect her to accept him so soon. He turned to the girl in the hospital bed excitedly, "Greta... What did you call me? Can you call that again?"

Greta held back the tears.

"Grandpa," she murmured, and her voice thrilled with emotion, "I know you've been regretting all these years. If my mom and dad were alive, they would not blame you anymore. Dad's death was an accident, and the killer was his genetic disease. Uncle's right. I shouldn't blame anyone."

Tears welled up in George's eyes. He went to hug his granddaughter and sobbed, "Greta. I'm sorry, grandpa will make it up to you..."

Dylan and Savannah watched Greta weeping against her grandpa's breast. They smiled, relieved.

Under the careful care of the Sterling family, Greta recovered quickly and was discharged from the hospital in less than a month.

After leaving the hospital, she moved to Sterling's house to live with George.

George, Of course, treated the lost granddaughter like a treasure. He prepared the room with the best view in the whole house for her as a bedroom and redecorated her father's old study as her study, and he hired special bodyguards, servants, and drivers for her. Because Greta should still be studying at her age, he also sent her to the best senior high school in LA.

In a few months, everyone in the Sterling family knew that old Sterling's eldest granddaughter was the apple of his eye.

On a Saturday evening, Dylan and Savannah went back to Sterling's house with their two children as usual.

After dinner, the whole family sat on the couch, chatting and laughing.

George dandled his little granddaughter, Sheila, who was in his lap. He turned to Greta from time to time and talked to her lovingly, with a smile on his face.

Savannah gave a relieved laugh.

Now, Greta was almost a common girl, carefree and healthy.

She was studying in an all-girls high school. Although she entered the school halfway, she had been diligent and intelligent since the first day and made rapid progress.

The girl had suffered too much before, but they were sure that sooner or later, she would forget the bad old days.

"Dylan," George thought of something and said to his son, "there's going to be a dinner party to celebrate the anniversary of the Sterling group, right? Those celebrities will attend with their children. Let Greta join you and introduce some new friends of her age to her."

Dylan understood George's purpose. Now Greta was living a perfectly normal life, but she had few friends around. Apart from studying and reading, she spent most of her time staying home with George. Adolescent girls should have more fun with their friends. George was afraid she felt too lonely.

"Okay. I'll make arrangements." He nodded.

Savannah laughed and said to Greta, "I'll get you a dinner dress from K&G. Greta, you must look perfect in a beautiful dress."

Greta, aware of her grandfather's kindness, paused and smiled, "Well, I won't go. I don't like noisy occasions."

"Don't be nervous! Your aunt and cousin will go together with you," George thought his granddaughter was just too shy about meeting too many strangers. "There will be a lot of young people like you at the dinner party. They're all from big families. Make more friends, and you don't have to stick at home all day."

"No, grandpa." Greta shook her head. "I know you're afraid I'm too bored to be alone, but I used to be alone, and I didn't have many friends around me. I got used to it. I didn't like to be surrounded by too many people." Then she stood up and said, "Excuse me, I'm sleepy. I want to go to bed early."

And she went straight upstairs.

Savannah and Dylan looked at Greta's back.

"Greta's a good girl, but..." George sighed, looking at the upstairs. "She seldom reaches out to others. According to her teacher, she has no friends at school. Every time I wanted to introduce her to some friends of the same age, she refused and seemed not interested in it. She doesn't want to be too close to anyone... Well, I don't know if she's been through anything, and I daren't ask."

Savannah exchanged a glance with Dylan and said to George, "Don't worry, Dad. Greta lived in a different environment from most children. Take your time. Don't push her."

"She differs from most kids in character. If she doesn't like making friends, just let her be," Dylan added.

On the second floor, Greta closed the door and lay in bed.

She knew well the kindness of her grandpa and aunt, and she appreciated it.

After she returned to the Sterling family, they wanted to make up for her with the best things in the world, afraid that she might be unhappy.

They wanted her to live the life of an ordinary girl, so they kept introducing new friends to her.

But somehow, she couldn't accept their offer.

Maybe she was used to being alone. Or...

She turned over in bed, and the face of a silent young man came into her mind.

Brent.

She whispered the name in her heart.

Although it had been more than two years, every time she thought of him, the real torture came.

Brent's death, perhaps, was the reason why she hadn't been able to make friends or get close to other people...

She told her family that she was used to being alone over the years, and it was not true.

Brent was the only person she had been close to in her life.

But he died because of her.

She was afraid that her friends would die because of her again. Subconsciously, she even felt that she was an unlucky person, destined to have no friends.

That was why she closed her heart and didn't want to socialize.

"Brent, how are you in heaven?" She murmured, a smile on her lips as if she and Brent were sitting face to face.

"I'm fine now. Grandpa, uncle, and aunt are very kind to me... You can rest assured. Good night."

She closed her eyes, and a tear slipped from the corner of her eye.

Chapter 698: Introducing To A Family Friend

Half a year later, Greta was admitted to UCLA among the top of the whole grade.

She chose to study Business Administration.

Her aunt suggested she choose what she was interested in, but she had been used to doing what Barzini allowed her to do and didn't have a say about what she liked. When she learned that her grandpa had devoted his whole life to the Sterling group, she decided to study Business Administration so that she

could do some help in the group after she graduated. She knew very well, being a Sterling is a big family name that bears big responsibility. She accepted her fate to be an heiress since Kaiden and Sheila were still young to take the responsibility of running the Sterling Group.

George was overjoyed at Greta's good results, and he was much moved when he learned why Greta chose the major. It was worth a grand celebration. After she received the admission letter, George held a three-day banquet in the best hotel of the Sterling Group, inviting their family friends and celebrities from all walks of life.

Greta didn't like to socialize, so she just attended the banquet together with her grandpa the first day and was absent for the other two days.

On the last day of the banquet, Greta was reading in the study at home when the phone rang.

It was a month before school started.

She wanted to preview her college courses before the beginning of the term.

"Grandpa?" She answered the phone. Her grandpa was supposed to be entertaining guests at the hotel at this hour.

There was some noise, and George's voice was light and upbeat.

"Greta, what're you doing? If you're free, come to the hotel now, and I'd like to introduce a new friend to you. He's the son of my old friend and a few years older than you. Oh, he graduated from UCLA last year. I'm sure you'll be good friends."

Greta laughed. Grandpa was still not discouraged and began to introduce friends to her again.

"Grandpa, I'm sorry, But I really don't want to go. I haven't finished the book I'm reading." She excused herself.

"Greta, the Stewart family, and our family are old friends. They migrated years ago and returned home especially to attend the banquet for you this time. If you don't like that boy, I won't insist, but at least you should come and say hello to them, okay?"

Greta, with reluctance, could only agree, "All right, I'm coming,"

"Well, dress up before going out," said George excitedly.

"Dress up?" Grandpa had never given her such directions when he introduced new friends to her before.

"Well..." George seemed to swallow something and laughed. "After all, you are the star of the party, of course, you should dress up."

Greta didn't think too much. After hanging up, she changed and took a taxi to the hotel.

Entering the hotel, she made her way to the banquet hall. She knew the way when she came here on the first day.

After a few steps, she heard Dylan and Savannah whispering at the door of the banquet hall.

Greta was about to say hello to her aunt and uncle when she heard them chatting,

"Is dad really going to introduce General Stewart's son to Greta?" It was Savannah's voice, sounding curious.

"Yeah," Dylan affirmed.

"Greta isn't eighteen yet. She's still at school. Dad doesn't have to arrange a blind date for her until she graduates." Savannah smiled helplessly.

"He wanted them to meet first. It takes time to develop a relationship. If everything goes well, they can get married after she graduates. Greta's been on her own. Dad wants more people to love her," Dylan said.

"Well. Do you know the Stewart family?" Savannah was still worried.

"Don't worry, we've been family friends for generations. General Stewart's son must be an honest and upright person as his father," Dylan explained.

"But we don't know if Greta will like Stewart Junior..."

Greta paused and hid behind the wall.

No wonder grandpa suddenly introduced a new friend to her and asked her to dress up before she came.

He was not introducing her to a common friend but a boyfriend.

Luckily, she heard about it before she went in.

She turned and slipped out with a sigh.

She didn't want to say no to grandpa's offer, but she didn't want to have a blind date either, so she had to put it off. She doesn't want an early engagement with anybody. All she has in her mind was to focus on studying.

She went to a nearby café and stayed there for a while. Her cell phone rang constantly. She knew it was grandpa, and she had to pretend not to hear it.

An hour later, when the banquet was almost over, she got up and went to a young woman, who sat next to her table with her boyfriend.

"Excuse me, Miss. Can I borrow your lipstick, please?" Greta asked politely.

The girl looked up at Greta, who was properly dressed and didn't look like a fraud. She took out a lipstick from the bag and handed it to her.

Greta opened the lipstick, applied it on her knee so that it looked bloody, and then she returned the lipstick to the woman. "Thank you."

The woman and her boyfriend eyed her wonderingly.

Greta left the café and returned to the hotel.

Across the road, she saw the guests coming out of the hotel in twos and threes.

She went leisurely. It was already empty in the banquet hall.

"Greta, why are you so late? Why not answer my calls? The boy I wanted to introduce to you has been waiting for you for a long time and just left," grumbled George reproachfully.

"Grandpa," she hobbled to George, relieved to know that her blind date had gone.

"What's the matter with your leg?" George looked down and saw a large red mark on her knee. "What happened? Cooper! Get the car ready, take Greta to the hospital!"

Chapter 699: Don't Run Away Next Time

"No, Grandpa," Greta grabbed his sleeve. "I'm fine. I fell down on the way here and went to a clinic. That's why I'm late. I just saw the missed call. I'm sorry."

What else could George say?

"It's okay, I'm glad that you're fine. Oh, it's a pity that you didn't see Stewart Junior. He's really a good boy..." George sighed.

"Grandpa, you're going to set me up with that guy, aren't you?" Greta whispered.

George smiled awkwardly. He wanted to create an opportunity for his granddaughter and their family friends' son like what he did to Dylan and Savannah.

"Well, he is a boy from a military family, the son of my old friend. You can try to meet and know him first. I believe you'll have common interests and play together." George tried to persuade her.

Greta curled her lips.

How could ordinary people have common interests with her?

Her experience was quite different from that of other people.

Ordinary people would not understand her and would even be afraid of her.

If they knew she grew up in a sinister gang and killed her foster-father herself, they wouldn't dare to know her.

Greta didn't want to discourage her grandfather. She nodded with a helpless smile on her lips, "Well, we'll talk about it later, Grandpa."

"Greta, don't brush me off," George made persistent efforts, "Anyway, the Stewarts are going to stay long in LA this time. General Stewart's son intended to visit his teachers at UCLA before they left. I'll let you meet again. Don't run away next time."

Greta grinned and nodded.

Her first blind date failed as she expected.

At the end of the day, Savannah was playing with her daughter in the buggy while listening to Dylan talking with George on the phone,

"So, Greta hasn't met Stewart Junior yet?"

Today, they waited for Greta at the door of the banquet hall in the hotel for a long time, but they didn't see her. Later, when the dinner ended, they left first.

"Well, Dad said Greta accidentally fell down on her way to the hotel, so she was late and missed that boy." Dylan shrugged.

"Is she all right?" Savannah asked with concern.

"She's fine. If you ask me, I'd say she had known it was a blind date, and she made an excuse intentionally." Dylan sat beside her, teasing his daughter with the toy.

"It's no wonder Greta didn't want to go on a blind date. She's still a little girl." Savannah sighed.

"She's at the age of dating," Dylan put down the toy and leaned in close to Savannah, putting his hand around her waist.

His little daughter, Sheila, was only one year old, but Savannah had got back in shape and was more voluptuous than before.

"Stop that now, Sheila's still here." Savannah patted his hand down. After being taught by Kaiden's teacher, she had warned Dylan not to paw her in front of the kids, but Dylan never obeyed her words!

"Sheila's still young, right?" Dylan picked up his chubby little daughter from the baby walker with one hand and held her up.

Sheila stared with big innocent eyes, giggled, and smiled at her father, waving her plump little hand as if she agreed with him.

Savannah watched the father and the daughter and laughed. She couldn't imagine the daredevil and ruthless Dylan Sterling would become a great father to their children. Time passed quickly, and they're now living a peaceful life.

* * *

After the summer vacation, Greta registered at UCLA and became one of the freshmen.

College students should live on campus, but she used to go about alone and thought that life in the dormitory didn't suit her. What's more, George had been accustomed to having his granddaughter around every day. So, after Dylan gave a call to her teacher, she became a nonresident student.

After half a month, Greta gradually became accustomed to college life.

This noon, she came out of the classroom with books in her hand, ready to go to the library to do some reading.

"Greta, where are you going?" A girl with a ponytail ran after her.

"Go to the library." Greta didn't stop.

The girl was Linda, a sweet, cheerful girl.

"Go to the library after class? You have a particular fondness for reading, don't you? Come on, I heard that the basketball team is playing basketball on the playground, and there's a handsome senior who's just come back from abroad. Let's go and have a look!" Linda took her hand, pulling her forward.

"I'm not interested. Just go yourself." Greta pulled her hand out.

"You're not even interested in handsome guys?" Linda pursed her mouth.

Greta shrugged.

"Linda, stop pestering her. Don't you know she's the famous 'cool beauty' in our school?" An unpleasant tinny voice came from behind them.

Three girls with books in their arms came out of the classroom. The girl who talked about it was the middle one in a yellow dress.

"Why waste your time on an icy stone?" The two girls beside her chimed in with their best friend.

Greta looked coldly at them.

The girl in the middle was Martha, her classmate.

Her family was also doing business and had a place in the local business circle.

Martha was the only daughter of her family. She had been spoiled and surrounded by others since childhood.

Greta, however, was the granddaughter of George Sterling. The Sterling family had a higher status than Martha's family. Martha's father always took the initiative to greet Greta's grandpa and uncle respectfully whenever they met.

Besides, Greta was quiet and had little contact with others, which made her more mysterious. The eyes of their classmates were all focused on her, and Martha was always ignored.

Martha was more and more jealous. From the beginning of the semester to now, she picked on Greta all the time.

Greta never took Martha seriously. She didn't bother to respond even when she was talking behind her back. When she saw Martha on the road, she didn't look at her.

Martha was more distressed.

Chapter 700: She's Old Sterling Granddaughter

It was the same today. Greta ignored Martha and her two friends, walking towards the library without pause as if they were air.

Linda hurried to follow her.

Martha's face slightly changed.

"Should she be so proud? How dare she ignore Martha?" One of Martha's friends muttered.

"Who does she think she is? How rude she is!" Another girl pursed her lips.

"I can't agree more with you. But she's George Sterling's granddaughter. No wonder she's so proud. Oh, all the boys in our school like her mysterious indifference!"

Martha's face grew darker.

"Proud? Well, I'll see how proud she is!" She clenched her fists and sneered.

* * *

An hour before the afternoon class began, Greta came out of the library with several books in her arms.

Linda had followed her to the library, but she went to the student canteen for lunch just now after Greta refused to go with her.

Greta was used to having lunch at about three o'clock in the afternoon in Italy, and she did not change this habit after she came to LA. She ate a few bites of bread and had some drinks at noon at most, so she went directly to the classroom after finishing reading.

As she walked through the tree-lined path of the campus, she heard a loud noise from the playground, mixed with the amazing sound of the girls and the cheers of the boys.

Greta looked over. Oh, yes, Linda said the basketball team was playing a basketball match.

It was said that one graduated senior was back. Maybe that was why more people were watching.

Was that senior so charming?

She curled her lips. Without any intention of joining in the fun, she went straight to the classroom.

* * *

The next morning, Greta came to school early as usual.

When she arrived at the classroom, she saw the door was ajar.

She pushed the door open, her eyes narrowing in alarm. Just as she stepped back, a basin of water was poured out!

Fortunately, she dodged nimbly and avoided getting wet.

Behind the swinging door, a girl with an empty basin stood with a dissatisfied look on her face. As if in despair, she threw the basin aside and returned to her seat.

That girl was one of Martha's best friends.

Greta looked coldly into the classroom. Perhaps it was still too early, besides Martha and her best friend, the classroom was almost empty.

Martha, who was sitting in the back seat, staring at Greta grimly. She grunted in discontent and then looked down at the book.

Greta entered the classroom with a frost smile.

Although Martha had often provoked her before, she did that only behind her back, and Greta didn't bother to debate with her. But that didn't mean she was afraid of her. She just didn't want to make trouble in the school so as not to make her grandpa unhappy.

But now that Martha went so far, she had no reason to tolerate her any longer.

Besides, she had no habit of yielding.

She gave Martha and her friend a contemptuous glance, left her bag on a desk, and then approached them.

"Apologize."

"Apologize?" Martha's friend sneered. "Who do you think you are? What were you thinking? I didn't know you came, and I didn't spill the water on you. Why should I apologize..."

Before the girl had finished the last word, a quick blow came at her chin. She felt an acute pang and fell back to the ground!

Martha was so shocked that she didn't react until the girl on the ground cried out. She hurriedly helped her friend up and took out a tissue to wipe the blood on her face.

"Greta! How dare you hit your classmate! Are you a student or a bully?"

"You offended me first." Greta raised her eyebrows.

"Who offended you? That's nonsense!" Martha gritted her teeth.

Greta slowly walked up to her with a sardonic grin.

Martha shuddered. She had just seen how her best friend got the blow and feared that she might end up like her. She got up hurriedly and threatened, "If you dare hurt me, I'll make you in trouble!"

"Oh, really?" Greta grabbed her by the scruff of the neck, yanking her up. "I'll be interested to see what you can do to make me in trouble."

Then she threw her to the back. Martha, after knocking down several chairs and tables, fell on the ground, aching all over. She moaned out of pain. But it was not over.

Greta stepped forward and slapped her on the face twice.

"Dare you say that again?" Greta sneered.

"I dare not... dare not..." Martha was so stunned that she could not fight back.

"Dare you to play tricks on me again?" Greta gave her another spank.

"I dare not..."

Just then, there came footsteps and voices, and the students came into the classroom by twos and threes.

Martha came to her senses, got up with all her might, and ran to the back of her shocked classmates.

"Help me! Go tell the teacher Greta's crazy, and she's going to kill me!"

In the evening, Savannah hurried to the dean's office of UCLA after a teacher called and told her that Greta had started a fight at the school.

Greta's legal guardian was her uncle. So the school informed Dylan and Savannah directly.

She came to the dean's office to learn that, to be exact, Greta beat her classmates. Greta herself was fine, but the two girls seemed to have been sent to the school clinic for treatment.

Savannah apologized and took Greta out of school.

Along the way back, Savannah didn't blame her or ask her why she beat her classmates, but Greta broke the silence, "I'm sorry, aunt, I got you scolded."

Savannah shook her head and said softly, "It's okay. But can you tell me what happened?"

Greta told her that Martha always provoked her from the beginning of school until now, and today she even got a basin of water thrown at her.

Savannah understood, and then she asked, "Why didn't you tell the teacher Martha was coming at you?"

"I said that Martha provoked me before I started. But the teacher said it wasn't right for me to beat them up like that anyway, so I didn't want to say more." Greta bit her lips.