

Midnight 691

Chapter 1403 - 691: I Know Where My Sister Is

At the Denmark Residence, Randy trotted into the study, clutching his laptop.

Joshua and Hazel were in the study now, their faces grim.

"Haven't you found the van yet?" Hazel asked anxiously.

She had never expected the little girl to run away from home because they didn't travel with her!

Shortly after Heather left the Denmark Residence, they knew it and were on the hunt for her.

Joshua was able to track down the monitor of Heather's being abducted. It was just a pity the car had left the city. Without the monitor in the city, they could only judge: the general direction and then dispatch people to search.

"Mom," Randy said, his cold little face softened when he looked at Hazel, "I know where my sister is."

"Randy, what did you say?" Hazel looked at him in shock, and even Joshua felt a little surprised.

"A kidnapper called just now," Randy handed the laptop to them, "so I tracked his location. The area is within four hundred meters."

Hazel was even more shocked. She knew Randy was smart and learned everything quickly, and Joshua liked to teach him esoteric things. But was her son so capable?!

He was only seven years old! But this was not the right time for her to marvel.

Joshua took the laptop. Randy had already mapped the location on the map.

"Dad, quickly arranged for someone to save the stupid Heather," Randy said in an earnest voice. No matter how hard he pretended to be calm, he could not hide the worry in his voice.

"We do want to go, but we can't go here." Joshua frowned slightly as he spoke, "The phone tracking has been interrupted. He must have turned his phone off in case we could track his location. That is to say, he's already moved with Heather."

Randy understood instantly. He had always admired Joshua because he found him to seem omnipotent.

"So, what do we do now?" Randy asked.

"Here, here." Joshua pointed in three different directions. "These are all places where the kidnappers are probably hiding. The kidnappers have held her for so long, but it is only just now that they called us to extort money. Presumably, they aren't professional kidnappers but temporary. They have a better chance of escaping in this direction." With that, he pointed in one of the directions.

"Why?" Randy asked in puzzlement.

Joshua paused and then explained, "It's said that Madden Village will be built into a big amusement park, but the construction hasn't started yet, so the house is still there. There aren't many people here, so it's a good place to hide. Besides, the traffic is good, and if the kidnappers want to escape, it is very

convenient. If they aren't professional, they won't think too much and will definitely choose the best place for them."

Randy looked adoring. "I see."

"Okay," Joshua said. He took out the phone the next moment and called, "You all go to Madden Village to intercept the kidnappers."

His phone rang again immediately after it was hung up.

"Joshua, has my dearest niece been kidnapped?" On the other end of the phone came Simon's exasperated voice.

"Yes, I've probably found her place, though. We're going to save her now," said Joshua in a deep tone.

"Tell me where Heather is," said Simon anxiously. "I'm going to save her now!"

"Near Madden Village." Joshua didn't hide it from him.

"Madden Village?" Simon was a little surprised.

"What's wrong?" Joshua cocked his eyebrows slightly.

"Nothing," Simon came to his senses and said. "I happen to be on my way to Madden Village."

"What happened?" Joshua asked in surprise.

"I went to meet a friend today. It so happens that his nephew has also been kidnapped, so we're on our way to rescue him..."

Wait a minute!" Simon felt somewhat incredulous.

"Is it possible for these two children to have been kidnapped by the same people?"

Joshua was a little surprised, but then he remembered that he had seen Heather taken away with a boy about Randy's age on the monitor. So that might have been coincidental.

"Perhaps," said Joshua, "Let's stop chatting. We have to save them quickly."

At this point, the human trafficker who took Alexander and Heather with him was indeed heading for Madden Village, which was exactly what Joshua had guessed!

Alexander and Heather were put in the back of the car. They looked at the human trafficker. The human trafficker drove, but he looked at them from time to time.

It so happened that there was a fruit knife near them. Unfortunately, it was still covered with sticky juice. Presumably, this group of human traffickers had just used it to peel fruit.

Alexander looked at Heather and whispered, "Don't be afraid, Heather. Your parents will come to save you."

As he spoke, his body moved slightly toward the knife...

Heather saw Alexander's movements. She knew what Alexander was doing, so she moved closer to him and said softly, "Alex, I'm not afraid. I believe in my parents. Er... Don't you like your uncle?"

As she approached him, she blocked the human trafficker's gaze.

Alexander kept moving, his eyes dim. "No, I didn't like him before."

"Why?" she asked, blinking. "I think he's very kind to you."

The two of them kept talking, distracting the human trafficker. Soon Alexander took the chance and held the fruit knife in his hand. Then he took the fruit knife and began to cut the rope quietly.

He continued talking to prevent his movement from arousing the human trafficker's suspicion, "Yes, I found out today who was really nice to me. My mom was from a noble family, but my dad... Gary was a poor boy and somehow managed to deceive her, who insisted on marrying him."

Judging from his words, he wasn't willing to even call Gary's dad now.

"And then?" she asked.

"Later..." he said with dim eyes. "My grandpa and my uncle disagreed, saying that Gary was just trying to cheat the family out of money, but my mom was too stubborn, and Gary seemed to know something was wrong, so he tricked my mother into conceiving me."

"Ah?" she was puzzled. "Don't the kids all come from a trash can? That's what my brother said!"

Chapter 1404 - 692: Alex, Don't Be Sad

The human trafficker who was driving let out a sneer of disdain despite himself.

Alexander had been originally sad, but when he heard her say this, he couldn't help but be amused.

"Your brother played a joke on you," he said with a chuckle.

"Bad brother! He's as bad as my dad..." Heather pouted angrily. But soon, she remembered that her duty was to divert the human trafficker's attention, so she hastily continued, "And then?"

"My mom was very stubborn. When she got pregnant, she insisted on marrying Gary Christopher. My granddad and uncle had no choice but to agree, but they cut ties with my mom and said they would never help Gary Christopher."

His eyes flashed with a touch of gloom as he continued, "Gary was still hopeful in the heart. He always thought my granddad and uncle wouldn't be so cruel. But my granddad and mom were both very stubborn. Neither of them would give in first.

"Later, Gary lost his patience and cold-shouldered my mom and me all day long. He even said some harsh words. Even though his career was getting better, he was still unwilling to be nice to us. Then..."

A flash of pain flashed across his eyes.

"Alex," said Heather, placing her chubby little hand on his knee, "if you don't want to talk, you can stop."

"Thank you for listening to me, Heather, but I think I feel better after talking about it," he said, taking a deep breath. "My mom died of illness a few months ago, but he didn't come to the funeral. Instead, I called him a murderer on the spur of the moment, so he scolded me for being useless.

"He said that my uncle and grandpa refused to help him, if they had given him a hand, he would have been kind to my mom, so my grandpa and uncle caused my mom's death. It was very foolish of me to believe him at that time. So when my uncle came to fetch me, I didn't want to leave with him..."

"Ho-ho!" the human trafficker sneered. He had been keeping a close eye on them, but when he heard them talking, he couldn't resist listening. The more he listened, the more interested he became, forgetting to watch the dangerous Alexander.

He couldn't help saying, "Your dad is a complete scum! He married your mom for your grandpa's money! But in the end, he didn't get the money, so of course, he turned against your mom! I even think he had something to do with your mom's death! He has a son as old as you. He must have been ready to retreat from the start. If you do go home to be his son, he'll definitely treat you like a dog!" Alexander's fingers tightened slightly.

He also wondered if Gary really had something to do with his mom's death. It was just that he was too young and weak to fight against Gary.

Uncle... A look of determination flitted across his eyes.

"Alex, don't be sad!" After listening, Heather comforted him. She was ignorant about many things, but she could feel his sadness in his heart. She put her little head on his knee and whispered, "It will pass. I'll stay with you."

He smiled softly. "Mm."

The car pulled up slowly.

A hint of dark light flashed across Alexander's eyes as he looked at the empty house outside.

"It's time," he thought.

The human trafficker got out of the driver's seat and opened the rear door. "Here we are. Get out."

He reached out to grab Alexander, but Alexander hit him on the head with a wrench!

On the way, the human trafficker had already let down his guard against them, so he had given Alexander a chance to steal the handy 'weapon' from the toolbox in the back.

The human trafficker felt a dull pain in his head. Then his eyes went black after he stared at Alexander in shock. "You, you..."

He fainted before he could finish the sentence.

"Ah!" Heather looked at the human trafficker in horror. "Is, is he dead?"

"No." Alexander used a hand to feel his breath. "He has just been knocked unconscious by me. Give me the rope, Heather."

"Oh, okay!" she said and quickly gave him the rope. He pulled the human trafficker into the car and directly tied him up.

Alexander was a just child, after all. His strength was limited. No sooner had they tied up the human trafficker than he woke up.

"You, you!" Looking at the tied rope on the body, the human trafficker was instantly surprised and angry!

A seven-year-old kid actually plotted against him! How was this possible?" He had thought Alexander was too clever, but no matter how clever he was, he was only a child! However, even the way they tied him up was very professional... It actually left him lying in the car, unable to move!

"Let me go! Or I'll kill you!" the human trafficker said furiously.

"Kill me?" Alexander sneered. "Show me how you can do that now."

With that, he fumbled in his clothes. Soon, he took a phone out of his pocket.

"You're smart enough to turn your phone off." Alexander pressed the power button.

Looking at the fingerprint lock, he took the human trafficker's bound finger to unlock it.

"Heather, I'll call your brother first and ask him to pick you up..." he said softly.

But before he could finish the sentence, there was a sound of a speeding car.

Alexander's expression changed. He grabbed the fruit knife and put it on the human trafficker's neck.

"Heather, get down!"

Heather hurried to lie down obediently.

Alexander's heart sank. Was it possible that the human trafficker accomplices had discovered they were missing and came after them quickly?

The human trafficker, who was lying on the ground, burst into laughter. "You didn't expect that, boy! My partners are coming for me! I'm telling you, if you let me go now, I may consider sparing your life!"

"Shut up!" Alexander said coldly. "I'll kill you if you speak again!"

With that, he added a little strength, and a trace of blood came out of the human trafficker's neck. The human trafficker's face changed, and he hastily closed his mouth.

It was only a seven-year-old kid with a knife pointed at him, but he was terrified

somehow! At that moment, he really felt that if he said one more word, Alexander would ally dare to kill him!

Several cars surrounded the old car. Then Simon and Shane Joseph got out.

"People in the car, listen up, if you want to live, you must let the kids go quickly!"

Hearing this cry, the three men's expressions in the car changed slightly.

Wasn't it the human trafficker's accomplices?

Alexander and Heather peeked out of the window before they both looked happy.

"Uncle Simon!"

"Uncle Shane!"

Chapter 1405 - 693: I'm Coming To Save Her

The two kids opened the door and directly jumped out.

Simon knelt down and picked Heather up.

"Ah, my dear Heather, you weren't scared, were you?" Simon hurried to coax Heather. Soon, Heather giggled.

Looking at Alexander running toward him, Shane was somewhat flattered. At last, Alexander forced himself to stop in front of him, looking at Shane awkwardly.

"Alex, it's great that you're alright..." Shane wanted to hug him, but he withdrew his hand in dejection because he knew that his nephew did not like him.

Alexander looked enviously at Simon and Heather. Then he suddenly reached out his hand to grab Shane's hand.

Shane almost trembled with joy. He looked down at Alexander, his eyes full of disbelief.

"I'll go with you, uncle." Alexander whispered.

"Good, good," Shane excitedly agreed.

The human trafficker had been dragged out of the car by a few bodyguards.

The human trafficker was trembling with fear. Oh my god, whose kids had he kidnapped? The other side actually dispatched so many people to save them, and these people didn't look like good guys... How would they treat him?

Thinking, the human trafficker was even more scared and had to bluff, "You, you, let me go! Do you know who my boss is? If he knows, he won't let you go!"

His words ruined the happy scene.

"Oh?" Simon looked down at him contemptuously. "I'd like to know who your boss is. Tell me his name to widen my horizon."

The human trafficker's face was white as a sheet. They were just a gang of little bandits.

Suddenly, the sound of another car came from far away.

"This must be my boss who comes to save me! Hurry to let me go!" the human trafficker said anxiously. He knew, of course, that his accomplices wouldn't come, but now he could only hope his words would scare Simon and his subordinates so that he could escape.

Simon laughed with disdain.

Soon the cars stopped, and Ted got out.

"What are you doing here?" asked Simon, displeased.

"I heard someone kidnapped my granddaughter, so I'm coming to save her," Ted replied in a serious tone.

The human trafficker on the ground almost despaired. This group of people also came to rescue Heather? If he had known that, he would never have laid a hand on this little girl. God knew the forces behind her were so mighty.

Simon looked at him sarcastically. "Is this your boss?"

"He, he will come," the human trafficker said, struggling desperately.

"His boss?" Ted raised his eyebrows and clapped his hands. Then his subordinates took a few people out of a car. Finally, Ted said coldly, "Do you mean these scums?"

The human trafficker's face turned pale. It was exactly his partners who had been caught! He was completely despairing now!

Several kidnapers were pushed together.

They looked around in fear and kept begging for mercy.

"Roughly speaking, these guys are your juniors," said Simon sarcastically.

"Nonsense," Ted snapped. "Even at the height of the organization, we didn't do human trafficking! Besides, don't say these kinds of words in front of Heather."

Simon looked at Heather in his arms and immediately shut up. Heather was a naive child, and he didn't want her to be exposed to this kind of thing.

Ted looked at Heather in Simon's arms and instantly wore a broad face. "Come here, Heather, let your grandpa hug you."

"No hugs," said Simon in disgust. "What 'grandpa'? Over so many years, you haven't won over my mom's heart. How do you dare to call yourself Heather's grandpa?"

In an instant, Ted looked a little embarrassed. "What, what are you talking about? Stacy and I have a much better relationship. We're neighbors now, and she doesn't reject me..."

"It's you who is wrong, uncle," said Heather, as if she were a grown-up. "Grandma always says that no matter what their relationship is, grandpa is still my grandpa."

"My Heather is the most sensible as expected," Ted said, lovingly gazing at her.

Even if he failed to hug Heather, he was very happy now. Joshua didn't mind him touching his grandchildren, but Randy's personality was more like Joshua's. Although he didn't reject Ted, he wasn't close to him. Only Heather, the naive, cute kid, always called him grandpa sweetly. Ted liked Heather very much.

"Heather, you're right. I was wrong," Simon said, smiling. Heather had a good relationship with Ted. He shouldn't let the kids continue the past feud between the adults.

Moreover, in recent years, Ted had become more and more like an ordinary old man, spending all his time with his grandchildren. Just then, a helicopter buzzed. They looked up and saw a helicopter flying towards them and hovering above them.

The gang of human traffickers almost cried.

Hasn't it been over yet? Groups of people came to save the children, with larger and larger lineups. Whose kids had they kidnapped? Now they were almost scared to death, okay?

The helicopter lowered a ladder. Then Joshua and Hazel descended.

"Mommy, daddy," said Heather, happily stretching out her arms.

Hazel darted over and picked her up.

"It's all right, it's all right..." she coaxed Heather gently. Joshua came up to them and comforted Heather. The three of them looked so harmonious.

Alexander looked at them in silence, his heart filled with admiration. It was wonderful. Heather's parents loved her very much. It was just...

"Uncle," Alexander whispered, "are Heather's parents... very capable?"

"Yeah," Shane directly replied with a big smile. "How can the President and his wife of the Denmark Group be incapable?"

Alexander's face was a little dim, but soon his eyes became firm, twinkling.

"I want to learn from you, uncle," he said earnestly, "please train me. I want to be strong."

Shane was slightly dazed. He looked at Heather and then at Alexander. Suddenly he understood.

The next moment, his lips twitched uncontrollably. Was his nephew... too precocious? But anyway, he didn't want to discourage Alexander.

"It'll be very hard," Shane said meaningfully.

Chapter 1406 - 694: Who's Your Lover?

"I'm not afraid of hard work," Alexander said firmly.

"Good." Shane lovingly caressed his head. Joshua and Hazel were relieved that Heather hadn't been tortured or hurt.

"Heather, how about going to travel with your dad and me next time?" Hazel coaxed her. "You're not allowed to run away from home anymore."

Heather shook her head like a rattle-drum.

"No, I've changed my mind. I'm not going to travel with you!"

Joshua and Hazel looked at each other in surprise. The girl had been insisting on traveling with them, but she actually changed her mind so quickly.

"Why?" Hazel asked.

"Because I'm going to elope with Alex!" Heather held out her chubby little hand and pointed in Alexander's direction.

This sentence was like a clap of thunder, suddenly quieting everyone down!

In an instant, Alexander noticed that three pairs of sharp eyes which were as heavy as mountains fell upon him, and he could hardly breathe!

Then he realized how hard his road would be. Joshua, Simon, and Ted were three awesome men, each of whom was an impassable mountain. If he wanted their approval in the future, it wouldn't be easy.

"Ahem, the children are joking, joking," Shane hurried to come to his rescue and said.

But the next moment, Heather pursed her lips and burst into tears. "No kidding. I'm going to elope with Alex."

All of a sudden, the atmosphere became serious again.

"Heather," Alexander said suddenly. He let go of Shane's hand and looked at her carefully.

"Alex..." Heather had pretended to cry. She put down her hand and rubbed her eyes, looking blankly at him.

"You go home with your parents first," he said gently. "I'll come to visit your home and play with you later on, okay?"

"Really?" She blinked her eyes. She didn't really know what 'elope' means, but if Alexander were willing to play with her, there would be no need for them to elope.

"Yes, I promise," he said seriously.

"Okay, Okay!" she said happily. "Then I'll wait for you at home!"

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief. But, although they knew it was just two kids' innocent words, Joshua, Simon, and even Ted felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Heather was just a kid now, but... she would marry another man when she grew up anyway. Why did they feel so sad while just thinking about it? Was there a man in the world who was good enough for their Heather? "Come on, it's settled, so let's go home,"

Ted said hastily. He was really afraid of another accident. Heather was still a child, and they just needed to take care of her at present.

"Well, what about these people?" Simon looked at the group of human traffickers.

"I've called James," Joshua whispered.

"He'll reach soon and take these human traffickers away. He's almost here."

Just then, a siren sounded as expected. Hearing the siren, the gang of human traffickers had a sense of relief somehow in their hearts. Although these people had done nothing to them, the psychological damage they caused to them was incalculable. Now they got caught at long last. Will it be finally over?

James took the police and put the human traffickers in the police car.

Hazel gently squeezed Heather's hand. "Good girl, say goodbye to Alex."

"Goodbye, Alex," said Heather, waving at him. "Remember to come and play with me."

"Mm, Heather," Alexander said, with a steady glow in his eyes. "We'll... definitely meet again."

Sixteen years later.

Heather woke up in bed with a moan.

She had actually... had a childhood dream.

"Heather, who's your lover Alex?" asked a round-faced girl playfully, leaning over her bed.

Alex... Heather sat up in bed, her mind wandering.

She had just taken a nap during her lunch break, but she dreamed of the scene where she was kidnapped as a child.

It was just that a long time had passed, and there were so many details she couldn't remember at all. What she could only remember was the little boy who was willing to be kidnapped in a bid to accompany and save her.

Now she couldn't even remember his name before. It was not that she was ungrateful. It was just that Alexander had never come to her after they parted.

The liar... Heather looked somber somehow.

"What? Heather, are you really in love?!" Noticing her expression, the round-faced girl looked incredulous. The next moment, she asked in a very gossipy tone, her eyes sparkling, "Come on, quick! Tell me who is the lucky one who was able to win the heart of our campus belle who is the most difficult to be chased in the history of our school!"

"Leila, stop that now," Heather said with a wry smile. She pushed her roommate away and stretched herself. "You've misunderstood. I've just had a dream about my childhood."

"What is it about?" Leila asked incredulously.

"I was kidnapped and almost sold when I was a child," Heather said.

"Really?" Leila was even more incredulous. "What does this have to do with your lover?"

"He's not my lover. His name was Alex," Heather continued. "A boy who was kidnapped with me. I can't even remember his name now."

Leila was even more incredulous.

"Let's stop talking about that. We have to prepare for our graduation work." Heather yawned. "I guess I'm just too tired from all the work I've been doing lately. That's why I had this dream."

"Heather, I don't understand," said Leila, looking puzzled. "You're so good-looking, so you don't have to work hard, and you can live a good life as long as you marry a rich man, but why are you so hard-working?"

"Because if I don't work hard, I'll be forced to inherit my family property!" Heather replied with a wry smile.

Leila snorted. "You say that once again!"

"I'm telling you the truth," Heather looked somewhat sad and spoke. "My parents are so close. They wanted to be free of work, so they left the company to my elder brother and me. My brother is very wretched.

"He lost to me during the competition, so he had to go to work as the president. So do you understand now? I've worked very hard to get this chance to pursue my dream!"

"I don't understand at all!" Leila scratched her hair. "Do you dare tell me what your family's company is named?"

"I've told you before, Denmark Group," said Heather, grinning.

Chapter 1407 - 695: He Deserves It

Leila rolled her eyes. "You're bragging again!"

Heather wore a wounded face. Why didn't she believe her when she told the truth? However, it wasn't all her roommate's fault, because as the apple of the Denmark family's eyes, she had been keeping a low profile.

Like ordinary students, she went to class and lived in the dormitory after class. In addition, although the clothes and bags on her were beautifully and stylishly customized, the other students didn't think they were expensive because there was no brand on them.

Moreover, her family gave her a lot of pocket money. Still, she never showed any signs of extravagance, so it was hard for others to believe that she was really the little princess of the Denmark Group, who had no interest in taking over the Denmark Group.

Heather didn't want to explain anymore.

"By the way, are you really going to move out in two days?" Leila asked.

"Yes," said Heather, nodding. "It's almost time to graduate. I don't have much to do at school. Besides, I'll have to move out sooner or later anyway, so I'd better move out earlier."

"Have you rented a house yet?"

"Yes."

"Let's have fun at your house when you move out!" Leila said.

Heather smiled. "Okay."

The house she was moving to was a two-story villa with a garden Randy had prepared for her. He had prepared a lot of houses for her. She chose the smallest house among them.

It was okay to invite Leila and a few other good friends to the villa. Maybe they would believe that she wasn't lying when the time came.

"You go wash your face and pack things up," Leila said. "Lana has pressed us. We're going to have dinner tonight."

Heather nodded and went straight to the bathroom.

Hardly had she finished packing things up when she heard Leila screaming outside, "Heather, come on, come here! Someone is confessing in front of our school dormitory building!"

Heather was speechless. "Why are you so gossipy..."

Leila dragged her to the balcony. "Come here! The man looks familiar to me..."

Following her, Heather came to the balcony, where she saw a boy placing candles. She vaguely saw a few words, "Helen Jenkins," in the middle of candles that looked like a big heart.

"So he's confessing his feelings to the university president's daughter," Leila snorted and said. "If it weren't for Helen Jenkins's pedigree, I wouldn't believe anyone would like her who is such an unruly and unreasonable woman!"

Heather smiled faintly. "Well, they're separately getting what they need."

"Wait!" Leila looked at the man in surprise. "Isn't he... Malcolm Carter?"

Heather was also a little surprised. But, on closer inspection, it was really him.

"Oh my god, this womanizer!" Leila snapped. "Hasn't he been chasing you for six months? He said the other day that even if you didn't agree to be his girlfriend, he would always like you. Why did he confess his love for Helen Jenkins so quickly?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Heather, laughing. In fact, she felt nothing at all about it. "He was after me, but I didn't say yes, did I? I don't have any feelings for him. Since I didn't agree, it's normal for him to turn to chase someone else. You went a little too far as you said he was a womanizer."

"What?! It's not that..." Leila nursed her grievance as she spoke, "But it's a good thing you didn't say yes, or even if you did, this kind of womanizer would cheat on you later. But then again, Malcolm Carter is considered to be the most handsome among the boys in our department. You really didn't have feelings for him before?"

"No," Heather answered truthfully.

Leila tutted. "Heather, I wonder what kind of man you would take a fancy to."

A very tender smile played on Heather's lips. "Probably a man as good as my dad and brother."

According to this standard, she probably wouldn't get married in her whole life. After all, both Joshua and Randy were extremely outstanding.

Leila rolled her eyes at her. "You want to say you're the lady of the Denmark Group again, don't you? Heather, we can't have a very high taste... Anyway, I can't watch Malcolm Carter succeed."

With that, she took out her phone.

Downstairs, Malcolm arranged the candles. He had worked hard to light all the candles. Then he held a bunch of flowers in his arms and shouted upstairs with a big loudspeaker, "Helen, I like you! Be my girlfriend!"

He shouted seven or eight times before Helen, who had been dressed up, arrived.

There were many people watching and yelling, but before Helen could approach Malcolm, a cloud of white smoke came and extinguished the candles.

"What is it?" Malcolm was startled to see a

janitor spraying the candles that he had painstakingly lit with a dry ice fire extinguisher.

"What are you doing?" Malcolm was angry.

He put 521 candles together to confess his love to Helen. Even his waist was sore, but the candle had been put out before he could say anything!

The janitor said sternly, "Do you know candles are not allowed to be lit in front of the girls' dormitory building because they can cause a fire?! Which department are you in? Come with me to the office..."

With that, the janitor dragged Malcolm directly in the direction of the office.

"No, I'm..." Embarrassed, Malcolm tried to run away, but the janitor didn't let him.

A romantic scene actually ended up with such a situation, which made everyone around burst into laughter.

Helen angrily snorted. Under everyone's sarcastic gaze, she quickly ran back to the dormitory.

"Ha ha ha..." Leila laughed happily on the balcony. "He deserves it!"

"Come on, you can't do such wicked things again in the future," Heather smiled and said.

She was right next to Leila, so she knew that it was Leila who had called the janitor.

"Don't worry, who would care about that kind of womanizer?" Leila said as she pursed her lips. "We're about to graduate anyway. Since Helen wants to be used by the womanizer who desires a good social class, I won't stop her. They share the same rotten tastes anyway. In this way, they won't hurt anyone else!"

"Come on, come on," Heather urged. "Lana is still waiting for us."

Soon, Heather and Leila arrived at the private room in the restaurant Lana had booked. But, unfortunately, it was a farewell party before they graduated, and they ended up drinking too much.

Heather was better at drinking than Hazel, but she couldn't drink much either. However, she couldn't help drinking quite a few glasses of wine because she was happy tonight.

A few people played Truth or Dare. After a few rounds, the bottle was pointed at Heather. "I choose Truth," Heather said.

"No, no, no!" Her friends said a little contemptuously, "If you choose 'Truth,' you are going to say the Denmark Group is the company of your family again."

Chapter 1408 - 696: They Meet Again

Heather felt terribly wounded. Because they were her best friends, she had never hidden anything from them when they asked her.

But they all thought she was bragging.

Moreover, she didn't mention it often as she only said it a few times. So why did they laugh at her as if she mentioned it every day? "All right," she said with resignation, "I'll choose 'Dare,' okay?"

"Okay, let's play something big," Lana was immediately happy, "Well, how about asking the campus belle whose heart is the most difficult to win to take the initiative to confess her love to a stranger?"

"Not bad!" Leila, who was drunk, echoed, "Heather since you're confessing to a stranger, walk out of the private room and confess your love to the first person you'll meet."

"Yes, yes. Whether it is male or female, old or young, an ugly guy or a hunk, you'll win as long as you confess your love! Do you dare?" the other friends yelled.

Heather put her hands on the forehead.

These people were really drunk.

But they actually wondered if she dared? Then, on an impulse, she got up from the sofa, unsteady.

"I'll go! Wait and see!" she aggressively said.

Wasn't that just a confession of love?

Couldn't she explain it was a joke after confessing her love?

Besides, even if she met a hooligan who wanted to grope her, she wouldn't be scared. Since she was kidnapped as a kid, her grandmother and uncle have asked her to learn martial arts since she was very young.

With her current fighting strength, she could handle three or five strong men without difficulty. It was just that nothing had happened to her at school, and she had never needed to show it, so few of her friends knew that she was good at martial arts.

When Heather opened the door, a man wearing a grave face happened to walk along the corridor.

"You, stop!" Heather pointed at him.

Alexander stood still and frowned at her, but the next moment his eyes were filled with surprise.

Heather?

His mind flooded with thoughts. Then, with deep eyes, he watched her approach as he held back the emotions that were about to explode.

Seeing him as so well-behaved, Heather smiled.

Suddenly, she stumbled and fell straight toward his body.

Alexander reached out to hold her.

Her arms were wrapped around his neck, and her soft body was resting on his chest.

She raised her eyes and looked blankly at Alexander.

This kind of reassuring feeling... Why did she feel so familiar?

Heather looked at him, freezing as if she wanted to find something in his face.

"You..." She held out her fair fingers. Then her soft fingers began to touch his incomparably handsome face. Her body began to rub against his. Why... did she feel familiar with the man in front of her? It looked like she had seen him somewhere!

Alexander grabbed her fingers. Does the girl really know what she's doing?

Such innocent eyes and her close body, which kept rubbing against his, made his belly burst into flames!

"What are you using to press against me!" she pouted her lips and said in disgust. She shook off his hand and put her hand down to touch his lower part.

Alexander gritted his teeth. How much wine has the girl drunk? Does she know what she's doing?

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked angrily.

Hearing his question, Heather, who was very drunk, finally remembered her purpose.

"Ah! I think of it! I come to confess my love to you!" She patted her head and spoke.

His eyes became darker. He endured the physical reactions of his body and the wrath in his heart. "I'll drive you home."

"No, no, I really came to confess my love to you!" she shook her head like a rattle-drum. She had forgotten why she had to confess her love to Alexander. What she could remember was that she had to get it done!

Seeing Alexander didn't believe her, she quickly put her hands around his neck and kissed him on the lips! Alexander's body instantly stiffened!

The familiar aura...

A strange sense of security filled her heart. Heather closed her eyes slightly and kissed him hard on the lips. But there was no reply. Instead, she put out her little tongue a little angrily and put it naughtily into his mouth.

His repressed lust burst out in a flash!

He tightened his grip around her waist and kissed her lips hard like a storm!

Sixteen years...

He had not visited her for sixteen years. It wasn't that he didn't want to keep his word. It was just that he knew he wasn't good enough for Heather.

However, his eyes had been fixed on her over the past sixteen years.

He knew when she went to primary school and even knew which boy had written a love letter to her, which girl was her best friend... He knew everything about her.

He just hoped that he would have enough strength to rival the Denmark Group when she grew up and stood beside her.

Now he finally summoned the courage to appear before her, but she actually teased him!

How could his feelings that had been accumulated for so many years possibly resist the flames of her arms?

"Hmm, hmm..."

He couldn't let go of Heather until she was out of breath.

She looked at him with dreamy eyes. The alcohol made her brain a little dull.

Did he... kiss her just now? she didn't feel bad, though.

He sighed lightly. "I'll take you home."

No one was more desirous to be with Heather than he was, but he didn't want his reunion with Heather to happen like that. "Home?" She was a bit puzzled and asked,

"You, you still don't believe that I'm confessing my love?"

Drunk, she was somehow stubborn. If this man didn't believe her, didn't she fail? Her friends would definitely laugh at her!!

Heather had forgotten that her friends had only asked her to confess her love, but they didn't request that she should succeed, but she was completely a hair-splitter now.

Alexander was helpless. "Come on, you must drink less next time."

"I, I am not drunk!" she said angrily. "You, you wait!"

Her fair little hands suddenly lay on his belt, and she held out her hands to undo it!

"What are you doing?" He seized her hands in surprise and anger.

He didn't miss a single moment of Heather's growth. How could she suddenly be so bold as to undo his belt?

"You don't believe me!" She looked at him angrily and said, "I'm telling you! The first time my mom met my dad, she took his belt away... You, you give me your belt, so you'll believe I'm really confessing my love...."

Chapter 1409 - 697: I Will Never Drink Again

Her hand groped for his belt, but she was too drunk to remove it.

She lowered her head angrily, and a warm aura breathed softly on his chest.

He felt like his whole body was going to explode! He clenched her hands again, took a deep breath, and forcibly suppressed the fire in his heart.

"Heather, do you know what you're doing?" he asked in a serious voice.

Heather... Heather froze slightly.

The person standing in front of her was clearly a stranger, but why didn't she feel angry but feel very friendly when he called her name?

"Yes!" she said in a fit of pique.

"Good," he said as his eyes were a little deep.

He pressed his finger on the belt, took it off with a swish, and put it in her palm. "Here you are."

Looking at the belt in her hand, she was in a trance. What had she come out for? Why did she have someone else's belt in her hand?

No, no. If she got the belt, it meant that she won. Heather held the belt in her arms as if it were a treasure. "Good, you may... go now."

"..." Alexander was pissed off. So after she took his belt, she tried to drive him away? Besides, seeing she was so drunk, he was really afraid to leave her like that. He was not sure if she would find another guy and confess her love.

He said in a deep tone, "I'll drive you home."

"Mm..." she clasped her belt and agreed a little blankly. What did she seem to have forgotten? Forget it.

Heather shook her head and left the group of friends in the private room.

"I live, I live..." she said incoherently and couldn't offer a full address for a long time.

"I know where you live," he said quietly.

"Oh," she said and leaned obediently into his arms.

Normally, when she was drunk, she never trusted strangers easily, but Alexander's aura was too reassuring. It seemed to her that she had nothing to fear as long as she was by his side.

That was why she obeyed him.

Alexander took Heather to his car and drove her directly to her villa. But before he left, he arranged for some of Heather's classmates to be driven back to school.

There was almost everything in Heather's villa, and she could live at any time. However, she had a good relationship with her roommates at school, so she didn't come here often.

Looking at the closed door, she held out her finger and pressed directly on the fingerprint lock. The door opened.

"Come on in," she said, taking Alexander by the hand and leading him into the living room.

Alexander followed her, but his face was dreadfully dark. If he wasn't the one who brought Heather home today, would she allow another man to stay with her for the night?

Since Heather had not yet moved in, only hourly workers came to do the cleaning, and there weren't any servants.

Heather was not completely unfamiliar with this villa. She stumbled while walking. When she saw the sofa, she lay down directly. The next moment, she rolled over, clutching a pillow, and went straight to sleep.

Alexander was both angry and helpless. Was Heather so defenseless?

He was a normal man, but she actually fell asleep in front of him? Was she really not afraid that he would do something bad to her?

"Heather, get up. Don't sleep here," he patted her gently and said helplessly.

She grunted impatiently and then slept more soundly.

Alexander rubbed the part between his eyebrows with a headache. The next moment, he picked up Heather around the waist and carried her straight to the bedroom on the second floor.

He put her on the bed, opened the wardrobe, took out her pajamas, and helped her wear them. Then he tucked her in.

But as he tucked her in, Heather, who had been asleep, suddenly opened her eyes. She reached out her hand to grab his wrist. Alexander was caught off guard. Drunk and strong, she pulled him directly onto herself.

"Where are you from, hunk?" Heather's eyes looked flirtatious, and her arms were tightly wrapped around Alexander's neck.

"Heather Denmark!" Alexander gnashed his teeth in anger. Finally, he decided that he would never let the girl touch a drop of wine!

Just then, Heather, who was muddleheaded, gently kissed him on the lips!

Alexander's pent-up flame seemed to erupt like a volcano. Finally, he could no longer control himself and kissed her heavily on the lips.

The kiss seemed to pour out all his pent-up feelings for her over the past years. He greedily tasted every inch of her little, sweet mouth..

At the end of the kiss, Alexander stood up and quietly looked down at Heather. The little girl actually fell asleep again.

"Heather..." Alexander took a deep breath, pressing down the restless flames of his heart.

His eyes were filled with strong affection. "We can't be reunited like this. So I won't touch you."

He dropped a kiss on her forehead. Then he got up quickly and closed the bedroom door. He walked fast, thinking he must leave as quickly as possible.

He was really afraid that if he stayed here one more second, he would lose control of himself and do something to Heather.

With the door closed, Alexander looked back at the villa, his eyes full of deep attachment.

When Heather got out of bed in the morning, she held out her hand to rub her temples, feeling a splitting headache.

"I will never drink again..." Heather thought to herself.

She was really very drunk yesterday, so she couldn't control her own behavior. Now she felt terribly uncomfortable.

Heather groped, and then her finger touched something cold.

She took a closer look and saw that it was actually a water glass. After taking a few sips of water, she felt much more comfortable.

Not right!

All of a sudden, Heather froze.

Why was she in the villa? What had happened?

Heather looked down and directly let out a scream!

She couldn't help thinking, "Oh, my god.

What's going on? Who helped me wear my pajamas? And what's that in my arms?"

When she saw what it was, she was eager to kill herself!

Why was she carrying a man's belt? Who could tell her what had happened?

She felt the leather belt in her hand was like a hot potato and hastily dropped it on the ground.

The fragmentary memories of last night began to fill her mind. But, then, remembering what she had done, Heather looked even paler!

She actually... pestered a strange man, confessed her love to him, and undid his belt? And then, it seemed he had driven her home?

Chapter 1410 - 698: Yes, It's Me

She could not remember what happened after that.

Her face suddenly turned pale, and then she jumped out of bed and began to examine her body.

There didn't seem to... be something unusual....

Except that she seemed a little weak. But it seemed to be because of a hangover.

But what if it wasn't?

Heather was instantly troubled.

She had been yearning for the affection of her parents. But, because in her opinion, the boys who chased her were far worse than her dad Joshua, she had never fallen in love!

It was because she had quite a high taste that her love life was still empty. She had zero experience with the sexual life between a man and a woman!

So now she was really not at all sure if she had had sex with the man or not.

Heather hurried to lift the sheets. They were clean. There was no blood. But thinking that some girls might not bleed for the first time, she was nervous again.

Ah!!!

Heather freaked out right now!

What happened last night? Could someone tell her?

Heather tried to weep but failed to shed a tear. In the end, she had to take a shower first.

By the time she got out of the bathroom, her spirits were better, and her mind was clearer.

Suppose she wanted to know what had happened the night before, as long as she found the man who she saw last night, everything would come to light.

Heather went back to the bedroom and picked up the belt on the floor.

Crocodile skin, gold leather buckle. The belt was studded with a ring of diamonds. It didn't have a brand name on it, and it was obviously customized. It cost at least 200,000 dollars, so the other party should be very rich.

With this belt, it wasn't hard to track down the owner. But then, all she had to do was ask her brother for help, but what gave her a headache was that she would have to explain why she had a man's belt!

Heather was very remorseful. If she had known this would happen, she would never have drunk so much wine last night!

Unable to figure out what to do next, she dropped the belt and went straight to the balcony for fresh air.

There was a wonderful aroma of food, and Heather's stomach began to growl.

The aroma came from the neighboring villa. She was surprised. The house next door was unoccupied when she moved here, but why was there a resident so soon?

Curiously, she stood on the balcony and looked at the next-door house. Opposite her bedroom seemed to be the neighbor's bedroom.

Their balconies happened to face each other. Through the glass door, Heather could even see the layout of the bedroom.

It was in a composed tone of blue, simple and clean. It was obviously a man's bedroom.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in the bedroom.

Was this her neighbor?

Heather couldn't help but look at him. Why did he suddenly come back to the bedroom?

Her neighbor didn't seem to notice her peep at all. Calmly, he unbuttoned his shirt and took off his pajamas.

Heather directly froze. Oh, my god. What's going on? Is he changing clothes?

He seemed to notice her eyes. He paused for a bit and walked towards her, frowning.

Heather's eyes slightly lit up!

It had to be said that he was very well built! Perfect shape with beautiful eight-pack abs. He looked thin in clothes but muscular when he was naked!

"Is it good-looking?" Alexander's mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners.

He pushed open the glass door and went to the balcony, staring at Heather.

She came to her senses and turned her head around awkwardly. "Sorry, I didn't know there was someone...."

Oh no!

Her face was shocked. Wasn't... this the man who kissed her last night?

"It's you!" She turned her head around and stared at him angrily!

Alexander cocked his eyebrows. So the little girl wasn't completely unconscious last night.

He confessed frankly, "Yes, it's me."

He had never expected to meet Heather in this way. Still, it didn't seem bad.

"You, you, you!" She covered her eyes with rage to stop looking at his nice shape. "How can you wander around naked? Put your clothes on!"

"Why not? This is my home," he said with a smile. "Even if I run naked here, it's my freedom. Moreover..."

Looking at her shy and angry face, he suddenly wanted to play a trick on her.

"There's... some kind of bond between us. Don't you think so?"

Her whole heart went cold!

What?

They really had a sexual relationship last night?

"What did you do to me last night?" She said furiously, "Beast!"

"I just drove you home in passing." He didn't hide it from her, but the next moment he said, somewhat hesitant and wounded, "But you... Alas!"

He sighed, leaving Heather in despair. She had only a little bit of memory of the night before, but it was the moment when she hugged and kissed Alexander!

Now, Alexander's sad look was obviously saying that it was she who was the beast last night!

Heather was about to cry. Had she really raped her neighbor last night?

She looked at Alexander and said in an uncertain tone, "Nothing happened between us, didn't it?"

Even she himself had no confidence in this statement.

Alexander raised his eyebrows slightly. The girl actually forgot it? That was good.

"You don't want to be responsible for me? That was my first sex act."

Heather almost spat out a mouthful of blood!

Alexander's words were a death sentence to her! So she had really done something worse than a beast and ruined his chastity? Bah, bah, bah. What happened? How did this kind of plot in the TV series happen to her?

Heather had a headache. She did not understand how she became a person who was like a womanizer.

Now, her neighbor was waiting for her to be responsible for him.

"You... I..." Heather stammered, trying to say something, but she didn't know what to say.

"Wait!" She gritted her teeth and ran back to her room in a panic.

"What should I do?" Then, thinking, she helplessly took out her mobile phone and directly posted a message for help in a famous forum: I accidentally bedded with a stranger. What should I do? Wait online. It's urgent.

Soon, dozens of replies emerged.

Looking at the answers, Heather instantly wanted to spit out blood.

The dozens of replies were all useless, and there was even a suggestion that she marry him directly and bed with him fair and square!

Chapter 1411 - 699: Do You Like This Food?

Quite a few people scolded her, saying she was a womanizer who only focused on her own pleasure and destroyed the other party's chastity but didn't want to be responsible.

Heather was in a worse mood. She was a woman, okay?!

But if the genders were reversed, what she had done seemed really lame... She shouldn't think her behavior was right just because she was a woman...

Heather scratched her hair in pain. Ah!!! What should she do?

A doorbell rang. She looked up blankly. Nobody knew she was here. So who came looking for her?

She came to the door with a puzzled face.

She opened the door and saw Alexander standing outside, dressed in casual clothes.

She was instantly shocked.

What? Did he come directly to her house?

The next moment, she was so frightened that she tried to close the door.

The door was about to close when he put his long arm against it.

"You, you, you...." She felt even more embarrassed. She pulled the door harder but couldn't move it.

"Are you hungry?" His other hand lifted a hamper in his hand as he said. "I brought breakfast."

She swallowed saliva. She had been seduced by the aroma coming from Alexander's house, and when she learned that he had brought breakfast, her stomach began to rumble.

Then...

Heather thought she must be mentally retarded. Otherwise, why did she open the door and let him in?

Sitting on the sofa in the living room, Heather stole a glance at Alexander.

He took some dinnerware from the kitchen, stood at the table, and set the table with the breakfast he had brought. He had a nice shape... he was dressed in casual clothes, but he looked quite sedate and elegant.

But... Heather's mind was filled with images where Alexander didn't wear his shirt.

Moreover, she suddenly found that Alexander had taken off his shirt and was seducing her with his well-built body...

She rubbed her eyes in a hurry, and the next moment her face instantly turned pale.

Alexander was dressed in clothes. It was just her illusion just now. Did she start fangirling?

Heather was almost in tears. Oh, come on. Did she have a lustful desire now? Was it because she slept with him last night that now she was addicted to his body?

"What are you thinking?" Alexander cocked his eyebrows. The look in Heather's eyes was too weird when she looked at him.

"I was thinking you weren't wearing... Hmm!" She covered her mouth quickly and stared at him with shame and anger! She nearly said it out just now! God, was it because she had been single for 20 years that she became lustful?

Alexander was a little puzzled when he saw that she seemed angry with him. It didn't seem that he had done anything to annoy her?

"Come and have breakfast," he said quietly.

"Oh," she agreed and went to the table. Then she was surprised to see that he had prepared two sets of tableware.

"You want some too?" she asked.

"I can't have breakfast?" He looked at her innocently.

A sense of shame seized her. Alexander had brought her breakfast. How could she not allow him to have breakfast? Since when was she so bad?

"No, let's share." She sat down hastily.

He smiled and sat down beside her. She picked up a glass of milk, and her face darkened.

Not right! Why did she think she was being set up?

He was a stranger, okay? So why did he walk into her house and have breakfast with her?

"Try it." He put a beautiful sandwich on her plate.

Heather felt helpless. Forget it. She would talk with him after breakfast.

The breakfast was very delicious. She had an appetite and ate up all the food with him.

"Well..." She hesitated but finally decided to talk with him about what had happened between them.

"I'll do the dishes first." He put away the dishes and put them in the dishwasher.

He looked back and saw her standing at the kitchen door, looking at him with mixed feelings.

"Do you like this food?" He smiled.

"It's very delicious," she took a deep breath. She had intended to say something, but at the sight of his soft eyes, she felt her heart pounding and forgot what to say.

At last, she said incoherently, "Your cooking....is so good that I want to poach him!"

His eyes were a little deeper. "Good."

"Huh?" She froze, not expecting him to be so generous.

Then she asked curiously, "How much do I need to pay for the food?"

"It's free," he said lightly. "I'll make breakfast for you whenever you want."

She nearly spat out a mouthful of thick blood. What? Was it him who had made breakfast? So.. he wanted to pester her? No, no. She had to make it clear to him.

"Well..." she clenched her teeth.

"Go to the living room first, and I'll make a cup of coffee for you," he interrupted her calmly.

"Oh..." She agreed sulkily and sat on the sofa obediently. But the next moment, she was extremely depressed!

What was wrong with her? Why had she been led by the nose and obeyed this strange man? Besides, this was her house, but why was she under the delusion that he was the master of the house?

Alexander came over with two cups of coffee. He put one of them in front of Heather.

"What are you trying to say?" he asked calmly, picking up another cup of coffee.

She was a little sad. She was going to question Alexander, but if she did, it looked like she obeyed him again!

"Ahem... I don't know what your name is," she said helplessly.

Alexander's eyes were deep as he said lightly, "Alexander Christopher."

Alexander Christopher?

There was a hint of surprise in her eyes. "I know you! My elder brother always talks about you! You're classmates!"

Alexander put down his cup with somewhat disappointment. So she only knew him because of Randy's words? Sure enough, she had forgotten the past. But anyway, they could start over.

"I seldom remember people's names because I'm not interested in these things. But my brother thinks too highly of you," Heather said, with a glint of excitement in her eyes. "My brother says you're the only one of his peers who deserves to be compared with him! He never praises people like that. He really appreciates you!"

Chapter 1412 - 700: Be My Girlfriend

He looked at her quietly. "And you?"

She instantly felt her heart was leaping wildly. "Me?"

"Yes," he said, looking more serious.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed her thoughts and decided to say out all she had wanted to say at breakfast.

The man in front of her was actually Alexander Christopher, which really left her a little panicky.

If he were just an ordinary person, she would consider using money to solve the problem. But Alexander's fame soared over the years, and he and her brother Randy were known as the two most famous young business elites.

His company H & C INC., which he founded a few years ago, was even more successful, and even her father, Joshua, praised him.

But the more capable Alexander was, the more troubling the incident got. If she offered to pay him, how could Alexander possibly say yes?

After thinking for a while, Heather decided to try communicating with him first. "Mr. Christopher, we don't know each other..."

"What does it mean?" His eyes were deep as he spoke, "You know my length, while I know your depth?"

Her hand shook, and she almost dropped the cup in her hand!

Damn. What happened to Alexander? How could he say these kinds of nasty words so seriously! What length... What depth...

She couldn't help thinking about whether something had really happened to them the night before. If it was true, did they know enough about each other? Besides, did Alexander really have a nice shape from what she had seen in the morning...

"Oh no, I digress!" Heather stopped thinking and held out her hands to feel her hot cheeks.

"Mr. Christopher," she said with exasperation. "I'm not kidding!"

His eyes were serious. "I'm not kidding, either."

"You!" She was going crazy. Facing Alexander, she felt more powerless than ever!

She took a few deep breaths to hold back her desire to go crazy.

"Mr. Christopher, we're adults," she gritted her teeth as she spoke. "What happened last night was just an accident. Surely there is no shortage of women for a man like you, isn't there? Then we'll just pretend that nothing happened and live our separate lives..."

"I have no woman around me," he said, quietly. "Yesterday, it was my first sex act. You don't want to be responsible?"

In an instant, Heather was a little overwhelmed.

Damn it! It was Alexander's first sex act! He stubbornly asked her to be responsible...

Now, what should she do?

"What do you want?" she asked, giving up struggling.

"Be my girlfriend," his eyes sparkled as he said, tightening his fingers.

"Huh?" Her eyes widened. She thought she'd misheard. "No, we've just met!"

His eyes flashed with a touch of sadness. "You hate me?"

"No...", she said guiltily. In the face of his innocent look, she couldn't say she hated him.

"Let's try then," he said in a firm and earnest tone.

"Ah? I don't hate you, but that doesn't mean I like you?" She was worried and said, "Besides, we don't have feelings for..."

He stood up suddenly and sat closer to her.

She said in a guarded manner, "You, you, you, what do you want... Hmm!"

His thin lips fell on hers. She opened her eyes wide and tried to push him away, but he caught her wrists.

The kiss was so gentle that it seemed to drown her. His aura was clean, pleasant, and somehow reassuring.

Her resistance became weaker and weaker, and her slender fingers took hold of his shirt.

"Do you feel anything?" He let go of her and asked in a low voice.

There was an unusual flush on her cheeks.

It was not like the kiss she had when she was drunk last night. Now she knew exactly how intoxicating the kiss was.

"Let's try to be together," he said softly in her ear. "If we don't fit, just tell me, and I'll let you go."

"Okay," she foolishly agreed, as if she had been bewitched.

"Then move here," he said with a warm smile. "You can work on your graduation project here. It's peaceful and quiet here. I can cook some delicious food for you at any time."

Delicious food! Her eyes lit up, and she nodded almost uncontrollably. "Okay."

She was very remorseful immediately after agreeing!

What was wrong with her? When she faced Alexander, she looked like she was being manipulated and agreed about whatever he said.

"Good girl," he gently caressed her head, "Let's go to school later. I will help you to move..."

"Wait!" she interrupted hastily. No, no, no, she couldn't allow him to lead her around by the nose like this anymore.

There was a touch of sadness on his face.

"That's what boyfriend should do, Heather. Am I wrong?"

Her heart instantly softened. Could this man stop seducing her like that! He was too good-looking. If he suddenly wore such a wounded expression, she really couldn't resist!

"No..." She gritted her teeth. "My brother has arranged the move for me. Someone will help me. So you don't have to help. Besides, you need to be busy with your business, don't you? You go about your business and leave me alone..."

"Are you afraid your family will know about our relationship?" he directly asked.

She was even more embarrassed. How did Alexander guess everything?

She drew in a deep breath and said helplessly, "You know my name, so you know who I am, don't you?"

His eyes sparkled. "Yes."

"So my parents and my elder brother have to nod before we can be together," she said seriously.

"Besides, I may not fancy a man who is no match for my brother. So I hope we'll keep our relationship under wraps before I'm sure I want to continue our relationship."

"Okay," He smiled and agreed. "Then I'll drive you back to school, and you mustn't refuse."

"Mm..." she agreed, her cheeks flushed.

Alexander stopped his car near the school gate and parted with her as she required.

Back on the campus of Quantum University, Heather felt that her legs were weak somehow. So now she really has a boyfriend?

"Heather." A familiar voice came from behind her.

Heather frowns with displeasure. She turned around and saw Malcolm coming towards her.

"What do you want?" Heather asked in a distant manner. Didn't he confess his love to Helen Jenkins yesterday? So why did he come to her now?