

Midnight 72

How Could It Reoccur?

"What happened?" Savannah had her heart in her mouth. "Unexpectedly, the brake failed; Master Sterling was driving too fast to stop, and the car had crashed into a tree..." Judy couldn't account for the lump in her throat, "The car exploded in a fire. We didn't even have a chance to get him to an emergency room... we were not even able to recover his body..."

Judy wept into her hands; Savannah gasped and understood. "That is to say, Dylan, who was following his brother, witnessed the explosion of the car accident and his brother's death, which led to his depression. He alienated old Sterling because he thought it was his father who killed his beloved eldest brother."

Judy held back her tears and nodded. "Old Sterling suffered heavily after this accident and regretted it deeply. He took the photographs of Master Sterling away and never allowed the family to talk about this matter again. And young Mr. Sterling, after a high fever, began to be wary of strangers, unwilling to speak, and developed insomnia."

"That's...a state of depression?"

"Yes. The doctor diagnosed it as depression. Mr. Sterling hadn't recovered after several years of treatment. It was said that a change of scenery would do him some good, so old Sterling sent him far away from LA to continue his studies." Judy sighed and continued. "After graduating from Yale, Mr. Sterling went abroad and didn't come back until last year..."

I thought he would have rid himself of the painful memory, but it remains in his deep mind." Savannah remained silent for a long time. Although she had almost guessed at the Sterling's secret, she was still shocked when learning the truth. And she never realized that calm and confident Dylan had such a traumatic experience.

Judy turned to Jacob Shamon, "Dr. Shamon, hadn't Mr. Sterling's depression been cured? How could it reoccur? Is it serious?" "It might be some old people and old places that reminded him of his past. So far, it doesn't seem major, but we can't treat it lightly. It's better to bring him to the hospital tomorrow and do a thorough examination." Jacob said to Savannah.

"Okay." Savannah nodded instinctively. "Besides, I prescribed some medication for him. Savannah, don't forget to push him to take it. As long as he takes medicine regularly, he should get better." He handed Savannah a bottle, as he said.

"Push him?" Savannah took a breath. She seemed to have a very responsible position that she should accompany him to the hospital and push him to take the medication. "Who else, but you? He lives outside now, and there's no family around him."

Jacob said with a grin, "He only has you now." Only you. Her heart gave a great thud against her chest at these words, and she finally nodded. "Well. I'll try it." Late that night, Savannah and Judy sent Dr. Shamon away before they went upstairs.

In the dim light, Dylan was lying in bed quietly with no delirium again, and he breathed slowly.

Staring at his handsome profile, Savannah was still lost in reflection. This bossy man, cool and callous in the eyes of others, had such a sorrowful past? Depression? She wouldn't have believed it if she learned it yesterday.

Though he was born into a great family, he saw his beloved brother die in front of him.

Although he had a father, a sister, and a nephew, no one treated him considerately. Old Sterling didn't understand him; Susan is his elder sister, but obviously more concerned with her husband and son; and it's better not to mention his nephew, who wanted nothing but power and money.

As a successful business giant, Dylan Sterling was unhappy with all he had and miserable for all he had lost. Pity stirred in her heart. She walked to him, wiped the sweat from his brow, and tucked him in. Then she stretched herself out on the couch and fell asleep.

The next morning, Savannah got up before dawn. She took out the antidepressants Jacob left and put it on the bedside table with a bottle of water. Then she headed to the bathroom to clean her face and change clothes.

When she got out of the bathroom, she saw Dylan sitting on the edge of the bed in a blanket and looking at the medicine bottle in his hand with no expression. He looked much better, just as usual.

"You're awake. Take the medicine first." Savannah picked up a glass of water and handed it to him.

Dylan didn't accept the glass from her. The memory of last night came back clearly to him, and he slowly remembered what had happened. He lost control last night. The depression that once tormented him returned.

And the little woman had obviously known everything. "I already know what had happened to you and why. Don't worry. Dr. Shamon came last night; he said that you would soon recover as long as you take the medication regularly and stay in a good mood."

Jacob has got a big mouth. Dylan, with a sullen look, ignored her words and stood up. He wore nothing but briefs! And his impressive length under the briefs was eye-catching! Savannah felt her mouth dry as the blanket slipped from him. He had broad shoulders, narrow hips, and his abdominal muscles rippled as he walked to the bathroom.

He is really stunning. She blushed. Though she had had sex with him twice, it was the first time she looked at his naked body so completely and carefully. "Wait, wait a minute!" She reacted, in spite of her shyness, coming forward and pulling him by the hand, "Take the medicine first. Dr. Shamon said, you must take it regularly every day."

Caught by her little hand, all of a sudden, he turned around and stared at her, and desire instantly radiated throughout his belly. He took two steps toward her, his eyes disconcertingly keen as he watched her. She withheld her hand, hastily.

"No, I've already recovered." He restrained his desire, not wanting to scare her. "But Dr. Shamon said you should take medicine to stay on the safe side." "I know exactly how my body is, and I don't need him to tell me what to do." He still refused.

