

Midnight 96

He Could See Her Joy And Delight

Matt took out his cell phone and opened the Disney App. After fiddling with the phone for a long while, he stared at the screen, frowning a little.

"What's the matter?" Olivia asked.

"Well, on the first day of the reopening, Disney has limited the number of visitors. Now tickets online have snapped up. I can't get one more."

Savannah was secretly delighted. No more tickets? That's great! Then Dylan has to go home.

"No tickets?" Dylan narrowed his eyes.

"Well, that's a little hard. Let me try again..." Matt opened another ticket booking App.

"Maybe we can queue up for a ticket," Olivia added, and looked at the long line at the ticket office, "but it's a long wait..."

"Don't bother." Dylan took out his phone, dialed a number, and spoke a few words.

Five minutes later, a dapper middle-aged man ran to them pantingly from a staff passage. His eyes turned to them and lit up when he saw Dylan.

"Mr. Sterling!" The man shouted as he strode towards them. He bowed his head to Dylan.

"You should have notified me in advance, Mr. Sterling, so I can arrange the VIP passage for you." He said humbly as he handed a ticket to Dylan.

Dylan took the ticket. "Alright. Mr. Robert, you can go back to your business."

Mr. Robert? Savannah, Matt, and Olivia stood there, bug-eyed.

Disney propagandized its new theme land before the reopening. Advertisements and news were everywhere in the media these days. They had heard that the business leader of LA Disneyworld was Mr. Robert. Was this man Mr. Robert?

The business leader came to deliver a ticket to Dylan in person after one call? No need to be so dramatic!

"Mr. Sterling is playing with friends today? Let me take you in! I can introduce the new land to you as your tour guide. Or shall I ask some staff to wait on you?" Mr. Robert said quickly.

The three stood with their mouths open.

"No. I don't want to be disturbed. You can go ahead." Dylan said simply, which meant "It's none of your business now."

Mr. Robert had to leave first.

"Go on, and don't be silly." Dylan glanced at them and said.

They wormed their way through the crowd into Disneyland. Most of the people were young parents with their babies and young couples.

Savannah was almost jostled away by the crowd in their way. Then Dylan seized her hand, in a natural way since he was in front of her and protected her from being knocked over.

Savannah's heartbeat quickened, and she was overcome with a nice warm feeling inside of her. She could not resist him.

Just then, a three-year-old boy ran to them with an ice cream in his hand. He stopped against Dylan's leg, and the ice-cream immediately fell to Dylan's shoes. Suddenly he burst out crying.

Dylan glanced at the dirty shoes, frowning.

The little boy cried even louder at Dylan's impassive face as if to complain silently that "This uncle is so vicious!"

Dylan's mouth pressed into a thin, hard line, his face darkening. Why is the little boy crying so loudly? Is he scared of me?

Savannah bent over and picked the boy up, patting him gently on his back. "Ah, baby, don't cry. No one is upset with you."

The little boy sniffed and stopped crying as Savannah dried his eyes softly.

Looking at the little woman and the child, Dylan was disarmed by the warm picture.

He wondered how Savannah would comfort their baby?

Before long, a young couple came to them and took the boy away with many thanks. When Savannah smiled with relief and turned around, she found Dylan looking at her thoughtfully. He even ignored his dirty, expensive shoes.

"What are you looking at?" She asked casually and handed him a piece of tissue.

Taking the tissue, he did not immediately wipe his shoes, but leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Nothing. I just want to know if you will be so affectionate with our child? I must work harder to give you a baby."

Savannah flushed. Couldn't the man get his mind off giving her a baby at the park?

"Why not wipe your shoes? Matt and Olivia are ahead of us." Savannah changed the subject.

Dylan saw her red ears and spared her.

They first went to the haunted house and then roller coasters, which made their heartbeat so fast and took all the troubles from their minds.

As soon as they got out of the coaster, Olivia pointed at the distance with a happy surprise. "Wow, a Ferris wheel! Savannah, didn't you say you would ride on a Ferris wheel every time you went to the carnival from childhood to adulthood?"

The wheel in Disneyworld was said to be the largest in America. Savannah looked over there, and a smile exploded across her face. The Ferris wheel was outlined against the sky. It was so splendid and magnificent.

That's right. She liked the Ferris wheel very much. Her parents always took her to ride a Ferris wheel when she was small, and those were her happiest moments.

Dylan saw the desire in her eyes and led her toward the entrance of the Ferris wheel. "Let's go."

Matt and Olivia looked at each other and followed quickly.

Dylan and Savannah, Matt, and Olivia took two capsules.

The door closed, and their capsules rose up into the blue sky while the Ferris wheel began to turn.

Savannah enjoyed the scenery outside the window with a steady gaze.

"I can't believe you love this kind of place at such an age." Dylan's voice was bantering.

He could see her joy and delight. Riding a Ferris wheel made her happy as a child.

Savannah didn't know why, but she had a desire to pour out her heart to him.

"When I was a child, my parents took me to the carnival every Sunday. I would ride the Ferris wheel every time." She said with slight smiles rising. "At that time, I thought the carnival was the warmest and most beautiful place in the world, and the Ferris wheel was the most interesting thing."

Now, she could never enjoy such warmth anymore.

Her father had passed away, and her mother had left her.

Thinking of this, her heart sickened within her, and her nose suddenly stung. She turned away, looking out of the window and felt regret telling him these things.