

TMBA 1471

CHAPTER 1471 EXTRA STORY ABOUT COLMAN PART FOUR

Amber knew if she didn't say something now, she might get no chance in the future. She said bluntly, "I actually liked you, but you took over my life. For years. Without asking me. I'm pissed at you for that."

She was a woman with a soft heart. Colman was kind to her when he wasn't being a control freak. What woman wouldn't be moved by that? She could tell he was sincere from the way he treated her. It wasn't just because he had money. He used money as a tool, and that didn't factor into her decision.

He was earnest and really cared about her. If she needed help, he would show up in person. That was sweet.

On her birthday, he kissed her in front of her boyfriend. That was when she figured out she had feelings for him.

He knew Amber was angry at him. He leaned against a tree and smiled bitterly.

"I hadn't broken up with Leon yet, but you just pulled me away from him like that. You forced me to betray him. I broke up with him because of you, but you didn't even let me say goodbye. What's up with that? You ever think about Leon's feelings? His best friend betrayed him. His girlfriend did the same. How do you think he feels about that? You're a selfish guy, Colman."

'I'm selfish?' Colman took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, put one in his mouth, took out the lighter and was ready to hit the striker.

Amber walked over and stood in front of him. She raised her head and looked at him angrily. "Can I bum one off you?"

Let's smoke together." He wasn't really attracted to women who smoked, so he tucked the one in his mouth in his pocket, and quietly put the pack away.

"You never ask me what I want. You only give me what you think is good for me. That's not right." She knew it was his way of being good to her, but she didn't feel he respected her at all.

She finally found the chance to pour out her feelings, pick out any inconsistencies, and lay bare her thoughts for the past few years. She didn't worry about what he thought. He needed to hear it.

Colman just listened quietly. He didn't say anything, even if there were misunderstandings.

An hour later, she said her piece and was tired, and finally stopped talking. It was emotionally draining to do this.

"Thirsty?" Colman asked with a smile.

In fact, she was thirsty. After all, she had been speaking for an hour now. Her mouth felt like the ground in the desert. But she was still angry and said impatiently, "I'm not thirsty!"

"I think you are!" he said.

"I said I'm not thirsty! Mmmph!" In a single quick movement, she was encircled in his arms, and he kissed her passionately.

Then, Amber left to catch her flight. She went abroad for further study.

At first, Colman thought he would just give up on Amber. Even she thought things would fall apart right here.

However, three months later

At a university in Columbia

After class, Amber bid goodbye to her friends and started home.

It was a small two-bedroom apartment that Coleman bought for her. He figured she'd need it when she was away at school. It had a generous living area for the size.

It was a quiet neighborhood, and it was a nice, crime-free area. It was safe for her to live here.

When she opened the door to the apartment, she fell into a strong embrace before she could even take off her shoes.

She wanted to scream out loud, but her lips were tightly covered.

"It's me." A familiar voice sounded in her ear, and she stopped struggling.

He pressed her against the door and the two bodies clung to each other. He let go of her lips and whispered in her ear, "I tried falling back into my old patterns. I tried to forget you. But I don't want anyone else. The thought of other women makes me sick. I only want you. In the dead of the night, all I think about is you. I can't forget you at all, and I'm tired of the pain. Since I can't forget you, I don't want to try. I just can't quit you!"

"We never said it was over. I didn't want it to be. Why did you have to forget me?" said Amber in a quiet voice, her eyes reddening with tears. He paid for her tuition and expenses here. She had to work hard in the future and pay back the money. How could she not be with him after she graduated?

"You want to pay me back, don't you?" He knew what was on her mind.

Amber didn't say anything.

"Your parents already paid me back for this. You don't have to worry about it anymore," he said. What he said was true. Amber's parents found him in person and gave him a chunk of change for her tuition and expenses abroad.

The eight hundred thousand dollars that her parents gave him was nothing compared to the money he spent on Amber, but he knew it was the Parker family's life savings.

Amber couldn't believe her ears. She didn't know her parents had done this for her. They never told her.

With a sigh, Colman said bluntly, "But that's not why I'm here. The money's a minor thing. If I never got it back, I wouldn't care.

I want to talk about us." How could he be so direct?

"So I miss you. And I'm finally here." He squeezed her tighter, and led her to the couch to sit down.

He was drained, and lay his head in her lap while she stroked his hair.

They lay like that for a while. Just being in the moment, savoring the time they had with each other. One thing led to another. He touched her in her secret places, and she responded with coos and sighs. The first time he touched her, she jumped. The first touch was like a sudden shock. Not unpleasant, but a rush of feeling like she hadn't felt since they first got together.

When they moved to the bedroom, that was when all their primal feelings were released.

Since that time, Colman had started hopping flights to Columbia whenever he could. He divided his time between there and Alorith.

For this reason, he even took flying lessons. He got his pilot's license quickly, so he could fly a plane back and forth whenever he wanted.

The last two years of her studies, Colman quit his job and stayed in Columbia, keeping her company while she studied.

Amber didn't know what Colman did on the computer all day. Whenever she asked him about it, he would answer that he was coding. But what kind of software was he developing? She had no clue. Every month, he would deposit several million dollars in her account, and he still had money to buy a few more sports cars.

After completing her studies in Columbia, Amber came back and worked as a pediatrician in a hospital.

The night before she went to work, Colman proposed to her in the hanging garden.

In the next year, the two married. On their wedding day, he spirited her away. Yes, the bridegroom ran off with the bride.

Leaving their family and friends in the hotel, Colman took her on a plane to travel and get married. They didn't even know where they'd stay. They'd figure it out when they got there.

Matthew had to deal with the mess the two of them left behind. After scolding his son over the phone in the lounge, he had to calm himself down and take his wife out to greet relatives and friends.

On their wedding night, in a hotel in Kuflya, Colman told her a secret. He wanted to ease Amber's guilt for betraying Leon. "It's not like Leon was faithful, honey! He slept with a few girls after he met you. But me, I'm not like that. I know I was a playboy, but that was mostly for show. From the day I met you—no, even before—I was still a virgin. You're my first, and my only woman."

Although he had made up with Leon, he still had to make it clear to his wife. Otherwise, it would be a thorn in her heart.

Amber said nothing. She had mixed feelings.

After he said that, any guilt she had over Leon vanished like a ghost.

The second day, the couple went to Tow Village. Colman took Amber to see the place where his mom and his three brothers had lived when they were kids.

But Tow Village had changed a lot. Things had grown up around there. Businesses had moved in. It was a lot different than it was twenty years ago.

However, the house they had lived in had been torn down, replaced with a three-story building.

Although he felt a little sad about it, Amber was good at talking him through it. He got over it quickly.

During the honeymoon trip, Amber was pregnant. Three months later, they found out she was carrying twins.

At the end of the new year, a pair of beautiful girls were born. The Hilton family members had been immersed in happiness for a long time. After all, the men in the family all loved little girls and lavished their attention on them.

And that was when Amber figured out another layer of Colman's deception. He was the one who had taken those photos he had shown to Leon. He spread the rumors she was having an affair.

He hired those boys to get close to her. When Leon tried to get to that boy close to her with a group of his friends, Colman hired some men to protect the boy. He made sure that whoever he'd set up was

protected.

Colman was not allergic to shrimp, either. It was all just part of his plan to make sure she would fall for him.

Every time she was in a bad mood after fighting with Leon, Colman made sure he'd be there to comfort her. He hadn't left anything to chance. Her husband just made it look that way.

It was the perfect plan, and perfectly executed. He had everything planned out. He would poach Amber from his best friend and make her his woman. He was a match for even the most devious members of the Hilton family.

CHAPTER 1472 EXTRA STORY ABOUT ERMA PART ONE

In the Hilton family manor, a young girl in a pink and white dress was sitting on the sofa, chatting with her friends over the phone.

On the table beside her, there was an open box of Band-Aids. In the trash can nearby, there were a few used Band-Aids.

Debbie was with a cold these past two days, and Erica had just taken upstairs a bowl of ginger tea a servant had prepared for her.

When she came back downstairs holding the empty tray, she noticed that Erma was still sitting on the same spot she last saw her. Helplessly, she rolled her eyes and went to the kitchen to put down the tray.

Next, she walked up to her daughter and said mockingly, "Remove the Band-Aid slowly, or you'll have to be sent to the hospital later!"

She had never seen a girl as touchy as Erma. She only had a small cut on her finger, and yet she had changed more than ten Band-Aids in just half an hour.

Upon hearing her mother's deliberate sarcasm, Erma pouted in dissatisfaction. "Oh, Mom, I need my hand intact for drawing, doing makeup, and getting people's hair done. If it doesn't get well soon, how can I even hold a pen to draw?"

Erica patted her on the shoulder rather forcefully and spat, "I don't see any blood on your finger. Why can't you hold a pen? Just get out of this couch and go upstairs to do the drawings! You've promised your father you would create a car's design for him. It has been two years, but I haven't seen anything done yet. Your dad must be a fool to still believe in you."

It was all the Hilton family men's fault. They were the ones who spoiled Erma like this. Now the girl was even more touchy than Erica was in her youth.

"Mom, you hurt me!" she complained, rolling her eyes at Erica. Nevertheless, Erma did as her mom said and stood up from the couch, slowly making her way towards the stairs.

She wasn't in the mood to explain to a layperson like Erica that inspiration didn't come that easy. It was quite common for a professional to think about a certain design for eight or ten years before they got it on paper.

At this time, the front door was opened, and Boswell came in.

As soon as Erma saw her brother, she ran upstairs as fast as she could.

"Erma, I'm back!" Boswell called out to stop her.

But Erma quickly disappeared at the turn of the stairs.

Aware that his young sister had run to avoid talking about the blind date, Boswell had no choice but to tell Erica, "Mom, I've already spoke to Adkins. Erma and Stan Newman can meet tomorrow."

Erica nodded happily. "That's great! I'll arrange a place for them to meet tomorrow."

Boswell pulled Erica and confided, "Mom, don't worry. Stan has already arranged everything."

"What? Does he even have the time for that? Please, tell your brother not to disturb Stan's work. We can handle this sort of trifle."

Boswell said helplessly, "Mom, this should be arranged by the Newman family. Your enthusiasm will only infuriate Erma again. You're acting as if no men would want to marry her."

"Just let her be angry then! Look at the people she has dated so far. A model, a fitness coach, a college student... Boswell, I'm telling you I've secretly seen this Stan up close. He's not only as driven in his career as Adkins, but he's also steady and stylish. I'm very satisfied with him!" The more Erica thought about Stan, the more she approved of him.

Stan was 31 years old. At now, he held a position in Deplua that was only slightly below that of Adkins. Therefore, Erica did not doubt that he had a bright future ahead. Also, he was the only man who could live up to Carlos' and Matthew's standards for dating Erma.

"It's not enough that you are satisfied with him. The most important thing is that your daughter is," Boswell reminded her. He didn't think it was going to be easy to convince his sister to accept Stan.

"Don't worry, I'll deal with Erma!" Erica promised, giving herself a pat on the chest. She was confident that she would convince her daughter.

Boswell smiled. "Okay! Thank you, Mom!"

At seven o'clock the next evening, no matter how reluctant Erma was, Erica pulled her anyway towards the restaurant the Newman family had booked in advance.

The Newman family was a large and politically influential family, who held great power over another town neighbor to Alorith.

In order to show their sincerity, the entire Newman family, even their patriarch who was already an old man, came to the restaurant to greet the Hilton family.

When Erica finally pulled Erma into the private room, Matthew, Adkins, and Boswell were already chatting with the Newman family members, including Stan, who was sitting next to Adkins in a dark suit.

At first sight, anyone could tell that Stan was the tall, handsome young man who behaved very nobly in the room.

However, before their parents could introduce the two young people to each other, Erma looked at Stan in astonishment. "It's you!" she blurted a second too late before realizing that she had given herself away.

Immediately, Erma covered her mouth with her hands, but to no use. Everyone had already heard her.

Confused, Matthew looked at his daughter and asked, "Erma, do you know each other?" It didn't make any sense if they did. Like Adkins, Stan was always busy. Even if he had come to Alorith before, he wouldn't have stayed for long.

With her hands still over her mouth, Erma shook her head at her father, unwilling to say another word.

Yet Stan chuckled and contradicted her, "So, your name is Erma."

Their reactions made it obvious they had known each other before. At that moment, Stan's father gently asked his son, "Stan, what's going on?"

Erma winked at Stan, signaling that he shouldn't tell them anything. But Stan still replied anyway, "Last time I saw her, she let the air out of my car's tires." But since he had something urgent to attend, he simply took another car and didn't mind asking anyone to investigate who that girl who flattened his tires was.

He just never expected that they would meet each other again in such an occasion.

Erma, on the other hand, was glaring at him. She was the type of girl who liked to put on a good facade in front of the elders. "He took my parking spot first," she explained.

Stan smiled, but didn't say anything else.

Back then, he had driven out on his own without a driver.

And when he found an empty spot in an underground parking lot, he simply parked there.

At the same time, a woman got out of her car and yelled, accusing him of robbing her parking space.

Stan looked between his vehicle and hers but didn't see her car before he parked. Who knew whether she was telling the truth or not?

Stan tried to reason with her, but the woman was quite unreasonable and insisted on him driving his car away.

As he didn't have much time to argue with her, he headed to the parking lot administration in order to find someone who could find another parking spot for the woman. However, when he came back to his car after a while, he saw the woman squatted down beside the vehicle while she let the air out of its tires.

She held a needle as she drilled the holes.

The moment the woman saw him, she left the needle behind and ran away.

In fact, the needle was still in one of his tires as she left.

During the dinner, the two acquaintances were arranged in a way they were sitting by each other's side. As the elders kept chatting among themselves, Erma and Stan were left to talk to one another. It was more accurate to say that Erma was the one doing the talking while Stan listened to her.

"I'm young and playful. I love going shopping in Paris, Italy, and London. Not to mention that I also appreciate extreme sports like bungee jumping and skydiving. I'm sure you don't have the time to keep up with me. In my opinion, a serious man like you shouldn't waste your time on someone as sentimental and childish like me. Instead, you should get married to a dignified and elegant woman. So, when they ask us later how we feel, we will tell them that we're not suitable for each other, and then we can part ways. What do you think?"

Stan nodded.

Erma was so happy to see that they had come to an agreement. Yet she had no idea that Adkins, who was sitting on the other side of Stan, was secretly telling him a few words of his own. "Don't listen to my sister's nonsense. Although it's true that she likes to go shopping, she wouldn't dare to practice any extreme sports. She's also a little sentimental and childish, but overall, my sister is very cute."

Erma flashed him a wide grin as she continued, "That's great! Stan, I'm a great makeup artist. If you get married one day, I can do your bride's make-up for free."

Stan nodded again.

'It feels so good to deal with people like him. He always nods at anything I say, ' she thought to herself.

CHAPTER 1473 EXTRA STORY ABOUT ERMA PART TWO

However, this feeling of Erma's didn't last long. When dinner was about to end, Erica asked Stan, "Stan, so what do you think of Erma?"

Stan nodded and replied politely, "Erica, Erma is not only beautiful, but also a very dignified young lady."

Erma stifled her satisfied smile in an act of modesty, but it was true that she was always respectful of her elders.

Adkins went straight to the point and asked, "But is Erma your type?"

Erma's eyes jumped to Stan almost immediately and while she failed to hide her expectations in her stare, her instincts told her that he was going to shake his head.

But she was wrong. Stan nodded his head again, but this time he stood up from his seat, hoping to reach everyone clearly. "Matthew, Erica, I think Erma is an interesting girl to say the least. It is my honor and blessing to have such a wonderful opportunity marrying someone like her. You know how the people in my family are, everyone's always so serious and grumpy. I'll bet when Erma becomes a part of my family, she will bring nothing but joy and happiness to everyone. Later on, perhaps if we're lucky, she can bless me with a son and a daughter."

The smile on Erma's face froze. 'Wait. What? What did he just say? Didn't we have an agreement to part ways after this dinner?

Is this his idea of revenge for what I did to his car?' she wondered.

Stan's grandpa looked like he was on the same page as his grandson. He looked at Erma lovingly and said, "Matthew, you've done a great job raising Erma. She is sophisticated, well-educated and intelligent. If you don't mind, can we just agree to have her marry into the Newman family? I give you my word that we will treat her well."

Stan looked at his grandfather with gratitude and said, "Thank you, Grandpa. Matthew, Erica, if you have no objections, I'd like to take Erma's hand in marriage."

Adkins looked at Stan with eyebrows raised in disbelief. When he first brought up the idea of introducing him to his sister, Stan blew him off with a single sentence—"I only have time for my work right now."

When Adkins spoke for his sister again, Stan replied, "How long do you think people like us can stay interested in one person?"

In fact, Adkins had almost given up on the idea of playing matchmaker, but he wanted to give it one last try before he called it quits. His desperation, however, wasn't because it would be hard to find a matching suitor for Erma, Adkins just thought that Stan was the perfect man for his sister in all aspects.

Adkins had little to no idea whether Stan was too embarrassed to turn him down again or not, but fortunately he managed to get his approval in the end.

After both Erma and Stan had met each other, it was very obvious that Stan was smitten by Erma.

Even Adkins could tell. Besides, how could anyone dislike Erma? The answer was no. No one could dislike the ever adorable Erma.

Tugging at his sleeve, Erma forced Stan to sit back in his seat and whispered, "Tell me the truth. Are you trying to screw me over because of some revenge?"

"Calm down. I'm not that petty,"

Stan said with a dotting smile.

And just like that, the two of them got engaged.

One their first date, Erma tried to convince Stan by speaking ill of herself in hopes that the man would run away from her. "Listen to me! I am the little princess of my family and the apple of everyone's eye. Since you want to marry me, I think you should know that it takes more than five servants to take care of me.

I'm a clingy woman, so you'll have to get used to having me around all the time.

We both know our roles. Since I'm a woman and you're a man, I'll take care of all the money you make.

After the wedding, I will be the only woman allowed in your car. In fact, you might as well stick a label on the back that says 'Property of Erma.'

I don't like carrots, mutton, pork, coriander and all Western food, so the chef at home must know how to cook Chinese food.

I won't..." She deliberately made it sound like a never-ending list so that Stan would lose his patience.

However, Stan nodded without once showing annoyance. "Okay, I can deal with all of that." "What? Why is he being so nice?" Erma was stunned. She had no choice but to continue, "Also, I am not a big fan of being lonely. If you are busy every day and can't keep me company, I will cheat on you."

The man was still calm after hearing her words. "I know who you are. You don't have to come up with reasons for me to hate you. If you end up cheating on me one day, that too will be my shortcoming. It would mean that I haven't done enough. Anyway, right now, you just need to think about what kind of wedding you want, so that I can prepare everything down to the smallest detail." Erma sighed helplessly. All her efforts were in vain.

They were set to get married at the end of the year.

Erma once said that she would make Stan's bride up, and she did.

Yes, she made herself up.

Due to Stan's identity, the wedding ceremony wasn't too grand or superficial, but all the things used for the wedding were of the best quality available in the country.

With time and his actions, Stan proved that he was a kind and loving man.

During the time from the engagement to the wedding, apart from taking care of her needs, Stan also showed how much he respected Erma. They had only hugged and kissed each other, perhaps a handful of times, but that was it. When the opportunity of sleeping with her came, he respectfully said that he would wait until their wedding night.

Stan was a faithful man through and through. Ever since their engagement, Erma had never seen a rival in love or another woman in his life.

On the other hand, Erma's ex-boyfriends always kept texting her, regardless of whether she would reply or not.

One day, her ex-boyfriend, who happened to be a fitness coach, sent her a message saying, "I know you're married, but I'll still wait for you in the gym, to serve you."

When Stan saw the message, he looked up the chat records, only to find that most of the messages were sent by him and Erma only replied once, saying, "I'm getting married. Don't bother me with any messages from now on."

Clearly, the man was deliberately being persistent and continued to text her.

Without digging into her phone any further or even deleting the man's WeChat account, Stan put her phone back to the bedside and dialed a number. And ever since that night, Erma hadn't received any messages from the fitness coach again.

Sometimes, Erma could sense that Stan was a powerful man because of his ability to remain calm no matter what was thrown at him.

She had never seen Stan lose his temper, and he hardly ever showed a change in his facial expression. He always wore a smile on his face, no matter what happened or who he met.

Even if Erma made trouble for him on purpose, he would stroke her head and hold her in his arms. He would comfort her gently and coax her, "Honey, don't make trouble. I'll take you to sleep."

'Maybe he's just faking it! Maybe he doesn't really love me, ' she thought.

Her father was just as calm and steady as Stan, but his emotions would sway to the whim of her mother.

As time went by, Erma became more and more suspicious.

On one of Stan's business travels, she secretly packed her suitcase and followed him to the city where he was, hoping to spy on him from a distance.

But in less than ten minutes, his assistant appeared in front of her. "Erma, Stan asked me to fetch you."

The thought that Stan not loving her for real only lasted until Erma got pregnant and gave birth to their baby.

A few days before her childbirth, Stan took a leave from his work so he could stay at home and take care of her. Whenever she'd get hungry, even if it was in the wee hours of the night, he would go downstairs and make her something to eat. One night, Erma needed to go to the bathroom desperately, but she didn't want to disturb Stan's sleep. She was too careless to notice the water on the floor of the bathroom and slipped.

When she was rushed to the hospital, half of her body, from the stomach down, was covered in blood.

When Erma opened her eyes in pain, the only thing she wanted to tell him was to look after her parents if she were to die because of this.

However, before she could say anything, the look of horror in Stan's face silenced her. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was holding her in his arms, sweating, and running towards the operating room.

After putting her on the bed, he grabbed the doctor by his collar and roared at him, "Do what you must to save her. Do you understand me?"

"Sir, to be honest with you, this doesn't look very good. If it comes to it, should we save her or the baby first?" the doctor asked.

Stan glanced at the doctor coldly and said, "Do you really need to ask me such a stupid question right now? Of course you're going to save my wife first!" Later on, he made the hospital authorities set a rule that no doctor would ever be allowed to ask the family members of a pregnant woman such a silly

question. When faced with such a situation, no matter what the cost, they should have to rescue the adult first.

CHAPTER 1474 EXTRA STORY ABOUT ERMA PART THREE

Tears welled up in Erma's eyes. It was not because of the pain, but because she could clearly feel the man's feelings for her at this moment. She finally understood how much he really loved her.

The newborn baby emerged into the world as a beautiful girl.

Although it had been quite some time after the baby was taken out of the operating room, there was still no news of Erma.

Suddenly, the doctor rushed out of the operating room looking for Stan. "Stan, I'm afraid your wife has lost a lot of blood. We need to get her a blood transfusion as soon as possible. There isn't enough of her blood type in the blood bank. Can you find someone with blood type B..."

Without hesitation, Stan answered, "Doctor, I have the same blood type. Take as much blood as you need!"

"We must get to it at once!"

The doctor advised him to donate 300 milliliters first. If required, they would look for someone else with the same blood type.

Stan, however, refused.

That day, disregarding the doctor's dissuasion, he donated a total of 500 milliliters of blood and gave it to Erma.

A day later, Erma woke up.

When she opened her eyes to Stan's pale white face, she got worried. Instead of telling her the truth, he came up with an excuse of not being able to rest well enough the night before.

On the day Erma was to be discharged from the hospital, she overheard one of the nurses say, "It's clear how Stan feels about his wife. He gave her 500 milliliters of his own blood, without hesitation, after she suffered a massive hemorrhage from childbirth."

"500 milliliters? Oh my God, is Stan okay?"

"He's okay. Everything is fine except that he doesn't look very well. We tried to convince him to allow our colleagues to donate blood for his wife, but he didn't agree."

"What else could it mean? He obviously loves her too much! I am so envious of his wife."

Erma's lips trembled as she stood at the corner, secretly listening to the nurses. As it turned out, the reason why Stan's face was so pale was because he had donated blood for her.

The normal amount of a person's blood transfusion each time was 200 milliliters, no more than 400 milliliters. Stan, however, gave her five hundred milliliters.

When Stan found her in the room, he saw Erma staring out the window with a blank expression on her face.

The man came over and gently put his arm around her shoulder. "Hey you, what are you doing here? It's time for us to go home," he said in a soft voice.

She looked up at him, eyes glistening, and nodded her head. "Okay."

Since Stan's car couldn't accommodate too many people, his parents and the newborn baby girl sat in another car.

When they came out of the in-patient department, Stan's car was parked at the entrance of the hospital. At the back of the car was a printed label that read—"Property of Erma".

She chuckled, while failing to contain her tears at the same time.

Stan assumed the worst when he noticed tears in her eyes and he quickly rushed to her. "Hey, what's wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

Shaking her head, Erma sniffled back some tears and said, "I'm okay. Let's just go home."

Although Stan had sensed that something was off, the entrance of the in-patient department was hardly the right place to talk about private matters. He took her hand and helped her into the passenger seat before he sat himself behind the steering wheel. He decided to leave the questioning until they had reached home.

The young couple's home was a three-story villa. When they arrived, it was as if they had breathed new life into the place. Stan's parents and his grandpa were already there waiting for them. There were about five or six servants standing behind them, also eagerly waiting to see them.

Stan's mother held Erma's hand and led her inside, concerned as she spoke. "Erma, come in. I don't want you to catch a cold."

"Yes, Mom. Thanks." Erma followed her to the living room.

Stan's grandpa had a radiant glow on his face, mostly because he was able to hold and see his great-grandchild in his lifetime. "Erma, the gem of our family, sit and get some rest."

Stan's father held his granddaughter in his arms; he didn't want to let her go. His serious face was finally showing hints of joy. "How about going upstairs and lying down, Erma?"

Erma played with her daughter's hand and answered with a smile, "Thank you, Grandpa, Dad and Mom. Don't worry about me. I don't feel so tired right now. Besides, I had been lying in the hospital for more than one week. I just want to stretch my legs and walk around for a bit."

Stan, however, felt differently. He grabbed her hand and dragged her upstairs. "You need to rest for at least a month. After that, you can go anywhere you want. Until then, I don't want to see you out of your bed."

Erma hadn't made full recovery yet after she had lost a lot of blood during the delivery.

Luckily Erma didn't put up a fight and she followed him upstairs right after she politely greeted the elders.

Stan affectionately helped her get comfortable in bed. After making sure that she had everything she needed, he finally sat down on the edge of the bed and took out his phone from his pocket to show her some photos. "Here, have a look! I've already picked out a few spots for our daughter's one month celebration party. Which one do you prefer?"

She took the phone and swiped through some photos before she casually said, "Are we supposed to celebrate when the baby is a month old? Back home, we usually celebrate when the baby is a hundred days old."

"Well, if that's what you want, then we can throw a party when our daughter turns a hundred days old. I'm fine with that," Stan said.

"You know what, I'm not bothered by it either. Since it's a tradition here, let's just throw a party when our daughter is one month old," Erma answered casually.

After pausing to think for a while, Stan offered, "How about this? We can have a banquet after our baby is a month old and then later, we can throw a bigger party for all our relatives and friends when our baby is a hundred days old. What do you think?"

Erma smiled, but refused. "That's sounds too troublesome. Let's just throw a party for her in this hotel after she is a month old. Besides, I like the food from that hotel."

"Okay, I'll book the hotel in advance."

In the late hours of night, while Erma was already sound asleep with their daughter in her arms, Stan was still grinding away in his study.

Erma quietly slid out of bed, carefully making sure not to wake her daughter. She put on her slippers and walked out of the bedroom in search for Stan.

It was dark, but the light from the study escaped from the half-closed door and guided her inside where she saw Stan talking to someone over the phone. "I'll see if I can find some time, but I don't think I can go there the day after tomorrow. According to the weather forecast, there's going to be a rainstorm at night. You know how your sister hates the sound of thunder and lightning. I need to stay at home and keep her company when that happens. Don't worry, I'll come over when it's not raining. Now that I'm home, I need to be here with her."

Leaning against the door frame, Erma kept quiet while he spoke.

"You have to be here on my daughter's one month celebration party. Erma will be over the moon to see you. Don't let her down."

The whole conversation between Stan and Adkins took about ten minutes.

As soon as he put down his phone, he saw the silent woman leaning against door. He quickly stood up from his seat and walked up to her. "What happened? Why aren't you in bed?"

With a sweet smile, she answered, "I couldn't find you in bed, so I came here to see you."

"I just have a little bit of work to finish. I'll be done soon. Go ahead, I'll catch up with you," he said and kissed her on the lips.

Erma, however, nimbly walked past him and sat down on the sofa. "Sleeping is all I have been doing for the past two days. I've had enough of sleep. I'll just wait here. I'll be quiet, I promise! Carry on!"

Unable to dissuade her, Stan had no choice but to go back to his desk to finish the rest of the work.

The study had succumbed to silence, only to be interrupted from time to time by the sound of a man flipping through paper.

Sitting on the sofa, with her chin rested on her palms, Erma said softly, "I like you so much, Stan!"

The expression on Stan's face indicated that he was taken by surprise. He raised an eyebrow and said, "Only like?" He put down the pen in his hand and looked at the woman seriously. "I, on the other hand, love you from the bottom of my heart."

Happiness exploded in her chest as Erma stood up from the sofa, trotted to the man, hugged him and expressed her affection by saying, "Stan, I love you too!"

Stan brushed her hair with his fingers and looked at her with insurmountable love in his eyes. "You don't know how happy it makes me to hear you say that. Just give me three minutes, I'll take you back to

bed!"

"Okay!"

Erma had a relatively easy-going job, and there were people to help her take care of the baby. As such, she often accompanied Stan on his business trips around various parts of the world.

Stan would try his best to leave without telling her so she wouldn't insist on following him because he didn't want her to be stressed unnecessarily.

Unfortunately, Erma was always able to find him regardless. Whenever he had free time, she would surprise him with a visit.

In time, Stan came to realize and accept that it was futile to try and change this woman's mind. Much like Adkins, who was inseparable from his wife, Stan had to bring Erma with him wherever he went.

CHAPTER 1475 THE END OF TAKE MY BREATH AWAY PART ONE

o lovo oroco.

—by Motthow.

Boforo Motthow ond oroco got ongod, Wosloy hod o chongo of hoort. Now that ho hod some tomo to think about ot, ho was stortong to rogrot whot ho'd dono.

So ho wont to soo Motthow olono ond sood, "o don't think o should forco you two to got morrood. Morroogo os o lofotomo commotmont, not somothong that o con omposo on you. o just wont you to bo hoppy."

"You'ro not forcong mo to do onythong, Wosloy. oroco's stoll young. ond ovon though sho thinks sho knows ovorythong, sho doasn't. o con toko coro of hor. o'll govo hor whotovor sho wants, os long os o con moko hor hoppy!" Motthow roplood.

Wosloy was stunnod. "But... don't you hovo someono you loko?"

"Yooh o do—ot's oroco."

Wosloy dodn't know how to rooct.

"o don't mond oroco hovong onothor mon's kod, os long os sho ond o con lovo hoppoly ovor oftor."

"But you woro dofoont that doy. You told your old mon no."

"Of curso. os o sood, sho's stoll young. ot moy bo o blow for hor to got morrood so oorly, lot olono

morry somoono sho doosn't lovo. Moroovor, o don't loko pooplo tryong to control my lofo. That's whot ho was doong, so o wouldn't lot hom." ot was hos morroogo, hos lofo. Corlos moght bo hoovy-hondod ond domonoorong, but ho couldn't control ovorythong.

"Whotovor, Motthow. o stoll think ot's unfoor."

"o don't. Sho's tho ono o lovo, ond o'm hoppy wo'ro gottong morrood. o just noodod somoono to loght o foro undor my butt to moko mo do somothong about ot. o hopo you ond Bloor con offer mo moro help ofter wo got morrood. Woth your help, o con moko oroco foll on lovo woth mo oSoP."

Wosloy foll onto solonco. 'My doughtor mot o mon who lovos hor o lot ond os wollong to overlook hor mostokos. Why do o think thos os such o bod odoo?'

Thos conversotoon was whot modo Wosloy support Motthow wholoheartedly ovory tomo ho ond oroco hod o foght.

Bock whon Motthow went to vosot tho Loonord fomoly, ho hod boon ontorostod on tho lottlo gorl who bought hom o short from o stroot stoll.

Whon Motthow was studyong on omoroco, oroco was vocotoonong thoro os woll, ond lovod on hos vollo. olthough they dodn't tolk much, ho stoll thought tho lottlo gorl was odoroblo ond ontorostong.

Hor dork oyes woro olways full of moschoof ond cunnong. ovory tomo sho sow hom comong downstoors, sho would nod ond bow to hom, loko o stortlod robbot spottong o loon.

Motthow hod boon usod to pooplo noddong ond bowong to hom, but ho know oroco was dofferont from onyono also ho mot. olthough sho noddod ond bowod, thoro was no foor or ponoc on hor oyes whon sho lookod ot hom.

Sho was spocool os olways.

Ono yoor, on tho Holton fomoly monor, ho hoord oroco talkong about whot sho wontod on husband. Ho oovosdroppod on hor conversotoon, ond folod tho onformotoon owoy so ho could uso ot on tho futuro of ho noodod to.

Ho mot ot loost o couplo of hor spocofocotoons. Ho was toll, ond roch. No mottor whot sho wontod, ho could govo ot to hor.

Tho rooson why Corlos thought ho hod onythong to do woth Phoobo was that Motthow holpod hor out whon sho was onjurod. Ho corrood hor to tho cor. But sho was hos best froond's gorlfroond. of not for thot, ho wouldn't coro ot oll.

on Motthow's oponoon, Corlos forcong hom to morry oroco was tho best thong tho old mon hod over dono for hom.

It turned out that Carlos also loved his son and was willing to give him what he wanted the most on this world.

Orco didn't love him then.

She was taking care of another man's child.

The girl didn't want to marry him at all.

But Matthew still married her.

The cute, silly, childish woman became his bride on July 7th of the lunar calendar.

The day of the wedding, she wore a traditional Chinese wedding dress and looked more mature than she ever had. She was so beautiful Matthew couldn't take his eyes off her, no matter how much he wanted to.

Matthew was the one-man wedding planner. He rented a six-story hotel ballroom and figured out exactly what he wanted for decorations. As a wedding hall, it was exquisite. The ballroom had reserved more square footage than many people's homes put together. It came with a hefty price tag, but he was more than able to afford it.

The traditional wedding dress came to life thanks to several top designers from around the world. It was measured and cut to exacting standards, and assembled on a historic preservation site of Duple. It included lucky designs like the Phoenix, and clouds.

The guests traveled from near and far to attend their wedding. Matthew showed his gratitude with lavish gifts. These included high end perfume and cologne like Joy Baccarat Puro Parfum, L'Or de Indes and Avon for Men by Creed. Also, guests received a box of chocolates imported from Belgium, a can of too loaves from one of the top factories in the town, and a bottle of L'Or de Indes wine. Matthew spared no expense to make this a wedding to remember.

Then, he picked out the wedding favors and cakes according to the flavor orco liked. Matthew had asked Blair about it in advance to make sure he had enough time to obtain them. He ordered milk favors, fruit sugar, and wedding cakes with red bean paste, or egg yolk fillings.

The horses they rode were Fergana horses sent from Turkmenistan. The traditional sedan chair orco rode on was custom made according to Matthew's specifications. If someone looked carefully, they would find several instances of the initials "OM" on the chair. That was no accident.

But the girl was so oblivious that she paid no mind to things like that, clues as to how much he loved her.

Onstogo, when the omcoo oskod oroco whether she was willing to marry Motthow or not, the girl hosototod before answering.

in fact, Motthow was extremely nervous at that time. He was afraid that the fearless girl in front of him would freak out and leave him high and dry right there.

Fortunately, oroco said yes in the end.

Then, they kissed on the stogo. That was their first kiss.

It was her first kiss, period—but he didn't know that until later.

The moment he kissed oroco for the first time, his pants got together and he was overcome with desire.

He was afraid of frightening her, so he did his best to hold it.

During dinner that night, Gofford talked about oroco at length. Motthow was fascinated by it. After Gofford finished his speech, Motthow still couldn't get enough. He wanted to know more about the girl, but he had no time then. He needed to get back home to see his brodo.

'Forgot it. I'll find out myself. How hard could it be?' he thought then.

On their wedding night, before Motthow opened the door, he heard oroco talking on the phone, standing in front of the window.

The conversation sounded pretty damn good. Someone who was just oovosdropping without the proper context would think she was cheating on Motthow.

in fact, Motthow was jealous of the baby's daddy. But when he thought about it he knew better. She married him, not that other guy, and they'd be together forever. He felt much better after those thoughts entered his head.

While she was washing her face in the bathroom, he deliberately went in and flirted with her, pretending to take a shower. As expected, the girl ran away when he invited her to take a shower with him.

He got an unexpected call from Phoobo. She said something had happened to Nothon, so he had to go help his friend. No matter that he had a new wife at home to take care of.

What he didn't expect was that the girl became very happy after he took off. When he turned back to grab his phone, he could hear the girl singing excitedly outside the room before he pushed the door open.

He started frowning and pretended to be serious. When he opened the door, the girl immediately cowered and stopped singing.

She found a lame excuse to explain her excitement, saying that she was on the job of doing exercises before going to sleep.

But he wasn't fooled.

if there weren't something important to do, Matthew would have told her that he also liked to exercise before bed, and they could do it together. For example, making love could burn quite a few calories.

So Matthew held his tongue.

When he wanted to kiss her because she was so cute, she refused, reminding him of his supposed love for Phoebe. Matthew knew she didn't want him to kiss her. He didn't make things difficult for her, nor did he explain his relationship with Phoebe. He just grabbed his phone and left.

He didn't know loving her like that would have so many ramifications.

Rumors spread all over the internet, and there were so many people mocking her online.

Matthew immediately had someone deal with the rumors about them. He didn't know how to make her feel better, however. After thinking for a long time, he finally decided to defend her online on the comment page of her Weibo account, using his private account on that platform named "Can't Do anything."

on the first few days after their wedding, Matthew had been very busy because of Noth's death and hadn't returned to the villa. So busy that, on the morning of a mall, when the driver told him that the woman who blocked their way was Mrs. Holton, he was clueless. He hadn't recognized that she was Mrs. Holton.

When he heard it was her, Matthew immediately got out of the car.

The silly girl thought he had forgotten her and introduced herself to him.

How could he forget her? it was just that he had been too busy for the past couple days and he had no time to spend with her.

He silently decided to wait, just deal with his affairs. He'd be done with Noth and Phoebe, and he could spend more time with her.

it turned out that she blocked his way because she wanted to ask him about visiting their parents, something of a wedding tradition. Of course, he would visit her parents with her. No matter how

busy he was, he couldn't ignore such a big event.

But he wanted to wait until the next day to visit the Leonard household. She seemed a little disappointed.

Thinking of the disappointment on her eyes, after he returned to his study, Matthew decided to put everything aside and go with her to visit her parents.

However, when he asked someone to book a flight for them, he discovered she already bought tickets of high-speed train, because she thought he couldn't go with her.

The first time he heard her call him "honey" was at the gates to her school. He heard that oroco was there and came to pick her up.

oroco was on a fight with another girl. It was then that he realized he had caused so much drama on her life. But she had never mentioned it or complained to him. Who said she was thoughtless?

She was so considerate that he felt sorry for her. She shouldn't have to deal with that alone.

Before getting married, Matthew had told himself that since he had decided to marry oroco, he would treat her and she would be well, even though she was not his.

When he picked up baby sheen for the first time, Matthew floated the idea of having a kid together. He mentioned it to oroco.

But when he couldn't hold back anymore and tried to make love to her, all he succeeded in doing was frightening her. He had to give up the idea for the time being.

The married life didn't disappoint Matthew. oroco was really an interesting girl. She was stupid enough to believe that he loved Phoobo, not her.

But the truth was, from start to finish, oroco was the only woman on his heart.

Otherwise, why would he marry her? He even washed her hair, washed her feet, made chocolate and macarons for her, and always bought her gifts.

He lied to her, told her the chocolate was for Gwyn, and the silly girl believed him. In fact, what she didn't know was that Matthew had learned how to make chocolate on his first time, and then made it for her to eat. It was all for her.

I love Erica.

—by Matthew.

Before Matthew and Erica got engaged, Wesley had a change of heart. Now that he had some time to think about it, he was starting to regret what he'd done.

So he went to see Matthew alone and said, "I don't think I should force you two to get married. Marriage is a lifetime commitment, not something that I can impose on you. I just want you to be happy."

"You're not forcing me to do anything, Wesley. Erica's still young. And even though she thinks she knows everything, she doesn't. I can take care of her. I'll give her whatever she wants, as long as I can make her happy!" Matthew replied.

Wesley was stunned. "But... don't you have someone you like?"

"Yeah I do—it's Erica."

Wesley didn't know how to react.

"I don't mind Erica having another man's kid, as long as she and I can live happily ever after."

"But you were defiant that day. You told your old man no."

"Of course. As I said, she's still young. It may be a blow for her to get married so early, let alone marry someone she doesn't love. Moreover, I don't like people trying to control my life. That's what he was doing, so I wouldn't let him." It was his marriage, his life. Carlos might be heavy-handed and domineering, but he couldn't control everything.

"Whatever, Matthew. I still think it's unfair."

"I don't. She's the one I love, and I'm happy we're getting married. I just needed someone to light a fire under my butt to make me do something about it. I hope you and Blair can offer me more help after we get married. With your help, I can make Erica fall in love with me ASAP."

Wesley fell into silence. 'My daughter met a man who loves her a lot and is willing to overlook her mistakes. Why do I think this is such a bad idea?'

This conversation was what made Wesley support Matthew wholeheartedly every time he and Erica had a fight.

Back when Matthew went to visit the Leonard family, he had been interested in the little girl who bought him a shirt from a street stall.

When Matthew was studying in America, Erica was vacationing there as well, and lived in his villa. Although they didn't talk much, he still thought the little girl was adorable and interesting.

Her dark eyes were always full of mischief and cunning. Every time she saw him coming downstairs, she would nod and bow to him, like a startled rabbit spotting a lion.

Matthew had been used to people nodding and bowing to him, but he knew Erica was different from anyone else he met. Although she nodded and bowed, there was no fear or panic in her eyes when she looked at him.

She was special as always.

One year, in the Hilton family manor, he heard Erica talking about what she wanted in husband. He eavesdropped on her conversation, and filed the information away so he could use it in the future if he needed to.

He met at least a couple of her specifications. He was tall, and rich. No matter what she wanted, he could give it to her.

The reason why Carlos thought he had anything to do with Phoebe was that Matthew helped her out when she was injured. He carried her to the car. But she was his best friend's girlfriend. If not for that, he wouldn't care at all.

In Matthew's opinion, Carlos forcing him to marry Erica was the best thing the old man had ever done for him.

It turned out that Carlos also loved his son and was willing to give him what he wanted the most in this world.

Erica didn't like him then.

She was taking care of another man's child.

The girl didn't want to marry him at all.

But Matthew still married her.

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Then, he picked out the wedding candies and cakes according to the flavor Erica liked. Matthew had asked Blair about it in advance to make sure he had enough time to obtain them. He ordered milk candies, fruit sugar, and wedding cakes with red bean paste, or egg yolk fillings.

The horses they rode were Ferghana horses sent from Turkmenistan. The traditional sedan chair Erica rode in was custom made according to Matthew's specifications. If someone looked carefully, they would find several instances of the initials "EM" on the chair. That was no accident.

But the girl was so oblivious that she paid no mind to things like that, clues as to how much he loved her.

Onstage, when the emcee asked Erica whether she was willing to marry Matthew or not, the girl hesitated before answering.

In fact, Matthew was extremely nervous at that time. He was afraid that the fearless girl in front of him would freak out and leave him high and dry right there.

Fortunately, Erica said yes in the end.

Then, they kissed on the stage. That was their first kiss.

It was her first kiss, period—but he didn't know that until later.

The moment he kissed Erica for the first time, his pants got tighter and he was overcome with desire.

He was afraid of frightening her, so he did his best to hide it.

During dinner that night, Gifford talked about Erica at length. Matthew was fascinated by it. After Gifford finished his speech, Matthew still couldn't get enough. He wanted to know more about the girl, but he had no time then. He needed to get back home to see his bride.

'Forget it. I'll find out myself. How hard could it be?' he thought then.

On their wedding night, before Matthew opened the door, he heard Erica talking on the phone, standing

in front of the window.

The conversation sounded pretty damning. Someone who was just eavesdropping without the proper context would think she was cheating on Matthew.

In fact, Matthew was jealous of the baby's daddy. But when he thought about it he knew better. She married him, not this other guy, and they'd be together forever. He felt much better after those thoughts entered his head.

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She was so considerate that he felt sorry for her. She shouldn't have to deal with that alone.

Before getting married, Matthew had told himself that since he had decided to marry Erica, he would treat her and the kid well, even though Ethan was not his.

When he picked up baby Ethan for the first time, Matthew floated the idea of having a kid together. He mentioned it to Erica.

But when he couldn't hold back anymore and tried to make love to her, all he succeeded in doing was

frightening her. He had to give up the idea for the time being.

The married life didn't disappoint Matthew. Erica was really an interesting girl. She was stupid enough to believe that he loved Phoebe, not her.

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CHAPTER 1476 THE END OF TAKE MY BREATH AWAY PART TWO

When Matthew found out that Ethan wasn't Erica's child, he was so thrilled that on the next day, he showered his employees with rewards in the pretense of appreciating them for the company's excellent performance.

Later, when Phoebe had a miscarriage and framed Erica for it, she thought that Matthew had chosen to believe Phoebe over her.

Could he ever do such a thing? Who was Phoebe to Matthew? And how could she ever compare to Erica? How could Matthew ever believe an insignificant woman over the woman he married?

When the foolish girl said that she would compensate for the baby he had lost with another, he agreed because of his own selfish desire and did not bother explaining to her that the baby Phoebe had lost was not his.

And soon after that, he took Erica's virginity.

But Matthew felt guilty for lying to his beloved woman. So, he did everything in his power to make her happy.

After all this, it came as a shock to Matthew when Erica ran away with their babies.

The silly woman was too shocked after realizing how much he loved her, and left him while she was still pregnant.

Matthew felt so wronged. He silently begged in his heart for her to come home. He wondered why she didn't take him with her when she decided to run away.

She would never know how Matthew lived through those lonely years without her.

He didn't dare to go back to their bedroom. He was afraid that he would miss her more because of her lingering smell in the room.

He patiently waited for Erica for more than three years, and finally heard of her whereabouts from his four sons!

Erica was very smart.

In order to stay out of their radar, she had been living in a poor village for three years.

At the airport, his silly son, Boswell, secretly told Adkins that he didn't want his mother and Tessie to stay in Tow Village forever. The boy thought that Matthew didn't hear.

But, no!

Matthew heard it clearly.

Erica was in Tow Village!

He went to the village and saw her for the first time in more than three years; she had changed so much that his heart ached for the silly woman.

She could not only do housework now, but had also learnt to take care of others.

In order to punish her for leaving him, he pretended to not care about her and didn't mention anything about taking her back to Alorith even after sleeping with her.

Erica became anxious and finally returned to Alorith on her own accord.

After her return, she accidentally discovered all his secrets, one by one— the bottle of stars which he had asked her to fold as punishment, her teenage photo which he had taken secretly, the lock of her long hair she had left for him, the letter she had written to him, and the two words "My Rika" embroidered on his every shirt.

Matthew was anxious. He wanted to express his love for her; he wanted to tell how much he loved her to her face. But he had hidden his feelings for Erica for too long, so now, he didn't know how to express it.

He struggled for a while, and finally chose to let fate take its course. As time went by, he hoped that she would find out how much he loved her, and her alone.

Another event that Matthew had not expected was when Erica blocked the burning beam of the room to save him.

The moment he saw her spit a mouthful of blood, he collapsed and his heart broke into a million pieces.

She was willing to sacrifice herself for him.

Listening to her words in that painful state, he swore in his heart that he would protect her with his life. He swore that he would find all those who had hurt Erica and make their lives a living hell!

Fortunately, Erica woke up soon after. She had several broken ribs, and couldn't move from the bed. The woman was so anxious about her future because she had always been an active and energetic person.

So, Matthew kept her company all the while and tried his best to keep her in bed so that she would get good rest and recover as soon as possible.

Erica had once vowed that she would give him five sons. Never in his wildest imagination did he expect it to be realized.

In the end, she really did give birth to five sons!

Matthew didn't know how he felt about having five boys in the house! Fortunately, she also gave him a lovely daughter who at least provided him a little comfort.

Their lives returned to being peaceful and happy once Michel and his people were arrested.

Years passed by, and their five sons and daughter were married and had families of their own. Matthew and Erica soon became grandparents.

Sheffield and Evelyn's daughter, Gwyneth, married a senior officer of the navy.

Gwyn was passionate about diving in her teenage years. Whenever she was free, she would go to sea and venture into the mysterious underwater world.

She also met her Prince Charming at sea.

At that time, both of them were diving—Gwyn was doing it for fun, while he was on duty at sea.

Gwyn was like a nimble mermaid in the deep sea. He took her to the ship because the navy was trying to find a suspect in the area.

At first, they thought they were nothing more than passers-by in each other's lives. But as fate would have it, they met for the second time and then again.

Soon, the two fell in love.

That year, Gwyn dived into the sea to see him. But her legs cramped and she started drowning.

Her prince came to her rescue; the man jumped into the sea to save her without any auxiliary tools.

They got married not long after Gwyn woke up from her coma.

A few years after she got married, Godwin, who was then a traditional Chinese doctor, also got married. As he had wished, he married a girl whose name was relevant to Chinese herbs—Violet.

Godfrey became a teacher—a famous professor in a renowned university.

Jeffrey took Terilynn's advice and chose to work at Hilton Group.

Time went by quickly. Many years later, a grey-haired couple was holding each other's arms as they walked along a mountain path in Alorith

The old man was still very good looking. He asked, "Did you call them?"

The old woman beside him replied, "Of course, I did! Blair said they would be here soon."

Around ten minutes later, a voice came from behind the old couple through the fiery red maple forest. "Carlos, Debbie! We're here!"

Carlos turned around and smiled. "Wesley, you're late! We've been waiting for half an hour."

Blair explained, "It's all because of Rika! She and Matthew are going to Mipburg. We just saw them off."

"Oh, I see," Debbie replied, greeting her with a hug.

Since their sons were all married, Erica had five daughters-in-law and a bunch of grandchildren! As a woman who couldn't even cook properly, she was so anxious to be in a house full of hungry little kids!

Matthew didn't want his wife to suffer either, so he gave each of his daughters-in-law fifty million a year to hire nannies to take care of their children.

Having done that, they traveled around the world with not a care in the world. If there was something going on in the city that needed their presence, they would stay in Alorith for a while before planning their next trip.

Wesley and Blair were staying in Alorith for the time being. Today, along with Carlos and Debbie, they were going up the mountain to watch the sunrise. "Let's go! We will stay at the top of the mountain tonight. I had asked Colman to check the time of sunrise tomorrow. It's at six o'clock!" Debbie said in excitement.

After climbing a few steps, Blair started panting slightly. "Ah! I'm not as healthy as I used to be. I'm

already out of breath."

Wesley snorted. "You've always been of poor health. If I hadn't made you exercise often for all these years, you would be lying in bed at home now like some weak old woman."

Blair glared at him. "Okay, fine! It's all thanks to you."

Grabbing Blair's hand, Debbie said with a laugh, "Don't argue with him. Save your strength and try to climb to the top in one breath!"

"Okay! Let's do it!"

The two women started climbing together. Wesley looked at Carlos doubtfully and they both shook their heads while laughing. Together, the four of them went up the mountain, stopping now and again to catch their breath. An hour later, they arrived at the top.

Boswell had booked rooms for them at a hotel at the top of the mountain for a few days.

Early the next morning, the old couples showed up at the hotel gate at the appointed time and set out to watch the sunrise together.

The hotel was at a good location. They didn't have to go too far to find the best spot to watch the sunrise.

At six o'clock, the eastern sky began to break, and was dyed in golden and pinkish-purple colors. Soon, the sun rose and lit up the sky in the distance.

Blair sat on a boulder and rested her head on Wesley's shoulder. "We're very lucky to be able to see this colorful blanketed sky again today."

Carlos interrupted, "I'll make a video call to Erma. She has been abroad with her husband for too long. She must be missing this beautiful scenery of her motherland." Carlos loved his granddaughter to bits and couldn't get her out of his mind even while on a trip like this.

Debbie shook her head helplessly. "They are probably sleeping. Don't disturb the kids. Just record a video and send it to her later."

Blair shook her phone. "I've recorded one already. I'll post it in the group chat."

Debbie nodded and said to Carlos, "Blair will post the video in the group chat, so you don't need to send it to Erma separately. Just tell her about it in the group chat."

The Hilton and Leonard families had set up a family group on WeChat, and all the family members were added in it.

Carlos snorted and didn't say anything. After a while, he still sent the video to Erma separately.

Debbie sighed seeing his childish behavior. There was nothing she could do about this stubborn old man.

The sky was bright now. They recorded the beautiful scenery, while also sending voice messages to the family group chat.

Their children and grandchildren were woken up by the messages. No matter how sleepy they were, they still chatted with the four elders one by one.

Only Erma, who was favored by Carlos, had nothing to fear. She put the phone on silent and continued to sleep without checking the messages.

Her husband, Stan, had woken up a long time ago. He had no choice but to greet Carlos for her, and told the old man that she was still fast asleep.

When the sun was high up in the sky, the four stood up from their spot and headed back to the hotel for breakfast.

Blair and Wesley walked in front of Carlos and Debbie. "Debbie, we should go to the other end of the mountain to watch the sunset tomorrow evening," Blair suggested.

"Yes! I've been thinking about it ever since I saw the sunset last year," Debbie replied promptly.

It was colder than usual at the top of the mountain that morning. They were wearing nothing but thin sports coats, which attracted the attention of many youngsters who had just climbed to the top.

They smiled at the old people in admiration. They hoped that if they were also in such good health in their old age, and if they were lucky enough to have a loving partner, then they would love to see this beautiful sunrise at that age as well. It would be the perfect life!

The End.