

Virginity 1421

Chapter 1421 - You'll never like it

It was only when he confronted that woman that he showed a soft side.

Sabrina did not say another word, biting her lower lip in hatred, her eyes reddening.

"Leave her alone, don't ruin the years of love of the Giordano family and the Ronzi family, if something happens to her, you should know the consequences."

Finishing what he had to say, Matteo took his steps and prepared to leave.

Sabrina stopped him at that moment and asked hatefully, "Did she tell you about it? Did she tell you that I hurt her? Did she tell you that the waiter had locked her in the bathroom and that I was the one who got her out! I was the one who saved her!"

"So you think the waiter would have locked her in the bathroom for no reason Sabrina, don't make fun of people. Besides, Anna is not the type to yell, it's not what you think."

This time, Matteo left without any hesitation.

Sabrina stood alone in the living room, still thinking about what Matteo had just said.

Was he trying to say that Anna had not complained? But if Anna had not, how would he have known and come directly to her?

Sabrina had thought she had been quite touched inside when she had said yesterday that she envied herself and her attitude had suddenly become mder, but now what?

"See?"

A famiar figure came through the door and Sabrina looked up to see Matino leaning against the door looking at her questioningly.

"He trusts his woman extraordinary, it would be useless for me to explain it a hundred times, do you mind now? If you hadn't gone to get her out yesterday, perhaps Matteo wouldn't be here now to tell you these things."

"Matino?"

Sabrina looked at Matino who suddenly appeared outside the door and then listened to his words, guessing that he had just heard her conversation with Matteo.

She was a little annoyed, "Why do you keep following me, I told you I don't need your help. Even if I'm down and no man wants me, I won't get involved with a creep like you!"

Bastard?

At that adjective, Matino's expression changed and he took a big step forward and grabbed Sabrina's wrist.

"Who are you calling a lowlife? How much I have changed for you, don't you see? Sabrina, that man doesn't even like you, so what are you doing here? You are the grand dame of the Ronzi famy, you know everything, yet you have to suffer so much for a man, even your dignity is trampled under your feet, do you think uncle and aunt in heaven wl feel sorry for their daughter?"

"Let me go!" Sabrina shook her hand with all her strength, "It's not your place to say what happens to me, nor is it your place to take care of my affairs, so stop following me and I don't need you to do anything for me. As for the things you just said, die Matino, I wl never like you."

With that, Sabrina turned her head and left without a second thought.

Matino remained alone in the living room, probably angry at the underhanded comment, and slammed his fist against the door panel in anger.

Bang!

There was a loud bang and Matino left the living room with a bruised hand.

Sabrina sat alone in her office, staring out the window at the blue sky of the day, her heart still aching from what Martino had said to her earlier, like a cold arrow in her chest, and she could not recover.

Her chest vibrated and she reached out to touch him, tears falling one by one.

Had she been wrong?

Or maybe Martino had been right, if she would have yesterday.

No, how could she think that? Sabrina shook her head forcefully, biting her lower lip to death, she was the grand dame of the Ronzi family, even though the Ronzi family was gone, even though she was the only one left in the entire Ronzi family, she still held the word crown.

As long as she was the daughter of the Ronzi family, she could not do such a heartless thing.

She had to be calm, calm.

Sabrina looked from side to side and finally took the glass of cold water next to her and drank it, probably quickly, so much so that her hands shook a little as she held the glass.

It was only after a long time that Sabrina calmed down, took a deep breath, collapsed in the seat behind her and closed her eyes.

Since the last incident, Anna had not gone anywhere and had stayed home all day, probably because

she was pregnant, so she was very paranoid. She is afraid of running into Sabrina when she goes out, after all, women can be very scary when they go crazy.

Amelia even gave Anna a hard time: "You're just lazy and married, aren't you? As for staying home every day, those who know think you are married, but those who don't know think you have the moon."

Amelia didn't know about Anna's pregnancy, so she said what was on her mind, and Anna defended herself on the other end of the phone, "Mom, who's showing her butt? I've been sleepy lately, so I've been lazy. Also, I'm getting married, so I can't stay home and rest for a while.

"When you opened the noodle store, you told me and your father to take more time off.

"Mom, you can't say that, I'm just taking a break, I'll be back after the wedding."

Amelia didn't blame her for taking a break, she agreed that her daughter wanted to take a break and wait to get married in beauty, she just couldn't help but tease her daughter. But Amelia didn't think it

was that simple, she sensed something and asked, "Did you just say you've been sleepy lately?"

Anna's heart pounded at that point, "Oh no, we haven't revealed anything, have we?"

"Well, maybe it's because I'm so busy that I'm sleepy, or maybe it's because it's winter, so I want to

hibernate."

"What are you talking about? Why weren't you like this before? Tell mom the truth, are you pregnant?"

"I'm not!"

Anna's denial flew, "How can I be pregnant, I'm not married yet, don't be ridiculous."

"Double denial means you are sure how many sentences you are denying Anna, you are typical of this place."

Anna felt that if she said more she might really reveal something, so she quickly said, "Oh, I'm not going to talk to you anymore, I have things to do today, I'm hanging up now mom. See you at the store another time."

She hung up the phone so quickly that Amelia couldn't help but say, "Bitch, you're so secretive when you ask about pregnancy, pregnant is pregnant, I'm your mother and you don't have the guts to let me know these things, bitch."

She cursed as she put the phone away.

Chapter 1422 - The eve of the wedding

Atlantic Vla

"In a couple of days is the wedding of your Aunt Anna and your uncle, have you prepared everything?"

Have you told your teacher you're out?"

"Mom, it's all taken care of, Manuel is doing it, isn't mom worried?"

"Well, you wanted Aunt Anna to be your aunt, aren't you happy now that your wish has come true?"

Manuel grunted softly, "Aunt Anna doesn't even worry about Manuel anymore since she has an uncle."

Serena reached out and patted his head amusedly, "Your Aunt Anna is busy with her wedding

preparations, you know, and when she gets pregnant and has a baby, she will have even less time for

you. "

Manuel: "Mother, do you have to hit your baby like that?"

"Oh, if you go and talk to your father, he might hit you even harder."

Manuel: "....."

Never mind, they were his real parents after all, better not to count on it.

"Mom, should I take Lea to the wedding?"

"Of course you should, it's her uncle's wedding, of course Lea should go too."

"Wow."

The door to the room was thrown open and Cristian entered with an expressionless face, a look of displeasure on his handsome face when he saw that Manuel was in the room.

"What are you doing here?"

Manuel found his father's face full of disgust when he saw him, and he immediately felt bad, even though his mom had just hit him, what was wrong with his father's dislike when he saw him? He must have scolded him for stealing his mom again!

Manuel grunted, "Mom asked me to come!"

"Well, I called him to ask him to go to the wedding in a couple of days."

"Finished asking, right?" Cristian cast a glance at Manuel before saying, "Go back to your room and study when you're done asking."

Manuel ignored him and turned only to hug Serena's arm, "Mom, Manuel wll sleep with you tonight."

Serena was a little surprised to hear this, "Ah, what's wrong?"

"Manuel is a little afraid to sleep alone, can you take Lea to my room tonight?"

Manuel squeezed Serena's arm and cuddled her, but Serena was surprised and asked, "What's wrong with you? Haven't you always slept alone before? Didn't you say you were afraid before?"

Serena didn't notice the undercurrents between father and son, she just thought it was very strange

that Manuel was acting this way, after all, he had never said he was afraid before.

As he was about to ask, Cristian's words came coldly.

"How dare you say you are afraid? In the future, don't come out saying I am Cristian's son."

Manuel's face looked fierce as he said, "Is that a hat of that color on your head, Dad?"

Cristian's eyes deepened slightly and narrowed dangerously on him.

"And don't say you are your mother's son."

"Mom didn't say I couldn't say that, did she, Mom?"

Serena thought to herself, "These two childish people, I bet sleeping alone and being afraid is a lie, are

these two fighting again?

She sighed helplessly and then looked at Lea, who was sleeping beside her.

Lea had been awake for some time and was staring at her with her dark eyes, Lea's eyes were

beautiful, like stars in the sky after a rain, unusually bright.

I don't know what she was thinking, but suddenly she opened her lips to smile at Serena again.

If he didn't smile, his little face became a little sly.

Serena was so worried when she saw Lea like this, her little girl must not be sly.

* The wedding

On the eve of the wedding, Anna left the mansion, as their local custom was not to see each other the day before the wedding, so Amelia brought Anna back with her.

Since her daughter was getting married, Amelia left her husband that night and went to sleep with Anna in her room.

Anna was so nervous that she could not sleep and kept whispering to Amelia.

But Amelia was a big-hearted person, and even though her daughter was going to be married tomorrow, she was still sleepy as hell, and within two words after talking to Anna she began to get sleepy again, then fell asleep, and Anna began to talk next to her again, and when she didn't answer, she even began to push her.

"Mom, Mom?"

"Uh-huh? What did you say?"

Anna was so excited to hear this that she started talking again, and when she finished Amelia was

unresponsive again, Anna looked for a while and found Amelia asleep.

"Mom."

At first Amelia did not respond to the tapping, but as she did, she woke up and looked at her daughter with sleepy eyes.

"What's wrong?"

"Mother, don't fall asleep, stay with me a little longer."

Seeing Anna's pitiful look, Amelia felt that she was her daughter, that she was getting married tomorrow, that she would give away all her piglets, and that she should talk to her for a while.

"Anna, the wedding is tomorrow. If you don't get enough sleep tonight, how will you be tomorrow?"

Mother would love to talk to you, but we have to get up early tomorrow, so why don't you get some sleep?"

Anna shook her head vigorously, "But I can't sleep."

"You're thinking too much. I wasn't as nervous as you when I got married, so what's the point of not

being able to sleep? Just think, if you don't sleep well tonight, tomorrow you won't look good, and then

all the guests will see that you look bad, will you still be unable to sleep?"

Anna was silent for a while before saying, "Mom, I don't think I will be able to sleep anymore because you are scaring me."

"You're such a bitch, you can't get anyone to sleep?"

"I'm nervous, I can't sleep, Mom, why do I feel like this isn't real? How come I'm getting married? I remember I just came back to Italy." Anna said as she rubbed her eyes and looked at Amelia with confused eyes.

When Amelia saw her like this, she suddenly thought of her little Anna, who was only a few years old when she slept beside her, rubbing her eyes and looking at her in the same way, "Mommy, is it dawn yet?"

Amelia reached out her hand to her daughter's head, just as she remembered, and stroked her gently,

"Sly girl, don't think too much."

Chapter 1423 Go sleep on the floor

"Hurry up and go to bed, if you can't sleep, have a good sleep, talking all the time will only make you more and more excited and you will lose sleep."

When Amelia said this, Anna suddenly felt there was some truth to it. When she and Serena slept

together, they would talk all night and then wake up the next day with big dark circles under their eyes.

If we didn't talk, it was boring at first, but if we lay down and were sleepy, we could fall asleep right away.

"Well, in order not to be ugly tomorrow, I'd better hurry up and go to bed then."

"Well, hurry up and go to sleep."

Amelia was relieved when Anna finally closed her eyes; she had a lot of work to do in the morning.

On the other hand.

Samantha also has some trouble sleeping tonight.

Because tomorrow is the wedding of the man Luca likes. She said she would go, but today she regrets having to bring this dog to the wedding.

The bride is the most beautiful creature in the world and the girl will be beautiful at the wedding tomorrow.

The more Samantha thought about it, the angrier she became. She turned around, pretending to dream, and kicked Luca's knee.

Luca woke up in his sleep with a sharp kick, but when he opened his eyes, he found Samantha asleep with her eyes closed, so he thought she had accidentally kicked him in his sleep.

He sighed inwardly, a little helplessly, and then continued to close his eyes and sleep.

Dog man, no reaction? Even trying to sleep? Do you think I would let you go so easy?

Samantha giggled twice inwardly and flew off with another kick.

Luca was almost asleep when he was kicked again, in the same spot, and immediately opened his eyes in pain, only to find Samantha still in the same position and not moving.

Luca cast a glance at her and also wondered in his mind if she had done it on purpose, but she should have been asleep at this point.

So Luca quickly discarded the idea that she was doing it on purpose and wished in his mind that

Samantha would stop kicking him-how could he bear to do that all night long?

He quickly closed his eyes again and went back to sleep.

When he did not move for a while, Samantha opened her eyes to look at him and found that he had actually closed his eyes again to sleep. He was sleeping soundly, didn't he know that tomorrow was the wedding of the woman he loved? How could he sleep so soundly? Does he have a heart?

Samantha grunted angry, she had only kicked him twice, but now she was not so sure, because after kicking him, Luke immediately fell asleep again.

So she lifted her foot and planned to kick Luca again and then pretend to sleep again.

But this time it did not go so well: when Samantha lifted her foot to kick Luca, he was suddenly caught.

Samantha was stunned and raised her eyes to meet Luca's. Her eyes were sharp and extremely alert, as if the sleep she had just experienced was an illusion.

"Two kicks in a row and you're still not relieved, do you need a third?"

Samantha understood everything and gritted her teeth, "If you knew, why did you pretend to be asleep?"

"How can I recognize you if I don't pretend to be asleep?" Luke released his grip on her hand, his tone a little helpless: "What are you doing up in the middle of the night when you're not sleeping?"

Look, it seemed to be unreasonable, Samantha sneered twice inwardly before simply climbing the pole.

"Who said I was making a scene? I didn't mean to, it's just that when I was in my dream, I dreamed I was kicking a pig. Luca, you don't even bother me if I kick a pig, do you?"

"Why do I feel like I'm swearing?" Luca narrowed his eyes to stare at Samantha who was face to face with him, she was too chicken, she could think of kicking him in the middle of the night without sleeping, and now she was so quick to deny it, and she was saying something about kicking a pig in her dream.

Ugh, this girl really has to bully him head-on at all times to be comfortable.

"Bully?" Samantha giggled and blinked at him word for word, "You heard wrong, didn't you? I'm not cursing anyone, I'm cursing a pig."

Luke: "..."

He took a deep breath, thought about it and decided it was better not to worry about her, so he half-closed his thin lips and closed his eyes again.

"Go to sleep when you're done swearing."

Fuck this big pig, wll he fall asleep again? Samantha grumbled and reached out to push him, "No sleep, what sleep?"

At her words, Luke opened his eyes again and looked at her with helpless eyes.

"What the hell is wrong tonight?"

"Do you know what tomorrow is or not?"

Luca's eyes were confused for a moment before he heard Samantha shout, "Heartless, heartless dog, tomorrow is the wedding of the woman you put on the tip of your heart, and you can stl sleep like that, do you have a heart or not?"

Samantha said as she reached out her hand to strike him in the heart.

Luke froze at the joke, or maybe it was when he heard that tomorrow was Anna's wedding, something he had not thought about recently.

He knew he and Anna were not going to make it, so after withdrawing from the scene, he rarely thought about her anymore.

With all that was going on in the office these days, and dealing with Samantha every day, he really had no energy left to think about anything else.

"Why didn't you say anything? Did I just say my sad things?"

Samantha didn't know what she was thinking, as Luca's girlfriend, of course she couldn't see Luca gloomy for a woman other than her, negative emotions were not allowed at all, but she knew she couldn't accept it, yet she stl had to remind him on purpose.

What was he doing?

"Good for you Luca, you were really sad for me, are you particularly sad now? Let me tell you that even though this room is yours, I am your girlfriend now and I have decided not to let you have another woman on your mind when you are lying with me!"

"So, pack your things now and get your ass out and sleep on the floor."

A few minutes later, Luke was pushed out of the room with the cut and plow Samantha had prepared for him in his hands, and he stood groggy.

What had he done wrong to deserve this?

Had he slept well, been kicked awake in the middle of the night, and then kicked out again?

Chapter 1424 - He should have treated me better

Samantha thought Luca would open the door himself, he had a key anyway, didn't he? Who knew that after kicking him out, he would soon be quiet outside and she waited ten minutes later without any response.

She wondered if he had really been so obedient as to go to sleep alone.

Two minutes later, Samantha surreptitiously opened the door to her room and quietly stuck her head out to look around, but there was no Luca at the door, so she cautiously went outside and saw Luca

asleep on the living room sofa.

He looked so sleepy that he lay down and fell asleep, lying there with his arms wrapped around him, the blankets only half-covered.

Seeing him like this suddenly made Samantha feel a little hard inside. She had just given him a qut for spring and fall, but now it was winter and she thought he would protest, but who knew he would actually lie down and fall asleep.

Samantha squatted down next to Luke and looked at his forehead in sence.

Was it because he was so tired from working overtime recently? Was that why he was so sleepy, so sleepy that he didn't want to think about anything, or maybe it was because the girl's wedding was approaching and he was deliberately hypnotizing himself with this busy schedule so that he could be so tired that he could just lie down and sleep at night without thinking about anything else.

Samantha's heart sank and rose at the same time at the thought of this, feeling a little sorry for him and feeling extremely uncomfortable.

She slowly reached out to touch Luca's eyebrows, only to have Luca's eyes widen as her fingers

touched him.

"What more do you want?"

He opened his eyes so abruptly that Samantha winced and all her movements stopped, "Uh, weren't you sleeping? Why are you awake again?"

Luca's eyes looked wide awake, as if the man who had just fallen asleep was just an illusion.

"If you keep tossing and turning like that, I'm afraid we won't be able to sleep tonight."

Samantha raged, "Are you blaming me for this? I explained that I didn't kick you on purpose, I was dreaming and I was careless."

"What now?" Luca asked rhetorically, reaching out to grab her fingertips, "What are you trying to do again?"

He was covered by a thin spring quilt, but his body was still warm, rather Samantha kept bending over, but her hand was a little cold.

Samantha looked at his fingers, half-closed her lips and said, "I'm sorry I kicked you out, what else could I want to do? What else could I want to do?"

Luke had never thought of hurting him, but Samantha had always been a very smart girl with lots of

ideas, so who knew what she would do next?

"Do you feel sorry for me? Then will you let me go back to bed?"

"Are you really sleeping?"

"Very sleepy."

"Is that what you look like, sleepy? Every time you look at me you are so awake that I think you are simply pretending to sleep with that girl on your mind."

Actually, Luca would not have thought about it if Samantha had not mentioned it. She was ready to get married, and he had been really busy with work lately. He had liked her, but many things could not change the outcome even if he was sad.

And after all those years of liking her, it wasn't like he could just forget about her.

He looked at her helplessly, "If you knew, why did you say it again?"

Sure enough, Samantha saw him admit it himself, and then sneered.

"By saying it, you are reminding me."

"What do you mean I'm reminding you? Even though I'm reminding you, I'm reminding you not to keep

thinking about her, she's getting married tomorrow, she'll be someone else's wife then, I'm reminding you to die, who told you to think about her?"

At this, Samantha became angry again, so excited that she simply sat down on the floor.

"Forget it, I don't think I'll be able to sleep tonight."

Seeing her sitting on the floor, Luke could no longer lie down and simply sat up, "Get up."

Samantha sat stl.

"It's cold, you'll catch a cold sitting on the floor."

"So be it, you don't care about me anyway."

"Who says I don't care about you?"

"I don't care, you don't care about me anyway, ah"

Before she could finish her words, she was picked up by Luca and placed on the sofa, the thin qut draped over her, and then Luca sat down next to her.

"Talk?"

"What is there to talk about?" Samantha rolled up the qut, and although her tone was disgusted, her body unconsciously leaned toward his, saying charmingly, "Aren't you cold? Do you want half of the

out?"

At her words, Luca looked at her for a moment, lifted the blanket and got under it, dividing it between them.

Luca's body was quite warm and it didn't take long to warm up as they huddled together, so Samantha simply leaned her whole body against his shoulder, "Tell me, what do you want to talk to me about? Is it about what's on your mind?"

"What I told you in the beginning, it was about trying to date, right?"

Hearing him say this, Samantha's heart thudded and she looked at him cautiously, did she think he was beginning to be bothered by this mess? Did he want to give himself advice or break up with her?

She said nothing, her eyes fixed on him.

"I've learned how to be a boyfriend these days, but I've been a little busy with the company lately, so I may have neglected you a little. If you want I can always be in charge, if in between you feel really aggravated to be with me, then"

"What do you mean!" Before she could finish the rest of her words, Samantha's whole body was no

good: "It's only been a while, I've just been messing around, and you want to tell me to break up?"

Hearing this, Luke frowned, "I shouldn't have said break up."

"You didn't? Then what did you mean by what you just said? Why did I hear one side say that you wanted to break up?"

"It's not about breaking up, I think if you are aggravated then I don't want to keep treating you badly like this."

Samantha didn't like that at all, "If I feel aggrieved, shouldn't you feel bad and treat me twice as bad, is this the right direction? What the hell are you talking about?"

When she said this, Luke suddenly felt that she was also right.

He nodded solemnly, "If you say so, I will do that from now on."

Samantha looked at him with a serious look on her face and felt a little more comfortable, "You know what you are doing."

This man really needed to be taught, if he was not taught, he would just do what he wants, she taught

Luke a few things in the meantime, the men who came out of her Samantha's hands might not just be

let go or might benefit other women.

She wasn't that stupid.

"Say yes? Can we sleep now then?"

Chapter 1425 - On Fire

Now that they had talked, Samantha was quite satisfied with the outcome of the negotiations, so they

no longer messed with Luke and went back to bed together.

This time Samantha lay down for a short time and fell quietly asleep.

Luca, on the other hand, had tossed and turned, and all he could think of was what Samantha had just

told her.

And the man she mentioned.

Tomorrow she will wear a wedding dress and marry the man she loves.

She must be very happy tonight: the person she likes, who also likes her, and the two of them can be

together for the rest of their lives, it's really a happy thing.

What about him?

Will he and Samantha be able to go on forever?

...

Marriage at last

Anna had not slept well last night and had to get up early to do her makeup and change her dress.

"Mrs. Giordano, what have you been doing all night? Why are there so many dark circles under your eyes?"

Anna's eyes opened to look in the mirror, and she saw that she had frighteningly heavy dark circles under her eyes.

"Ah, how did that happen?"

She had fallen asleep last night after Amelia talked her into it, but she still had dark circles under her eyes-what would she do at the wedding today? Would Matthew hate her?

The makeup artist could only reassure her, "Mrs. Giordano, don't worry, I'll cover them up and put gold dust on them, they won't look too bad."

"Even if I cover it, there will still be marks, right? I should have gone to bed earlier last night, ugh."

The makeup artist continued, "Mrs. Giordano, don't worry, many women are like you before they get married, they are nervous, they are happy, they can't sleep. I have a friend who can't sleep even if she has to meet a client tomorrow or go away, not to mention the big wedding event."

Anna's attention was diverted, "Is it that bad? She must be having a hard time in general, then?"

"Yes, but we can't do anything about it, can we? I have to try to regulate my mind.... Gee, Mrs.

Giordano has such beautiful skin, let's put on a mask first, it will be better for makeup later."

"Yes, yes."

The makeup artist prepared a moisturizing mask for Anna and put it on her, "And then put something

on to remove the dark circles, and then the mask will take time, so Mrs. Giordano should take the time

to catch up on sleep and try to look better for the wedding."

"Yes, good."

The mask the makeup artist had prepared was cool on her face, and although it was a bit cold, the

room was heated, so it was quite comfortable.

Soon Anna fell asleep.

The makeup artist came out with his assistant, "Let her sleep for a while, the mask will take 20 minutes,

you guys go to the food preparation place to see if there is breakfast today, get some portions, get

something digestible, light and odorless."

"Okay." The assistant quickly left after hearing the makeup artist's instructions.

The makeup artist then started preparing the items for the day, taking them out and mixing them.

Anna's parents also had to dress for the day. Giancarlo initially refused to do so, but when he heard that there would be many high society people there today, he felt that he could not disgrace his daughter, so he agreed to do their makeup.

Their makeup was arranged on another floor.

The two chatted while putting on makeup.

"Old man, you've never worn makeup in your whole life, have you?" Amelia flirted with her husband as she closed.

The old man had a strange expression on his face as he replied, "No, just this one time, when my daughter got married--who would have thought she would marry Matthew? It will all be over when I wake up from sleep."

"Blah, blah, blah, what are you talking about? You are so impatient to live like this, don't worry, I will beat you up."

The two makeup artists continued to congratulate the couple, saying that they were lucky to be married

to such a good family and that they would have a good future.

Amelia felt good and told them, "Thank you, come down for a drink when the wedding takes place and I'll give you a red packet when it's over."

The makeup artist was here to make money, and they both had a look of joy in their eyes.

"Thank you, I wish your daughter a happy and prosperous life and a hundred years of happiness."

There was so much joy and happiness everywhere that no one noticed a furtive figure sneaking into Anna's dressing room.

Fifteen minutes later

Amelia and Giancarlo had finally finished their makeup, and Amelia kept teasing the old man by suggesting, "Shall we go up and see how our daughter is doing?"

Giancarlo, who has only one daughter and loves her as if she were a child, nodded and the couple went outside together.

As soon as they reached outside, they smelled pasta.

The wedding was held in a six-star hotel, and when they smelled it, they both frowned, "Hey, what's

going on in this hotel? There's still the smell of something burning, what kind of a cook is he?"

Giancarlo couldn't help but laugh, "I'm sure it's not even as good as Anna's, is it?"

"No, not at all."

Amelia is very proud of her daughter's work.

The two laughed as they asked for directions and then headed upstairs.

Just as they were about to go upstairs, they heard a sound of footsteps and several people running down the stairs.

Amelia and Giancarlo saw the look of panic on their faces and could not help but ask them, "What's the matter with you?"

"Aunt and uncle, what are you doing upstairs? There's a fire in one of the rooms upstairs, and I heard it's pretty big, so I don't know if it will spread, so you shouldn't go up there at your age.

"A fire?" A trace of confusion flashed in the pair's eyes as they looked at each other, then they quickly headed for the top.

When the young man saw that the two were not only not heeding his advice to leave, but were heading upstairs, he asked, "What are you doing, uncle and aunt? There's a fire upstairs, don't go up, it's

dangerous."

Amelia, in her desperation, replied, "My daughter is still up there putting on her makeup, we have to go and inform her."

The two hurried away and soon disappeared, and the young man had to say no more.

Meanwhile, the hotel alarm went off.

"Have you called the fire alarm yet?"

"I don't know, maybe someone called."

Everyone talked and talked, but eventually everyone pulled out their cell phones and called the fire alarm.

Anna woke up suffocated, and in her sleep she felt some difficulty breathing, so she opened her eyes.

The mask was still on her face, only she did not know why the house had suddenly gone up in flames

and was very close to her.

Chapter 1426 - She doesn't want to die

No wonder she felt so suffocated and a little hot.

Startled, Anna got up from her chair and turned to run outside.

The fire had not yet spread through the door, so Anna was glad that even though she did not know why she was on fire, she would be fine once she got outside.

But when Anna got to the door and tried to open it, she found that it was locked.

The door was open, something she had only recently experienced, and when she realized that it would not open, Samantha felt goose bumps all over her body as she pulled the door open with numbing force.

But no matter how hard she tried, the door would not move.

What, what is happening

Was this fire trying to burn her to death?

No, she could not die.

Anna knocked loudly on the door, "Is someone there? Help!"

But it was as if she was cut off from a world, and no matter how much she screamed and called for help, no one heard her.

The flames were burning fast, just above the dressing table, but now they had reached where Anna had been sitting.

The door was locked, the phone was not there, she was alone in the room, and it was as if everything had been arranged.

Someone wanted to burn her on her wedding day.

What to do, what to do, how could she get out?

Why was she the only one left in the room? Where was the makeup artist?

No, she could not stand there and wait for death; she had loved Matthew for so many years and had only waited for today.

But what was she going to do? When the fire was on

Anna's eyes suddenly moved to another room, where the fire had not yet spread, and she remembered that there seemed to be a bathroom there, and if there was a bathroom, then there must be water.

If there was a bath, then there had to be water. At this thought, his eyebrows colored with joy and he quickly ran toward it.

Fortunately, there was a small basin of water in the bathroom and Anna quickly grabbed a basin of water and went out, but when she came out again, the fire was already bigger and a small basin of

water would be useless.

At this rate, she could not put out such a large fire.

Anna went back to the bathroom, found something to block the drain, turned on all the faucets and opened the bathroom door.

Soon water from the faucets was pouring out of it, and since it was not draining out of the drain, it soon spread and ran outside.

She didn't know if this would help her, but she couldn't put out the fire and she was trapped in this room

and couldn't get out, so the only way out was water.

Of course she was not lazy, even though she only had a small basin of water at hand, she persevered and brought water to put out the fire.

Although a little water wouldn't do much in a fire like this, Anna felt that it would at least slow the fire down, even if only for a second, to gain a chance of survival.

She just hoped that everyone would have noticed the fire sooner and called the police.

She really, really did not want to die here.

She had not yet become Matteo's wife, she had not even told him that she was having his baby, so how could she be willing to die like this?

.

"It's on fire."

Serena was holding Manuel, followed by Cristian, who had Lea in his arms, and the family of four had come to Matteo and Anna's wedding.

There was a lot going on in the entrance hall and she was quite curious about how Anna would look with makeup, so she was still thinking of taking Manuel to see how the bride looked today.

But just then, someone rushed in.

"Signore Giordano, there is a fire in the dressing room."

Matthew was entertaining his guests, and the room full of them stirred a bit when they heard the words.

"What is going on?"

"Why is there a fire for a good reason?"

Matthew narrowed his eyes and watched the man run to his side, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know what happened, the room where Mrs. Galli was staying suddenly caught fire, a little while ago the makeup artist was coming in with his breakfast when he noticed that the door wouldn't open and after a while he smelled the burning smell"

Before the words could be finished, Matthew had disappeared from view.

"What did you say? What's going on?"

Serena asked and she too hurriedly ran after Matteo in the direction in which he had disappeared, halfway through her run she looked back toward Cristian's position, "You take care of Manuel and Lea."

Cristian, who had been left behind: "..."

"What the hell is going on? Where is the fire? Is that where the bride is?"

"Oh my God, what a coincidence! Has the police been called? Quick, call the fire alarm."

Cristian looked at the messy wedding scene and then at the two small children around him-no, now there was only one left.

Because Manuel had slipped away while he wasn't looking and had run off with Serena.

Damn, this Manuel was a real troublemaker, what was he doing there when there was a fire?

Cristian gritted his teeth and hugged Lea to follow him.

"Cristian."

A voice came from behind him, Beatrice had also heard about the fire and rushed over, she understood everything when she saw that he was the only one left, so she held out her hand to him, "Leave Lea to me, you go and have a look, remember to keep Serena and Manuel safe, and you too, understand? "

"Thank you Beatrice."

It was a timely rain for Cristian that Beatrice appeared to help him at this time, after all, Lea was still too young and it was a bit inconvenient to carry her around on errands.

"Go ahead."

Cristian quickly left.

On the other side of the room, Amelia and Giancarlo had arrived at Anna's makeup door, the plan was finished and they were the only two left, and when they tried to open the door they found it was locked.

"What should we do? Anna, are you in there? Did you hear mom? Open the door, it's on fire, girl."

Amelia's voice was choked with anxiety, what if her daughter was still inside? How could the door not open?

Giancarlo also tried to open the door and said with a grimace, "The lock must have been broken, it won't open from outside or inside."

"What should we do then? Old man, do something, our Anna is still inside, the smell is so strong, the fire must not be small."

"Don't be anxious."

"Can't I be anxious? She is our daughter, our daughter, I can't be anxious?"

Amelia was in tears at the end of her sentence, and her makeup was smeared with tears, but she could not care less at that moment.

"Hurry up and do something!"

"Don't cry, get out of the way first, I'll try to see if I can"

Before the words were finished, a calm voice rang out from behind the two, "Uncle and Aunt, make way."

Chapter 1427 Loss

Both looked back at the same time when they heard the sound.

Matthew had come to a certain point, wearing the suit he was going to wear today for the wedding, but running so fast that the cuffs and collar had become a mess, his forehead was subtly sweating, his

breath was unsteady but he kept it down.

"Matteo, Anna might still be in there, she's on fire." Amelia's tears fell as soon as she saw Matteo.

Matteo gasped, "I know, uncles, move over and I'll see if I can break down the door."

"Okay, fine."

Amelia hurried to step back and Giancarlo took a small step back as well.

The lock was broken, so the door would not open at all, and since they could not find tools to break the lock, they had to bang on it.

Matthew, who was of that age and had had a lot of training, was very strong and the door opened after a few blows, but made a lot of noise.

Amelia could feel the pain in Matteo's flesh and bones every time she hit him, but the expression on

Matteo's face was always grim, his thin lips almost locked in a straight line as he continued to bang on

the door.

Bang!

The door opened and a suffocating smell poured from inside, along with the flames, and Amelia

immediately tried to run inside, but Giancarlo pulled her back.

"The fire is too big to go in like that."

Amelia was furious and cursed, "You're dying, old man, and you're still thinking about this, your daughter is in there."

Amelia had lost all sense of reason, Giancarlo still had some, just as Serena arrived, she was shocked to see how fast the fire was going and quickly said.

"Auntie, the fire is too big, you can't save Anna even if you go in."

"Then what should we do"

As soon as this side's words were spoken, the three looked ahead and found that Matthew was no longer at the door.

"Brother!" Serena was startled and unconsciously took a step forward.

Giancarlo pulled her with him, "You can't go, the fire is too big."

Serena felt her heart beating so fast that it almost jumped out of her throat, she bit her lower lip to save herself, "When will help come?"

"The police were called earlier, but it took time to get here, I don't know exactly how long." Amelia

babbled as she wiped tears from her eyes.

Serena's whole body felt dizzy at the thought of Anna inside, and her own family, and she could barely stand.

How was she going to get out when this fire was so big? There was dizziness before her eyes, and

Serena felt she was losing her footing when a pair of strong arms wrapped around her.

A familiar scent broke through her nose and Serena looked up to find Cristian, who had arrived at some point, and Manuel standing next to him with worry and anxiety written all over his face.

When she saw Cristian, Serena felt as if she had grabbed a lifeline; her fingers clung tightly to his collar, trying to say something, but she choked and tears fell from her eyes.

Cristian looked at her like this, his thin lips half-open, his dark eyes were deep, then he looked up at the fire in the room, the fire was so big that it was impossible to see anyone inside, and if he had gone inside at that hour he would surely have been burned.

But everyone he cared about was inside.

With this in mind, Cristian let Serena go and said to Manuel, "Take care of your mom."

At those words, Serena understood Cristian's decision and immediately squeezed his arm in a death grip, "No, I forbid you to go."

Matteo was already inside, the fire was so great that he dared not think of anything else, but he could not let three important people in his life put themselves in danger at the same time.

"Good girl." Cristian caressed the nape of her neck and dropped a soft kiss on her forehead, "Your husband survived being buried in the sea, now he is just a sea of fire, he won't trap me, what are you afraid of?"

"No, I can't, no matter what you say." Serena shook her head, biting her lower lip to death as she looked at the fire inside and made a decision, "From now on, no one can enter until the fire department arrives."

As worried as she was about what was going on inside, she could not be selfish and let someone else take the risk.

A fire like this was not something that could be done by bravely running inside; one more person would have been more dangerous.

Anna was in there, which she did not want to see, and Matthew had come in and she had not been

able to stop him. So now all that was left was to wait for them to come out and for the fire department to

arrive.

Cristian stared at her, his eyes tinged with sadness, "Why do you have to make things so difficult for yourself? You're obviously worried."

Serena bit her lower lip, "I can't put you all at risk, think of me as selfish."

**

After Matthew rushed into the fire, the tongues of fire that poured over him almost dried the surface water from his skin, the tongues of fire darted over the curtains, and the contents of the hotel shot up in flames. Gradually, these scenes took on a change.

Amidst the flames, the sound of screams and cries for help rang in my ears, things around me were destroyed by fire one by one, and the strong smell choked my eyes with tears.

Standing in the fire, Matthew felt as if he had been transported back to the fire he had experienced as a chd.

He was stl very young, but he had seen his closest relative die in front of him to save his life. When

the power went out in the house, his mother lit a candle and told Matthew to be still and not to run or move.

It was his birthday and Matteo wanted a sweet cake, but the power went out just as his mother was leaving the house.

After leaving Matteo to himself, Mrs. Asia went out to buy a cake.

Like all children, Matteo loved the sweet taste of the cake, especially the layer of soft, smooth, sweet cream that topped it.

He also looked forward to it, and most importantly it was his birthday, he was five years old, so today he could put five candles on the cake, and this year he would make three wishes when he blew out the candles.

The first wish was that she would grow up fast so that she would not have to eat cake only on her birthday.

The second wish was for his grandfather to accept his father sooner, otherwise his father would not look too happy all day because his mother had to suffer with him, but his father did not seem to want

his mother to suffer, his grandfather was rich and treated him very well, but he hated his father, so he wished for his grandfather to love his father.

His third wish was that his mom and dad would always be healthy and spend every birthday together in the future.

He never thought that he would lose his father forever on his birthday.

Chapter 1428 - A Life

The candle flame was not very big, and there was another reason for the fire. Little Matthew went to his room in the dark to find his drawing book because he was bored waiting.

He thought that today he could draw one with his mother and father and include his grandfather as well. Although he was only five years old, Matthew was already very good at drawing and drew the whole family and then smiled happy as he held his drawing book.

Soon after, little Matthew felt a little depressed again.

It was his birthday, but Grandpa was not even here. When would Grandpa accept Dad, who was so kind?

Well, he decided that he would give this painting to Grandpa tomorrow, hoping that he would let go of his prejudice against him first.

As he thought about this, Matthew got up to put the painting away, but as he did so, he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he accidentally kicked the chair next to him and fell, causing the painting book to fly from his hand to the candle.

The book in his hand flew off and fell directly onto the candle.

Matthew's small knee remained covered for a long time as he hit it, and when he recovered, the flame had spread to the side.

Matteo lived in a small rented apartment at the time, and his house was densely packed with mostly flammable objects.

He finally realized that something was wrong, but he was so frightened that he vaguely remembered what his teacher had said in class, that children should not play with fire, otherwise they could easily cause a fire.

That's right, water can put out fires.

This was the only thought that came to Matthew's mind, and he got up and ran to the kitchen, carrying a basin of water, but because he was so young and weak, he carried the water to the kitchen and tried

to put out the fire.

The fire was getting bigger and bigger and Matteo was so scared that he wanted to inform his father

that he was resting in his room after work, at first, he wanted to take care of it himself, his father worked

late every day and today he had come home early from work for his birthday, but he had only gone to

his room to rest a bit before the birthday celebration started.

So little Matteo did not want to disturb him.

Remo Giordano was sleeping when he vaguely smelled something burning, only slightly at first, then

the smell became stronger. He wondered if his wife had cooked food again today.

She was supposed to be the grand dame of the Giordano family, served as a maid every day, dressed

in nice clothes and living in a big house, but she had to suffer every day since she joined him.

He did not want her to suffer, so she had to work hard to earn money. Whenever he came back from

work and saw his wife's burned hands from cooking for him, Remo Giordano reproached himself.

He felt that he was not a man at all, otherwise he would not have been able to take care of his wife and

put her through this kind of suffering when she should have been well fed and clothed.

With this in mind, Remo Giordano no longer stayed in bed, but turned and stood up. Remo Giordano shook his head and reached out to pinch his temples.

What was wrong with him? Why was his head suddenly so heavy? Was it because he had not rested enough after working so hard recently? He could not afford to fall, his wife and son depended on him, and today was Matteo's birthday, so he wondered if he had already bought the cake.

With this in mind, Remo Giordano got up again and went outside, his head sinking deeper and deeper, every step he took was like stepping on cotton, as if he would fall in a moment.

But being a man, Remo Giordano did not let himself fall, until he opened the door to his room and was simply stunned to see the flames of the fire outside and Matteo ready to enter his room.

"What, what is going on?"

Little Matthew was standing beside him, looking at him with his head tilted and his little face was a picture of anxiety as he tugged at his pant leg, "Dad, Dad, I accidentally dropped the candle and this happened. But, but I got water, but they don't want to come out."

He said these words with an expression as if he had made a big mistake.

Remo Giordano, who had never been angry with Matteo or raised his voice to him, now felt bad to see

his son blaming himself, but he could not console him at that moment and could only tell him, "Matteo, go wait for Papa whe I put out the fire."

This was the place where they lived and if it burned, where they would live next.

So Remo Giordano's first thought was to run to put out the fire: he was tall and quick to carry water and even though he was dazed and unsteady on his feet, his strong wlpower kept him going and he carried many buckets of water, helped also by little Matteo.

Eventually, Remo Giordano's eyes turned black and his consciousness faded, but the fire inside the house was stl not extinguished and it was probably impossible to save the small house that belonged to them.

Once Remo Giordano realized this possibility, he did not linger any longer and immediately walked over to little Matteo and took his hand, "Matteo, the fire is too big to be put out according to our abity, we have to get out of here."

Having said this, Remo Giordano pulled little Matteo out and ran.

Bang!

The beam of the burning roof suddenly came down, blocking the path of father and son.

Remo Giordano felt so dizzy that he hardly knew which way his head was, and he shielded Matteo in his arms as the fire became more intense around him.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Little Matteo was calling him, and Remo Giordano came back conscious and looked down to see his son looking at him worriedly, with a deep sense of gut and panic in his eyes.

No, how could he break down at this point? He had to get Matthew out of here, and he could not die here. He had already made life difficult for Matteo and his mother, and if he died again, there would be no hope for them, mother and son.

And he had promised to take care of mother and son for the rest of his life.

"Come on, let's get out of here."

Remo Giordano wheeled himself up and carried Matteo out, but a second later the beam fell back in that direction and Remo Giordano was already too stunned to know where to turn, so he did not avoid it.

With a thud, the heavy beam came down and crushed him to the ground.

The force was so strong that it was as if a million mountains had collapsed at once. Remo Giordano felt

as if blood was pooling in his heart as he fell, but fortunately, Matthew was protected by him.

Chapter 1429 - Dad is stl in there

Because when the beam came down just now, Remo Giordano pushed little Matteo to one side.

"Papa!" Matteo stumbled and fell to the ground, grimacing in pain, but when he saw that his father had

been hit by the beam and that the beam was catching fire, burning Remo Giordano's clothes and skin,

Matteo panicked and quickly ran to him.

Matteo tried to help Remo Giordano up, but he was already dazed and almost unconscious, and when

the heavy beam hit him, he fainted.

"Daddy, Daddy, get up!" Little Matteo was desperate, but no one answered his calls or paid any

attention to him, and he tried to drag Remo Giordano toward the door, but he could not. Finally Matteo

realized what was happening and got up to push the beam that was pressing against Remo Giordano.

The beam was so heavy and so hot that as soon as little Matteo pushed his hand upward, he heard the

sound of burning flesh, so painful that he withdrew his hand and then looked down and blew hard on

his palm.

It hurt a lot.

Little Matthew's eyes almost burst into tears at this moment of pain.

But then he realized that if his palm hurt so much, wouldn't it hurt even more if the whole beam was pressed against his father's body?

With this in mind, little Matthew bravely pushed his hand onto the beam, even though he was in pain and scared.

He had to help Dad, Dad had to suffer, it was all his fault, if he had not taken the book to draw, this would not have happened.

"Ooooooh, dad, get up, dad"

Remo Giordano gradually regained consciousness when he heard Matteo calling him in his ears, like the desperate was of a small beast, one after another, like a knife shaking his heart.

Remo Giordano opened his eyes with difficulty and finally saw the scene before him.

His son, whose white hands had been beaten to a bloody pulp to push the beam away from him, and whose tongues of fire had risen mercilessly to the corners of Matteo's pants, was still pushing against the beam above him.

How, how could it be!

He was a man, no, he was not just a man, he was a husband, a father!

How could he stand here and put his own son through this pain!

The fire had gotten so big that the people in the surrounding area finally noticed and ran away, some rushing back to call the police, others still acting like headless flies, afraid of being caught in that fire.

"Matteo." Remo Giordano spoke in a hard voice, little Matteo, still pushing against that beam, at the sound of the voice turned his head sharply and then jumped in front of him, "Papa, Papa you are awake."

The flesh of Remo Giordano's back had been senselessly burned by the fire, and the pain he felt almost made him want to faint, but he could not give up on his son who was trying to save him, so he told him, "You can't stay here any longer, run out before the fire reaches the door."

Little Matthew, who usually listened to his parents, should have run for the door without any suspicion at that moment when he heard these words, but for some reason, his eyes widened abruptly when he heard them, and then he shook his head hard and over and over again.

"No, I'm not going."

"Be a good boy, Matteo," Remo Giordano said with a smile, reaching out to gently wipe the ashes from little Matteo's face, who was distressed at the sight of his bloody hands, but this was no time to be distressed, and all he could do was gently persuade little Matteo.

"Matteo, Papa is not asking you to leave me behind, it is because you are too weak to help Papa push this beam alone. So now, before the fire reaches the door, run out and call them for help so that Dad can be saved."

At those words, a small light appeared in little Matteo's eyes, "Will they save Papa?"

Remo Giordano smiled and nodded, "Of course they will, but little Matteo has to ask them to help Daddy, okay?"

Hearing that everyone would help Dad, Little Matteo of course knew that he could not push that heavy beam with his own strength, he had just pushed it for a long time and it was not moving. It would be nice if the aunts and uncles in the neighborhood would help.

Little Matteo turned to run, but then hesitated and turned back to look at Remo Giordano, who smiled at him and gently urged him, "Go, go quickly, come back soon, Papa is waiting for you."

Yes, Dad was suffering now, he had to go and come back soon and call his aunts and uncles to come

and save him!

Thinking of this, little Matteo then solemnly said to Remo Giordano, "Papa, you must wait for Matteo to come back!"

Then little Matteo darted toward the door, probably because he had a goal, so he ran very fast. Remo Giordano kept looking at his small back, his eyes almost insatiable, until little Matteo was gone and he kept watching.

A few moments later, Remo Giordano grimaced in pain, not daring to show his pain first because Matteo was there. It really hurt and his consciousness was leaking, he felt like he was dying, his arms and legs were weak and his back was completely burned.

He had actually called Matteo for personal reasons, he hoped Matteo could call someone to help him, he also didn't want to die here, he had given permission to his wife to take care of her and his son for the rest of his life, if he died like this, how would those two live afterwards?

So he could not die.

As long as there was hope, he had to fight, he had to endure.

Of course, the most important thing was to hope that Matthew would get out, and if he couldn't get out,

at least his son would not be in danger. As long as he got out, that was all that mattered.

The thought made Remo Giordano feel better, but the wound still hurt, making his features grim and his sweat cold.

How could he bear to die like this, when he would die, but those left behind would be the ones who would suffer the most, who would have to face the pain of losing their loved ones day and night?

So Remo Giordano could only hope that, God willing, Matteo would soon find someone to bring him back.

Several neighbors were shocked when they saw a small figure emerge from the fire.

"Isn't that Matteo? Why are you in there? Where are your mother and father?"

"Oh my God, how did you hurt your hand like that? Are they still in there, your mother and father?"

Several adults gathered around, and little Matthew, panting, looked at them pitifully, "Aunt and Uncle, my--my father is still in there, he's hurt, please go help them!"

The adults were stunned, "Is your father still in there?"

Chapter 1430-She must not be endangered

"What is going on here? How can it be on fire when it's so beautiful?"

"Yes, and you are outside, why isn't your father stl outside? Is he stl receiving something? Don't

worry, maybe your father wl come out soon!"

Someone offered to show Matthew's hand, but little Matthew kept hiding it behind his back and kept

telling them, "Please, uncles, my daddy has fainted, he can't come out, please help him!"

When they heard that he had fainted, the adults realized that the situation was much more serious than

they had imagined; they had seen that a chd could run out of the fire and thought that Remo

Giordano, a big man, must be able to do the same, but they did not expect him to faint.

They did not expect him to faint, but some of them got up and headed in that direction.

However, just as they reached the door, some men hesitated, their feet not daring to take a step

forward.

"This, such a big fire, wl it be possible to get out after entering?"

One comment caused others to become more hesitant as well.

"Yes, the fire is too big, it wl definitely be dangerous if we go in, why don't we put out the fire first?"

"Matteo, go and stay at the side first, leave this to the aunts and uncles, okay?"

Although Matthew was young, he could see their hesitation, they were standing in front of the door but not going in at all, while his father inside was still suffering.

He reacted almost immediately and turned to run inside, but was stopped by the nearest adult, "Hey, why don't you listen to me, you can't go in there with the fire so big, what if you get burned too? Hurry up and wait to the side, you can't go back inside."

"Dad, Dad is still in there!" Matthew tried hard to run inside, but the adults kept pulling him and his strength was not up to the mark.

"Dad! Daddy!" Matthew kept shouting, probably because his screams were so miserable and harsh that some of the adults next to him could not take it.

"Let's go in and take a look, it's a small child and he just came out."

"Yes, if a child is not afraid, it would be really bad for us adults to be so scared."

"Come on, Matteo, wait for us outside, we will go in and rescue your father."

Some of the men rolled up their sleeves and were ready to start, but at that moment the firefighters arrived and surrounded the place where the fire was and then began to evacuate the people around.

Little Matthew saw that people had surrounded his house and tried to run toward them, shouting for his father.

A firefighter uncle, however, knelt down and hugged him.

"Baby, there is a lot of fire inside, you can't run in there or you will get hurt."

Only after saying this did the fireman's uncle notice Matthew's bloody hand, "How did he get hurt?"

"Dad! Daddy!"

Little Matteo was still trying to run inside when the fireman's uncle realized what he was talking about

and his face became grave: "You mean your father is still inside!"

"Uncle, can you help my father? Thank you!"

As a firefighter, he was naturally obliged to respond to such requests, and he immediately said

seriously, "Okay, I'm going to rescue your father, but you must promise me that you must not run away, understand?"

Little Matthew nodded, "Thank you, uncle, you must get my father out."

After assuring himself that he would not run away, the firefighter got up and talked to some of his

teammates before some of them went to rescue him.

Little Matthew did not take a side and stayed where he was closest to the fire and could not be hurt, he would wait here for his father to come out, he had told him to get out and call someone to rescue him and he did! Father would be safe!

At that moment, Mrs. Asia, who had bought a cake, came back with the cake box in her hand, and when she saw the flames from afar, she approached the house suspiciously, and when she saw that it was her own house that was on fire, something collapsed frantically in her mind.

After that she could think of nothing else and came flying straight this way.

*

There was fire coming from in front, Matthew smelled something burning, his pups snapped and he, who had been motionless, abruptly avoided at this point.

The air and temperature around him were rising abruptly, the fire, the characters and the endless darkness were all in front of him.

There was a constant cry in my ears, but he could not hear anything.

Matthew's first thought when he broke down the door was to go in and save Anna, he couldn't let her

die in the fire and he couldn't let her be in danger.

So he ran inside until he found himself here, and the past came back to him.

Memories gnawed at his memory and brain like a soul, and his limbs felt as if they had been fled with water, but as soon as he thought that his girlfriend was still waiting for him in the fire, as soon as he thought that she was as helpless in the face of it as he had been as a child, as he had been in the face of the loss of his father, Matteo knew that he had to get through this.

The smoke entered and Matthew covered his mouth and nose as his eyes searched inch by inch for Anna's figure.

"What's going on?"

Mrs. Asia, who had arrived quickly, ran to the door and shouted urgently, "This is my house, why is it on fire? Honey, Matteo!"

With that, Mrs. Asia hurriedly ran inside, and was stopped after a few steps.

"This lady, there is a huge fire inside, you can't go inside."

"Why am I not allowed to enter? This is my house, let me in!"

Mrs. Asia, normally a kind and reasonable person, immediately lost her mind when it came to this life-

and-death situation.

"Madam, we understand your feelings very well, but now that the place is surrounded by fire, please calm down, we have more professional people going to help, can you please wait at the side?"

Mrs. Asia was about to say something else when a small voice rang out from the lower left.

"Mom."

Mrs. Asia looked down and saw little Matthew standing at her feet, froze for a moment and then saw little Matthew's bloody hand and tears immediately flowed from her eyes.

"Matteo, what's wrong with you? How did you hurt your hand like this?"

She hugged Matteo and tried to pull his hand to check it, but there was no way she could put her hands around it, fearing it would hurt if she touched Matteo.

"Mom." Matteo's eyes were a little red, but he held his breath, "Dad is still in there, but an uncle went in with someone to rescue him, Mom, is he going to be okay?"

At those words, a look of dismay flashed in Mrs. Asia's eyes, and as she watched the fire raging behind her, her body began to shake gently.

"Yes, it will be all right!"