

## Go After 741

### Chapter 741

This was the end! Jerry could feel that Calvin was being serious that time around. It was very likely that his father was going to punish him. Tears started to well up in his eyes as he spoke.

“Dad, you didn’t even have the ability to protect Mom. Why can’t you let me protect her?”

Calvin was immediately stunned when he heard Jerry’s words. He unknowingly relaxed his hold on his son’s hand.

Jerry, aware that he was right, smiled. His heart was bursting with pride.

He knew that whenever Calvin wanted to give him the stick, all he had to do was to mention Belle’s name and his expression would change, being exceptionally benevolent to him. It was no exception that time.

However, by then, it was a complete turnaround.

Calvin had only paused for a moment before coming back to his senses. He admonished him. “Jerry boy, if I don’t punish you now, then you are bound to get into trouble sooner or later. I would have let your late mother down.”

As he spoke, he grabbed him by the arms and walked towards the living room.

Jerry was frightened. His eyes widened and he felt his head spinning. However, he came out of his daze quickly.

As soon as Calvin threw Jerry onto the couch, he took advantage of the situation and rolled onto the carpet. While rolling, he cried, “O Merciful Lord, please have pity on me. A boy without a mother I am, and my father still wants to torture me.”

He cried out pitifully.

Just as Calvin was about to punish Jerry, his heart was softened by the sound of his sobs. He froze in his spot, unable to say anything.

This child already led such a hard life. Belle had suffered a lot outside when she was pregnant with him. It hadn’t been easy for them to reunite, yet Belle had left them. Not only that, that had been his second time being harmed by those bad people.

After all, he was just a child.

The reason he ended up like this was that his beloved mother had died in front of a bad person. This was a great psychological blow to Jerry. Even an adult like Calvin wasn’t able to come to terms with it, let alone a child like Jerry.

As soon as he thought about it, he gave up on the idea of punishing Jerry. A wave of guilt and pain billowed in his chest.

Jerry was right. He was incapable!

He did not have the ability to protect his wife and son, so what right did he have to punish Jerry?

Hence, this had been his motivation to fortify the Harvey Group into an empire. He would never allow any Trojan horse to succeed again. Just as he finally had everything under his control, his other half was no longer here.

Now that Jerry was kicking up a fuss, he was at his mercy!

He might have a successful career, but in the face of his son, he was completely hopeless.

He closed his eyes and dropped down onto the couch, with tears in his eyes.

He had no idea how he had managed to get through the past year. He wasn't able to relax at all. He could only bury himself with work to make up for his guilt and heartache. He did not want to think about these painful pasts. However, in the dead of the night, even though he was sleep deprived, he still would not be able to fall asleep. He would stay up and think about all the past memories involving Belle.

He knew that he owed her big time and that he would never be able to pay it back for the rest of his life.

While on the verge of death, Belle had done everything she could to throw Jerry to safety, sacrificing her own life in the process. Furthermore, she had also been pregnant at the time. This maternal love would often put him to shame, and an unbearable pain would shoot through his entire body.

As her husband, he could not do anything about it. He could only watch her as she fell off the cliff into the river. During the past year, whenever he dreamed about her, he would be jolted awake from the heartache.

"Do you want Jerry to lose both his mother and father?" Kimmel had grabbed hold of his hand and roared at him at the edge of the cliff that day. At that moment, his heart had been torn into half.

That day, he had wanted nothing more than to jump into the river to save Belle. He had known that if he failed, he would perish together with her. That was the only thing that was running through his mind that day.

The river under the cliff was deep and the current was strong. He had known that even if he jumped down, he would not be able to save her. He would only die in vain.

It was obvious that Kimmel had understood it better than he did.

Therefore, he said that to snag his attention. He had then taken the opportunity to pull him up and dragged him away from the cave that was about to explode.

Calvin covered his face with his hands as tears rolled down his cheeks.

He needed to manage the Harvey Group well and raise Jerry to be a good person. These were the only things he could do for Belle, and these were his only reason for survival.

Managing the Harvey Group was his forte, but he knew not the first thing when it came to raising Jerry.

"Jerry, what happened?" Paige asked in distress as she came rushing down the stairs when she heard Jerry's cries. She hurriedly picked him up from the ground.

Jerry had long noticed the change in Calvin's attitude, and his wails from the beginning had petered out to fake sobs. Paige held him in her arms, with her face full of distress.

Jerry knew that he had managed to escape punishment from his father.

At that time, two figures emerged through the door.

"Hi, Aunt Paige. Hi, Calvin, Jerry," Rosa greeted them with a smile as she entered the house with Martin.

"Aunt Rosa," Jerry greeted her happily. His eyes lit up as soon as he saw her.

After Belle had left, Rosa would occasionally fly over from the USA to take care of Jerry. Of course, Martin would always accompany her, tailing her like a lost puppy. The only time they were separated was when Rosa had to attend a class. Otherwise, they were basically joined by the hip.

"Jerry, do you miss me?" Rosa took Jerry from Paige's arms and hugged him as she asked in a coy tone.

After Belle's death, she felt a great deal of pity for Jerry, and even more so for Belle's suffering. She would often remember the pain in her heart and come back to visit Jerry whenever she could. She would also take the opportunity to take care of matters in Harvey Manor.

Jerry wrapped his arms around Rosa and shamelessly said, "Aunt Rosa, I miss you so much. You have to spend as much time as you can with me."

"Rosa, Martin, you're back!" Calvin said as he quietly wiped away the tears from his eyes. He lifted his tired face and greeted the two before standing up. "Martin, come over here. I have something to discuss with you."

As he spoke, he took the lead in groping his way up the stairs and headed for the study.

"Rosa, why don't you stay here and accompany Aunt Paige and Jerry? I'll head upstairs for a while," Martin said to Rosa before following Calvin up the stairs.

"Rosa, it's all thanks to you for often coming back to take care of Jerry over the past year. You even help to take care of the matters in Harvey Manor." After Martin left, Paige took Rosa's hand and sat down on the couch. She smiled and said, "Jerry, look at how beautiful Aunt Rosa's dress is. It can't be good if you dirtied her dress, can it?"

Paige said lovingly to Jerry as she took him from Rosa's arms and sat him on her lap.

Jerry pouted his lips and ensconced himself obediently on Paige's lap.

"Aunt Paige, Belle left us all of a sudden. She was so kind to me when she was alive. She treated me better than my own sister. Jerry is too pitiful. Plus, Calvin is so busy, and he's not willing to hire anyone to take care of Jerry. He insists on doing everything himself. Isn't that an impossible mission. I don't feel at ease, so I make sure to come back and take care of Jerry whenever I have the time. This is my duty," Rosa said in a low voice as tears started to pool in her eyes.

Tears started to well up in Paige's eyes when Rosa mentioned Belle. She lowered her head and wiped away her tears.

Both of them fell into grief for a moment and did not say anything.

## Chapter 742

In Hudson's study.

Hudson, Calvin, and Martin sat around a table as they sipped their tea.

"Martin, now that you're back, there's something I have to tell you." Hudson's hair was completely white. His voice wavered and sounded shaky. The Fragrance Garden had been too quiet and lifeless ever since Belle had left. Similarly, Hudson had aged with a whoosh in the past year.

Martin nodded and said courteously, "Sure, Uncle Hudson. Go ahead."

"The Ocean Heart was buried in Sunshine Mountain after last year's explosion. Some time ago, someone from the municipal government finally went there to clean up the debris and found the Ocean Heart. They sent it to us last week. Your father, Calvin, and I have discussed this matter. Although the Ocean Heart is a rare piece of jewelry and was discovered by your grandfather, after this incident, I feel that the Ocean Heart is no longer auspicious. Well, at least it's not suitable to be kept in Harvey Manor. So, I planning to donate the Ocean Heart to the museum in A City. The Ocean Heart is our family's treasure and every descendant of the family has the right to know and make decisions. Therefore, the reason I'm telling you this is to ask for your opinion," Hudson explained and looked at Martin.

Martin smiled and immediately replied, "Uncle Hudson, Grandma had given the Ocean Heart to Belle. Now that Belle has left, and you've decided that it is no longer auspicious, you and Calvin can decide what to do with it. I have no objection."

"Alright then, since you think so, then this matter is settled." Hudson immediately nodded and made a decision when Martin had no objections.

Martin nodded.

At the thought of Belle, no one could say anything for a moment.

"Martin, how are the sales in M Country now? Are you facing any problems?" Calvin asked as he sipped on his tea, breaking the silence.

"Everything was arranged by Belle before it was handed over to me. It's not difficult to develop the rest. Don't worry. Everything is going in the right direction," Martin said confidently.

"That's good." Calvin nodded. "Now that we have cleared the Harvey Group's name in the luxury car industry, there is a call for another kind of demand. According to Belle's plan before her death, I was planning to relaunch N&S Group. From tomorrow onwards, you will be solely in charge of the company. I hope you will work hard and prove yourself to General Perry." Calvin retrieved a contract from his desk drawer and handed it to Martin.

"Starting tomorrow, you will wholly own N&S Group. The company is now under your name. If you have any difficulties, then you can come to me at any time." Harvey Group had originally owned 70% of N&S Group shares, while Martin had 30%. However, according to Belle's decision during the last press conference, Calvin had already restarted the development of luxury cars. The 70% shares that had been owned by the Harvey Group were now transferred to Martin.

Martin's hands trembled as he accepted the contract. He said with tears of excitement in his eyes, "Thank you, Calvin."

"You don't have to thank me. Belle had everything planned out for you and Rosa. She hoped that you and Rosa would be able to tie the knot soon," Calvin said seriously.

Tears glistened in Martin's eyes. He did not expect Belle to have left them so soon. He had been devastated when he heard the news of her death. He hadn't been able to eat and sleep well for many days. Without Belle wandering the grounds of Harvey Manor, the place was really like a pool of stagnant water. The place was so quiet that it lacked liveliness. Belle had left a lot behind, and her being gone was unbearable to everyone.

Belle had died an Tristany and tragic death. It was precisely for this reason that even though a year had come in between, everyone had yet to make peace with it. The grief that hung over Harvey Manor was even deeper than when Sophia had passed away.

"Thank you, I will," Martin said in a serious tone.

"Martin, I hope you will be able to take the company to greater heights and produce a large number of luxurious cars. Then, the company would be one of the Harvey Group's main competitors. But of course, if there are any difficulties, then feel free to come and look for me." Calvin set his teacup on the table and leaned his back against the couch as he spoke seriously.

"Got it, Calvin. I'm confident that we will be able to catch up to the Harvey Group. After Rosa graduates from fashion design school, I will work hard alongside her in the apparel industry. I will try my best to diversify the businesses of N&S Group," Martin said confidently, with his face filled with happiness.

Speaking of Rosa, Hudson immediately said, "Martin, you and Rosa are not getting any younger. It's about time the two of you tie the knot. When are you going to make her a part of the Harvey family and have kids?"

Martin blushed and immediately said, "Uncle Hudson, I've discussed it with Rosa. We're planning to have the wedding at the end of the year."

"Have you decided on a venue?" A rare smile appeared on the corner of Calvin's lips as he asked affectionately.

"I have discussed this with Rosa. We've decided to hold the wedding here, in Harvey Manor. We do not intend to have a desNorahtion wedding. After all, the atmosphere here in Harvey Manor is too desolate now. I want to take this opportunity to liven things up." Martin did not even think about it before answering.

A smile appeared on Hudson's face as he said, "Very well, Martin. This is the right idea. Our Harvey Manor is going to become lively soon."

"Martin, marriage isn't easy. There are challenges in sustaining a marriage. Once you get married, you're going to have to work hard to look after it. Rosa is definitely a woman worthy of your love," Calvin said earnestly.

Martin nodded. His heart capsized at the thought of Belle.

“Calvin, I heard that the headquarters of Harvey Group will be moved to Capital City?” He could only bring up positive topics.

“Yeah, we will be moving in a week.” After saying this, Calvin thought of Belle. His heart ached and he quickly stood up. “Dad, Martin, that’s all I have to say. You two can continue chatting. I’ll excuse myself first.”

Calvin stood up and walked out the door, disappearing before them.

Hudson watched the grief-stricken back of his son, and the dark light in his eyes became more and more intense.

Martin’s mind was also laden with heavy thoughts.

In the back garden of Emerald Garden.

The autumn wind was blowing, cool and refreshing.

Martin and Rosa strolled hand in hand around the garden. Both of their faces were the paragon of happiness.

After a while, Rosa sighed.

“Martin, Calvin is very pitiful. Ever since Belle left, he has never smiled. He works all the time. When he gets home, he has to take care of Jerry. If he continues on like this, I’m sure he will be kaput sooner or later.” Rosa had a sullen look on her face. Her eyes were full of sheer regret and sadness.

“But the dead cannot come back to life. What else can we do? Belle is already gone.” Martin looked gloomy as well as he lowered his head.

### **Chapter 743**

“Martin, what happens if Calvin continues on like this? He’s still young. He can’t go on living like this, can he?” Rosa’s eyes crinkled with concern. It did not matter what he did, for Rosa wouldn’t be able to watch. If he remarried, then Jerry would be too pitiful. If he did not remarry, then he could not go on like this anymore. After all, Calvin was still young. Besides, he was a talented man with a successful career. She knew that he wouldn’t be short of any pursuers.

She felt extremely irritated at the thought of this. She hated Zoella and Lexie to the core.

“I despise both Zoella and Lexie with passion. We should have made them suffer for what they’ve done. It was such a waste to let them die just like that,” Rosa said with hatred.

“You’re right.” Martin held her hand tightly and sighed. “There’s no good karma for being a good person in this world. Good people don’t live long. It is so unfair.”

“Martin, I just want to tell you that no matter how busy you are, no matter what you encounter in the future, you must find a way to help Calvin. You have to manage the company well, or else it will be hard on Calvin,” Rosa ordered seriously.

“Yes, my wife,” Martin immediately responded.

Calvin arrived at the bedroom on the second floor. He washed up, having no intentions to leave the room again that day.

Just as he was about to get ready for bed, he heard a slight noise by the door.

“Jerry, come in,” Calvin shouted towards the door.

After a while, Jerry, who was pacing back and forth at the door, entered the bedroom. Aunt Ella had helped to get him cleaned up and he was then dressed in a comfy T-shirt. At that moment, Jerry looked handsome and cool.

Calvin could not see his handsome face, but his voice sounded particularly like Belle’s.

Jerry’s features looked more like Calvin and bore a little resemblance to Belle. With such an impressive gene pool, it was no surprise Jerry turned out to be a pretty attractive kid. This was also the reason why everyone adored him. It was just that his voice sounded very similar to Belle’s.

“Dad, do you miss Mom?” Jerry walked in and asked loudly.

Upon hearing his voice, Calvin thought of Belle. He instantly felt a pang of sadness in his heart and became slightly absent-minded.

Jerry sighed when he saw Calvin in a daze.

“Boy, why are you sighing at such a young age?” Calvin was finally brought back to reality by Jerry’s sigh. For some reason, he was a little annoyed. His son was already sighing at such a young age.

“C’mere, son.” He held out his hand to him.

When Jerry saw this, he obediently walked up to him.

Whenever he was in a situation like this, Calvin would always dote on him. Of course, he understood this point.

Calvin bent down and picked him up.

He stroked his head and asked lovingly, “Jerry, do you miss Mom?”

“Yes, I miss her a lot, but she’ll never come back, will she?” Jerry said as tears started to well up in his eyes.

“No, she will come back. I’m sure she cannot bear to part with you and me. She’ll definitely come back.” Calvin really did not know how to explain to Jerry the meaning of life and death. He could only comfort him like this.

In fact, as soon as Calvin had woken up on the day of the incident, he had immediately gathered a search and rescue team to try and scour for Belle’s body in the river. However, after hours and hours of searching, they had only managed to find Lexie’s body. Belle’s body was nowhere to be found.

He had spent a mad amount of time trying to find Belle’s body, but since the water current had been raging, even until that day he was without any news about it. Nothing belonging to Belle had been discovered, and it seemed as though she had disappeared from the river.

Logically speaking, if a pregnant woman like Belle had fallen into such a deep river, the possibility of surviving was very slim. Even though they were unable to find her body, they could not rule out the possibility of her being dead, because the chance of her surviving was little to none.

After all, the river current had been too strong. After the branch flowed into the moat, the scope and depth of the river elevation were beyond his imagination.

Some time ago, when they had begun clearing up the debris on Sunshine Mountain, the police had managed to find Zoella's body. She had been burned beyond recognition.

Due to all the crimes that Zoella had committed, the Public Security Department had decided to search her house and the Mariya Church on Sunshine Mountain. They had unearthed no small amount of evidence, as well as some of Zoella's men. Her men had exposed all of Zoella's crimes to the police.

The police had reopened Octavia's case according to the evidence that they had collected. In the end, Octavia's prison sentence was reduced to one year. In the same year, she had been released from prison and had returned to Sovento to reunite with her mother and brother.

Calvin refused to believe that Belle was dead. He would only come to terms with it when he saw her body. As long as he did not see it, he would not admit that she had died.

"Then, Dad, when will Mom be coming back to see me? Everyone says that she's already dead," Jerry asked pitifully, tears dripping down his eyes.

Calvin hugged him tightly, feeling stabs of pain in his heart.

"Jerry, Mom had always hoped that you would grow up and be a useful person in society, am I right?" he asked in a gentle tone.

Jerry thought for a moment, and then he nodded.

"That's right. If you study hard and be a good boy, then I'm sure Mom will come back and see you," Calvin explained, after thinking for a moment.

When Jerry heard this, he nodded his head seriously.

"Alright, then. Dad, from now on, I'm going to study diligently. I want to show Mom what a good boy I am," Jerry replied solemnly, his chest puffed out.

"That's my boy." Calvin felt a twinge of pain in his heart. He smiled in relief and caressed his soft hair.

"But, Dad, you have to promise me something." Jerry thought of one very important matter, and immediately brought it up.

"What is it?" Calvin was caught by surprise. He had no idea what request his witty son would have. He had a hunch that something was going to happen when Jerry had come to him, but he wasn't sure what it was.

"Dad, you're not allowed to find me a stepmother. You are not allowed to remarry, alright?" Jerry stared into Calvin's eyes as he spoke in a very earnest manner.

Oh, so that was it! This young fellow can still be very soft.



Calvin paused for a moment and smiled. He made a solemn promise to Jerry. "I can promise you this. I will not remarry and that your Mommy will be my only wife in this lifetime. Don't worry, I promise I will not look for a stepmother for you in the future."

He said it very seriously. It sounded as if he was mumbling to himself, yet it also came across as if he was making a promise to himself.

#### **Chapter 744**

"Really? Pinky promise." Jerry's eyes lit up as he wrapped his arms around Calvin's neck and kissed him on the face. Then, he patted his shoulder and said righteously, "Worry not, Dad. I'll take care of you when you're old."

Jerry's words amused Calvin, with tears moistening his eyes.

Holding Jerry in his arms, Calvin leaned against the headboard of the bed. Then, he said seriously, "Jerry, since I promised you, then you have to promise me one thing as well. You have to make a pinky promise, alright?"

"Oh, what is it?" Jerry tilted his head.

"Here's the thing, Jerry. You are turning four this year. Your mother has left us and will not be able to take care of you. As for me, I will be heading over to Capital City to work in a few days. Your grandparents are old now, and they don't have the energy to take care of you. According to my observations, you haven't been behaving well lately, and it's not a good thing. In fact, this is very serious. That's why I'm planning to send you over to England to study. I'm going to enrol you in the Royal National Academy, what do you think?" Calvin had never been so patient in explaining anything to Jerry, and at the same time also seeking his opinions.

Jerry's life was in a state of chaos, now that he had lost his mother. What he was doing right then could only be described as a little rogue, and no one could control him.

Paige doted on him very much because he had lost his mother and suffered a lot at a young age. All the servants did not dare to offend him. Right then, he was just a little bully. Calvin was really worried that he would be corrupted by bad influence.

"Dad, do you intend to find a bad woman like Liya to be my stepmother once you send me away to England?" Jerry was not stupid. After thinking about it for a while, he immediately asked Calvin.

In the past few days, he had been hearing the servants talk about how young and powerful his father was. Not only that, he had a long line of pursuers.

As far as Jerry was concerned, this was an abysmal rumor. He just could not accept it.

This was the reason he had snuck into Calvin's bedroom to remind him. Otherwise, he would not have to worry about this.

The corners of Calvin's mouth curled up slightly as he looked at his son affectionately.

He reaffirmed in a serious tone again, "Silly boy, I promised you that your mother will be my only wife in this life. I even swore in front of Madam Lilian that day. You still don't believe me?"

“Well.” Jerry lowered his head and thought for a long time before raising his head.

“Alright, as long as you don’t find me a stepmother, then I’ll promise you to study hard. Once I have the ability to take care of you in the future, I will do so in return,” Jerry said seriously as he agreed to Calvin’s request.

“Alright then, let’s a pinky promise,” Calvin immediately said when Jerry saw eye to eye with him. He was afraid that Jerry would go back on his word.

“Alright. Cross my heart and pinky promise.” Jerry and Calvin cheerfully promised each other.

That was the first time Calvin had a smile in such a long time, a smile that came from the bottom of his heart.

“Calvin,” Paige called out. She heard Jerry’s and Calvin’s laugh as soon as she arrived at the bedroom door. She had a loving smile on her face as she walked in. She said to Jerry, softly, “Jerry, come here. Let’s head to bed.”

Jerry could not be any happier after Calvin made a promise to him. He immediately reached out for Paige’s hand and obediently followed her out.

Paige turned around and said as she led Jerry to the door, “Calvin, wait for me at the study. I have something to discuss with you.”

Calvin had long expected Paige to look for him. His expression was very calm.

He had known that Paige had something to discuss with him, but every time he would come up with some excuse to dodge the bullet. It seemed that he had to grab it by the horns then.

Well, there were some things that could not be avoided. It was better to make it clear.

Calvin, dressed in his nightgown, was standing in the study. The heater had been turned on, and the room was brimming with warmth. Autumn had come Tristany that year, so the weather was much colder than in the past years.

“Mom, please take a seat,” Calvin said indifferently as he held a shell in his hand and gently caressed it. He could hear someone entering the study and immediately knew the person was Paige.

“Calvin.” Paige sat down on the couch in the study and greeted him. For a moment, she felt sad and lowered her head.

Calvin fumbled to sit opposite her.

“Mom, what can I do for you?” After he sat down, he did not hear Paige speak for a long time, so he asked gently.

Paige sighed. “Calvin, it’s been a year since Belle left us, hasn’t it?”

She sounded as if she was asking Calvin, but in fact, it seemed like she was talking to herself.

Calvin’s expression darkened. The pain in his eyes was evident.

“Yes, Mom,” he answered in a low voice.

“Calvin, Belle was a good woman, a woman who had suffered a lot. I regret that I did not give her as much love as I should have, and made her suffer when she married you.” Paige lowered her head and wiped her tears. She felt very distressed.

With trembling hands, Calvin fished out a cigarette from his chest pocket. He lit it up and took a puff.

“Calvin, you should not smoke. It’s not good for your health. You are my only son. All I want is for you to be healthy,” Paige begged in a low voice. She coughed lightly when she smelled the cigarette smoke.

Calvin fell silent. He stood up and walked over, feeling for the curtains and parting them. He took a few more puffs before he stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray.

“Mom, I owe her too much. It’s impossible for me to repay her. I am a man who could not protect his wife.” He finally calmed down and leaned against the desk. He looked out of the window and into the darkness. His low and hoarse voice was filled with remorse.

“No, Calvin.” Paige’s voice trembled, with her eyes full of tears. “You cannot take all the blame. That woman had been planning it for so long, so how could it’ve been avoided? Since ancient times, how often this scene has played out. To achieve glory, there will be risks. The only constant in life is change.”

Paige was afraid that Calvin would be like this. The more guilt he felt in his heart, the more difficult it was for him to overcome it. This was not what she wanted to see.

“But why did it have to happen to her? It’s unfair. It’s so unfair,” Calvin growled in a low voice.

Paige lowered her head and was speechless. After a long time, she spoke.

“Calvin, may the deceased rest in peace while the living must move on with their lives. Son, listen to me. You have to pull yourself together. You have to honor the past and welcome the future. You have to start over a new life.”

“No.” Calvin turned his head. His eyes were empty. There was a glimmer of light on his face. He said firmly, “Mom, Belle is not dead. Up until now, I still refuse to believe that she’s dead. She must be alive somewhere. She must be waiting for me to pick her up.”

His tone was underscored with conviction, his face full of determination as he said, “I will find her sooner or later.”

Paige was stunned for a moment. Tears started rolling down her cheeks.

She, too, could not believe that Belle was dead when she had heard the news. However, the facts were in front of her. How could her son have said these words?

But the chances of a pregnant woman surviving a fall from a cliff into a river with strong currents was a glimmer at most.

“Calvin, please wake up! Stop being stubborn! I believe that Belle does not want to see you in such pain and sorrow, a good man who lives in the darkness every day and can’t walk out of the shadow of the past. This is not a good thing, and what’s more, you are still so young.” Paige’s heart ached. “Calvin, please go to the USA and seek treatment for your eyes tomorrow. I beg you. If you turn completely blind, then what would become of Jerry? Don’t you want to see your son’s handsome face?”

Paige pleaded with him. She nTristany had to resort to dropping onto her knees to beg him.

She felt as though blood was slowly dripping from her heart when she saw how her son had wallowed in torturous remorse in the past year.

For the past year, he would bury himself in work and refuse to talk to anyone. When he returned home, he would give his attention to Jerry. Even if she wanted to say some words of comfort to him, she somehow found it hard to approach him.

Obviously, Calvin had shed quite the pounds over the past year. He also had occasional mood swings. As his mother, she could neither persuade nor could she figure him out at all.

Calvin was still relatively young, only in his Tristany thirties. He could not continue living on like this, could he?

He had to start a new Chapter in his life. Arduous as it might be, it was a hurdle he had to overcome.

### **Chapter 745**

“Mom, is this the only thing you want to talk about? I know what to do. It’s getting late, you should go to sleep. Tomorrow, I have to fly over to B City’s World Trade Center.” Calvin did not want to listen to Paige any longer, so he urged her to go downstairs. He wanted to have a good sleep as he had an Tristany flight to catch the next day.

Paige understood what his intentions were. She remained seated on the couch.

“Calvin, yesterday Brooklyn sent someone over...” Paige said after she thought for a while.

“Mom, I need to get some sleep now.” Calvin cut his mother off. His face was full of impatience, and his tone was heavy.

Paige had no choice but to rise to her feet and leave. However, before she left, she said in a stern voice, “Calvin, it has already been one year. You really should get your life together. I only have you, my only son. I feel distressed whenever I see you. Eventually, you will have to come to terms with it and start all over again.”

Calvin could read between the lines of Paige’s words.

He immediately pursed his thin lips and smiled coldly. “Mom, I understand. But I’ve got to be frank with you, I will never remarry. Belle will be my only wife in this life. As for whether I will come to terms with her death, I will only believe it when I see her body.”

“But, what if you don’t?” Paige’s face turned pale. She sighed and asked in horror.

“Then, I’ll be forever alone and never remarry.” With that, Calvin stood up and walked out of the study.

“Ah.” Paige sighed deeply and plopped back down onto the couch.

At Redondo International Airport.

A bustling place with planes taking off and touching down, there were streams of passengers coming in and out.

Alfred Gordon patiently escorted Calvin out of the airport.

“Aron, how are the preparations at the World Trade Center?” Calvin asked in his low, magnetic voice. A pair of sunglasses perched on his nose, he was dressed in his tailored, bespoke suit. He was the picture of a debonair man.

Alfred was stunned, smiling bitterly in response. He could only reply softly, “Mr. Harvey, don’t worry. Everything has been prepared.”

From the day before until then, Calvin had inadvertently mistaken his name for Aron’s!

He had no choice but to ignore it.

What else could he have done!

When Calvin heard Alfred’s voice, he became absent-minded for a while.

He had inadvertently addressed Alfred as Aron again.

Aron had been the one taking care of him during the past year when he lost his sight.

Although Aron was a stubborn man, he was a veteran of the cutthroat business world, and attentive to boot, especially when it came to Calvin.

He could accurately analyze every movement of his and execute countermeasures in time.

After all those times, Calvin was actually already accustomed to having Aron by his side.

Reflexively, Calvin sighed. He felt a pang in his heart as he shook his head.

“Calvin.” Calvin heard a crisp feminine voice coming from behind him, accompanied by the clanking sound of high heels. An elegant jasmine-scented perfume wafted through the breeze and traveled into his nostrils.

Calvin’s brows furrowed, and his ears twitched. The expression on his face was stoic.

“Jaqueline, what are you doing here?” he asked in a cold voice.

“Calvin, Grandpa Brooklyn said it might be inconvenient for you to move about because your eyes are injured, so he asked me to come and take care of you.” Jaqueline smiled, with her face blooming with joy.

“Thanks, but I’m good.” When Calvin heard this, he furrowed his brows even deeper. “I have my assistant with me.”

After that, he ignored her and said to Alfred, “Mr. Trenton, let’s go. We’re almost running late.”

“Yes, Mr. Harvey.” Alfred did not dare to disobey him and strode forward to help Calvin.

Jaqueline remained rooted to the spot as tears started to swirl in her eyes.

Again, without exception, he had avoided her like a plague whenever he saw her. His expression was always frigid, devoid of any warmth.

Must he have acted in this way!

After a while, Jacqueline picked up her knapsack and quickly trotted forward to try and catch up to them. However, as soon as she stepped out of the gate, Calvin's and Alfred's figures were nowhere to be seen.

Back in the Cole family residence.

Nuncio sat on the couch in the living room, nursing a cup of tea while he perused the newspaper. His wife, Marilyn, walked up to him.

"Nuncio, Jacqueline has just passed her exam. Do you think she can take over as the Deputy of Foreign Affairs?" Marilyn, the epitome of elegance, spoke in a soft and gentle voice. Her gaze was delicate, and she was wearing light makeup.

Nuncio put down the newspaper and said thoughtfully, "During last year's dispute, Madam Lilian didn't agree to help. I'm also lacking in confidence. Furthermore, Jaqueline is still young. I think it's best for her to work as a secretary for a while before promoting her."

Marilyn was disappointed upon hearing this.

"Nuncio, we're talking about a job at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Why, it's an advantage to be young. The spokesman of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is not young anymore, so it's time to nurture the next generation. Jaqueline is very knowledgeable and has a good image. She's well-versed in multiple languages, which is an excellent skill to cultivate. It's hard to come across such a perfect candidate," she reminded Nuncio in a low voice. It was as if she was afraid that he could not see their daughter's strengths.

Nuncio took a sip of tea, and then raised his head to look at her.

"As far as I'm concerned, Jaqueline is not young anymore. As her mother, you should be more concerned about her love life rather than her career."

Marilyn blushed and somehow lost her confidence. She said, "Jaqueline has been spoiled by her grandfather ever since she was young. She has ambitions. I doubt she would take a liking to ordinary men."

"So you're saying that she's going to remain single for the rest of her life?" His tone became even more serious. He did not look pleased at all.

When Marilyn saw that Nuncio was unhappy, she held back from provoking him. She just sighed and remained silent for a while.

Nuncio narrowed his eyes and said after pondering for a moment, "I think Grandpa's intention is to set her up with Calvin. Now, this is an opportunity. As a mother, you should pay more attention to it."

"Calvin?" Marilyn was taken aback. "Do you mean Calvin Harvey, the president of the Harvey Group?"

"Yup, that's him, alright." Nuncio immediately nodded.

After a moment of shock, Marilyn was baffled.

“Nuncio, Calvin has a business empire. His wife died in front of him last year. He’s a single father. The last I heard was that he has lost his sight. Are you sure he is suitable for Jaqueline?” she asked worriedly.

“That’s so typical of you.” Nuncio glanced at her and said discontentedly, “I’ll tell you what, in this world, there is only one Calvin Harvey. No one in this world is able to compete with his business empire. If Jaqueline can really marry him, then it’s her fate. This was initially Grandpa’s plan before, but unfortunately, Sophia had disagreed with it. Now, the opportunity has presented itself, and Belle is dead. Grandpa is more optimistic about Calvin’s future, so he wants to introduce Jaqueline to him.”

“Oh.” Marilyn nodded thoughtfully after hearing Nuncio’s words. “I’ll talk to Jacqueline when I have the time. I’ll ask her to invite Calvin over for a meal and try to evaluate the situation.”

“There’s no hurry.” Nuncio sighed. “This Calvin fella is very devoted to love. Ever since Belle left, he buried himself in work. He seems to be absent of emotions. He is also unwilling to seek treatment for his eyes and is devoted to taking care of his child. See, a one-woman man like this only comes once in a blue moon.”

Upon hearing this, Marilyn’s heart trembled with fear. “Calvin is pretty unlucky. His marriage with Belle had been through so many twists and turns. Even if I’m not in A City, I will still hear news about him. It’s a pity that Belle died at such a young age. All women want is a stable family life. They couldn’t care less about how extravagant their life is.”

Marilyn said with a stark worried look on her face.

“You don’t know it but people only appreciate the good things. The Harvey family is very brilliant. Everything that has happened seems to be accidental, but in fact, it is inevitable. Think about it. How many wealthy families have ever experienced such a thing? Why did it have to happen to the Harvey family? That’s because the Harvey family is very spectacular. It’s not a bad thing to have such an experience. Calvin is in the prime of his youth. After experiencing these hardships, I’m sure he will mature quickly. He is unrivalled with Luqman’s backing. Isn’t every woman’s dream to marry a rich, powerful, and devoted man? You have to trust Grandpa, he has a good eye,” Nuncio patiently explained to Marilyn.

After listening to Nuncio’s words, Marilyn’s worries dissipated and a happy smile appeared on her face.

The unprecedented International Auto Show was taking place at the World Trade Center in B City.

Calvin had decided to take part in the event as part of the publicity for the relaunch of the Richard Group’s luxury cars.

That year, the Harvey Group had a large number of talents. The performance in the company was on the rise. The luxury car industry had always been an indispensable industry to the Harvey Group. After the news of the vindication of the Harvey Group, Calvin had decided to expand and relaunch the company’s line of luxury cars. All kinds of publicity events had long been in place.

When the time came, everything would be carried out in an orderly fashion. There was no need to worry at all.

Since Calvin did not need to do anything, he had no intentions of showing up at the World Trade Center lest he provoked the media. So, he motioned for Alfred to take a walk with him outside of the hotel.

After leaving the glamorous exhibition area, they chanced upon an empty square.

The bright sunlight shone on the magnificent walls of buildings. Calvin could feel the sunshine on his face. He recalled Aron's words and sighed inwardly.

Calvin knew that if he were to seek treatment then, there was still hope that he would still be able to see again. However, that was not what he wanted.

He would rather live in the darkness and honor his promise made to Belle. In this way, he would not betray her by indulging in physical temptations.

He only had one wife in his life and that was Belle Morris.

After she left, his life was incomplete. He was driven out of the light and plunged into darkness.

People were coming and going in the square. There were all kinds of people of different races from all over the world, speaking all sorts of languages.

Alfred led Calvin to a fairly empty part of the square.

After settling down, Calvin turned around and said, "Mr. Trenton, there's a contract which we need to follow up in the exhibition area. Can you go inside and get it?"

Calvin wanted to take advantage of this opportunity and brought the contract for Srirano over with him. The contract aims to increase the sales of auto parts. He had just finished drafting the contract and had forgotten to bring it out.

"Okay, Mr. Harvey, I will go back and get it right away." Alfred said and left in a hurry.

Calvin stood where he was and waited for him.

"Lexantra, the design of this car model is perfect. I did not expect to receive so many orders." The young man's pleasant voice rang not far away and soon drifted into the ears of Calvin.

Calvin overheard the conversation.

"Mr. Yintern, it's my duty, as long as it works." Lexantra's voice was soft and melodious. It sounded particularly soothing.

Calvin's body began to tremble when he heard the voice. A thought suddenly flashed through his mind.

In an instant, he cried out in a low voice, "Belle."

He turned around towards the direction of the voice and began to look frantically for the woman whom the voice belonged to. While he was looking for the woman, he shouted, "Belle, Belle, is that you?"

Unfortunately, Lexantra seemed to have left. He did not hear her voice again.

For once, Calvin suspected that there was something wrong with his hearing.

However, the voice was soft and melodious. It sounded exactly like Jerry's, a voice which he heard every day. There was no way he could have been mistaken.

He was certain about it!



That voice he just heard must have belonged to Belle, the Belle who had suffered a lot.

His Belle was not dead.

At the thought of this, he was full of vim. His whole body seemed to have been injected with new energy.

He had searched through the entire river for days and failed to find her body. How could she have disappeared without a trace? He felt that Belle somehow survived.

He firmly believed that Belle was still alive.

He was even more excited when he thought of it. He shouted even louder.

People started to give him weird looks.

“Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harvey, what’s wrong?” Alfred came back to find Calvin walking around in circles as he called out Belle’s name. His face was full of excitement and yearning.

“Mr. Trenton, quick, look around and see. I think my wife is here. I just heard her voice.” Calvin excitedly reached out for Alfred’s hand and ordered loudly.

Alfred felt that it was strange. He immediately agreed and looked around. However, there were so many people around. There were numerous blond-haired and blue-eyed people. He could not find anyone that vaguely resembled Belle.

There was not even a single woman who had the same build as her.

He shook his head!

“Sigh, it seems like Mr. Harvey misses his wife a lot! He’s even having hallucinations of her.”

After looking around, he had no choice but to say, “Mr. Harvey, I can’t seem to see Mrs. Harvey anywhere.”

“It’s impossible, I swear I heard her voice just now,” Calvin said firmly, his face full of dissatisfaction.

Alfred had no choice but to search around again. However, he really did not see Belle in the vast sea of people.

Calvin was probably hallucinating.

“Mr. Harvey, you may have heard wrongly. Although some people might sound quite a bit alike, I can’t seem to see Mrs. Harvey anywhere.” Alfred looked carefully again and confirmed that he did not see Belle. He walked up to Calvin and comforted him. “Mr. Harvey, let’s go back to the hotel. You must be tired. You should have a good rest.”

Calvin was very displeased. It seemed that Alfred thought that he was a madman. However, things had already reached this point, and there was nothing he could’ve done. He was unwilling to accept this, yet there was nothing he could do. He was blind after all. He had no choice but to follow Alfred back to the hotel.

He lay on the hotel bed, tossing and turning. He could not seem to get the woman's voice out of his head, so he sat up in bed.

He knew he had heard right. He would not blame anyone for not being able to recognize her voice, but he would blame himself. He firmly believed that the voice he had heard just then belonged to Belle.

With these thoughts in mind, he took out his phone.

"Yuri, can you ask Aron to book me a flight to the USA? I'm on my way back." After saying this, Calvin immediately called Alfred over and quickly left B City.

### **Chapter 746**

"You don't know it but people only appreciate the good things. The Harvey family is very brilliant. Everything that has happened seems to be accidental, but in fact, it is inevitable. Think about it. How many wealthy families have ever experienced such a thing? Why did it have to happen to the Harvey family? That's because the Harvey family is very spectacular. It's not a bad thing to have such an experience. Calvin is in the prime of his youth. After experiencing these hardships, I'm sure he will mature quickly. He is unrivalled with Luqman's backing. Isn't every woman's dream to marry a rich, powerful, and devoted man? You have to trust Grandpa, he has a good eye," Nuncio patiently explained to Marilyn.

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With these thoughts in mind, he took out his phone.

“Yuri, can you ask Aron to book me a flight to the USA? I’m on my way back.” After saying this, Calvin immediately called Alfred over and quickly left B City.

## Chapter 747

Two months later.

Srirano, a small island country.

The snow was steadily falling from the sky. Occasional drops of snowflakes would drift along with the wind.

Pedestrians huddled underneath their coats as they hurried home.

Steffan was sitting in his office. He had the heater turned on to an ideal temperature of 28 degrees Celsius. It was warm and cozy.

He was tall and wore a well-fitting suit. He was sitting leisurely on the couch and he held a cup of tea in his hand. From time to time, he would take a sip of tea. He had a dark, steady gaze.

The Yintern family was very well-known in Capital City.

Steffan was the youngest among his siblings. Even though he was the youngest in the family, he was not getting any younger.

He was 38 years old that year.

Unlike many heirs from rich and powerful families, he was mature and introverted. He was indifferent to fame and fortune. He was not keen on social gatherings, but he was enthusiastic about car design.

In order to fulfill this dream, he studied abroad for five years before returning to the country the previous year. Then, under the coercion of his father, he inherited the family business in Srirano and became the president of the Yintern Group.

Srirano was only a small island country. The country's primary sector is agriculture. The Yintern Group was involved in various business projects in Srirano, including luxury cars.

Therefore, Yintern Group was very famous here in Srirano. He inherited the company under his father, Genaro's name. Srirano was not very developed yet. The cars produced were mainly domestic cars. Although Genaro had always been passionate about designing, he was not very good at running a company. Fortunately, in such a small island country, there was little competition. Although there was not much improvement in their business, the economy was not bad.

In recent years, the small island country had slowly begun to develop. The country's economy had improved. The most obvious thing was that the government had actually sold a large area of land to the business mogul, Calvin Harvey. Their purpose was to develop the economy on a large scale and increase the per capita income of the country.

In this way, with the country in such a strategic geographical location, one could imagine how much the country's economy would improve.

The Yintern's Group also felt the pressure in order to meet the market's demands. Steffan was ready to reform the company and improve its infrastructure.

The country was sparsely populated. There was a high demand for cars in the community. With the increase in economic growth, sooner or later, there would be a pursuit of cars of certain qualities in the country.

As a result, there was a sense of urgency in the development of luxury cars.

Steffan had seen this coming a long time ago. After inheriting the company, the first thing he did was to develop luxury cars. He wanted the car to be unique in its own way. He wanted to put into practice what he had learnt when he studied abroad.

There was a soft knock on the door, accompanied by the sound of high heels.

The corners of his mouth raised slightly and he said in a calm and powerful voice, "Please come in."

The door opened and a graceful figure walked in.

"Mr. Yintern, this batch of drawings..." The woman's voice was very delicate. She had a pair of beautiful bright eyes. Her body exuded elegance.

Steffan had always been attracted to her elegance. His gaze was full of appreciation and amazement as it fell upon her.

To a certain extent, Steffan could be regarded as an artist. He enjoyed all things beautiful and that included beautiful women.

The luxury cars that he designed were very artistic. They were elegant and unique. It was obvious that they were not popular in the market, but he would spend a lot of money on production. He was not focused on making profits. In this way, it was destined that the luxury cars designed by the Yintern Group would fail.

That was until he met the woman in front of him.

Steffan was a very stubborn person who would not easily change his mind. However, he was fairly impressed by the car designed by the woman in front of him.

Therefore, he served her profoundly.

As expected, at the World Trade Center two months ago, they had managed to make a huge profit. The amount of orders received was at an all-time high. It meant that the luxury cars produced by the Yintern Group were on a whole new level.

That was the first time that Steffan was willing to allow anyone to design the company's luxury cars. She managed to integrate art and the market demands into her car designs. He very quickly accepted her designs and put them into production.

It brought great benefits to the Yintern Group.

It was as if he had found a buried treasure. He was ecstatic.

"Hush, what are you calling me?" Steffan broke into a smile as he admired the lady in front of him. He lifted his index finger to the corner of his mouth and asked in a somewhat dissatisfied manner.

The woman blushed a little. She corrected herself and said, "Steffan, there are some aspects in this batch of drawings that don't make sense. It needs improvement."

Steffan smiled and pointed to the couch across from him and said, "Lexantra, please have a seat. Make yourself comfortable."

Lexantra was a little stunned.

This was the new name that she had given herself. She felt a little strange. She was still unaccustomed to it, especially when she heard it from other people's mouths.

She stood there, a little confused. It seemed that she was not used to his manner of interaction. She said, "Steffan, I think it's best I stand up. I have been sitting all day."

"Really?" he asked as he looked at her. His voice was very soft. "Dory, you don't want to be too close to me, do you?"

His tone was somewhat helpless. He looked at her with his deep and bright eyes. It was as if he was trying to read her thoughts.

A year had passed.

It had been a year since he brought her back to Srirano. From being indifferent to her at the start to then admiring and appreciating her. She constantly surprised him.

However, until then, she seemed to be keeping her distance and not allowing him to see through her.

The more she behaved like this, the more interested he became, just as how he was interested to know her past.

A woman who was too straightforward would not be liked by men too much.

He roughly could tell that Lexantra was not that young. When she had been saved, she was also pregnant.

However, her voice was pure and innocent. She still looked like a girl who was waiting in the boudoir for a marriage proposal.

It was just that she was a little more mature and romantic. She was also quite charming but she was a mystery. She seemed to be a mass of mist. When touched, the nothingness would disperse, which annoyed people.

There was no doubt that this woman was Belle, who fell off the cliff one year ago.

When Belle fell into the water from such a high cliff, she felt a roar in her head. She could see nothing but white light. Then, she lost consciousness.

When she woke up, she found herself lying on the hospital bed and when she looked up, she saw the man in front of her.

She lost her memory and forgot everything about the past, including her own name.

For the past year, there was basically nothing in her mind. The only thing she could remember was designing cars.

Although Belle had lost her memory, her talent for car design kept on improving every day. It even reached unprecedented heights.

Belle felt a little helpless when she heard how disappointed Steffan was. She had no choice but to take a seat at the opposite end of the couch, still feeling a little uneasy.

Steffan was her superior and she was just a designer in Yintern Group. She knew her place.

“Steffan, most of these drawings are not bad, but some of them are just boring...” Belle went to speak but was cut off by Steffan.

“Dory, let’s not talk about work today. Let’s think about what we’re going to eat tonight.”

Steffan had lived in Europe and M Country for a long time. His thought process and habits were similar to those of the French.

He did not like working long hours. The company had implemented a four-and-a-half days’ work week. No one was allowed to work during the holidays and Saturdays. The company prioritized work life balance. It was a sharp contrast with domestic companies who had long working hours.

The employees who worked in the Yintern Group lived comfortable lives. Although there were not many economic benefits, they lived fulfilling lives.

## **Chapter 748**

Steffan was happy and easygoing. He was also very considerate. The slight crow’s feet at the outer corner of his eyes made him look more mature and masculine.

Belle smiled helplessly. She was a conscientious and proactive worker. She was the complete opposite of Steffan.

“Steffan, I’m not hungry yet,” she said softly as she lowered her head.

Steffan would frequently take her out to eat all kinds of delicious food. As long as it was what she wanted to eat, he would not hesitate to take her to eat it. He would not take no for an answer. Over the past year, he had become her guardian.

After a long period of time, she developed some sort of dependence on him. However, deep down, she had an uneasy feeling. She was unable to get over it.

Steffan once told her that he had found her by the river.

A year ago, he was in the depths of Sunshine Mountain in A City, searching for inspiration. He sat by the riverbank as he sketched an image of a car.

Suddenly, a wave in the river swept over.

A woman’s body was unexpectedly washed ashore. He was surprised at that time.

He walked over to check on the woman and realized that she was inhaling and exhaling shallow breaths.



At that time, he knew he could not leave her. He immediately put away his drawing and gathered her in his arms.

He called her 'Dory' because he found her in the water.

"I know that you are a conscientious employee, but you should know that I am not a tyrant. You don't have to work so hard. Our health is more important." He stood up and smiled. "Dory, let's go. It's getting late. Let's go out for dinner. I'm going to take you to a sushi restaurant."

Belle was not able to dissuade him. She knew that she had to listen to him. Otherwise, he would not be happy. She smiled back at him and stood up.

The snow was steadily falling from the sky. Srirano was vast, but sparsely populated. Everything was covered with layers of snow.

She was dressed in a black wool coat and looked noble and elegant.

He stood under a big tree as he waited for her.

Belle had been afraid of the cold ever since she was fished out of the water. She wore a thick down jacket over her light blue turtle-neck sweater. It was paired with a long skirt that dragged on the ground as she slowly made her way to Steffan.

"Come here." Steffan reached out a hand to her when she approached him.

A trace of embarrassment flashed in Belle's bright eyes. She did not reach out for a long time.

Steffan smiled at her. He then reached out and grabbed her hand. He held her hand tightly.

Her hand was cold. Even if he held her warm hand with his own warm ones, he would still not be able to warm her.

He held her hand and led her away.

"Steffan, let go of me. I can walk on my own." She struggled.

He had been showing her affection recently. He would occasionally flirt with her as well. This made her feel extremely uneasy.

"Please don't turn me down." He held her hand even more tightly and whispered, "You should know that this was not how I treated you when I first found you."

Belle was a little stunned.

When he rescued her, he did not have much patience and just regarded her as a bystander. He wanted to send her on her way. Later, she was able to convince him and she witnessed a change in his attitude.

The snowflakes were drifting in front of them. Belle shivered in the cold. Steffan knew very well that she was afraid of the cold and wanted to hold her in her arms, but Belle skillfully avoided him when she realized what he wanted to do.

"Steffan, don't be like this. I once had a child and my background is unknown. I don't want to ruin your reputation," she said firmly, avoiding him.

All Steffan told her was that she had been found in the river at the foot of Sunshine Mountain. In fact, at that time, she was pregnant. Even if she wasn't sure whether she was married before, the least she knew was that she had a romantic partner. This was the reason she did not want to get close to Steffan.

The Yintern family was a renowned family in Capital City and Steffan was still single. There were many women who wanted to get close to him.

She did not want to be the person to ruin his reputation.

There was a little disappointment in Steffan's eyes. He forced a smile and said, "Dory, you will not ruin my reputation. However, you just can't seem to open your heart to love. I've told you before that I don't care about your past, I just want to be your future. From now on, you must not hurt me by refusing me, alright?"

Belle's face stiffened when she heard his words.

"Steffan, do you know who I am? Do you have any idea where I was originally from? Because I have no clue. Although there is a certain distance between here and A City, the local customs are almost the same. We better pay attention to our words and behavior. Besides, I'm not accustomed to being entangled with other men," Belle said in a serious tone.

Steffan was stunned for a moment. He suddenly asked in a low voice, "Dory, am I really just a stranger in your eyes?"

Belle bit her lips and lowered her head without saying anything.

Steffan stared at her. A bitter smile was tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"I admit that you're the first woman that I've ever wanted to get to know, but I won't force you. I will heed to your wishes." After a while, he said with a serious sigh, "I've lived abroad for so many years and never cared about gossip. I've only ever regarded following my heart as the most important thing."

He was telling the truth. This was something Belle had to admit.

He was a very good man.

He was very assertive and had his own views. He was not one to keep himself up to date with the latest entertainment news. He knew nothing about celebrities unless the person was a football star. However, that did not mean he knew nothing. He was a very knowledgeable man. He was well-informed when it came to health, geography, and customs all over the world. He never paid attention to popular, paid news or rumors. It was a waste of time.

"Since you are afraid to appear in public, then we'll head back home to have dinner. I'll cook for you," Steffan said when he saw Belle's increasingly embarrassing disposition. He immediately drove back to the Yintern family villa.

"Come in." Belle stood at the door and hesitated. It was already dark. "Steffan, I think it's better if I go back to the dorm and have dinner in the dining hall."

She lowered her head and felt embarrassed. Her voice was low. Her face was still pale.

She did not have the courage to stay in a man's home alone.

Srirano was a small island country. The people here were simple and honest. She really did not want to ruin his reputation.

"No, it's cold. There's no heater at your place. Come on in," Steffan said in a commanding tone. Then, he placed a pair of slippers for her to change into in front of her.

From the time she was discharged from the hospital and brought to Srirano, she insisted on working and making money to support herself.

Ever since she started working at the Yintern's Group, she had been reluctant to move into his villa. She had to ask the company to arrange a place for her to stay.

Steffan was helpless. He had no choice but to ask his subordinate to arrange for her to stay at the dormitory. However, the conditions were far worse.

He had thought it would not take long for her to request to move into his villa.

However, that day did not come.

There were a few times where he tried to convince her to move in with him because he was worried about her health. However, she seemed reluctant. She would refuse him and looked up at him with her watery eyes. Her eyes were full of begging.

When he looked into her almond-shaped eyes, he could see pain in her bright eyes. Then, he would give up trying to ask her to move in.

However, that day was a very cold day. This was the coldest winter in history. That day's temperature was the lowest and there wasn't a heater in the dormitory. He refused to allow her to live in the cold dormitory.

Belle realised that Steffan was getting more and more unhappy. She was afraid of hurting him even more.

In the end, she decided to put on the slippers and enter the villa.

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The Yintern family villa was huge. It was a three-storey mansion which had its own entrance and courtyard. The interior decorations were luxurious and the place was equipped with central heating.

Belle entered the house and took a seat on the couch. Steffan brought her a glass of warm milk and said, "Women must know how to maintain their health. Otherwise, they will age faster."

He then opened the refrigerator and took out the ingredients that were needed to make dinner.

The kitchen was very big and exquisite.

After Steffan gathered all the ingredients, he then began chopping the vegetables to make soup.

Belle walked over and leaned against the kitchen door. She was surprised at his cooking abilities.

“Steffan, did you often cook when you were abroad?”

“Not really, but I’d occasionally cook. I don’t really like French cuisine,” Steffan explained as he shifted his focus to cleaning the ham and chicken.

Belle sighed inwardly as she watched Steffan getting himself busy in the kitchen.

She stood by the kitchen door in a daze and watched as Steffan made his way to the patio. After a while, he came back with a bunch of vegetables in his hands.

“And you even plant your own vegetables?” Belle could not help but to cry out in surprise.

Steffan smiled and said, “You did not expect that, did you? In fact, I am a man with many talents. It’s up to you to decide whether you want to learn these things about me.”

Belle blushed when she heard his words.

“It’s going to get smoky in here. I think you should wait in the living room. I’ll be done soon,” he said considerably as he urged her to leave the kitchen.

Belle wanted to help him but he did not allow her to do so.

“Today has been one of the coldest days in history. No offence, but you’re quite frail. Why don’t you take a rest in the living room? There’s not much heat in the kitchen,” Steffan continued to persuade her.

Belle was helpless. She had no choice but to go out.

The light in the living room was warm and yellow.

In the middle of the room was an easel. It was filled with car design sketches.

Belle approached the easel and flipped through it with a slight smile on her face.

Steffan’s car designs were very artistic. It was definitely not the preference of the common populace. If it were to be sold on the market, then not many people would’ve bought it.

Steffan was a little too stubborn. This was the impression he gave her after getting to know him in the past year. This could be seen as one of his flaws.

He was not willing to listen to other people’s opinions. However, she still managed to find a way to get him to accept her car designs that were on display at the World Trade Center.

Belle sat in the living room and turned on the TV out of boredom.

Srirano’s latest local news was being aired on TV at that moment.

It was reported that the government had sold a piece of land to the business mogul, Mr. Calvin Harvey, and it seemed like he would be coming to Srirano in person to break ground on the construction of a new factory.

It was also reported that Calvin would turn Srirano into the region’s top business hub. He was going to set up an automobile and a pharmaceutical factory. He would then invite several other countries into joining this business hub.

Soon, Steffan emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of soup in his hands.

“If Calvin was able to transform this region into one of the top business hubs in the world, then it would be very profitable to all the countries in this region. At that time, it will create an estimated six million jobs. These are all the things the government is very happy to see,” Steffan said as he watched the evening news. He sounded a little emotional.

“That’s good.” Belle stood up and took the bowl of soup from his hands.

Soon, dinner was ready.

Due to the cold weather, Steffan decided to make them each a barbecue. On each of their barbecue grills, there were all kinds of ingredients, such as thinly sliced meat and vegetables. The aroma was fragrant.

It was steaming hot. Belle was very hungry and devoured all the food on her grill.

“Do you like it? If you like it, then I’ll cook it again for you next time.” Steffan looked at her as she wolfed down her food. He was surprised by her appetite.

They had been on this small island country for several months then. After he rescued her and sent her to the best hospital in Capital City, only did he find out that she was pregnant.

She spent a few days unconscious in the hospital. When she woke up, she looked dull and haggard. While she was asleep, she would occasionally call out for her son.

Steffan usually would not care about these kinds of women.

He just wanted to make sure that she was alright since he was the one who rescued her from the river.

Miraculously, later on, the doctor’s words left him speechless. The doctor said that because of the violent trauma to her head and how it triggered her mind, she had lost her memory!

The doctor also told him that the chances of her being able to regain her memory was high if she went abroad for treatment immediately.

At that time, his father, Genaro, was urging him to take over the family business. That meant that he needed to fly over to Srirano as soon as he could. However, he could not tell his family that he had saved Belle.

The situation was very urgent. After thinking about it, he decided to send her to a well-known hospital in Europe for treatment while he made his way to Srirano.

Three months later, he became the president of Yintern Group and had familiarized himself with the company’s operations. Everything was on the right track. He went to Europe for a business trip. He suddenly thought of her and decided to head over to the hospital to visit her.

He could never forget what he saw that day.

She was wearing a white hospital gown. Her beautiful hair was hanging over her shoulders, only revealing half of her face.

She was leaning against the window of the ward with a pencil in her hand. She was very focused as she sketched.

He walked up to her. She still did not notice his presence after a long time.

At that moment, he was very excited and overjoyed because of this discovery.

As she sketched, the vivid model of a car suddenly appeared on the paper. This immediately made his eyes light up.

He really did not expect that he had saved such a talented artist. An artist with a unique talent in car design.

At that time, he immediately made the decision to hire her as the company's car designer.

Steffan was in a daze as he reminisced about the past. An imperceptible smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Thank you. However, it's only right that I cook for you next time. I should thank you for saving my life," Belle said sincerely.

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you then." He did not pause to think and immediately agreed when he heard her words.

Belle was stunned for a moment. She should have held her tongue.

She did not want to get too close to him.

"There are many guest rooms upstairs. You can pick one room and spend the night. I'll sleep downstairs," Steffan offered quickly after dinner in order to dispel her concerns.

After saying this, he went out.

Belle did not know where he had gone. When she saw the table looking very messy, she began to tidy it up.

By the time Steffan came back, the table was already clean and spotless.

He entered the dining room with a bag of items.

"There are toothpaste, toothbrush, and daily necessities in this bag. I'm the only one who lives here, so I don't have an extra change of clothes for you," he said as he handed the bag to Belle. "You'll have to make do with these for now. If you need anything else, then I'll take you to the city to buy it tomorrow."

"Thank you." Belle accepted the bag and smiled. "This is good enough."

Steffan looked at her with his head tilted to one side.

Belle felt uncomfortable all over after being stared at by him.

"What are you looking at? Is there something on my face?" she asked in confusion.

Steffan shook his head as he smirked at her. "I am wondering what kind of family you are from. Judging by your words and deeds, as well as your artistic ability, I'm sure you are definitely not from an ordinary

family. However, you are very frugal and you're able to adapt to all kinds of environments. This does not make you look like you are from a rich family."

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Belle suddenly smiled. "It doesn't matter what kind of family we are from. What's more important is a person's character. How noble and lowly we are is decided by our own cultivation. It has nothing to do with our family's background."

Steffan blinked slightly. The smile on the corners of his mouth was more intriguing.

"Of course, Dory. I'm not surprised that you think that way. I'm just curious." Steffan smiled and said, "It's late. You should go to bed Tristany. There's an important meeting tomorrow."

"Alright." Belle lightly smiled as she nodded her head. She picked up the bag and made her way into the room.

"If you need anything, let me know. I'll be downstairs," he said as he watched Belle entering the room, with a smile on his face.

"Okay, thank you." Belle quickly closed the door and leaned against the back of the door. She actually felt that her heart was racing and her palms were a little sweaty.

The bedroom was comfortable and tidy. It was also warm and bright.

After Belle washed herself up, she felt the exhaustion creeping up on her as she crawled into bed.

She lay on the warm bed and stared at the ceiling. She was tired but she could not sleep.

"Who am I? Where am I from?"

Why was her mind completely blank? Why didn't she have a single memory in her head?

It was as if a part of her memory had been cut off. Her mind was blank and confused. Fortunately, her artistic talents were still intact in her mind.

All of a sudden, she understood that her artistic abilities were no ordinary skill. In fact, she was born with it. Therefore, it was impossible for her to forget it.

After tossing and turning for a while, she made a decision.

Now that Steffan had just assumed the position of president of the Yintern Group, it meant that things were going to get busy for a while. Once the busy period ended, she was going to start her own journey of searching for her past.

"I can't continue living this way. If I don't find out about my past, then I will not be able to open myself up to the future. I am responsible for my life."

It was seven o'clock in the morning.

She quietly got up and went downstairs.

The light in the living room was still on. She saw a figure lying on the couch downstairs. Steffan had spent the night on the couch. His sleeping posture was very elegant.

It seemed that he was sleeping soundly.

There was also a pot of fragrant tea on the coffee table in front of the couch. It was obvious that he had stayed up late to sketch the night before.

Belle was deeply moved by Steffan's obsession with car design.

She quietly left the house.

At eight o'clock every morning, she would go to Mr. Tangger's place to learn car design.

Ever since Belle came to Srirano, the one thing that she was most happy about was meeting Zevulon Tangger, an experienced car designer.

If Belle's car designs were amazing, then Zevulon's car designs were out of this world. He was one of the best car designers in the world!

Belle never dreamed that she would be able to meet one of the masters in car design.

Zevulon was from Tamberland. He lived in Srirano all year round.

Belle met him through Steffan.

Prior to this, Steffan was Zevulon's only apprentice. However, ever since Zevulon met Belle, he soon accepted her as his second and final apprentice.

Zevulon was a huge factor in why Belle was willing to continue working and staying in Srirano.

She wanted to learn car design and bring her car designs to a whole new level. Zevulon was the only person who could develop her talents.

Zevulon's home was not too far away from where Steffan stayed. It was about half a kilometre away.

It was just a short walk away.

Belle arrived at his house at exactly eight o'clock.

This was a very exquisite villa. Unfortunately, Zevulon made it seem like a junkyard of cars.

The porch of the villa was filled with a lot of cars. It ranged from new cars, there were antique cars to collector's editions...

He had collected almost all of the most distinctive cars in the world. He had cars from the olden days till the present days. He also had one of the cars Belle had designed in his collection.

Belle was proud of that accomplishment.

She was proud that her mentor actually recognised her work.

All of the cars were gathered together and covered with some ugly canvas. It was not parked properly. It was so messy that it was hard to look at.



It was absolutely appropriate to describe Zevulon's villa as messy and dirty!

Belle pushed open the small door to the courtyard in front of the mansion. She could not even find a decent walkway.

She had no choice but to walk through the gaps between each car.

When she entered the room, she felt helpless.

The living room, which she had just cleaned up for him the day before, was then filled with the pungent smell of gasoline.

The floor of the living room was scattered with all kinds of car components that had been removed by him. There was no standing room at all. There were even prints of gasoline and oil on the white walls.

Belle shook her head in dismay.

She bent down and started tidying up the place.

It was not until she finished picking up the spare parts and the floor was cleaned that the living room looked a little pleasing to the eye.

She then heard a snore coming from the bedroom that was connected to the living room.

The door was ajar.

Belle walked over quietly and wanted to help him close the door, but frowned when she caught the whiff of alcohol.

On the desk in the bedroom.

The previous day, she had given him a bottle of wine and a large packet of beef jerky. There was not even a piece left.

There were clothes scattered all around the bedroom floor.

Belle dismissed the idea of closing the door. That was because the air in the bedroom was worse than that in the living room.

She passed through the living room and headed to the second floor.

The design studio was located on the second floor.

Zevulon did not know how to use computers. So, all of the car designs were hand-drawn by him.

His drawings were of high quality.

Belle had her homework to be completed every day. Zevulon led a carefree life. He did not bother about trifles and was arrogant. However, he was a person who had high demands when it came to art.

Even a talented person like Belle would often be reprimanded by him. It was needless to say when it came to Steffan. He would often be lectured by Zevulon until he blanked out.

Belle sat down in front of the canvas and began sketching.

Zevulon had asked her to start from the basics. This obviously showed that he had underestimated her artistic abilities. However, Belle would not complain. She would always follow her master's instructions silently.

In this way, after a period of time, Belle actually felt that she was on a whole new level when it came to car design.

"Dory, why did you come alone? Have you eaten breakfast?" She did not know when Steffan arrived. He held a cup of warm milk in one hand and a breakfast chicken burger in the other.

Belle raised her head and caught a whiff of the burger. Only then did she suddenly feel hungry.

"I saw that you were sleeping soundly, so I didn't wake you up," she answered with a slight smile as she began sketching.