

Midnight 671

Chapter 671: Old Sterling's Decision

It was a rainy evening.

Old Sterling had no appetite for dinner as usual. After a few sips of soup, he pushed it away and was about to go upstairs when Cooper came and whispered, "Miss Schultz is, here again, standing at the door."

Old Sterling's face changed slightly.

She had not come for a long time since he asked the servant to stop her several times.

Why did she come again today?

After a moment's hesitation, Old Sterling went out of the villa and stood under the eaves. He saw the slender figure standing outside the carved gate with an umbrella in her hand.

The wind was getting stronger, and the rain increased. The umbrella was a poor shelter from the heavy rain.

The night wind set her shivering, but her eyes were fixed on an upstairs window.

That was Dylan's room.

She was surprised when Old Sterling came out.

"Sir! I want to see Dylan. Let me see him, please!" She cried in a trembling voice.

With a sigh, Old Sterling took the umbrella from Cooper and stepped to the gate.

An energetic ray of hope shone in Savannah's eyes. She thought Old Sterling had, at last, changed his mind and came to open the door for her. But he just stopped at the gate, looking at her calmly.

"My servant should have told you not to call on Dylan again," he said slowly.

"I know... But I just want another look, please. Just for once." Savannah looked at him hopefully.

But Old Sterling replied with a resolute refusal.

"You've already moved out. He wouldn't wake up even if you come every day. Why so stubborn? Go back."

He didn't want to be such a bad man.

But he must harden his heart.

Seeing Dylan again would only make her less determined. She might even ask to come back.

She would completely end her care for Dylan only after a long separation.

Out of sight, out of mind.

"There's something I want to say to Dylan. Just once, let me see him once. Please..." whispered Savannah, after a time.

Old Sterling gazed deeply at her and sighed, with pity in his eyes.

Almost, this girl almost became his daughter-in-law, Dylan's wife.

Unfortunately, they missed again and again.

Maybe it was destiny.

Calming himself down, he said quietly, "Savannah, don't you understand? Dylan can't hear whatever you say to him. He can't hear you for the rest of his life... Go home, live your new life, and stop thinking about him."

Everything that happened between them was but an empty dream.

With that, Old Sterling walked slowly into the villa without another look at her.

Savannah gazed, wistfully, despairingly, at the upstairs window, turning pale.

She wanted to tell Dylan that she was going to close K&G, and after that, she was going back to Chicago with Kaiden.

Dylan, are you not going to wake up?

The rain grew worse, and the sky grew dark. Her hot tears fell into the cold rain and broke the lonely image in the water.

Standing near the French window, Old Sterling watched Savannah walk away in a trance. With a sigh, he whispered to Cooper, "Send somebody to escort her home secretly."

Cooper nodded and left.

Old Sterling turned and went upstairs.

He pushed open Dylan's room and went straight to the bed, surrounded by medical equipment.

"Dylan," he stared at his sleeping son and said ruefully, "You can't blame daddy for not letting her see you. I know, if you were conscious, you'd approve of dad doing this, wouldn't you? Only in this way will Savannah start a new life. I know that she is your heart and soul. You must be worried about her and cannot let her go... But you also saw how she took care of you this year. Every time she finished taking care of you, she came back to her room and cried secretly. You adored her so much that you wouldn't have the heart to see her leading a life like this, would you? So, daddy set her free for you. I heard that Savannah might be thinking of closing the company you gave her. She's expected to return to Chicago to take over her grandpa's company. There she would have a new family, a career, and maybe a husband, and she would be happy... You should be at ease."

He could say no more; his voice was choked with sobs.

After a long while, Old Sterling stood up and left the room.

The moment the door closed, the man on the bed gave a slight flick of his finger.

* * *

Today was the launch meeting of K&G's new product of Firebird collections.

K&G's young boss walked onto the stage in the company of her assistant.

Savannah was wearing a tailored red dress of the Firebird collections. Her hair tumbled in a cascade down her back. She stood gracefully erect on the stage, like a dazzling and breath-taking phoenix.

The reporters were all surprised to know that the Firebird collections were designed by the chief designer and owner of K&G, and the beautiful young boss was also the only spokesperson for the new products.

Savannah's appearance immediately caused a disturbance in the reporters.

"She's beautiful."

"No wonder she'd been a still model before. She looks perfect as the image of her own work."

Facing the reporters, Savannah smiled genially.

"Thank you for coming to the launch meeting for Firebird collections today," she said in a pretty soft, crisp voice.

"The Firebird collections look stunning. Where did you get the inspiration for the new products, Miss Schultz?"

"Do you think it will hit the market and even spread overseas again?"

The reporters peppered her with questions.

"I've been working on the Firebird collections for almost a year, with all my effort and energy," Savannah said slowly. "This year, I suffered the biggest fear of my life and almost lost my love. Fortunately, God didn't take him. I firmly believe that he will wake up and recover one day. Nothing could defeat him. In such a state of mind, I created the Firebird collections, hoping that he can be reborn like a firebird rising from the ashes."

Chapter 672: Dylan's Wake Up

At this point, the reporters all held their breath.

It was the first time Savannah had spoken publicly about her personal feelings.

The secret love affair of the young heiress of the Morton Group was an open secret.

Although Savannah and Dylan had never gone public with their romance, the media couldn't be completely unaware of it. They dared not write about it because of the pressure from the Sterling family.

The media also heard a little about Mr. Sterling's accident in Italy after Miss Schultz accompanied his return to LA by a personal plane a year ago.

It was an unspeakable secret, but it was clear to all that Mr. Sterling seemed not to have recovered until now.

"I pin my hope on the Firebird collections, hoping that he would recover after the launch of the new product, but now," Savannah paused, her eyes dimming with tears and her lips trembling with a lump in her throat. "I'm sorry I don't see any hope. I now declare that the Firebird collections will be my last work. Starting tomorrow, K&G will be closed."

Her words brought on a storm.

"Miss Schultz is going to close K&G? It's so sudden!"

"Yes! K&G is at its peak, and Miss Schultz's talent in fashion design is there for all to see. Otherwise, overseas garment companies would not be attracted to cooperate with you. What a pity to give up!"

"The design masters all say Miss Schultz is a promising fashion designer. With sufficient time, you would definitely be a fashion master. It's a pity to retire like this."

"It means that all of K&G's products designed by Miss Schultz will be unavailable. What a pity!"

Savannah held back her tears and tried to keep a smile on her face. "Sorry I didn't live up to your expectations," she said.

After announcing the most important thing of the evening, she didn't want to say more and turned to leave.

But the reporters were not willing to let her go. They chased after her as they persisted.

"Miss Schultz, please, wait!"

"What's up next for you, Miss Schultz? Are you still engaged in fashion designing?"

"Will you be staying in LA?"

Savannah did not stop in the buzz but headed backstage as Tina and security guards stopped the reporters from crowding up.

Announcing the closure of K&G, she was more depressed than anyone else.

She was not able to be created or design anything else when she lost all hope.

The crowd suddenly grew quiet.

Savannah didn't even have the mood to stop and look back. She walked on until Tina pulled her sleeve.

"Miss Schultz..." Tina stared back, so shocked that she could scarcely form the words.

Then Savannah stopped, turning slowly, followed Tina's eyes, and looked over.

And right now, the reporter below the stage already parted to make a way.

Her gaze reached the entrance of the banquet hall, where a tall figure, supported by Garwood, stood there. He stood still and looked feeble and pale. But as soon as he arrived, he captured everyone's attention.

He gently disengaged his arm from Garwood's, staggering toward Savannah, though he was still frail after lying in bed for a long time.

He stopped under the stage, giving Savannah a weak but soft smile.

"If you couldn't find a job that you like after leaving K&G, would you like the place of my wife?" His voice was clear and husky.

Tina gasped, covering her mouth in surprise. Then she reacted, "Miss Schultz! Mr. Sterling! Mr. Sterling woke up!"

Savannah was still looking silently at the man, as if in a trance. After a pause, she picked up her skirt and walked off the stage to him. She raised her hand, touching his hollow cheek.

It was him.

He was real.

Her trembling fingers moved from his thick eyebrows, the straight bridge of the nose, to the pale lips...

But she could not quite believe it.

It must be a dream.

Like the last time, she dreamed he woke up.

"I'm dreaming again, am I?" She stared at him.

A pain stabbed through Dylan's heart.

This year, she must have had many dreams about his awakening but then had nothing but repeated disappointments.

He lifted her hand and placed it over his chest, and let her feel his heartbeat.

"It isn't a dream."

His hands were warm.

Still, in disbelief, Savannah held out her wrist, "Then you bite me. I'll see if it hurts."

Dylan couldn't take it anymore. He pulled her into his arms and leaned over to kiss her on her trembling lips.

He wouldn't bite her. That was the only way.

After a short exclamation, everyone fell into a deep silence, as if they didn't have the heart to disturb the scene.

He did not let her go until she was almost out of breath.

After a kiss in front of everyone, she finally realized it was not a dream.

He woke up! He did come back!

Rubbing her swollen lips, Savannah beat her small fists on his chest, tears streaming down her face.

"Bastard! Why did you wake up so late!" She whined over her grievances.

Dylan let her beat him with a weak smile.

Savannah didn't stop until he frowned slightly. She suddenly realized that he had just woken up and must be very weak.

"You fool! Why not dodge? Is it hurt?" She rubbed his chest gently, worried and regretful.

He seized her by the wrist, pulling her hard into his arms, and said in a low voice, "Don't be angry about me."

"You're really awake, aren't you? How are you feeling now?" She pinched his ears, stroked his hair, and touched his forehead.

The reporters all gasped. There was only one person in the world who could treat Mr. Sterling like a child.

"I'll be okay. Last time I made a promise at my father-in-law's grave that I would take care of you for the rest of my life. I'll never go back on it," he whispered against her ear.

Savannah started, feeling something strange.

Wait a minute.

His promise at her dad's grave?

Did he mean the last time they went together to visit her dad's tomb?

Chapter **673: Baby Don't Refuse Me Today**

That was before he went to NY for medical treatment.

Didn't he suffer a loss of memory?

How did he remember they had visited her dad's tomb together?

No one knew about it except him and her.

There was only one possibility, and that was...

"You... You remember our past days?" She looked up in surprise, and her eyes were bright.

"Yep," Dylan smiled and felt her face.

The human brain was indeed a delicate, powerful machine in the human body.

They never expected his memory could recover after he came out from the vegetative state.

His memory of those days when they together came flooding back.

He took out the ring he had prepared, took half a step back, and knelt upon one knee.

"Miss Schultz, will you marry me?"

A low exclamation of surprise escaped every mouth.

All the reporters set their cameras and pointed the lens at the two to capture the romantic scene.

Savannah was startled for a moment, and her eyes quickly turned red.

Happiness came too suddenly, better than the dream.

Savannah looked around, a little embarrassed.

"They're so many people. Let's go back first..." She whispered as she tried to pull him up.

Dylan felt amused. Where was the courage she had when she kissed him so passionately just now?

"I don't care." He was still kneeling on one knee over her, half smiling.

These reporters were all witnesses to his proposal.

Then the little woman could not go back on her words when she promised him.

She would always be his.

At the same moment, led by someone, the crowd began to hoot.

"Miss Schultz, promise him!"

"Yes, promise Mr. Sterling!"

Savannah was drowned out by a flood of voices, one after another.

She gazed at the half-kneeling man before her, her eyes clouded with tears, and she raised her ring finger slowly.

Dylan slipped the diamond ring into her finger, then stood up, gave her a big hug, and kissed her again.

Meanwhile, thunderous applause broke out all around!

* * *

Dylan and Savannah set a date for their wedding.

The love affair between the young master of the Sterling family and the granddaughter of the chairman of the Morton Group spread everywhere and became a story.

One of the happiest was Old Sterling.

He never thought he'd see his son awake one day.

He suggested Dylan rest for some more time before he began to prepare for the wedding, but Dylan didn't want to put it off any longer, and he insisted on holding the wedding as soon as possible.

The Sterling family was surrounded by long-awaited jubilation.

Everyone was fluttering about making preparations for the wedding. Even Kaiden was not an exception. He was busy thinking about how many friends he was going to invite to the wedding, designing the invitation cards, and choosing the clothes he would wear on the wedding day.

Dylan asked Savannah to move back to Sterling's house, but Savannah didn't want to bother.

She decided to live in Green Bay before the wedding.

But it was not enough for Dylan to make phone calls or video calls only, and he could only divide his time and traveled between the two places every day. He would do recuperating and business in Sterling's house, and spend the rest of the day at Green Bay and then drive back in the evening.

Savannah had expressly forbidden his toing and froing between the two places and asked him to get himself back to shape before the wedding for fear that he could not take it.

Dylan agreed at first, but three days later, he missed her so much that he slipped back to Green Bay.

In the evening before the wedding, Dylan picked up Kaiden from the kindergarten and then drove to Green Bay again.

The car stopped outside Green Bay, Kaiden unbuckled himself and ran into the house. Dylan followed his son closely.

Garcia was amused when she saw them coming again.

After Mr. Sterling woke up, he almost came every day and couldn't be separated from Savannah for a moment.

Even Kaiden laughed at his father.

"Savannah is in her room," Garcia said, kindly pointing to the upstairs.

Dylan gave a little cough under her mischievous eyes and went upstairs.

The bedroom door was ajar. He pushed it open and saw the little woman leaning over the computer, perfecting her design drafts.

After he woke up, she didn't have to close K&G anymore.

The Firebird collections had been well received since the launch. She planned to continue to design several new works for the collections before the wedding. So she went on working without a break these days. Every time he came, he saw her working on the computer.

Savannah was moving the mouse when she felt his hot breath against her ear. Before she could turn her back, she was lifted and thrown onto the soft bed behind her.

Dylan climbed onto the bed, pinning her down.

She looked into his bright and fervent eyes, blushing.

"How come you come in suddenly every time? You startled me!" She grumbled.

"Really? Let me see." He lowered his head and pressed his face on her breast as if listening to her heartbeat.

Of course, she knew what he was up to.

"Kaiden will come any minute..." She murmured as she tried to push him away.

"Don't worry, I've locked the door." Unable to restrain his desire for her, he slipped his big hand down to lift her skirt.

"Baby, don't refuse me today," he said in a low wanting voice.

Since he woke up, they'd been closer to each other. Dylan kissed her now and then, and always wanted more.

Savannah had been keeping him from going too far, fearing he was not well enough, and sex was not good for his recovery.

But today, she could not help throwing her arms around his neck when she felt his impatience.

Just then, Dylan's cell phone rang.

He nuzzled her breasts, ignoring the phone, but it didn't stop ringing, and it sounded more and more urgent.

"Answer the phone first..." Savannah breathed as she pushed him away.

He let out a low curse, regretting that he had not turned the phone off but had to straighten himself up and answered the phone.

Savannah didn't know what the speaker over the phone said. The heat went out of him, and his expression became serious. At last, he got out of bed, took one look at her, and left the bedroom.

A few minutes later, he came back.

"What's the matter? Who's calling?" Savannah wondered.

"The bodyguard in Italy," Dylan said simply.

"What happened?" She straightened up.

He walked slowly to the bed and sat down.

"The Milan police have caught the boy who kidnapped you," he said as his hand brushed across her neck and her hair.

The boy got caught?

Savannah gasped.

Chapter 674: Who Sent You To Save Me?

She didn't know why, but she wasn't happy as she should.

Dylan looked upset too.

"There's something I haven't had time to ask you since you woke up..." Savannah said hesitatingly.

He seemed to have guessed what she was going to say and motioned her to go ahead.

"You know who the boy is, don't you?" Savannah finally asked.

Dylan paused and nodded.

"I suspected that the boy might be my brother's child. Did you guess that?"

"Yeah. After returning to LA, I checked on your brother's girlfriend. She left LA after your brother's death and had indeed given birth to a child. But then she died, and the child was nowhere to be found. The child's age is in perfect accord with the boy's."

There was a long silence.

The boy seemed to be the child who had disappeared.

He was Dylan's nephew.

* * *

Detention center, Milan, Italy.

Behind the iron gate of a cell, a slender figure sat quietly, without a sound.

A prison guard was on patrol. He checked the lock on the cell door as he peered inside.

The mastermind who hurt Mr. Sterling a year ago was finally caught.

Surprisingly, he was such a young person who was not over fifteen.

A juvenile offender, underage, was supposed to be transferred to juvie.

However, this case involved a big man who was shot by the boy and almost died in Milan. It was said that he just woke up recently.

The detention center was full of desperate suspects. This kid, however, had not spoken since his first day in the house. He refused to confess and never contacted his lawyer or his family. He was sitting in a corner like moss growing in a damp, dark place, waiting to be charged and brought to trial.

Despite this, he had high and imposing manners.

On the first night, a habitual thief in the same cell tried to tease the boy. The boy broke the bathroom window, picked up a piece, and stabbed the thief without blinking.

The next day, when the remaining prisoners in the cell learned of his actions and why he had come in, they all asked to move to a different cell, not daring to share a room with this mysterious, low-key, fearless American boy.

Even the head of Milan Mafia listened to him, even the big shot from the US was almost killed by him. Who knew what this boy would do next?

So, to this day, the boy lived alone in a cell. The light on this side of the cell was broken, and there were no other prisoners in the whole corridor except him. At night, the area was dark and silent, but the boy was afraid of nothing.

He was not a teenager boy, but a little devil.

The strange feeling sent a shiver down the guard's spine.

"Hey, don't you contact your family? You will be charged in court in two days," he could not help asking in a low voice.

After a while, the boy replied coldly, "I have no family."

No family? The guard scowled, apparently convinced that the boy was lying.

How could the one who ordered the Mafia to kidnap Mr. Sterling's woman and almost killed them have no background?

Rumor had it that the boy was the child of the godfather in the Mafia. Why did he say he had no family now?

Was it to protect his family?

The prison guard left incredulously, and silence returned to the cell.

The boy closed his eyes and leaned against the wall, as usual, keeping his wits about him.

After a while, the sound of footsteps came again, and then he heard the grate of a key in a lock.

He thought it was the prison guard coming back to check something. He didn't open his eyes.

But the footsteps stopped dead before him.

He opened his eyes in alarm. Through the faint moonlight, he saw another police officer—not that prison guard just now.

He was wearing the uniform, but the boy had never seen him in the detention center for so many days.

The officer opened the handcuffs on the boy's hand and pulled him up, "Follow me."

The boy understood. This man was the contact inside the detention center, and he was ordered to let him go.

"Who asked you to save me? My foster father?" The boy whispered.

"Don't talk nonsense. Let's go." The man lowered his voice and left the cell quietly.

The boy sprang to his feet and quickly followed up.

Under the cover of darkness, the two went out from the back door. With the keys in the man's hands, they left very smoothly. Soon the officer led the boy out of the detention house and into a parked car.

The boy saw a new suit of clothes on the back seat and hurriedly put it on.

At the same time, the officer got in and drove away.

The car raced along through the night, leaving the heavily-fortified detention house behind.

A few minutes later, the car turned into a narrow lane and slowed down.

The boy composed his mind and looked at the officer in the driver's seat.

"You didn't say who sent you. Was it my foster father?" He asked calmly again.

"You'll see when you get back safely." The officer still didn't answer the question directly.

Wasn't he sent by his adoptive father?

Who but his adoptive father could have sent someone to bribe the guard to get him out of jail?

The boy became tense at once, and for a moment, he was not clear if the man came to save him or kill him.

"Who sent you to save me? Stop first!" The boy shouted in alarm.

The officer said nothing and continued driving.

The boy narrowed his eyes and unlocked the car door, ready to jump down!

The officer started, not expecting the little fellow to be so bold. He slammed on the brakes, and the car crunched to a stop.

The moment the car stopped, the boy jumped out like a young leopard!

He fell to the ground, turning several rounds skillfully to reduce the possibility of injury, and then quickly got up. He was about to run away when a car in front of him switched on the high beam.

Chapter 675: Which Was True, And Who Told A Lie?

He raised his hand to shade his eyes from the light. Through his fingers, he saw an American man in a suit get out and walk to him.

Suddenly something came to his mind, and he seemed to have guessed who saved him.

The officer got out quickly and was relieved to see that the boy was all right. He was about to say something when the American man motioned him to go.

When the officer left, the boy asked the American man calmly, "You know who saved me?"

Although he had a guess, he wasn't sure.

"As you can guess, Mr. Sterling sent us to release you and help you out. Follow this road and go back to your place. Rest assured, there's no police on this road. You're safe."

Sure enough, it was Dylan who saved him.

The boy didn't leave but asked coldly, "Why? Why did he save me?"

"Mr. Sterling's known the relationship between you and the Sterling family," the man said simply.

The boy's face changed a little, with his fist clenched.

Did Dylan already know who he was? He knew he was his elder brother's child?

He looked up, his voice full of amusement. "If he knows who I am, why would he save me? Did he forget I almost killed him? And now that he has set me free isn't he afraid that I shall continue to avenge him?"

He had been in the detention house, but a few days ago, he heard the guards chat about Dylan's awakening.

He had to say, he felt regret.

Why was he so lucky? Why didn't he die after being shot in the head?

The American man took out his cell phone and called a number. After whispering something respectfully, he walked up and handed the phone to the boy.

The boy squinted his eyes and remained unmoved for two seconds. Finally, he took the phone and put it to his ear.

"Hello, Greta." There came a clear man's voice.

As soon as the name came out, the boy shook slightly. His pupil constricted in alarm, and his eyes turned darker.

Yes, Greta. It was her name.

Yes, she almost forgot she was a girl who had a lovely name.

This was the name her mother gave her when she was born.

Later, she was adopted by her adoptive father and brought to Italy.

"I had no idea I have such an amazing nephew. Oh, no, niece. I never thought the first gift from my niece would be a bullet that kept me in bed for a year," Dylan said in a half-sardonic way.

He was also surprised to find out that the boy, the mastermind, was actually a girl.

Greta was not in the mood to chat with him. She interrupted him sharply, "What on earth do you want? What is your purpose?"

"My purpose? You are my eldest brother's only daughter, my niece, and my family."

"Mr. Sterling, stop pretending! It was your father who separated my parents. It was you who killed my father that made my mother wander from place to place. She left LA and died of postpartum disorder after I was born! All that I am suffering now, all the misery of my parents, is your fault! What do you mean by being a nice uncle now?" Greta shouted.

By now, Dylan understood why Greta hated him so much.

Sure enough, his niece had a deep misunderstanding about him and the Sterling family.

"I don't know what you've been through for the past decade or if anyone has said anything to you. Your father was my elder brother, the person I loved the most, and I'm the last man who would kill him," his voice was quiet and low.

"You liar!" Greta screamed excitedly.

"I don't need to lie to you. That's the truth. Your parents' love affair was strongly opposed by my father, but the cause of your father's death was the hereditary mental illness. He could not accept being separated from your mother and quarreled with my father. After that, he was exceedingly hurt and went out for a whirlwind driving," Dylan stopped as if he suffered because of some bad memory.

"Nobody had expected that he would be attacked by the family disease and die in a car accident," he continued in a gloomy voice, "If you don't believe me, see how your grandmother died, and where your aunt, your father's sister, is now, and you'll see that I'm not lying."

Greta was speechless for a long time.

What Dylan said was quite different from what she knew.

Exactly two versions.

Which was true, and who told a lie?

For Dylan, killing her was as easy as falling off a log. Why risk sending someone else to get him out?

If he wasn't lying, she'd been living a lie for more than ten years.

Her hatred and desire for revenge turned out to be a big joke.

"Your grandfather still regrets that he separated your parents and provoked your father, but your father's death was an accident, and no one is to blame. Your grandfather doesn't yet know of your existence, but if he knows Geoffrey had a child and you're still alive, he would be overjoyed, happier than anyone else." After a short pause, Dylan continued, "Greta, we'll be waiting for you to get back home. The Sterling family will always be your family."

Greta's eyes welled up, and she suddenly hung up.

The American man saw her excitement and added softly, "Miss Sterling, I don't know where you heard that Mr. Sterling killed your father, but that's impossible. When your father died, Mr. Sterling was not much older than you are now. Also, Mr. Sterling has always had a good relationship with his elder brother, even closer than with their father. After the death of your father, Mr. Sterling even suffered from depression for a time. Do you still think he would kill your father?"

Greta stood still for a long time and then walked slowly down the road.

The man didn't stop her but looked at her back to ensure that there was no danger. After the slim figure disappeared in the night, he got into the car and left.

Savannah was lying face down on the couch, reading the world news, when Dylan came to Green Bay in the evening.

The living room was empty. Kaiden was probably playing with toys in his room, and Garcia went back to her room quietly when she saw Dylan.

Dylan approached the little woman softly, and before she reacted, he hugged her from behind and buried his face in her hair, and gave a gentle kiss.

She didn't have to look back to know who it was.

"Itchy!" She dodged as she giggled.

Dylan didn't let her go but continued his kisses on her ear, cheek, and chin.

Chapter 676: Dylan's Niece

Savannah giggled as she drew away when his kiss fell on her neck, and his hand slipped into her dress.

She sensed his desire. He had been trying to draw her to the bed since he got better. Every time he came, he stuck like glue to her.

It seemed that he had completely recovered.

But now, she was not in the mood...

"Just a minute..." She raised her hand against his chest, gasping.

His eyes sank, but his movement didn't stop.

"A minute? Not a second... I can't wait to have you, baby." His low, husky voice whispered in her ear.

"I have something serious to ask you." She tugged his ear softly.

"Alright," He let her off and carried her to sit on his lap.

"I just saw the news that there was a suspect who escaped from the detention center in Milan, a teenager..." Savannah ventured.

Dylan nodded.

She took a sudden breath. "You... helped the boy to escape?"

Dylan stroked her hair gently.

"That kid, Greta, is my brother's only daughter. No matter what she's done, she's always been my niece, my dad's granddaughter, and Kaiden's cousin." Dylan paused a moment and then went on, "And besides, If I hadn't been shot, I might not have remembered our past so soon. In a way, I have to thank her."

Savannah was not surprised that he had found the kid's identity and sent someone to let her go.

"Niece?" She suddenly looked back at him in surprise.

Not a boy?

He nodded, a smile on his lips.

"Well, that kid fooled us all." He smiled bitterly, "She grew up alone in a big city with no family and might be in danger at any time. She disguised herself as a boy, so she would not be bullied."

Savannah sensed the remorse in his voice. He felt responsible for Greta's hard childhood, blaming himself for not taking care of the only surviving child of his beloved eldest brother.

"It's not your fault. You and your father had no idea that Greta exists." Savannah comforted him in a soft voice as she took his hand.

"But Greta's mother was chased away by the Sterling family. If it had not been for my father, Greta would not be born fatherless and motherless. She should have been the darling little daughter of the Sterling family and grew a happy life. When I checked on her, besides her name and age, I could find very little about her background. All I could say is that she had some Mafia connections and was adopted by someone big in the Mafia. I don't know what kind of life she's had these ten years, but it's not going to be easy for her. I couldn't forgive myself when I think about it." Dylan's voice was deep and sad.

Savannah's brow wrinkled slightly.

With the power of the Sterling family in Europe, it was impossible to find anything but Greta's name and age. The people behind Greta must have great power in Italy, otherwise, Greta would not have been caught by the Italian police a year after the warehouse shooting.

Greta must have experienced a lot of things at her age.

After a long silence, Savannah asked, "Why don't we take her back and make it up to her? Your father has always been repentant for your brother's death, if he knows that your brother has a daughter, he will be very happy and take good care of Greta."

"Greta's temperament is not the same as an ordinary child. She's very independent and may not come back if we go to take her. We can only wait for herself to understand us. I had already told her that I had done nothing to harm her father and that her parents' tragedy was an accident. She was clearly weakening, and I believe that she will know everything is a complete misunderstanding. Perhaps we should give her some time, and she would find out the Sterling family didn't kill her father, and we all love her. She will come back herself that day. Don't worry, I have bodyguards in Italy to protect her and keep me informed of her condition."

Savannah nodded gently and said no more.

"So, Mrs. Sterling, after caring about others, is it time to care about yourself? Are you ready for our wedding next week?" He teased as he lifted her chin.

Savannah clasped him round the neck and kissed him. She was completely sure that the man was her future happiness, and she was willing to spend the rest of her life with him.

After all these years, she wouldn't let go of him this time.

The wedding morning was bright and sunny.

The groom was from an extinct noble family in LA.

The family background of the bride was also not average—she was the darling granddaughter of Mr. old Morton, the chairman of the Morton Group in Chicago, the future heiress of the group, and a talented fashion designer.

They were a perfect match made in heaven, and their wedding was destined to be an unprecedented wedding in the city.

The guests were also domestic and foreign celebrities, business tycoons, and political celebrities. Even the groom's mother's family, the Cavendish family, an old aristocratic family from England, sent people to congratulate them.

But what made Savannah happy most was a call from Kevin.

After they parted last time, Kevin disappeared, even Cecelia couldn't find him.

She had also inquired about Kevin's whereabouts but failed to get anything.

She thought he was mad at her and would never show up again.

Unexpectedly, the night before the wedding, Kevin called, and he talked to her calmly in his usual gentleness. He wished her a long, happy married life and told her that he was sorry for not being able to go back to attend the wedding.

He seemed to have recovered from a disappointing relationship with her and had a new life now. The burden of guilt had finally been lifted from Savannah's shoulders.

She wanted to ask him where he was, but he said he was still busy and hung up.

It was a hidden number and failed to reveal his current location. Savannah had to let it go.

People with a good heart always got their just rewards. Kevin was so nice and gentle that he would surely find his own happiness one day.

"Olivia! Come on, quick. What took you so long? How do I look?"

In the dressing room, Savannah stood in front of a full-length mirror, turning her head towards her best friend and her pretty son, who were at the door.

She looked graceful and perfect in the fancy wedding dress.

Chapter 677: Their Wedding

"My beautiful bride, you look good in anything!" Olivia laughed as she came in with Kaiden.

Kaiden, carrying a satin box in his arms, nodded as he repeated, "Yes, my beautiful mummy looks good in anything!"

"That's honey-sweet of you two," Savannah laughed. "Where have you been? Ah, Kaiden, what are you holding in your arms?"

Olivia's smile wavered. She motioned Kaiden to hand her the satin box and said doubtfully, "Just now, I took Kaiden to the bathroom. When we walked out the door, a pretty boy gave Kaiden a wedding present and asked him to give it to you and Mr. Sterling."

A pretty boy?

Kaiden nodded and added sweetly, "yes, a pretty brother, maybe 14 or 15 years old? He's nice, and he has beautiful eyes."

"Where's the pretty brother? Didn't you invite him in?" Savannah thought she knew who the boy was.

"I asked who he was and why he didn't come in. He just handed the box to me and ran away without answering my question. But he was so tender and gentle when he talked to me. He asked me what my name is and touched my head. Oh, he also asked me to say sorry to dad for him. Does he know dad?" muttered Kaiden, retrospectively, looking very fond of the pretty brother he met for the first time.

Say sorry to Dylan?

Savannah caught her breath.

The pretty boy in Kaiden's words was, very likely, a pretty girl.

"Is there anything wrong with the present? Shall I call security to check it out first?" Olivia got a little nervous when the look on Savannah's face turned stern.

"No." Savannah let out a deep breath.

She thought she knew the mysterious kid who gave her a wedding gift.

It was Greta.

Overcome with emotion, Savannah looked at Kaiden again.

Kaiden, do you know why the pretty brother was tender to you?

Because she's your cousin.

You should be sister and brother.

"Mommy, do you know that pretty brother? Who is he?" Kaiden looked thoughtful and wondered.

Savannah stooped down and stroked Kaiden's head.

"She's your cousin, someone close to your dad and you. She's your family."

"Cousin? Then why didn't she come to your wedding?" Kaiden was still wondering.

"She may be engaged now and not be free to come. But don't worry, you will know each other one day," Savannah said softly.

"Really?" Kaiden's eyes popped in pleasant.

It seemed that the little guy liked Greta, maybe this was the strength of blood.

Savannah nodded. "She'll be back for sure."

Just then, the door was knocked.

There in the doorway stood a tall, thin man in a well-pressed suit. On this special day, he had this great charisma so that no one could resist his overbearing charm.

Dylan came to urge Savannah out, but the moment he saw her, his deep eyes became full of tenderness and, ignoring Olivia and his son, he leaned over and gave her a wet kiss.

"Hey, hey! I'm still here! Don't be so lovey-dovey in public, okay? Fine, fine, Kaiden, go out with auntie, your daddy needs private time." Olivia took Kaiden's hand and laughed her way out.

As soon as the door closed, Dylan doubled locked it before he threw his long arms around the little woman and kissed her even more fervently.

They had been busy preparing the wedding reception and had spent too little time with each other these days.

Finally, he managed to catch her alone today. How could he keep himself from approaching her?

As his kisses continued, Savannah's exposed white neck was covered with shallow love bites.

Her skin was so fine and thin that it was easy to get marks.

"All right, the guests will laugh at me if they noticed that." She avoided his lips helplessly, trying to get out of his arms.

"Who dares laugh at Mrs. Sterling?" He didn't let her go but held her close, breathing against her ear.

It was not easy for Savannah to push the impatient man aside. She straightened her dress and sat properly, looking pointedly at the satin box on the dresser.

"Greta came and left a gift, and with that, she left."

Dylan restrained his desire and calmed down. With a thoughtful look, he picked up the satin box and opened it. Inside was a necklace. The pendant was a small sapphire.

The beautiful shimmer of the jewel enlightened their eyes.

Dylan had seen a lot of precious jewelry. Savannah also had a course about jewels when she studied design in Italy.

They all recognized the sapphire necklace.

This was the famous "Star of the Heaven" from the time of King Vittorio Emanuele III of Italy.

The sapphire necklace was handmade by craftsmen in the court, and the pendant was made of a priceless sapphire.

After the First World War, "Star of the Heaven" disappeared and was never heard of again.

Undoubtedly this one was genuine.

They didn't expect it was owned by Greta, and she gave it to Savannah as a wedding gift.

In the satin box, Savannah noticed a small card which said:

Sorry. I wish you happiness.

This sorry was, of course, to both of them.

It seemed that Greta had found out that her father's death had nothing to do with Dylan.

"Since she knows it's a misunderstanding, and she came to LA personally to give us the wedding gift, why not she come to see us?" Savannah showed a frown.

Was she too shy?

Or she still felt guilty after nearly killing her uncle?

Dylan took Savannah's hand gently, looking deep out the window.

"It's okay," he said. "As long as she knows that there's a home waiting for her in LA."

Savannah breathed a sigh. She believed that the obstinate girl would return one day.

"Do you know what this 'Star of the Heaven' means?" Dylan interrupted her thoughts.

"Huh?" Savannah looked at him unblinkingly.

"It's said that those who have 'Star of the Heaven' can live a happy life and spend the whole life with the one you love the most, and never to be separated." He looked down at her with tenderness, as if he were gazing at the most precious jewel in the world.

Spend a lifetime with the one you love most and never to be separated...

That was probably why Greta gave her this expensive gift.

She wished her uncle and aunt to spend a happy life together to take over where her parents left off.

Suddenly, Savannah's eyes moistened with tears.

Dylan stooped down and kissed away the tears.

His bride raised her head to meet his kiss. Her happiness overflowed.

Chapter **678: A Cute Baby Girl**

Not long after the honeymoon, Savannah was called by Kaiden's headteacher Petty and asked to go to the kindergarten.

This was the first time Kaiden's teacher wanted her in such a serious way.

Savannah was very nervous on the way to the kindergarten. Did Kaiden do something bad? Did he fight with his classmates?

At the kindergarten, she came to the teacher's office and saw Petty.

"Miss Petty," Savannah smiled at the young teacher.

Petty was a skinny, bespectacled woman with a gentle look. She had been a teacher for several years, but she was only a young woman in her twenties, not much older than Savannah.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sterling?" Petty stood up and greeted her kindly, "Take a seat, please.

After sitting down, Savannah was more nervous.

"Miss Petty, did Kaiden make a mistake?"

Petty pushed her thick glasses higher on her nose and paused, as though she did not quite know how to begin.

The nerve in Savannah's head tightened.

Too bad.

What did Kaiden do wrong? It must be so annoying that his teacher couldn't even open her mouth.

"Miss Petty, just say it. I'd give him a good lesson if he made a mistake." Savannah straightened up and took a more serious tone.

"It's not like that..." Petty gave a quiet cough before she continued. "Yesterday, the class had afternoon tea together. Kitty, Kaiden's good friend, you know, fed Kaiden a banana..."

"Well, then?" Savannah didn't understand.

Kitty was Kaiden's kindergarten sweetheart, and she knew it.

Feeding her son bananas didn't seem to be too much?

Petty coughed again, a flush rising in her cheeks.

"Kaiden said... You're so horny!"

Savannah didn't understand for a moment. Then she realized what Petty said and blushed too.

That's what she said when flirting with Dylan.

Dylan had been pestering her to have a second child since the honeymoon. After they moved back to Beverly Hills, he wanted her all the time that she didn't take a day off.

Sometimes when desire came, they would say some dirty words to add to the fun.

That night, they were watching cartoons with Kaiden. She felt hungry and asked him to get some snacks.

Dylan looked at her with glowing eyes, whispering in her ear, "Hungry? Why don't you go back to our room and eat my 'banana'?"

She blushed hard, afraid that Kaiden would hear them, and pinched him on the waist and whispered, "How come you are so horny?"

She didn't expect the little guy to have heard it and parroted her words in the kindergarten.

That was too embarrassing!

Maybe Kaiden didn't know why his mommy said that when his dad asked her to eat a banana, but his teacher overheard it and understood.

Petty coughed again to break the ice and laughed, "It's good for the growth of the children when their parents have an intimate relationship. As a teacher, of course, I'm pleased, but... Kids these days are precocious, especially Kaiden, and he's smarter than his peers, so... It's suggested that you keep away from him in some way."

"I see, Miss Petty." Savannah was so embarrassed that she could only hide her face in shame.

The teacher didn't ask her to the kindergarten to educate Kaiden, but to educate her.

Her face was still hot when she got home, and she had not recovered from the embarrassment.

Dylan was on the sofa when she entered the house with a blushing face.

"Judy said you went to see Kaiden's teacher at the kindergarten. What's up, about Kaiden?" He raised his eyebrows.

"I swear I'll never go to the kindergarten again," she clenched her teeth, "your turn next time."

"What's the matter?" Dylan looked confused.

Keeping a blush on her face, Savannah recounted why Petty had called her there.

Dylan laughed.

"And you're laughing? It's all your fault for talking nonsense at home and letting the little guy hear you! Don't you know that Kaiden is sharp-eared and loves to learn everything? Now, he learned and talked in kindergarten, and even the teacher laughed at me! What a shame!" Savannah glared at him.

Dylan stood up and walked over to her. He took the little woman's hand, pulling her into his arms.

"They'll know how harmonious Kaiden's family is. How could it be a shame?"

Savannah's ear was tickled by his breathing. She pushed him away gently.

"Now, be serious. You need to watch your words and never say that in front of Kaiden again, and don't hug me or kiss me in front of our son."

Petty was right. Kids loved to imitate their parents, especially Kaiden.

She didn't want Kaiden to be precocious!

Dylan frowned.

What? Hugs and kisses were all not allowed? Was it still a life?

A little speechless, he bent over and sucked her earlobe. "Okay, as long as you get Kaiden a sister, I won't bother you."

No one could imagine the master of the Sterling family and CEO of a big group had to chase after his little wife to coax her to give him a second child!

"Didn't I make it clear?" Savannah shot him a soft glance, trying to persuade him. "K&G has launched new products recently, and I'll attend the shareholders' meeting in the Morton Group several times in the second half of the year and inspect the factories... There's so much to do, and I don't have time to have a baby... Later, okay?"

Dylan's face fell. He shouldn't have given her the K&G...

Instead of giving up, he lowered his voice and went on, "It won't take long to have a baby..."

"Yeah, giving birth to a baby is very easy, but before that is a ten-month long pregnancy. Mr. Sterling, can you take my place to get pregnant?" She was amused.

"I can't get pregnant to replace you, but I can make you pregnant!" He picked her up, striding to the bedroom on the second floor as he placed kisses on her cheeks, on her neck, and even below.

"Dylan, you just promised me you wouldn't do this at home!" Savannah reluctantly held him around his neck.

"Don't worry, there are only two of us tonight. Kaiden was taken to my father, and I've sent all the servants away..." he whispered as he continued his kiss and caress.

No wonder she hadn't seen anyone since she came back... Before Savannah could say more, Dylan kicked the bedroom door open and took her in.

A month later.

A café, LA.

Two slender figures sat face to face, enjoying afternoon coffee.

"Savannah, what should I do?" Elisa frowned with a sigh, "Andrew asked me to visit his parents with him tomorrow. He wanted me to stay at his house. But I'm not ready yet. I haven't even gotten a new dress or done my hair. How can I just go to meet his parents like this? What if they don't like me... Andrew's so annoying!"

Elisa had been complaining to Savannah about Andrew all afternoon.

She came to the US for a holiday last week. She and Andrew planned to go to a mountain for adventure travel.

Elisa missed Savannah, so she came to LA first.

Andrew had to follow her will. After she stayed in LA for a few days, he mentioned taking her back again.

Savannah sipped the coffee with a smile.

"Relax. Don't prepare anything. You're good enough. When my grandfather tried to set Andrew and me up, I met Andrew's parents once. They are not difficult people," she patted Elisa's hand gently on the back.

"You think they're easy to get along with because they want a daughter-in-law like you, the daughter of a noble family. Of course, they're very good to you, but not necessarily nice to me." Elisa was still low in confidence.

She was a foreigner, although her grandmother was American and she looked not much different as an American, she knew some of the big families were very conservative and didn't like to have a foreign daughter-in-law.

What's more, she grew up in a divorced family, and her father was just a poor archaeologist who traveled all over the world.

"Just remember one thing," Savannah interrupted her thoughts. "You're the girl Andrew's been looking for. Andrew likes you, and that's all. Whatever their impression of you, show them your true self and try to get along with them."

Elisa's heart gradually calmed down. She stirred the coffee with the spoon. Then as if she remembered something, she smiled an evil smile, "Savannah, how are you doing? Is Mr. Sterling still pestering you to have a baby? Well, I suppose you will give in and give my godson a sister soon."

When Elisa came to LA, she met Kaiden and loved him so much that she asked to be his godmother.

Savannah pursed her lips.

"Come on, I'm not --"

The words did not finish when, suddenly, a feeling of nausea came up to her. She stood up and rushed to the bathroom!

"Savannah --" Elisa, startled, got up and ran after her.

In the bathroom, Savannah vomited up her afternoon coffee.

After panting for a moment, she slowly straightened up and went to wash her face.

Elisa followed her and patted her on the back gently.

"Are you feeling better?"

"I'm fine..." Savannah nodded.

"What's the matter?" Elisa looked at her anxiously.

"Maybe I drank too much coffee just now."

Elisa frowned, and suddenly her eyes lit up.

"Savannah, can't it be..."

Savannah recovered herself and stared wide-eyed.

Oh, no. Her period this month had been delayed for a few days.

She swore not to give birth to a second child, but reality gave her a surprise!

She might be pregnant!

* * *

Nine months later, Savannah gave birth to a cute baby girl.

The little princess of the Sterling family came wriggling and crying into the world.

At last, Dylan got what he wanted.

After Savannah and the baby were pushed out of the delivery room, Dylan never stopped smiling. He held his little daughter in his arms all the time.

Old Sterling, Joanne, and Savannah's grandfather were all very happy.

Kaiden was frustrated.

Since he learned that his mommy had a baby inside her belly, he was looking forward to having a younger brother.

He even prepared toys for his future brother.

But nine months later, the baby turned out to be a little girl.

He didn't think the frail baby girl could play football or play transformers with him.

His daddy would even severely scold him for touching the baby girl.

He couldn't understand why everyone cherished the baby so much.

The baby had a pink crumpled face and a little mouth, and she could do nothing but cry and eat every day. What a bore!

However, slowly, he found this annoying little fellow was also very cute.

Every day when he came home from school, the little baby would smile at him and gurgle happily in her baby chair.

Her gurgle warmed his heart.

Her appearance seemed to be more delicate and cuter.

Maybe she would be a little more beautiful when she got a little older.

She was, after all, his darling sister, who was destined to be the apple of his eyes.

Chapter 679: You Still Care About Me, Don't You?

A border town in the southwest, the US

After the earthquake, a scene of desolation met the eye on every side of the town.

On the broken ground, makeshift tents set up everywhere around broken buildings for the wounded.

Cecelia, wearing a white nurse's dress and a mask, was dressing a child who had just been saved out from a collapsed house.

"Don't be afraid. It won't hurt." She coaxed the child to stop crying.

After dressing the child, one of the volunteers came over.

"You've got blood on your hand. Go and wash it," she said.

Cecelia glanced at the back of her hand, sighed, and nodded. "All right. Please take care of the kid."

The volunteer looked at Cecelia. The girl came and joined the rescue team three days ago, just after the earthquake. She had some medical rescue knowledge, so she was arranged to help the injured as a nurse.

The rescue team asked her name and where she came from, but she said nothing.

However, everyone could see this girl was not from an ordinary family.

She was like a pampered daughter from a big family.

They all felt confused and couldn't figure out why this girl came to such a dangerous place to be a volunteer.

Cecelia wiped her sweat as she watched the child be carried into a tent, and then she made her way to the back pool.

At this moment, a figure not far away attracted all her attention.

A group of volunteers had just rescued some injured from a collapsed building. The figure was a young man carrying an injured old woman on his back.

Her heart was beating fast. She had no time to think about washing her hand but got out of the crowd and followed that figure.

The young man carried the old woman to a tent and put her down carefully. He went to get some water for the old woman, and then he crouched down and gently consoled her. When the injured old woman calmed down, he whispered something to a nurse and turn to leave.

As soon as he turned around, Cecelia saw his delicate side face.

It was really Kevin.

Cecelia, wild with joy, held her breath and followed him quietly.

There were only seven or eight meters between them.

Several times she wanted to call him, but then she got cold feet.

She came to the stricken area for him, but somehow, she was unable to shout out his name. Subconsciously she was afraid he would send her back to LA without listening to her.

When they came to a place where no one was around, he suddenly stopped and said coldly without turning back,

"Cecelia, how long are you going to follow me?"

He had already seen her when she stealthily followed him, and he was shocked and wondered why she was here.

Cecelia's heart almost leaped out of her mouth, and, unable to contain her excitement, she ran to him and threw herself around his narrow waist and cried, "Kevin! I finally find you!"

At the airport, she left in a huff after Kevin made a provocative remark on the phone.

But when she calmed down afterward and realized that he did it on purpose to keep her away from him.

After that, she continued to look for him. She went to JK to pester Dan and ask him about his whereabouts every few days, but Dan refused to say anything. Then she sent people to look for him in the town where he had lived in Italy and even searched all over Europe.

Five days ago, an earthquake struck this small town in the southwest.

When she went to JK again that day, she accidentally saw JK package a plane to send donations to the earthquake-stricken area.

Instinct told her that he would be here. After asking for leave in the school and leaving a note for the family, she threw off the guards and secretly flew to the southwest town.

Every day, apart from helping the injured, she wandered around the town, trying to find him.

Three days passed, and he didn't appear.

She was ready to give up when she finally saw him today.

Besides providing emergency food and clothes, he came to help the earthquake victims in person.

She held him tight, but he disentangled himself from her arms and pushed her away.

She staggered two steps back.

Kevin stared at her, his deep eyes sunken from several sleepless nights.

"What are you doing here?" He said with undisguised indifference.

Cecelia wiped her eyes. "I'm here for you!"

"Forgot what you said that day at the airport? You said you never wanted to see me again." The chill in his eyes deepened.

"I know you meant to annoy me that day, didn't you? I won't be fooled by you again!"

"What do you want now?" Kevin curled up his lips with sarcasm.

"How about we help the injured first, and then go back to LA together?" Cecelia stared at him hopefully.

He looked at the girl in front of him, who was wearing a dirty nurse's dress and had lost some weight after only a few days.

"Leave right now, or I'll call your parents and have them pick you up," he said coldly.

He was sure Robert and his wife didn't know their daughter was here.

The town could suffer aftershocks at any moment.

If Mr. and Mrs. Smith had known about the situation, they would not have let her come here, and they might have even broken her legs and locked her in the house.

"No, Kevin, please don't call mom and dad!"

"Then get out of here at once." Kevin remained immovable.

"I don't want to leave here. I want...I want to stay with you!" Cecelia bit her lip.

Kevin went straight to a tent to get the phone to inform the Smiths.

"No, Kevin, please..." Cecelia ran to him, grasping his arm.

Kevin shook off her hand roughly. Suddenly, the blood on the back of her hand caught his attention. Vivid anxiety came to his eyes. He paused and grasped her on the wrist, examining her up and down with a frown.

"Don't worry, it's not my blood, it's the blood of the wounded..." She smiled through tears.

He dropped her hand and regained his calm expression.

"You still care about me, don't you?" She stared at him.

"That's enough, Cecelia. Remember who you are and what your family is. You can't do whatever according to your own will. I repeat, go back!" Kevin said it loud and clear.

Cecelia took a deep breath.

"The governor's daughter? Can I only be a good girl being protected by my parents? Just because I'm the governor's daughter, I have the responsibility and obligation to come here to help the injured and share the difficulties with the victims! Yes, I came here for you, but you have no right to send me away. I am staying here now, not for you, but helping my people who are suffering from the earthquake, okay?"

Chapter 680: Will You Send Me Away Again?

With all her heart, Cecelia whispered as she approached him quietly, afraid that he would be angrier.

Kevin didn't brush her off. His eyes narrowed slightly, and Cecelia couldn't see what he was thinking.

After a long while, he left without another word.

Cecelia looked after him, not knowing whether she had persuaded him to accept her words or not but not daring to ask more.

Now that she had found him, she was relieved.

It seemed like Kevin would not leave so soon.

Late at night

After working hard all day taking care of the injured, Cecelia went back to her tent, exhausted.

She took off her clothes, cleaned herself with a wet towel, and put on clean clothes. Then she lay down on a folding bed and shut her eyes.

Being a volunteer was much harder than she had thought. They must neglect food and sleep and be ready to help at any moment.

The last two days, she fell asleep as soon as she touched the bed. But today, perhaps because she finally met him, she tossed and turned and found herself too excited to sleep.

"Kevin..." she whispered his name and slowly fell into a sweet dream.

Half asleep, she seemed to hear the volunteers cry outside the tent, accompanied by the roar of rolling stones.

Inside a tent on the other side, a figure sat up all night, quietly by the bed.

The girl's presence disturbed his peace of mind.

In the middle of the night, a flash of lightning in the sky lit up the sky, and then a deep peal of thunder went rolling and tumbling down the clouds.

Heavy rain hissed down from the sky black as hell, pouring through a hole in the tent.

Kevin pulled up the curtain and looked out at the rain, his face dark and tight.

Heavy rain after an earthquake was not a good thing.

The town was surrounded by mountains, which might suffer landslides and mudslides.

The volunteers next to him came to think of it too. They all looked graved.

Suddenly, a volunteer ran over, looking flustered.

"Oh, no, come with me now!"

"What happened?" Someone asked.

"There was a mudslide on the mountain opposite us, and the tents of the medical rescue team were buried by mud-rocks!"

Medical rescue team...

Kevin's face changed.

"Where are the people from the medical team? Did they come out?"

The volunteers had never seen such a horrible look on Kevin.

"Only a few escaped, the others... are buried alive..." He sputtered.

Kevin felt his heart lurch in horror. He sprang up and made a mad dash to the medical tents where Cecelia was.

"Don't go... It's dangerous over there!" The volunteer beside him seemed to know his intentions and tried to stop him.

But the mad man could hear nothing.

By the time Kevin reached the medical team's tents in the heavy rain, he had got a thorough souse in a thunderstorm.

The tents had disappeared, torn and buried by the mud-rocks.

Some medical workers were tending those who had escaped before the mudslide.

Cecelia was not among those volunteers.

It was very late on a rainy night, and it would be very difficult for a new rescue team to come before dawn.

His heart sank, and, without a word, he seized a shovel for digging, rushing through the crowd to the mud-buried position of the tents.

"Hey! You can't go in there! It's dangerous!" Someone noticed his crazy abnormal behavior and exclaimed.

That area could face a second collapse at any time.

Kevin, seemingly deaf, walked on into the darkness ahead. He looked around at the mess and, by the dim light of the lamp, determined the place where Cecelia's tent was.

He started digging.

"Come here quickly, Sir! It's dangerous there. We need to evacuate first. A new rescue team will come to help later!"

Kevin was deaf to the voice shouting to him and went on digging in the heavy rain.

The storm had increased the difficulty of rescue. He shoveled mud-stones with great effort but made very slow progress.

He didn't know how long it took. His face was covered with grime and sweat, and his clothes were sodden with rain and sweat. He was exhausted, panting for breath.

Only one voice hovered in his ear: She must be fine.

Finally, the shovel hit the tent buried under rocks.

Dropping his shovel, he lay prone on the ground and heard a faint voice coming, "Kevin... Kevin, I'm here..."

With a thrill of joy that had never occurred to him, he began to pull the mud and rocks away with his hands. His fingers were excoriated and became bloody, but he did not know the pain.

Only one thought stirred in his mind: She was still alive, and he must get her out of danger quickly.

Finally, her delicate, mud-stained arms appeared.

Then the neck, and the face...

She opened her eyes just a bit. The moment she saw him, she burst into a weak smile.

"Kevin... You've come. I knew it... You'll save me... Can't let go of me..."

Then she fainted away.

He scratched the dirt away from her hurriedly.

When he carried her out carefully, she fell in a dead faint.

The rain stopped at last.

He laid her flat on the ground and patted her face.

"Wake up. Cecelia, wake up!"

But the unconscious girl gave no response.

She was not breathing and had no perceptible pulse.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed down on her chest to restart her heart.

She was still lying as if she died.

He bent his head and gave her mouth-to-mouth breathing without hesitation.

Her lips were so delicate, soft, and cold.

Unfortunately, he had never realized that last time when she kissed him, he had been repelled, even felt disgusted at that time.

It was a long time before she regained consciousness and began to cough and opened her eyes slowly.

His heart sank to its place, and he held her in his arms.

Their clothes were so wet that he could not warm her. He could only hold her tight and then rub her cold hands and feet.

At that moment, there was no more brother or sister in his mind.

He only wanted her to be alright.

He could save her life at all costs.

He wondered when she had become so important to him.

But it didn't matter.

The mudslide let him see how she mattered to him. He could finally face his true heart.

"K-Kevin... Will you send me away again?" Cecelia gasped as she touched the lips he had kissed.

He rubbed her hand and shook his head.

Cecelia relaxed, a reassuring smile on her lips.

Just then, a new rescue team arrived.

A bright light came, "Is there anyone?"

With one last effort, he picked up Cecelia and went over. He had just handed the girl to the rescuer when his tall body gave out, and he fainted from exhaustion.