

## Midnight 701

### Chapter 701: Apologize To Her

Savannah knew Greta's character. She was always cold and independent, and she did not like to explain. But she was not the sort of girl who would hurt others for no reason.

"Don't worry," Savannah said softly, "I'm not going to talk to father Sterling about what happened today. Your uncle will try to explain to your teacher so that you won't get demerits. And we'll contact the two girl's families and pay their medical bills and ask their parents to teach their kids well."

Then she smiled and added, "But I don't think they'll dare challenge you again."

"Thank you, Aunt," Greta said gratefully. She had a good aunt who always arranged everything well for her.

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Martha and her best friend, who had just had their wounds treated, came out arm in arm. The injuries on their faces were as hideous as their expressions.

They chattered as they walked.

"That bitch! How ruthless she was! Ouch, my face... It hurts so much! Hope no scars will leave on my face, or I won't let her go easily!" The girl was clearly just saying angry words. She didn't have a better family than Greta's, and she couldn't fight back. All she could do was cursing behind her.

"All right, she won't get any better this time. She'll be given a good lesson and severely punished!" Martha gritted her teeth.

"But she's George Sterling's granddaughter. What if the school covers her up?" The girl hesitated.

"If the school covers her up, we can make a big deal out of it and let the whole school know, oh no, the whole world knows what she has done to us! We can take pictures of our faces and post the pictures on Twitter and IG! Then everyone will know that the girl from the Sterling family is a bully who beat up her classmates like this. I don't believe the school will still cover up for her!" Martha's eyes flashed with hate.

"You're awesome! Yeah, we're gonna give her a good lesson this time! And then we didn't get a beating for anything! No one will go against you anymore!" Her best friend became excited and forgot about the pain.

Martha beamed. With a better mood, she decided to have a good meal outside instead of eating in the student canteen before going back to the dormitory.

They chatted as they walked out of the school gate. As they turned into a narrow lane, a tall figure standing under a tree in front of them blocked their way.

In the shades of the tree, the appearance of the man was not clear. They only knew he was a young man.

The man came out of the dim light and approached them.

Against the light, Martha and her best friend could not see the man's face clearly, but they realized that the man came to them not to do them good.

"Who are you? What do you want to do?" They asked in alarm, retreating a step.

"You just fought with Greta, didn't you?" Icy words came slowly from the man's thin lips.

They could not help nod under the man's terrifying gaze.

"Tell the teacher that you stirred up trouble first, and Greta was just defending herself. Then apologize to Greta in front of the class," ordered the man with a stony air.

"Why should we do what you say?" Martha stared. "What's your relationship with Greta? Why are you defending her?"

"Don't ask why just do as I say." The man's voice was even colder.

The two girls shivered, frightened. Martha nerved herself and talked back, "What if we don't listen to you?"

Before she had finished speaking, her throat was a stroke, and her feet were off the ground!

The man grabbed them by the neck at the same time and lifted them from the ground with no effort!

The two girls could hardly breathe, and their faces were choked red. They sobbed and tried to call for help, but they could not utter a single word.

"You will suffer more misery than you can imagine without doing what I tell you. Not even your family will be able to save you," said the man gloomily.

Martha felt that the air was about to disappear, but she was still unconvinced.

"W-What can you do to us? Society's ruled by law! I...I'll call the police!" She answered back.

"One day, you two suddenly disappear." The man said as if he was telling a story. His voice was stony and murderous. "You're sold to a foreign red-light district or an underground amusement, your legs and feet removed and your eyes forced out... When you die, your body organs will be sold... Do you think calling the police would help?"

Both girls turned pale. A flush of alarm prickled their skin.

"Apologize to Greta. I will watch you and see if you are sincere." The man's voice came from hell, sending shivers down their backs.

They gasped and had to nod first.

The man loosened his grasps, and the two girls collapsed to the ground. They stumbled up, pressing their hands to their mouth to smother a few coughs.

Before Martha came to, a dagger flashed in front of her eyes, and a stray of her hair fell on the ground. She froze!

"Next time, it might be more than just hair." A bleak warning sounded over the heads of the two girls.

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In the morning, Greta got out of the car and entered the school.

As soon as she walked into the classroom, Martha and her best friend rose abruptly. They seemed to have been waiting for her for a long time. The wounds on their face and arms were not healed. Greta frowned. What were these two trying to do? Didn't they get enough yesterday?

She clenched her fist in alarm as they went up to her.

But the two stopped in front of her and suddenly apologized, "Greta, we're sorry!"

Greta and the other students in the classroom all froze.

It was so hard to hear a sorry from Martha.

Greta's first response was whether it was a new trick from Martha.

"What the hell are you doing?" She asked, squinting her eyes.

"We sincerely apologize to you. Please, forgive us, won't you?" Martha and her best friend asked impatiently.

The man warned them yesterday that if Greta didn't accept the apology, he wouldn't spare them.

Greta was surprised. They didn't look like they were making a game of her. They seemed to be admitting they were wrong sincerely.

"You don't have to do that." She went straight to her seat with an expressionless face.

Martha and her friend grabbed her arm and almost fell to their knees.

"Greta, please forgive us! We do know we were wrong. We've admitted it to the teacher, and we won't find trouble with you again..." They bowed themselves to the earth.

## Chapter 702: The Mysterious Man

Martha and her friend didn't mean to raise before Greta accepted their apology.

More and more students entered the classroom, and more and more amazing glances gathered around Martha and her friend.

In the end, even the teacher of the class came and saw them pleading with Greta.

"What are you doing?" The teacher was shocked.

Greta frowned at the two girls, "Okay, I won't attack unless I am attacked. Just forget it and don't mess with me. Now go back to your seat."

Martha and her friend hurried back to their seats with relief.

After class, the dean came to Greta, who had just walked out of the classroom.

He said that the school had already known that it was not her fault and she would not be demerited. He told her to focus on her study, and he had warned Martha and her friends not to provoke her again.

After the dean left, Greta fell into silence thoughtfully. She didn't expect this matter so smoothly resolved.

Martha couldn't apologize to her and explain to the school of her own volition.

Did her uncle help?

Just then, Martha came out of the classroom with a satchel over her shoulder. She shivered when she met Greta's eyes.

"Wait," Greta took two steps forward and blocked her way.

"What's the matter?" Martha asked timidly.

Greta pulled Martha to a corner in an irresponsible manner.

"Did someone ask you to apologize to me and explain to the school?" She asked coldly.

Martha was silent. Yesterday, before the man left, he had warned her not to mention this to Greta.

The coolness of the young man's eagle-eyed eyes still haunted her, and the cruelty with which he had cut off her hair gave Martha a nightmare that night.

However, her answer, Greta knew, was yes.

"Did my uncle threaten you?" Greta raised her eyebrows.

Martha hesitated, unable to explain.

Greta, with her back to the coming and going students, took a Swiss army knife from her coat.

"Out with it." She held the knife against Martha's waist.

Although she had already said goodbye to her past life, she was used to carrying a weapon of defense with her, which may be the reason for the lack of security.

Martha's face went white, and sweat ran off her forehead. She tried to call out but bit her lip when Greta's cold eyes met hers.

"No, not your uncle..." She said in a trembling voice.

"Who is that?" Greta wondered.

Martha was in a dilemma. That man was not easy to mess with, but Greta couldn't be fooled either.

"If you don't say it, I'll scratch your face," Greta threatened.

Martha broke into a cold sweat and could only say, "It was a young man... I don't know who he is. Yesterday, he popped up at the school gate and threatened us to do it. But he shouldn't be your uncle..."

"A young man? What does he look like? How old is he?" Greta asked incredulously.

"Twenty-three or four... Very young..." Martha tried to describe the man's appearance.

Greta's heart beat violently as Martha represented that man.

Why did the man in Martha's description sound like a person?

It was impossible. That man should have died long ago.

But besides that man, who else in the world would care about her so much and tried to protect her from being hurt?

She did her best to calm herself, but she was still a little distracted.

Martha struggled free as she relaxed and ran away.

Greta stayed in place for a long time before she turned and left the teaching building.

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It was a lovely Sunday.

During breakfast, George mentioned the blind date again.

"Greta, it's a nice day, and you have no class. Would you like to have dinner with the young master of the Stewart family today?"

Why hadn't this young gentleman left? Greta, unable to laugh, interrupted George's thought hurriedly, "Grandpa, since the weather is so beautiful today, why don't we go to the cemetery to visit my parents' grave?"

Since Greta came back, George had moved Jennifer's grave from the village to LA to be buried with his eldest son, Geoffrey.

It was his son's wish as well as Greta's.

And it was the only thing he could do to make up for them.

Although they were never formally married in life, they were able to stay together after death.

Besides, their daughter was still living in the world, and they could close their eyes.

After rebuilding their grave, George took Greta to see them almost every week when they were free.

Knowing that his granddaughter was trying to change the subject, George just nodded and didn't push her.

After breakfast, George and Greta went to the cemetery of the Sterling family.

As usual, Greta stood in front of her parents' grave with her grandfather, listening to him talk to her parents.

"Geoffrey, Jennifer, your daughter has been studying at UCLA for almost a month. She's excellent and sensible. Everything is going well in her study and life, and you can rest assured."

Greta gazed at the picture of her parents on the gravestone, whispering, "Dad, Mom, I'm fine. My grandpa and uncle are very kind to me. I miss you so much..."

Before, she could only see the photos of her parents in the necklace left by her mother. After returning to the Sterling family, she saw many photos of her father, and many photos of her mother were also collected in her father's old study.

Greta and her grandfather stayed and talked till noon.

George patted Greta's hand and said, "Greta, it's time for lunch. Let's get back and see them next week."

Greta nodded, glanced at her parents' grave, whispered goodbye, and turned to George, "Grandpa, you get in the car first, and I'll be right back."

George looked at her as if he knew what she was up to. "Another visit to your friend, right?"

When her parents' grave was repaired, Greta asked if she could make a cenotaph in the cemetery. George and Dylan were surprised and asked for whom she made that. Greta said that it was for an old friend who died because of her, but she didn't say much more.

It was not proper to build a tomb for a stranger here, but George pampered his granddaughter and agreed without asking more.

### Chapter 703: Was It Completely Hopeless?

Greta put a tombstone without any word in front of the cenotaph.

The Sterlings didn't know who the person was, but they knew it must be an important person in Greta's life. No one dares to question Greta's decision as they respected and accepted her as a family member. Old Sterling, too, learned that his granddaughter had suffered so much when she's living with the gangsters in Milan.

Greta had always been emotionally unresponsive and detached. They didn't expect she would have such an important friend.

Every time Greta came to visit her parents' grave, she would also place a bunch of flowers at her friend's cenotaph.

"Okay," George nodded and then added, "the bodyguard will stay here with you."

"No, thank you," She wanted to be alone.

"Well, I'll wait for you in the car." With that, George turned to leave under Cooper's support.

Greta walked to a corner of the cemetery and stopped.

Under an elm tree, a wordless tombstone stood quietly.

It was clean and spotless, though a little lonely.

Greta put the flowers in front of the stone and squatted down.

"Brent, how have you been? I'm fine. Everything seems so calm. For one thing, someone helped me after I fought with my classmate. I thought I would be in some trouble, but that girl apologized to me. I almost thought it was you..." Greta seemed to remember something painful yet sweet.

"You say, can the young man of her words really be you? Did you become an angel to protect me? Am I very silly? How could it be you? But I really don't know who else in the world can defend me like this, but you... Oh, yeah, and one more thing. Grandpa set me up on a blind date. You wouldn't believe it! I have a blind date, Aha... Grandpa introduced me to a young gentleman of the Stewart family. Everyone praised him. Of course, I understand that grandpa is aftering for my good, afraid I'll feel lonely, and he wants more people to love me. But I wonder, besides my family, who put you in the world will really love me and protect me? I don't want to be with any other man. No matter how nice he is, he will never be better than you." Her eyes reddened as she said this.

He cared about everything about her, but she seldom asked what he liked.

She now suddenly realized how little she knew about him. But it was too late. She could only wish that he's alive, and she could pamper him with what she had recently.

"Brent, do you know why I didn't carve your name on the stone? Not only because I couldn't accept your death, but also because you're more than just my bodyguard. I wish you're still alive," she whispered.

Then she stopped and gazed at the gravestone for a long time.

Finally, she turned and walked out of the cemetery.

The road descended out of the cemetery, and their car was waiting below.

Just then, a man suddenly appeared in front of her.

The man was tall and strong. He was wearing a large jacket, and a black cap with the peak pulled down low over his eyes. The cap failed to hide a slight scar on his left cheek. His mean eyes fixed on Greta gloomily. It seemed that he had been lying in wait here for a long time.

Greta's heart jumped when she saw the man clearly. The man in front of her was Beato, the confidant of her adoptive father.

Realizing that he came for no good, she started to run away.

Beato had expected her to run. He gestured, and two burly European men appeared on either side to block her way! They grabbed her and rushed her over to a black car.

"Let me go! Help!" Greta yelled as she struggled.

Beato immediately put a handkerchief over her mouth.

She could no longer make a sound. A pungent smell on the handkerchief rushed into her nose. In a few seconds, she lost consciousness.

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Greta was awakened by the jolting of the car. When she opened her eyes, she found she was blindfolded with a cloth and trussed up with her arms and legs securely tied.

From the front seat, there came the chatting of several men.

"Beato, what're you going to do with her?"

"The traitor! Barzini adopted her and brought her up, but she killed him! Now that we have located her and caught her, how can we let her off easily?"

"Yes. Let her pay back the blood debt! Shoot her!"

"Well, shooting her to death is too good for her. I say, take her back to Italy, hold her in the interrogation room and torture her before we execute her!"

"But this is LA, a place dominated by the Sterling family. It's easy to get in, but it's hard to get her out. Her family will search the whole city when they realize that she's disappeared. It will be very difficult for us to take her out of the country."

"Since it's not convenient to take her out of the country," Beato's voice said coldly, "we have to execute her here to avenge our dead Godfather. She jumped into the sea not dead last time, and I wonder if she is still so lucky this time."

"You mean to throw her into the sea? Good. To the wharf!"

Greta's shirt was soaked with cold sweat as they talked over how to kill her. She struggled silently, trying to work herself free, but they tied her too tight. Besides, she was limp by the force of the soporiferous medicine on the handkerchief.

Was it completely hopeless? Did she have to await her doom? Is this her sad end?

They were driving at a good rate. It was quiet outside the car window. They were probably passing through the suburbs.

Suddenly, the driver braked sharply in curses. The sudden stopping of the car plunged her forwards.

She tried to hold herself up and listened.

**Chapter 704: Accidentally Or On Purpose?**

"Damn it. Why did that car appear all of a sudden?" Beato growled in a low voice. "What's wrong with that guy? Why is the car still blocking the road? Hey you. Get out and see what's going on!"

Greta listened in silence. It seemed that someone pulled out right in front of them.

Accidentally or on purpose?

At Beato's command, the driver, a fat man, immediately opened the door and jumped out of the car. A gray SUV is parked in the middle of the road. The car remained stationary, and no one got off.

"Oh, shit! What the fuck are you doing? Out of the way!" The fat man, cursing in English, stormed over.

The car was still silent.

"Are you deaf?" The fat man burst into a fury. He came forward and was about to pull open the front door when it was opened slowly.

A tall, virile young man got off.



The fat man paused and then froze when he saw clearly the man in front of him. His face turned as white as a sheet as if he encountered a ghost. Before he made a sound, the man in front of him moved up and wrung his neck skillfully. The fat man fell to the ground in a dead faint.

Beato and another member of the Mafia in the car apparently saw what was happening. They got out of the car in a hurry, as pale and shocked as the fat man.

With difficulty, Beato opened his mouth, staring at the young man. "You... You didn't..."

Before the word "die" came out, the young man stepped forward and worked over Beato and his partner with a few movements.

Just then, a black sedan pulled up alongside. Several men got off and hurried to the young man's side, whispering, "Master, what are you going to do with them?"

At the same time, Greta's ears tensed for what was going on outside the car. She heard Beato and his partners screaming, and they seemed to have been brought to heel.

What were the people outside?

The sound of footsteps came with the whine of Beato and his partners, and then they seemed to be thrown into a car and carried away.

Greta stiffened in alarm. Although Beato had been taken away by someone, he was not necessarily a good person. Was he another kidnapper who wanted her life?

After all, she had done a lot for the gang in Italy over the years, and she had too many enemies.

Suddenly, the rear door was pulled open.

A ray of light came in. Greta, blindfolded, felt cool breathing coming towards her.

"Who are you?" She asked in alarm, shrinking back.

The person in front of her remained quiet.

She felt she was being stared at, his eyes like flaming torches. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled with fear.

"What do you want? I don't know who you are, but I appreciate that you saved my life. Please contact my grandfather or my uncle in the Sterling..."

Before she finished, she was pulled out and carried on against the man's shoulder with a strong arm.

Frightened, Greta screamed, "Let me go! Who the hell are you? Let me go!"

Perhaps because of her agitated emotional state, the force of the soporiferous medicine came to her again. Her brain was in a fog, and her strength was lost quickly.

Finally, her strength could not stand up, and she fainted.

Just before she fell into a coma, she felt she was softly put down from the guy's shoulder. She indistinctly saw a figure squat down, with his large, harsh hand resting on her forehead, and he seemed to be caressing her gently to see if she was all right.

The touch of the hand and the outline of the figure gave her a flash of light in her mind. She tried to support herself, but blackness rushed into her head...

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It was late at night when Greta came out of her coma.

George and Savannah rushed up as soon as she opened her eyes.

"How are you feeling, Greta?" They asked anxiously.

Not long after Greta was taken away by Barzini's men, the bodyguards found out and chased after them, but it was too late, and they missed their car. George immediately ordered his men to search the whole city for his granddaughter and notified the police.

Fortunately, he received a call from the hospital in the evening, learning that Greta was sent to the hospital in a coma.

Greta collected herself, looking at her anxious grandfather and aunt and whispering. "I'm fine."

"It's all right." George breathed a sigh of relief.

"Grandpa, Aunt, who saved me?" Greta blurted out.

George and Savannah looked at her.

"We don't know," Savannah said softly, "We got a call from the hospital, and you were already here when we came. I've asked the nurse, and she said that you were sent to the emergency room by someone who left without leaving any contact information."

Greta froze.

Why did the man who saved her feel like... Brent?

How could it be?

It couldn't be him!

Besides, she heard someone call that man—Master.

What did Brent have to do with the term?

He was just a perpetually silent, slow, and prudent bodyguard.

She must have inhaled too much drug, which caused hallucinating.

Just then, the door was gently opened, and Dylan walked in. He took a look at his niece, relieved to see that she was awake and looking fine.

"Dylan, have you caught the kidnappers?" George asked with a rather serious expression.

"The three men who kidnapped Greta were from Italy. They were all Barzini's men. After Barzini was shot by," Dylan looked at his niece and continued, "by Greta two years ago, the remaining members of the gang were cast into disarray. However, not long ago, some of Barzini's old followers learned that Greta is not dead. They came to LA secretly and wanted to avenge their godfather. Rest assured, the three have been sent to the police station and will be handed over to the police in Europe. With their criminal records, these three men will never get out of jail. It won't happen again."

#### Chapter 705: He Is The Son Of The Stewart

"The police are so efficient this time," Savannah sighed with relief.

Dylan shook his head.

"It wasn't really the police. An hour ago, someone drove past the police station and pushed the three men out of the car. They were beaten and tied up. It seems that they had been taught a lesson before they were handed over to the police."

Who did that? Greta wondered.

Someone saved her and then sent her to the hospital, beat those men half to death, and left them to the police... Why didn't that guy show up?

Could it be the young man who warned Martha to apologize to her?

If these two people were one and the same person, who was he, and why was he protecting her behind her back?

George looked at Dylan questioningly and asked, "Who saved Greta's life?"

"I checked the monitoring of the hospital and the police station," Dylan said, "according to the man who sent Greta to the hospital, a stranger had given him money and asked him to do that. And the car passed the police station avoiding the monitoring, so we can't see its numbers. Obviously, the guy doesn't want to be known."

George was silent for a long time.

"It should be a friend of the Sterling family," Savannah speculated, "otherwise that guy would not have taken the effort to help. Anyway, that's over. Greta has just woken up and is still a little weak. Let her have a good rest."

George and Dylan nodded and said nothing more.

The Sterling family, with its position in LA, had many enemies and more friends.

It was not surprising that people who had been indebted to the Sterling family gave a hand when they learned that Greta had been kidnapped.

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Outside the hospital, a military Land Rover stood quietly, surrounded by a few plain-clothes guards who were keeping a wary eye on the surroundings and protecting those inside the car.

In the wide back seat, an elderly man of about fifty and a young man sat side by side, looking at the hospital gate in the distance.

The older man, with a grave and military bearing, was General Stewart, the head of the Stewart family. The shoulders of the general's uniform were piped with signs of his rank.

Stewart withdrew his gaze and looked at the young man beside him.

"Are you sure you're not going to see her?" His eyes softened.

The young man had the features of the older man, but his eyes were deeper and assured. Though he was only in his twenties, he seemed to have been through a lot.

"Well. Forget it." His eyes narrowed at Stewart's words.

"It would be a great pity. You finally met again, and you've done so much for her without her knowing anything about it... Why? Why don't you meet her?" Stewart asked, confused.

The young man sighed and said, "She's now living a good life. She's reared in a fine family and has a bright future. Others wouldn't know her bad old days. As time goes by, she will gradually forget those terrible experiences. And my presence only serves to remind her of her painful experience. She'd better not see me."

After a pause, he murmured with a wry smile, "I must protect her."

Stewart shook his head disapprovingly.

"You still think of yourself as her bodyguard? Brent, remember, she's no longer your master, and you are not her bodyguard. You are Brent Stewart, my son, the young master of the Stewart family. You're equal."

Brent replied with silence. There was a sad look in his eyes, with mingled yearning and helplessness.

Yes. The young man was Brent.

And General Stewart was Brent's father.

Abandoned on the street of Italy as a child, Brent grew up in an orphanage. He was picked by Barzini and became Greta's bodyguard after being trained rigorously. He had thought of himself as a parentless orphan, and he never expected he was the son of a big family in the US.

Two years ago, Brent was thrown into the sea by Barzini's men but was secretly rescued by plain-clothes guards of his family and was sent back to LA overnight.

While recovering in the hospital, he met Stewart and learned his story.

He was not a helpless orphan who had been abandoned in a foreign country.

He had a family. He was the son of a General.

Stewart had ruled over the peacekeeping force when he was young. At that time, the whole of Europe was embroiled in war. Stewart was sent in to quell the riots. Soon after, his baby son, who hadn't had a name yet, was stolen by revenge.

The baby was abandoned in a disordered train station.

Luckily, Brent was picked up by a good man and was sent to the local orphanage.

Stewart had been frantically searching for his son ever since he disappeared, but he found nothing. Finally, he gave up hope and believed that his son had been killed by a rebel group.

It was only in recent years that his son was found in Italy, working as a bodyguard for Barzini's adopted daughter in one of the biggest Mafia gangs.

The Mafia, one of the rebel groups, had always been at odds with the Stewart family.

Stewart wanted his son back, but he was afraid that Barzini would discover Brent's origin and that he would be in danger.

Even if he could take Brent away by force, Barzini was sure to investigate it when his important subordinate suddenly disappeared.

If Barzini knew that Brent was the son of the General of peacekeeping troops, he must start in chase of Brent and would not let Brent live in peace.

So Stewart sent plain-clothes guards to watch Brent in the dark to protect him and wait for a chance to get him out of the gang.

They didn't expect to see Barzini's men throw Brent into the sea, which was a good opportunity. They got him out of the sea in time.

From then on, a member of the Mafia died in the sea, and Stewart got his son back.

After returning to LA, Brent became Brent Stewart.

He resumed his identity and studied at UCLA for two years. Then he went to stay with his father, who had been garrisoned at a military post.

They returned to LA this time only to attend a banquet held by the head of the Sterling family, Stewart's old friend, George. It was said that his granddaughter was admitted to UCLA with distinction. George was so happy that he invited many friends and business cooperators, and of course, the Stewarts were invited.

Brent didn't want to return at first. Anyway, he had met Dylan in Italy when he was working for the Mafia. It would be embarrassing if Dylan saw him and recognized him.

#### Chapter 706: That Was Her

Old Stewart said that George's granddaughter had something in common with his story. She had strayed from home and lived in a foreign city since childhood and was recently found.

Brent seemed to have remembered something, and he asked his father what the name of the girl was.

Old Stewart said, Greta Sterling.

Brent's heart gave a great thud against his chest.

Greta.

She was the granddaughter of George Sterling!

He finally understood why she had retaliated against the Sterlings and why she asked him what he would do if he met his family after she was saved by Dylan and came back from the police station in Milan.

He never expected she was the lost pearl of the Sterling family.

And he also heard how she jumped into the sea after shooting Barzini.

He knew immediately that she killed Barzini to avenge him.

Even though he knew that he should not disturb her current peaceful life, he could not control himself. He accompanied his father back to LA for the banquet, but he didn't see her at the hotel.

Old Sterling said she didn't like crowds, so he didn't force her to come to entertain guests.

She was the same as before.

Even if it was a banquet for her, and even if she became the young lady of the Sterling family, she still preferred quietness to noise.

At the end of the dinner, Old Sterling called Greta and asked her to come, and she agreed.

His heart pounded heavily again. Just when he thought he was going to meet her, she stood him up, and even her grandfather couldn't get through to her on the phone. It was getting late, so he left with his father.

After the banquet, his father decided to stay in LA a little longer.

He thought he would never see her again. Unexpectedly, after some days, he saw her at UCLA.

He had studied at UCLA, so he took the opportunity to visit his old friends and teachers.

What's more, he knew she got into UCLA, and subconsciously, he wanted to see her.

That day, he went to UCLA as usual and was invited to play basketball by some guys on the basketball team.

While people were cheering and yelling for them around the playground, he peered into the crowd now and then, trying to catch a glimpse of the familiar figure.

It was a pity that he spent the whole noon on the playground without seeing the person he wanted to see.

He laughed at himself. How would she come to a basketball game and cheer for boys like other girls?

Just at the end of the basketball game, he almost gave up seeing her when he inadvertently turned to see a familiar figure holding a book walking on the path.

His heart missed a beat.

That was her.

Though it had been more than three years since the last time they met, he recognized her at once.

She had grown into a perfect young girl, with long hair and a more peaceful expression on her face. She was no longer the cool gang boss with short hair and a cold, sharp, even surly look.

Bothered by the noise from the playground, she turned her face and gave them a glance with no intention to come to join the crowd. Then she kept moving forward.

At that moment, he wanted to rush over to meet her, but he forbore from doing so.

He stood still and didn't respond until he was patted by his teammate on the shoulder.

When he looked over again, her figure had disappeared.

Later, he heard that she had wounded two female classmates who had always provoked her, and she was criticized by the dean of the school. He could not help but lend a hand, warning the two girls.

He was relieved to see that she would not be given demerits and that the two girls did not dare to trouble her again.

Old Stewart was right, times had passed, and everything had changed. She was no longer his young master in the gang, and he was no longer her bodyguard.

His will to protect her, however, never changed.

He just couldn't help paying attention to her and caring for her. He couldn't see her get any hurt.

But he didn't show up to meet her because he didn't want to disturb her peaceful life. His presence would only remind her of her terrible dark days in Italy.

Because of that, he cowered every time.

Today, he was at home when a guard came and said that Greta was missing.

She went to the cemetery with her grandfather to visit her parents' grave, and she was kidnapped when she was alone.

The Sterling family was searching the city for her, but so far, they found nothing.

He guessed who had kidnapped her. After working with those men in the Mafia for so many years, he knew too much about their way, and he drove out in a hurry.

Luckily, he found her in time.

He knew Beato and the other two men came to avenge Barzini.

Before they called out his name, he worked them over in a minute.

The moment he opened the door, he saw her huddled like a little wild cat, her eyes covered, her feet bound, her body shining in alarm.

She was like a cheetah, ready to dash in to bite him.

At that moment, he was so excited that he wanted to tear off her blindfold and tell her that he wasn't dead and that he had always been there for her.

But in the end, he just carried her out without a word.

She was visibly frightened, and she struggled against his shoulder, pinching, scratching, and even biting him with all her strength.

At last, she fainted from lack of strength.

He took her to a nearby hospital and asked a passer-by to take her in.

He was in the car not far from the hospital when the Sterlings came.

He was relieved that she was safe now, and he should have left. But for some reason, he didn't want to leave, so he stayed in the car and stood guard outside the hospital until Old Stewart learned what had happened and came.

It turned out that his son and George's granddaughter were not strangers.

He grew up with the girl, and she was the one whom he had protected with his life.

#### **Chapter 707: She Doesn't Need Me Any Longer**

Old Stewart could see that his son had a special affection for Greta, and he knew that he was bitterly sorry that they couldn't reunite.

However, now that his son had made up his mind, he could do nothing but respect his decision.

After a while, Old Stewart said, "It's about time we go back. Can you really let bygones be bygones?"

Brent paused, took another look at the hospital gate, and nodded.

"There are a lot of people who love her, and those who tried to hurt her have been arrested. She will be fine. She doesn't need me any longer."

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A few days later, Greta was released from the hospital.

Her life returned peaceful and quiet.

Although there were no more Italian Mafia to hurt her, George was still worried. After this accident, several more professional bodyguards were added for her.

This morning, Greta and George were having breakfast together.

At the dinner table, George, seeing that his granddaughter seemed to be in a good mood, ventured, "Greta, today is Sunday. You have no class, do you?"

Greta paused, and as if expecting what her grandfather was going to say, she nodded.



"General Stewart and his son are leaving LA in just a few days. If you're free, would you like to meet with them this evening?" George didn't give up. He believed that Greta would like that boy, and he wanted them to meet before the Old Stewart's left LA.

Greta curled her white hands around the milk cup, hesitating.

George took her silence as a refusal. Disappointed as he was, he sighed, "Never mind. If you really don't want to..."

"No problem," Greta interrupted him.

Surprised, George thought he had heard it wrong. "You... You agreed to meet General Stewart's son?"

Greta put down her cup and nodded gravely.

"Well, I know grandpa just wants me to have more friends. If you think he is a good guy, I'd like to give myself a chance."

She found her thoughts changed a little after the kidnapping. She was more open about some things, not as stubborn as before.

Life is short.

You would never know what might happen tomorrow. In this case, why not cherish the moment?

Meeting with the young master of the Stewart family would at least put grandpa, uncle, and aunt at ease. So why not?

Delighted, George said, "Okay, I'll call General Stewart and arrange for you and his son to have dinner. They must be very happy!"

In the afternoon, Greta went to the cemetery of the Sterling family alone.

After visiting her parents' grave, she went to Brent's cenotaph.

"Brent, I'm going to start a new life, make more friends, and live a normal life of a girl at my age. You'll support me, won't you?" She smiled faintly as if she were talking with the most important friend in her life.

"Last time, I said that my grandfather arranged a blind date for me and introduced me to the son of his family friend, you remember? Tonight, I'm going to have dinner with him. To be honest, I'm a little nervous. If you were here, you'd be able to cheer me up and give me some suggestions, right?" Her voice trailed to a whisper.

If only he were here.

If he were here, what would she be like with him now?

He would still be there for her, dedicated to protecting her, no matter who she was, wherever she went, he would be her knight.

However, there was no if.

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In the evening, George went with Greta to the hotel to keep the appointment.

They were an hour late because of the traffic jam.

Greta and George were led into a box, where a figure was sitting in an armchair. The crystal pendant lamp made the box soft and bright.

Greta also wondered what the young master of the Stewart family was like and whether he was as good as grandpa said.

She looked over and saw a man of about fifty.

"Hey, old fellow! I'm sorry we're late because of the traffic jam." George stepped into the box and apologized.

The man was not young, but he was born in an imposing manner. He stood up to greet them, "It's all right, George. So, this is Greta, right? She's so beautiful."

"Greta, this is General Stewart." George introduced his old friend to her.

"Nice to meet you, Uncle Stewart," Greta said politely.

"Good, good girl." Old Stewart looked at Greta with satisfaction.

George looked around the box again and asked Old Stewart strangely, "Where's your son? Hasn't he arrived yet?"

"Well, George, I'm sorry," he gave a slight, apologetic cough and said, "My army just called, and I'm afraid some pressing business has come up. I've asked my son to go back to take care of it. He's on the way to the airport."

George was a little disappointed, but General Stewart controlled the peacekeeping force, and since he said it was urgent, it must not be delayed.

"Public affairs should come first," he said.

"It's a pity. My son left half an hour ago. If there's no traffic jam, Miss Sterling would have come here half an hour earlier and seen her. Alas..." Old Stewart sighed.

"Yeah, let's get together again next time." George felt pity too.

"Sure." Old Stewart looked at Greta, the girl her son had been secretly protecting.

He could see how excited his son was when Greta offered to meet.

Since she was willing to know him, it was fate. Brent had planned to meet her, but a plan might not be able to keep up with changes. While they were waiting for her arrival, he got a call from the army, and they asked him to go back.

As Old Stewart grew older, he gradually handed over his power to his son and began to let his son run many things.

It was hard to say when they could meet again next time.

Greta somehow felt a little pity too.

Maybe it was fate. They missed each other every time.

The dinner wasn't perfect since Old Stewart's son was absent. After chatting for a while, Old Stewart walked out of the hotel with George and his granddaughter.

#### Chapter 708: You're A Pain In The Ass

Coming out of the hotel, they stopped under a streetlight. Old Stewart turned his eyes back on Greta. There was a soft expression on his face and a complicated gleam in his eyes.

Greta felt a little strange. The way General Stewart looked at her was not only the way an elder looked at his kid. It seemed as if he had known her earlier and seemed to have something to say to her.

"Uncle Stewart," Greta took the initiative to ask, "do you have something to say to me?"

Old Stewart didn't expect the young girl to read his mind. He almost blurted out on a sudden urge that Brent was still alive and that he was exactly the young man she was supposed to meet tonight.

But at last, he swallowed it.

"No, it's nothing... I just regret that my son hasn't had the pleasure of meeting you." He grinned.

Greta smiled and blurted out, "It's okay. I'll see you sometime."

Old Stewart nodded.

Greta helped George into the car and waved to Old Stewart before she got in.

The car drew away from the hotel slowly.

On the way home, George sighed and complained about the failure of Greta's blind date. He made a call to Dylan and Savannah and kept grumbling.

Greta listened and smiled silently.

Just then, the car slowed and stopped.

"What's the matter?" George and Greta both looked up at the driver.

"We got stuck in traffic," the driver said helplessly.

It was rush hour. There were many cars on the streets and traffic moved very slowly. They were late for dinner because of the traffic jam, and now they got trapped again.

"I'll get off to have a look, Grandpa," Greta said.

She opened the door and got out of the car. Looking ahead, she saw endless queues of cars crawling bumper to bumper through the main street.

All around, the drivers honked and complained.

"How long will it take?"

"It's been stuck for over two hours. Who knows."

Greta took a breath. The road had been obstructed for two hours?

She was about to turn back to her grandpa when she heard a voice above the noise.

"Mr. Stewart, there's too much traffic. I'm afraid you'll miss your flight in that case. Why don't you take the side street to the airport? Let me take what you left at the hotel."

Greta stopped short.

Mr. Stewart?

Miss your flight?

Could it be General Stewart's son, the young man she didn't see tonight?

She turned her head towards the voice and moved forward, fixing her eyes on a black sedan in the long queue in the oncoming traffic.

A man who had just checked the traffic was standing outside the car, reporting to the person inside.

Stewart Junior sat in the back of the car. Greta couldn't see him or hear him through only a crack in the window.

She heaved a sigh. It looked like General Stewart's son was supposed to go to catch his flight, but he found that he had missed something at the hotel and was returning to get it, only to find himself stuck in traffic. His guard suggested he change lanes for the airport first, but he still wanted to wait.

Greta suddenly felt amused.

She missed this young master of the Stewart family several times, but she didn't expect to see him on such an occasion and in such a place.

Oh, no, they did not meet yet.

He was in the car, and she couldn't see him.

With a feeling of wonder, she could not help but approach the black car, trying to get a good look inside the car.

Stewart Junior's guard turned in alarm when he sensed someone approaching their car and peeking over.

"What are you doing?" He cried as he blocked the car door glass winder, alert.

"Nothing. Traffic sucks, right?" Greta shrugged.

She didn't see the figure in the passenger's seat shiver at her words.

Even without lowering the window to see with his own eyes, he instantly recognized her voice in the crowd.

"Leave us alone! The sidewalk is wide. Go over there, girl!" The guard cried impatiently.

Greta suddenly lost the interest to know Stewart Junior. How much better could he be when his subordinate was so impolite?

He must be arrogant.

Never mind, this kind of person wasn't worth her time.

"This is not your private road," with that, she turned and was about to walk back to her family's car when a soft voice said behind her,

"I'm sorry, Miss Sterling. The security of my family is always very strict. If you are neglected, I apologize on behalf of my subordinate."

The guard looked at Greta in surprise when he heard his master called "Miss Sterling." The girl was George's granddaughter?

Greta stood still.

She stopped not because Stewart Junior recognized her as George's granddaughter, but his voice...

Why? Why did his voice sound so much like...

It was impossible!

It must be a hallucination, or the noise around her was too loud that her ears were deceived.

It was normal for two men to have similar voices.

She held her emotions and turned back.

"Mr. Stewart, you know me?"

"Yeah, Miss Sterling. I'm sorry that I missed our appointment tonight because of an emergency, " the sound came from the car and sounded calm.

"It's okay. Since it's an emergency, I can't blame you." Greta was not a narrow-minded girl.

At that moment, the driver of the Sterling family called. "Miss, there's less traffic. Let's go."

Greta nodded, turning to the black car, "Mr. Stewart, see you. Have a nice trip."

"Miss Sterling!" The man in the car suddenly raised his voice and called her.

Greta stopped and stared back at the car. "Anything else?"

After a long silence, the man finally said, "Nothing. See you, Miss Sterling."

There was no reply outside the window. The girl seemed to have left.

The guard of the Stewart family got on and said, "the traffic is easing up. We can go."

Inside, Brent was obviously feeling down. His face was barely discernible in the gloom.

When he just learned that she was outside, for a moment, he decided that if she recognized his voice, he would get off and meet her.

But she did not recognize him.

That was good. It proved that she had forgotten much about Brent.

"Well. Go to the hotel and get my things for me, please. I'll go to the airport first," he said quietly.

"Okay." The guard got off and asked the driver to turn around to go to the airport.

After the car moved out into the road, Brent turned his attention to the landscape speeding by.

Finally, the car stopped at the gate of the airport.

Brent got out of the car, taking one last deep look at the distant neon light before he walked towards the gate. Just as he stepped in, he heard a voice behind him—

"Brent!"

He was brought up sharp by the familiar voice. His heart struck heavily. He thought he was in a dream.

He slowly turned.

Greta was running to him, her chest heaving as she panted along.

She stopped in front of him, staring at him straight in the eye. Then she raised her hand and slapped him in the face.

"You're a pain in the ass! You clearly know it's me, but you pretended not to know me and go like that! How dare you!" Her voice vibrated with a mixture of anger and enthusiasm.

She had already recognized him when he was in the car.

How could she mistake his voice? His tone was unique in the world for her.

She didn't think she was hallucinating.

She knew it was him when he spoke in the car, but she couldn't believe it.

Stewart Junior was Brent.

The one who warned Martha not to provoke her anymore was him; the one who saved her from Beato's hand was him.

It turned out he wasn't dead. He was there all the time.

For a few seconds, she was so excited that she couldn't wait to pour her heart out to him, but it seemed that he wasn't going to get off and meet her.

She deliberately said, see you and pretended to leave just to see if he would stop her.

But he didn't.

Back to her family's car, she asked her grandpa to go home first and then took a taxi to catch up with his car.

Along the way, she seemed to realize why he had avoided seeing her even though he was not dead.

He was afraid to ruin her life, to remind her of the bad experience she wanted to forget.

And his presence was a constant reminder of her past.

What a fool! She had engraved him deep in her heart and could not forget him as long as she lived.

Even if he avoided her, she could not forget him.

Brent froze.

The slap, however, made Brent smile.

His wild cat came back.

"Sorry, my Lord." He reached out and touched the girl's cheek.

"I am no longer your Lord, and you're not my bodyguard." Greta's eyes reddened.

She grew up, and he became more mature, calmer, and more handsome.

After a pause, she murmured, "you have my permission to call me Greta."

"Greta," he smiled.

Tears came out of her eyes, and she ran into his arms.

It didn't matter why he came back from the dead and why he became Stewart's son.

She believed that she and he had plenty of time to get to know each other.

There was a lifetime.

## **Chapter 709: Such A Girl Is Out Of My League**

Chicago.

The Caffreys had a heated argument.

"No, I don't agree. Aren't there any good girls in Chicago? I don't want that Italian girl to be my daughter-in-law! There will be communication problems." Andrew's mother, Mrs. Caffrey, smacked the fiat of her hand on the table and spoke the words with iron decisiveness.

Andrew and Mr. Caffrey looked at each other, filled with helplessness.

Ever since Mrs. Caffrey learned that her son had an Italian girlfriend, she had been unhappy.

"Mom, Elisa spoke English very well. Didn't you talk to her the last time she visited you? You won't have problems in communication, your only problem is lack of communication," Andrew said, desperately.

"Yeah, we're not inflexible people, are we? What does it matter if your daughter-in-law is not an American? Besides, Elisa's grandmother is American, and to be exact, she's not a foreigner." Mr. Caffrey also helped his son.

"You should not marry her," Mrs. Caffrey was still finding all sorts of excuses. "Regardless of that, the girl doesn't have a good family. Her parents had divorced, and she grew up in a single-parent family. It must have an impact on her, and she might have psychological problems! Is her father an archaeologist? That's not a very serious job. My daughter-in-law, at least, should be a noble lady! Such a girl is out of my league!"

That, Andrew knew, was the real reason why his mother didn't like Elisa.

To put it bluntly, it was about family.

His mother had her heart set on a well-connected daughter-in-law, preferably one from a big family in the town.

She was upset when he suddenly got back his girlfriend in a different walk of life from Europe.

Andrew took Elisa home when she was on a trip to the US.

Mrs. Caffrey looked ghastly when she saw Elisa, but she kept polite and didn't embarrass her at that time.

Only after Elisa had left did Mrs. Caffrey express her dissatisfaction, but she didn't say much, thinking that her son might have been just playing around with that girl.

But today, Mrs. Caffrey became furious when Andrew said that he wanted to propose to Elisa.

"It's me getting married, not you, mom," Andrew said with a determined expression. "I love her, and that's enough. I just came back today to inform you of my decision. Whether you agree or not, I shall marry her and only her."

Then he turned and left.

"Andrew!" Mrs. Caffrey rushed over but was grabbed by her husband.

"What are you doing? Stop him, or he's going to see that girl again!" She shook off his hand.

"Andrew is a man, not a three-year-old kid. What's the point of stopping him now? Forget it!" Mr. Caffrey laughed wryly.

"What do you mean? Will you let that Italian girl be our daughter-in-law?" Mrs. Caffrey snapped.

"Elisa's a nice girl. She's lively and smart, and more importantly, Andrew likes her..." Mr. Caffrey whispered. He didn't think accepting Elisa as their daughter-in-law was a bad idea.

"Shut up! What do you mean? Why are you speaking for others?" Mrs. Caffrey raised her voice to a roar.

Seeing his wife angry, Mr. Caffrey dropped into an ingratiating smile.

"How could it be? You're my wife..."



Although Mr. Caffrey was the President of a big group and head of the Caffrey family, he had always been a bit of a hen-dog. Mrs. Caffrey had a say about everything in the family, especially about her son.

When his wife had cooled down, Mr. Caffrey added, "But you'd better not interfere in Andrew's feelings. He has a say about his marriage, and you'll only make him more rebellious by forcing him to leave that girl."

Mrs. Caffrey frowned. That was true. The more she interfered, the more she pushed his son to that girl... Then her eyes lit up.

\* \* \*

Elisa knew Andrew's mother didn't like her.

On that day, when she went to Andrew's home to visit his parents for the first time, she made full preparations and tried her best to please them.

But she could see the discomfort in his mother's eyes. It was clear that Mrs. Caffrey didn't much want Andrew to be with her.

Because of this, she didn't stay at his home but left after dinner.

Andrew had planned to let her live in his home during her stay in the US. But now, how could she embarrass herself by living with his mother, who didn't like her at all?

She insisted on staying in a hotel, and Andrew, not wanting to make her unhappy, arranged her in the hotel owned by his family.

After that, Elisa never went to his home again. She knew that Andrew was under pressure from his family, and Mrs. Caffrey still didn't accept her. But every time she asked him, Andrew spoke in a relaxed tone, telling her that he would win his mother to their marriage sooner or later, and she would know how good she was.

Elisa knew that Andrew was only saying this to comfort her. Mrs. Caffrey wanted a noble lady of a good family as her daughter-in-law, and her view could not be changed easily.

At noon this day, Elisa was chatting with Savannah online in the hotel when the cell phone rang.

The caller was Mrs. Caffrey.

On the phone, Mrs. Caffrey said that she had a party at home in the evening and she invited Elisa to have dinner together. The driver had been sent to the hotel to pick her up.

Elisa was surprised, but she felt a little happy at the bottom of her heart. She thought Mrs. Caffrey accepted her after these days, and then she said that she would go together with Andrew when he came back.

But Mrs. Caffrey said Andrew would go home directly after work.

Elisa could not refuse anymore. She hung up, got dressed, and went out of the hotel. The car from the Caffrey family was already waiting for her at the entrance.

They arrived at the Caffrey family in fifteen minutes.

Elisa was taken to the sitting room by a servant.

"There you are." Mrs. Caffrey's voice came over.

Elisa looked over. Mrs. Caffrey came down the stairs, accompanied by a young lady with long curly hair.

The lady was in her twenties. She was wearing a pink lace dress and a valuable pearl necklace.

She helped Mrs. Caffrey down in a quiet affectionate manner.

As Elisa wondered, Mrs. Caffrey took the girl to her.

"Mrs. Caffrey, how are you doing?" Elisa reacted and greeted her.

### **Chapter 710: Don't Play The Fool**

"Fine." Mrs. Caffrey nodded coldly. She looked at the girl next to her and said in a casual tone. "This is Nona from the Faustine family. The Faustine Family has the largest auto company in our town. Our two families are friends and partners. Andrew and Nona have been playing together since they were kids. They were childhood sweethearts."

Nona lowered her head shyly.

Mrs. Caffrey smiled and added, "Nona and Andrew got along great. We always joked about letting Andrew marry her when they grow up."

Nona blushed even more.

Elisa's heart sank. She knew why Mrs. Caffrey had invited her to the villa today.

She didn't accept her, and on the contrary, she wanted to stop her from pursuing her son by this young lady.

"You're Andrew's new girlfriend, Elisa, right? Nice to meet you," Nona greeted her sweetly.

Elisa looked at the girl in front of her and replied with a polite "yes."

She could see Nona's ambition to be Mrs. Caffrey's daughter-in-law, as well as her jealousy against her.

Nona looked at Elisa up and down and smiled, "You look beautiful today. I hope we can be good friends."

Elisa didn't think Nona wanted to be her friend, and maybe what she wanted most was to kick her out of the town. She smiled stiffly and didn't say more.

"Elisa, please help yourself. Nona and I are going to entertain the guests." Without more words to Elisa, Mrs. Caffrey took Nona away.

Elisa watched them leave and took a deep breath.

She knew she ought to get out of here, but in this case, she was beaten without a fight.

She didn't want to give Andrew up to Nona.

Even if Mrs. Caffrey didn't like her, she would try.

"Elisa, I'm sorry." Mr. Caffrey came over, looked at the back of his wife and Nona, and said gently, "Nona is cute and ingratiating. My wife likes her and has been pairing Andrew and her since long ago. If she said something that made you unhappy, please don't take it to heart. She never meant any harm. She just hasn't known much about you yet."

"It's okay, uncle." Elisa felt a little embarrassed and very grateful to him for comforting her.

Then she smiled helplessly.

That Nona was good at pleasing people, how could she win her?

After Mr. Caffrey left to welcome some male guests, Elisa hung out alone in the villa and walked to the back garden, away from the crowd.

She walked along the path and stopped short when she saw a slender figure standing not far ahead.

It was Nona.

Elisa's eyelids fluttered. She had a foreboding that this woman was up to no good.

The gentle smile Nona had shown to her at Mrs. Caffrey's side was gone, replaced by a provocative look.

"If I were you," she said as she moved to Elisa, "I would leave here myself and never see Andrew again."

Elisa was somehow amused by the big fake.

"I remember when you said you wanted to be my friend in front of Mrs. Caffrey," she replied with a sarcastic smile.

"Don't play the fool," Nona snorted and stepped forward. "There are no others here. Who do you think you are? Are you worthy of being Andrew's wife? Andrew is just playing around with you. The Caffrey family won't accept you. Leave early, and you might impress Andrew a bit!"

"I wonder what if I don't leave Andrew?" Elisa folded her arms.

Nona became angry and red-faced. She took one step closer and whispered, "This is Chicago, not your country. I have a thousand ways to make you disappear."

Elisa sneered. A threat?

Reaching out, she grabbed Nona by her collar and said gloomily, "Well, I'd like to see if you really have all that."

"You bitch! I warn you, leave Andrew!" Elisa screamed and was about to wrestle with her when she saw Mrs. Caffrey coming to the garden out of the corner of her eye.

Her eyes fired up, and suddenly her face changed.

"Please let me go, I have nothing with Andrew. Don't hit me!" She murmured miserably with a frightened look.

Elisa frowned and also saw Mrs. Caffrey coming. She realized the reason for Nona's sudden change of attitude. But before she could respond, Nona fell to the ground, shrinking back as if she were a monster.

"Nona!" Mrs. Caffrey immediately ran to help Nona up. "Are you okay? What's the matter?"

"Mrs. Caffrey, I'm fine..." Nona sobbed bitterly.

Mrs. Caffrey glanced at Elisa, and her face held a suggestion of anger. "How can you be fine? Is she bullying you?"

Elisa was angered and amused.

Mrs. Caffrey was a real fool. Couldn't she tell Nona's inconsistency?

Nona shook her head weakly, "No, Mrs. Caffrey. Don't get angry yourself. Let's go."

Some guests heard the noise and looked over. Mrs. Caffrey couldn't say much. She shot Elisa an angry glance before she walked toward the house with Nona.

Nona looked over her shoulder, smiling triumphantly at Elisa.

Elisa was kind, but it didn't mean she could still be accommodating and nice when she was set up and misunderstood. Deeply enraged, she rushed over and grabbed Nona, "I didn't do anything to you! Just stop and make it clear!"

Nona staggered, screaming, and unconsciously pulled Mrs. Caffrey, who reeled and fell!

"Ah! Mrs. Caffrey! Are you all right?" Nona immediately ran to pick up Mrs. Caffrey. Seeing red marks on her arms, Nona stared at Elisa, crying, "It's you! You pushed Mrs. Caffrey down! Somebody!"

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The hospital

A nurse was treating Mrs. Caffrey's wounds in the ward. Mr. Caffrey and Nona stood aside with concern.

Elisa waited outside with her arms folded.

"It's okay," Andrew whispered, "It's just an accident. Mom won't blame you."

Elisa was disturbed. How could Mrs. Caffrey not blame her? She didn't like her before, and maybe she hated her even more now.

The door of the ward opened. The nurse came out.

"Come on," Andrew took Elisa by the hand and walked in.

Mrs. Caffrey sat in the hospital bed with her arms wrapped in white gauze. She was not seriously injured, but her face fell as she saw Elisa walking in.

Nona rushed over and pointed at Elisa excitedly.

"Andrew, she pushed Mrs. Caffrey down on purpose! Why did you take her here? Doesn't that make your mother even angrier?"

