

Midnight 101

101: It Was Clearly An Excuse

Judy? Then it must be the matter about the little woman.

Otherwise, Judy wouldn't call him at work.

Dylan raised his eyes and shouted, "Stop! What did Judy say?"

Mr. Sterling went back on his words for Savannah again. Garwood thought to himself. "Miss Schultz went to the hills in the suburbs today. She would spend a whole day there and might get home very late tonight. So, Judy specially reported to you."

Dylan's eyes darkened.

That woman was so heartless that she cared about nothing.

It seemed that she was very happy without him these days. Instead of feeling unusual, she enjoyed her days with pleasure.

She seemed to find herself relieved from a heavy burden.

She even took the job of shooting outdoors and didn't plan to return overnight. Did she really think he was a nice man?

Dylan shut his eyes, struggling to control his rage.

Just then, Miller knocked on the door and came in. "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry to bother you. Miss White is here to see you. I said you are very busy at the moment and didn't expect to see any visitors, but Miss White is determined to see you."

Abby White?

Since last time Abby ran away from the restaurant, she had not looked for him for a long time.

He thought she had finally given up, but she came back today.

Garwood thought his boss would let the secretary send Abby White away, but Mr. Sterling opened his mouth and said, "Let her in."

A minute or two later, Abby came in, with a surprised and charming smile on her beautiful face. She did not expect she would be able to come in so easily. When seeing the gorgeous man behind the desk, she said with her soft and tender voice, "Mr. Sterling."

Dylan stared at the rich princess in front of him. "What can I do for you?"

"Can't I come to you if nothing happens?" Abby replied archly; "Since the last time we ate a meal together, I haven't seen you for a long time. I didn't attend the wedding of Mr. Yontz because I caught a cold. I thought I should apologize to you and bother you to give your sister Susan my regrets."

Devin worked in the vice-president's office downstairs. If Abby wanted to give her an apology, she could go to him directly. Why bother to see him.

It was clearly an excuse.

Dylan, however, accepted her words. A shadow of a smile touched his lips. "Well, I accept your apology for my sister and Devin."

Abby continued rapidly, "I'd like to treat you to dinner tonight. Are you free this evening?"

Dylan pondered for a few seconds. When Abby thought he would refuse, Dylan finally said, "I never put off a beautiful woman to the expense of buying me dinner. Let me choose the place, shall I?"

Abby was so surprised that Dylan didn't say no.

She nodded quickly. "Of course. Any place is okay!"

After making the appointment with Dylan, Abby left the office happily. She was planning to go back home to get made up and change clothes first.

She paused before Miller's desk, took out a pile of money, and secretly handed it to Miller. "Thank you for today. Tell me in advance if anything happens with Dylan. Remember, as long as I can be together with Dylan, I will never forget your kindness."

Abby had originally given up. She wanted to see Dylan and came to the Sterling group several times, but she chickened out at the last minute, afraid of Dylan's bad attitude.

Miller saw Abby by accident a few days ago and understood her intentions. She told Abby that Mr. Sterling had fallen out with Savannah, and it would be a good opportunity for her.

After Abby heard that, the hope in her heart was reborn. Then she tried her luck today. It was so unexpected that Dylan agreed to go out with her.

Miller took the money without hesitation. She smiled and made an okay gesture. "Sure."

She helped Abby first with money because she was not convinced.

Why does Savannah, who was a little model with no family background, was able to be Mr. Sterling's woman?

Mr. Sterling even almost fired her for that bitch!

Only rich ladies like Abby deserved Mr. Sterling.

She could not wait to know Savannah's end!

In Arcadia.

When Savannah turned over her last shot, it was already dark.

She was about to change her clothes when a middle-aged man came up.

"Wait, one more shot!" He said.

The middle-aged man, Mr. Hawk, the head of the resort, was overweight, bald, and ugly with an amatory look.

Savannah and the other models stopped as he ordered.

"You, change into the swimsuits and then come back to the hot spring."

A swimsuit shooting? Savannah frowned. "Mr. Hawk, why didn't you say it before?"

Mr. Hawk looked at Savannah disapprovingly. "I said it one minute ago. That's quite normal for a model to accept extra requirements."

"But now it's a swimsuit shot..."

Other models, emboldened by Savannah's lead, muttered,

"Why didn't you say that in advance?"

"Yeah, swimsuits expose too much."

Mr. Hawk became angry. "Change or not? If you don't do it, you won't get paid!"

These words made all the models shut up.

Nobody was willing to get nothing after a whole day of hard work in such a remote place.

They went back to the dressing room reluctantly, only to see several sexy bikinis on the hangers.

But what other option do they have? They would not get their pay if they did not do as the head said.

With complaints, they went into the separate dressing room with their bikini.

Savannah hesitated for a long time, thinking of the three uncles who had been fired because of her, and then picked up one of the bikinis, entering a dressing room.

They were asked to go to the hot spring one by one.

Two young models went first. When they came back, none of them looked happy, and one almost cried.

"What happened?" Savannah and several models crowded around them.

One little model sobbed, "Mr. Hawk pretended to correct my pose and put his dirty hands on my hips..."

Another model also complained about between her set teeth. "Damn that old man! When I was in the bikini beside the hot spring, he would take his eyes off of my breast. He kept finding fault with me, and deliberately delaying the time..."

Several models were chattering in indignation.

Savannah frowned. In fact, she had met some employers who were fucking devils as she had worked as a model for so long, but she never thought this Mr. Hawk was such a scoundrel.

102: Dare To Fight Against Him

It must pay for his personal appetite that he asked them to add the bikini shots, but none of the young models had the background. They were in no position to refuse his request.

He was the man at the wheel. He paid the money, and he had the final say.

Ten minutes later, Savannah's turn came.

As had been warned by other models, Savannah wrapped herself up with a huge bathrobe before she walked to the hot spring outside.

It was getting late. The cameramen were standing by the hot spring.

As expected, Mr. Hawk was there, sitting in a beach chair.

He did not show up at the previous shoot but was right there when the models were in their swimsuits.

Rather than supervision, it was more like he wanted to take advantage of the models.

"Don't just stand there! Take off your bathrobe and get in the water!" Mr. Hawk urged, his eyes red with impatience.

Among today's models, Savannah had the best figure. He couldn't wait to feel her up.

Glancing at his impatience, Savannah curled her lips.

Such a skimpy bikini could hardly cover her body.

"Mr. Hawk," she said calmly, "I think it's probably better to go into the water in the bathrobe."

Mr. Hawk was stunned and then angry. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I mean, we are not making a film for Pornhub. This ad aims to promote the hot spring, showing its nature and amenity to attract tourists. Tourists can luxuriate in the hot baths with their families in our resort. I'd better put on my bathrobe to show a positive image."

Mr. Hawk flared up. "What do you know? You're just a model. You only need to do what I tell you. You are not qualified to teach me how to make an ad!"

Savannah insisted, "I just want to make the ad more effective."

"Don't talk nonsense! Anyway, take it off and enter the water! Otherwise, you won't be paid!"

Savannah raised her head and said, "Why? Even if I do not take this shot, you should give the salary for previous shots to me. It's against the labor law to keep my pay!"

"Labor law? Good, you can go to the law against my holiday village. Go ahead! Accuse us of violating the labor law!" Mr. Hawk acted shamelessly.

Savannah clenched her fist. She had no time to engage in a lawsuit now. Her most urgent thing was to make money, make more money!

"Well? Have you thought about it? If you have figured out, take off your bathrobe at once and go into the water!" Mr. Hawk said impatiently and rubbed his hands in a sexually improper way.

Just a little girl! Dare she fight against him? He would not let her go easily!

Savannah had a desire to hit on the head with a camera, but when she thought of uncle Alban and the other two, who had lost their jobs because of her and were still waiting to be bailed out, she suppressed her anger.

Forget it! Just wear the bikini!

She closed her eyes and did not care what it cost. She was about to take off her bathrobe when a familiar cold voice came.

"I think the small model is right. It's better to wear a bathrobe rather than a bikini."

Looking over in its direction, a tall and handsome figure stood there leisurely. The man was dressed in a navy blazer with his sleeves rolled up, showing off his forearms. His manner was aristocratic, and his eyes intense and smoky...

By his side was a young woman of the noble and elegant temperament.

Behind him were many staff members accompanying them as they toured the resort.

All the people present were silenced.

Savannah's heart was thumping. Dylan came here,...for her?

No, there was a female companion, Abby?!

His dark eyes were watching Savannah intently, seeming to penetrate her bathrobe and see her bikini. Savannah wrapped her arms around herself, looking guilty.

Mr. Hawk was surprised to see Dylan Sterling here. He knew Sterling, of course.

The famous Mr. Sterling of LA came.

The Sterling group owned much land all over the city. They even owned that resort!

He hurriedly rose from the beach chair and rushed up to Dylan, reaching out his hand.

"Mr. Sterling, nice to see you here. Why didn't you notify me in advance?"

Dylan didn't shake his hand, nor even look at Mr. Hawk, as if the man in front of him didn't exist.

Abby smiled at Mr. Hawk when she saw his embarrassment. "Mr. Sterling heard that there is a new resort and invited me here for dinner. The air was really sweet and fresh. We are planning to spend the night here."

This was not only said to Mr. Hawk but also meant for Savannah.

She was shocked to see Savannah here.

It's not a coincidence. She knew. Dylan chose this place because he had known that Savannah was here.

So, Dylan came for Savannah?

She felt a little unhappy, but she restrained herself from envy at once. It was her and not Savannah, who was now in Dylan's arms.

With this in mind, Abby feigned herself unable to recognize Savannah and asked no question to Dylan about Savannah.

Dylan didn't correct Abby when he heard her ambiguous words. Instead, he studied Savannah's face and wanted to know her reaction.

But the little woman's face was immovable when seeing him come with Abby and knew they were planning to spend the night together. She was not at all envious.

There was an unexplainable uneasiness in his heart, and his face darkened, a sardonic grin touching his lips.

Well, why should she be jealous to see another woman with him? She didn't even want to give him a baby!

With that in mind, he slid his big hands down Abby's back, held her by her tiny waist, and squeezed her into his arms, in an intimate way.

Abby felt extremely flattered, and she leaned lightly against Dylan.

Savannah turned her head away from the intimate behaviors of the two.

Mr. Hawk laughed, "Oh, I see! The resort is honored by your presence! Mr. Sterling, please enjoy your time here, eat and have fun! Let me show you around our resort first?"

Dylan's face clouded when seeing that Savannah did not even take a glance at him. "Aren't you shooting an ad? You go on. We've been walking around for a long time, and we're tired. I want to rest for a while here."

103: She Had No Way Out

Mr. Hawk told his staff to bring two beach chairs and asked Dylan and Abby to sit down.

Savannah didn't expect Dylan to stay here and watch her shoot. But...

Not bad.

Mr. Hawk should not dare to go too far now!

She tilted her head toward Mr. Hawk and deliberately asked, "Mr. Hawk, as Mr. Sterling just said, my advice is good. What do you think about wearing a bathrobe instead of a bikini?"

Mr. Hawk glared angrily at Savannah. You're lucky!

Now that Mr. Sterling was here, what else could he do? "Well, do as Mr. Sterling said." He replied unwillingly.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. Wrapped in her bathrobe, she entered the water and began her shoot in the hot spring.

During the shoot, she could feel a cold and penetrating gaze following her all the time, which made her shudder in the hot spring.

Dylan stared at the little woman in the hot spring with anger.

She must have known that Hawk, who was a lecher, intended to feel her through when he asked her to wear a bikini.

If he hadn't come in time and stopped Hawk, that terrible flirt would have taken advantage of her.

Didn't he give her enough money? Was it necessary for her to earn such little money by working like this?

Savannah tried to ignore the gaze, but she was distracted again and again by the voice of Abby coming from the other side of the pool.

"Dylan, what are we going to eat later? I heard the wild game here is especially good."

Dylan lazily had his arm around Abby's waist. "Whatever."

Maybe it was because of the conversation between them, which distracted Savannah, she did not play as well as usual.

Mr. Hawk, failing to take Savannah's bathrobe off, was feeling bitchy during the shoot. Now he had the chance to vent his anger.

"What the hell are you doing? Are you a professional model? Don't you know how to pose?"

Savannah was about to admit her fault and apologize when Dylan opened his mouth, "Mr. Hawk."

Mr. Hawk turned to Dylan immediately with an ingratiating smile, "Mr. Sterling, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I don't think she's doing that well, either."

"I told you. This little model deserves the scolding."

Dylan continued, "Why don't you go into the water yourself and show her how to do it?"

Mr. Hawk was stunned. "I...I go into the water and show her?"

He couldn't believe his ears. He was the head of the resort; it was a shame for him to go into the water, posing like a model!

"Is there a problem?" Dylan stared at him with sharp eyes.

"No, no problem..." Mr. Hawk, somewhat clumsily, got up and was about to move to the restroom.

"Where are you going, Mr. Hawk?" Dylan stopped him coolly.

"I... I'm going to change into my suit first." He couldn't just go down in a business suit.

Dylan glanced up at his watch, impatiently. "Don't bother. It's nearly dinner time. I was hoping you could finish it quickly, and then you can take us to the restaurant. I still need you to show us some signature dishes."

Mr. Hawk was in a trance. Was this Mr. Sterling fucking him on purpose?

Still, he knew Mr. Sterling would never take his words back. With a bitter smile, he nodded. "Well, I... won't change."

With that, he walked to the edge of the hot spring. After Savannah came up from the pool, he closed his eyes and jumped into the water, posing in different ways.

Mr. Hawk was so fat, and he looked really funny no matter how he posed.

The staff and photographers beside the pool could not help laughing in silence.

"Are you clear how to pose?" Dylan asked Savannah abruptly.

Savannah stumbled briefly, looking at the man in the water, and thought of the two models he had taken advantage of. "Sorry, I have not yet..."

"Keep watching until you learn it well. Mr. Hawk, please go on." Dylan bantered.

Mr. Hawk felt like weeping. He knew Savannah was taking revenge on him. He had no choice but to keep posing like a clown in the water.

Dylan asked Savannah a few more times. Savannah still said she couldn't see clearly.

It was not until Mr. Hawk nearly fainted from the heat of the steam that Dylan finally let him off and asked someone to drag the randy man out of the pool.

Panting on his chair, this time, Mr. Hawk was too tired to find Savannah's fault.

Savannah went back to the water and finished the last shot quickly.

After the shoot, she wrapped herself in her wet bathrobe and hurried to the changing room.

To change clothes, and to avoid Dylan.

She had just reached the door of the dressing changing room when she heard footsteps approaching her.

Before she could mend her pace, she was grabbed by Dylan on her arm and turned to face him.

Dylan imprisoned her in his arms against the wall; he pressed his handsome face close to her, looking fixedly at her.

She had no way out.

Savannah stared him nervously; she could almost smell his wild and hot breath.

She was confused and heated by his steady gaze. Maybe it was because she had not seen him for a long time.

She tried to suppress this strange feeling. "Dylan, what are you doing... "

"That is what I should ask you." His tone was cool and gloomy.

"I'm just working. Why? Didn't you promise not to restrict my freedom of work? And I've told Judy today that I would come to the suburbs for a shoot and might be late. I did what you asked." Savannah gave a very defensive reply.

"Oh yeah? Work in this?" Dylan ran his hand to her shoulder and ripped her bathrobe off easily.

The bathrobe slid down her shoulders.

Her delectable body in only a bikini was exposed.

The three-piece bikini could hardly cover her beautiful figure.

"Ah..." Savannah screamed. Before she bent over to pick up the bathrobe, she was caught by the wrist and could not move.

"Dylan, let me go! You sick fuck!" She cried, filled with shame and anger.

"Afraid of being seen? Weren't you going to be photographed in this bikini if I hadn't been there? You like to show those men your body, but not me?" His voice was low and husky, and his eyes flashed dark and dangerous.

Savannah was silently struggling in his arms and tried to get herself free for the bathrobe.

Dylan took her silence as a guilty conscience. "Savannah, what the hell are you thinking? Why would you take such fucking work and sell yourself for money?"

104: He Was Too Angry

"Yes, I need money, so I must sell myself for money! So what?" Savannah bit her lip and raised her head angrily.

Dylan gritted his teeth and picked her up, and headed for the changing room. He kicked the door closed and locked it.

Fortunately, there was no one else in the room.

"What are you doing?!" Savannah recovered from the shock and kicked and slapped him.

"Don't you ask for money? Well, pleasure me, and I can give you whatever you want. It's much better than being felt by others in a bikini!"

The air in the room was filled with Dylan's angry shouts. Every word and phrase was full of rage and fury. Dylan left her on a bench in the middle of the room.

With a bang, Savannah felt that her bones were falling apart. Before she struggled to get up, he leaned over, grabbed her shoulder, and tore her bikini top away.

The only clothes on her upper body left.

What humiliated her, even more, was that the impressive length of his body was against hers. It was growing big and firm--

Like a sharp blade, it could pierce her at any time!

She had learned his force, and he was usually strong enough.

Now he was in a rage, he would vent his anger on her, and she would die under his assault.

"No! Dylan, no!" Savannah screamed!

But her cries were all blocked by the walls with good sound insulation!

Looking at the topless woman beneath him, Dylan's eyes blazed with anger and desire. He sneered, "No? You didn't say no to that dirty old man when you took a bikini picture! It's all about making money! My money is easier to get, doesn't it appeal to you?"

He was too angry to talk nicely. He sharpened his tongue like a sword and aimed his words like deadly arrows.

Savannah grounded her jaws together to keep from telling him her reasons for making money.

At this moment, she still didn't want to beg his pardon or pour out her troubles.

Anyway, this man was heartless and cold-blooded. He had said that it was impossible for her uncles to be reinstated.

There was no use in discussing it.

"Savannah, haven't I given you enough food or clothes or pocket money? Do you need to earn money by selling your body, or are you born to do that?"

This was the last straw to break Savannah's calm.

She could not help bursting out, "Yes, I want money, but it's all because of you! If you had not fired uncle Alban, uncle Baker, and uncle Chuck, would I be anxious to make more money?"

"What do you mean?" Dylan curbed his anger, ceased to move and asked.

She took the chance to straighten up and grabbed a bathrobe from the clothes hanger next to her.

Dylan took her chin in his hand and tilted her head up to reach his eyes. "Make it clear."

Savannah was forced to raise her head, staring into his blazing eyes.

There was always a submissive power in his eyes that no one could escape.

Finally, she mumbled, "I said, their families are poor. You drove them up the wall by firing them. Recently... Uncle Alban's old mother is in the hospital again. If I don't help them, they'll really die... They are my father's old employees, old friends, and the same as my family. I can't stand to see them die."

"That's why you're taking over such a job and trying to make more money to help them?" His voice was cold, his expression unreadable.

She nodded, and as her face swung up and down, tears trembled along her eyelids and fell.

His heart throbbed by her tears, his eyes narrowed.

Raising his hand, he gently dashed away the tears from her cheeks, murmuring in a low voice, "Why don't you use the card I gave you?"

Besides the bank card, he also told her that if she needed money, she could always ask Judy for it.

"Uncle Alban and the other two were all fired by you. I don't think you'd allow me to give them money. What's more, I don't want to use your money." Her voice was broken from unbidden tears.

"Oh, you don't want to accept a handout? Good, that's the spirit, but are you sure you can help your three uncles by yourself?"

She wiped away her tears, "Don't worry! I'll try to take as much work as I can."

"Such as taking a bikini picture?" He squeezed her jaw harder. His anger was pulsed again.

Savannah kept silent.

He squinted. "As long as you stop taking the pill and give me a baby, I'll get your three uncle's job back. How about that?"

In the end, they returned to this issue!

That was her bottom line, and she would never compromise!

In fact, this man must have planned to threaten her with her three uncles, in order to force her to have his children!

She wouldn't let him get what he wanted. She straightened up and stared at him, "No, thank you. I believe that I can help them get through it!"

Dylan's eyes clouded with irritation. "Is it so hard to accept giving me a child? In your eyes, do I look like a devil? Didn't I give you everything?" Resentment was clearly added to his voice.

Savannah braved up the courage to say, "Yes, I don't want my child to become a mere instrument for you in a power struggle like me."

He wanted her to be his woman so as not to be framed by Devin. He knew something in his heart was touched by this little woman.

He asked her to have children for him in order to win old Sterling's favor against Devin.

She had already been imprisoned by him. How could she put her child in this cage too?!

Blue veins stood out in Dylan's forehead, and there was a murderous look on his face.

The little woman challenged his patience again and again.

In fact, now that he wanted her to have his children, he could just force her to, why bother discussing with her?

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Savannah ran quickly to open the door!

There stood Abby, who was surprised to see Savannah and found Dylan on the bench.

As soon as Savannah ran away from the pool, Dylan seemed to lose his mind and told her to go to the restaurant first.

Abby watched Dylan jealously follow Savannah's back, knowing that he was looking for Savannah.

After sitting in the dining room for a while, and he didn't come back, she decided to come for him.

Unexpectedly, Dylan and Savannah were together... in the changing room.

Savannah, not properly dressed, with a flushed face, must have had sex with him...

This bitch seduced Dylan in the changing room? What a shame!

105: Are You Willing To Have My Baby?

Grassroot girl from a low-income family was really cheap and low!

Why did Dylan take such a fancy to Savannah, but ignoring noblewomen from titled families like her?

Abby clenched her fist in secret, angry and jealous. Before she could say anything, Dylan stood up and walked toward her, pulling her into his arms.

"Dylan..." Abby was pleasantly surprised as if she had gone from hell to heaven.

"Would you like to have my baby?" Dylan asked in Abby's ears, his voice low and husky.

Abby froze, "Ah, what?"

"Are you willing to have my baby?" He repeated, glancing defiantly at Savannah.

She refused to give him a baby, but there were many women who were willing to.

Abby turned around. She couldn't believe what she had just heard. Dylan asked her to have a baby with him? Oh, my gosh! Wasn't that a dream?

A smile as bright as a firecracker exploded across her face. She quickly nodded, without her usual haughty reserved carriage, fearing that she might miss the chance. "Yes, of course, I will! My biggest dream is to have a baby for you."

Maybe it was because of Abby's words, Savannah felt really sick. The air around her became tense and stale, making her suffocate.

She turned her head, wrapped herself in the bathrobe, and strode away.

Savannah changed her clothes in another dressing room and was about to leave the resort.

Walking to the entrance door of the resort, she happened to meet several models who had just finished shooting. They were talking and laughing as they walked.

"Did you hear that Mr. Sterling had just come to the resort?"

"Oh my gosh, I wish I could stay and see Mr. Sterling! He is my dream guy!"

"Why don't we stay and see if we can meet Mr. Sterling. Maybe we could have a romantic affair..."

"Stop dreaming. Even if you meet him, nothing will happen. I heard from the staff of the resort that Mr. Sterling came with a woman companion who comes from the White family."

"The White family? Do you mean the daughter of the White family? Oh, there is really no chance for me. Miss White, the heiress of the White family, is a rich and beautiful young lady!"

"Well, I haven't heard that Mr. Sterling has a real girlfriend. Is that Miss White his girlfriend?"

"I suppose so, otherwise, why would Mr. Sterling take her to the resort? I just heard from staff in the housing department that Mr. Sterling has booked a room for tonight. It is the most romantic suite for lovers in Arcadia."

"Wow... I envy her..."

The most romantic suite for lovers in Arcadia.

They will enjoy a wonderful night.

Maybe Dylan will get Abby pregnant this time, as he wished.

Savannah's lips quirked up in a bitter smile. Well, it would be fine if Dylan had a real girlfriend.

He had found a better woman to have a baby for him, so it was time for her to go.

Wasn't that what she had been looking forward to since her first day in Beverly Hills?

Thinking of this, she turned and strode out of the resort, stopping a taxi, "Beverly Hills."

The car sped back downtown.

Savannah lowered the window and let the cool wind come in.

Her heart, shifting all night, was at peace now.

The evening lights were gradually lit. Looking at those lovebirds on the street with envy, Savannah felt her thoughts becoming turbulent again. Some unspeakable images came unbidden to her mind.

Dylan and Abby must be together now. They were standing beneath the star-strewn sky at the resort; Dylan's arms were around Abby's waist, and Abby viewed him with the most affectionate glance...

They embraced and entered the room together, took off their clothes, and kissed and touched each other's body...

Holy shit!

"Savannah, what are you thinking? Why is your mind full of these strange thoughts!"

She bit her lip and shook her head hard to cut it out.

However, once the thoughts came, they could hardly be removed.

And suddenly, she didn't want to go back to Beverly Hills for the time being. Anyway, he would spend the night with Abby, so he cared nothing about her returning time tonight.

"Excuse me, I don't want to go to Beverly Hills. The Mission of Hope Orphanage, please."

The taxi turned and sped to the other side of the town.

Soon, they stopped at the door of the orphanage.

Although the orphanage was not gorgeous and splendid as the villa in Beverly Hills, it was simple and homey, making her calm and less restless.

The old director did not expect her to come at this time. He hurried out to welcome her in.

Tony and Kitty hadn't gone to bed yet.

Because Kevin often came to teach them to draw, the two kids loved to paint recently. They spent all day and night in the art room, so they neglected their sleep and meals.

Savannah asked the old director to rest, and she went into the art room to accompany the two kids.

She sat by and watched them beaver away at their painting, "Much better than last time."

"Well, Kevin is a good teacher!" Kitty said proudly.

"Yeah, brother Kevin is great. When I grow up, my painting will be true to life too!"

Kevin brother...

Savannah felt a little sad. She had not seen Kevin for a long time.

Kevin must have been totally disappointed when he saw her with Dylan.

Just then, Kitty's childish voice interrupted her train of thought. "Sister Savannah, are you unhappy today?"

Savannah paused. "Kitty, why do you say that... "

"Because you have something on your mind every time you come here." Although Kitty was young in age, she was acutely observant. Maybe she would become a psychologist when she grew up.

Tony put down his paintbrush and looked at Savannah. "Who bullied you, I'll beat him up for you!"

"You are so stupid," Kitty said. "The one that makes a girl unhappy is always a boy, so the one that has made Savannah unhappy must be the man she likes."

Savannah froze. What the hell? No!

Dylan did make her feel bad, but how could she possibly like him?!

"Kitty, don't talk nonsense. Go ahead and draw your pictures. Didn't Kevin tell you that you shouldn't be distracted while painting?" She patted Kitty on the head gently.

Kitty and Tony finally stopped talking and continued to draw.

Time passed, and the night deepened.

"Well, it's getting late. You should go back to bed." Savannah stood up and was ready to send them back to their rooms.

"Sister Savannah, I'm not sleepy. Can I paint a moment longer?" Kitty demanded petulantly.

Savannah shook her head. "No, you must sleep to conserve your strength, and then you can make your pictures better."

106: Spare Me Mr. Sterling

Kitty obediently put down her brush and stood up.

Tony, however, couldn't stand up for a long time. His face looked flushed, and he said in a weak voice, "Sister Savannah, my head hurts."

Savannah thought he was faking his illness so as not to go to sleep, but when she touched his forehead, she knew something was wrong because his head was burning.

Tony was not in good health. He must have caught a cold, but he didn't tell anyone.

Fever was a big thing for children.

"Kitty, please inform the director that I'm taking Tony to the nearby hospital first!" Savannah picked Tony up and headed out, stopped a taxi at the door, and got in.

About ten minutes later, the car stopped at the hospital.

Savannah hurried into the hospital with Tony in her arms and checked in.

The doctor took Tony's temperature and gave him a shot of penicillin to bring down the fever.

Savannah accompanied Tony in the infusion room. After a while, she was relieved to find that Tony's fever was finally brought down, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Just then, the director called her, "Savannah, how is Tony? Which hospital are you in? I'll be right here!"

The director was in poor health with old age; Savannah didn't want to trouble him to come here late at night. "Tony's fever was allayed, and the doctor said he is fine now. You don't need to come. I will bring him back later."

"Thank you, Savannah. You must be tired."

"It's alright."

Though she had lived in the orphanage for only half a year, everyone here was like her family.

Tony was ill, so it was normal for her to take care of her little brother.

When she hung up, she held Tony in her arms and patted him on the back gently. Her lids grew heavy, and she gradually fell asleep.

Her head fell forward, and she unconsciously let go of Tony, who almost fell to the ground!

She suddenly woke up when someone reached his arms to catch Tony in time!

"Brother Kevin? What are you doing here..." Savannah opened her eyes, surprised to see Kevin in front of her. He was in a black coat, thinner than before, and was staring at her tenderly.

"The director called and told me that Tony had a fever, and you took him to the hospital. He was worried about you and asked me to come here to take care of you." Tony was also Kevin's little apprentice, so the director also called him.

"Oh..." Savannah nodded and lowered her head again, avoiding his eyes. If it were not for Kevin, Tony would have been dropped on the ground.

"Let me hold him." Kevin knew that she had been holding Tony all night, and her arms must have been sore and stiff.

A nice warm feeling came inside of her, and she put Tony in his arms.

Kevin sat down next to her with Tony in his arms.

Silence fell upon them until Kevin opened his mouth after a long time, "Savannah, how are you?"

Savannah paused and forced herself to smile. "Fine."

"Then why did you go back to the orphanage late in the night?"

"I... I just stopped by and wanted to see the director, Tony, and Kitty..."

"Don't lie to me. When I saw you the last time in the orphanage, you were unhappy because Devin betrayed you. What about this time?" Kevin's voice became gentle but firm.

Why could Kitty and Kevin read her mind?

Was it because those closely involved cannot see clearly?

Savannah smiled bitterly, but her voice insisted: "Kevin, nothing really..."

Kevin interrupted, "He is bad to you?"

The simple sentence made her eyes moist, and her disquiet boiled over in front of her brother Kevin.

She looked like a wronged child.

In front of Kevin, she could always vent her feelings without worry.

Kevin saw clearly her manner and knitted his brows. "I restrained myself with difficulty from taking you away from Dylan Sterling because I convinced myself that he might be nice to you. But now that he makes you cry, I'll have no reason to make myself believe that you will be happy with him! You don't

have to stay with him, Savannah. Just leave him, and don't worry about me. Leave him, and I will protect you."

Savannah swallowed her tears when she heard that. How could she trouble Kevin again because she was out of sort?

After her three uncles were fired, she got to know Dylan better and better. He would do anything if she went against him.

He said that if she broke the agreement, he would destroy the Schultz's factory and send Kevin back to prison.

"Brother Kevin, it's really not him. I'm just in a bad mood today, but it's about work..." She tried to find an excuse.

Kevin was silent for a long time when he saw that she was unwilling to tell the truth. Finally, he said gently, "Remember, if anything has occurred to distress you, just tell me. I will always be your last harbor."

Tears rose in Savannah's throat and slowly burned their way to her lids. She ground her teeth to resist an impulse to cry in his arms.

Maybe she did a lot of good things in her previous life, to have a brother like Kevin standing behind her now.

Sadly, besides her, there was already another man who had her under his thumb...

"By the way, Kevin, has Dylan gotten JK in trouble recently?" At the thought, she couldn't help asking.

"No." Kevin smiled grimly. She dared not leave because she was afraid that Dylan would seek revenge against him.

Just then, Tony woke up and began to cry.

They were busy lulling Tony and said nothing more.

The night grew deeper, and Savannah became weary and sleepy. She spent half the day in the resort and half the night in the hospital; she was really tired but still forced herself to stay awake.

Now Kevin came, she was not alone, and with a feeling of safety, she finally closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Kevin looked at her lovely face complacently, her thick lashes down, her lips full and red. He raised his hand over her shoulder and then gently led her head to his shoulder.

Arcadia resort.

In the broad courtyard, there came a burst of heart-rending screams.

"Ah----ah---- please spare me, Mr. Sterling! I really didn't know the small model was yours! Ahhh----- Mr. Sterling, I didn't take advantage of Miss Schultz! Release me, please!"

107: All Her Joy Was Dampened

Mr. Hawk, who put on airs before, now crouched, tucking his knees under his chin and putting his head in his hands; he was punched and kicked in the open by two bodyguards.

Oh hell!

How could he know that Savannah was Dylan Sterling's woman!

Besides, he didn't take advantage of Savannah at all!

Mr. Sterling had come before he could even see that model in the bikini.

He was wronged!

Not far away, Dylan stood on the steps, watching the man being beaten, his hands in his pockets, and his shadow lengthening by the light.

Maybe it was because Savannah ran away again, his heart was overflowing with anger.

So, he punished this old lecher for venting his anger.

After a time, there was no strength in Mr. Hawk anymore, and his body sagged. "Sir, Mr. Hawk has fainted." A bodyguard said.

Dylan gave a snort of disgust, turned, and walked away to the guest house.

At the same time.

In the most luxurious guest room, the crystal pendant lamp looked soft and bright. In the middle of the room, there was a king-size bed that was large enough for five people to sleep on. It was covered with romantic red roses.

In the air, there was a sweet aphrodisiac smell.

Abby asked a waiter to prepare the room after dinner, imagining a passionate and romantic night with Dylan.

She had bathed in advance and had changed into a red silk gown, like a passionate rose, waiting for Dylan to come.

After tonight, she would be Dylan's woman.

Then Savannah could never be able to shake her position.

It would be nice if she conceived and bore Dylan, a son.

Old Sterling attached great importance to children. Take Valerie, for instance, a girl from a poor family background now married Devin Yontz even though it was said that old Sterling and Susan didn't like her at all, but because she was pregnant with old Sterling's great-grandchild, she was accepted by Sterling.

Abby thought if she was pregnant, she would surely become Mrs. Sterling.

Thinking of this, Abby's cheek glowed with shyness.

The sound of a man's feet came to the door, and a waiter said politely, "Mr. Sterling, please, Ms. White is already in the room."

Abby stood up and looked at Dylan coyly. "Dylan, this is the room I arranged for tonight. Do you like it?"

Dylan looked around. "It's nice." His voice was not excited at all.

Abby timidly walked to him, saying, "You look unhappy, Dylan, is there anything you are not satisfied with? This is the best room in their resort. If you don't like it, we'll change it."

It was not the room, but the fact that he did not want to share the room with her.

He knew that Abby was ready to give herself to him tonight when the waiter led him here.

"No. This room is good."

Abby was overjoyed. "Well, why don't you take a break, and I'll pour you a glass of wine..."

"Don't you understand me?" Dylan interrupted her impatiently.

"What?" Abby froze for a moment.

"I mean, I will stay in this room, but I'm not going to share it with you."

His words fell on Abby like a splash of cold water. All her joy was dampened. Was he driving her off?

Seeing she stayed where she was, Dylan wrinkled his brows and was about to call the waiter to help Abby out when Abby responded and threw herself at him. She hugged him from behind and rubbed her breasts against his back to arouse his desire.

Now she was in the same room with him anyway, why should she save her face?

As long as she could become Dylan's woman tonight, she would count on nothing.

Dylan's face darkened when Abby flabby wrapped her arms around his strong waist. "Take your hands off me."

"No! Dylan, I don't want to let you go. I like you...I want to be your woman. I don't want to leave..." Abby summoned up her courage and squeezed her soft body against him, fresh sobs breaking from her.

She believed that she, in general, would capture men easily in this way, but Dylan was not a typical man.

"I'll say it once more. You, get out." Dylan said, coldly and sternly.

With his last patient, he restrained himself from being rude to her. Abby, not aware of the danger, sniffed and continued, "Are you still thinking of that Schultz? Why? She is just a grass-roots model with no family background. I'm the daughter of the White family. Dylan, I love you, I can give you a baby..."

Her last remark reminded Dylan of his most exasperating thing and incited him to anger perfectly.

Give him a baby?

Some so many women were willing to give him children, but that little woman dared to refuse him over and over again!

Savannah promised him before pretending to be obedient like a cute little rabbit, but secretly took oral contraceptives!

His temper got worse. He threw her arms off with a violent movement, throwing her away.

Abby gave a scream when she fell down on the sofa next to her. Before she could pick herself up, Dylan grabbed the suit from the clothes rack and left the room angrily.

In the hospital.

Savannah did not know how long she was asleep. She felt like leaning on a warm and soft pillow on which her heart hushed to happy quietness. She did not want to be roused.

Until a little childish voice said, "sister Savannah?"

She opened her eyes and woke up. Tony, who had already woken up, was standing in front of her with a big smile.

Kevin, close together to her, still offered his shoulder for her to lay her head-on.

Outside the window of the infusion room, the rosy blush of morn began to mantle in the east.

No pillow at all! She leaned on Kevin's shoulder all night!

Savannah stood up, embarrassed: "Brother Kevin, I'm sorry..."

Oh, she took Tony for injection but fell asleep instead of taking good care of Tony.

She was just too tired.

Kevin smiled. "Did you sleep well?"

She blushed and nodded, turning to Tony, and touched his forehead with her hand. "Your fever has remitted. How are you feeling now?"

"Much better." Tony's rosy face proved that he was full of vigor now.

Young children were resilient. Savannah laughed and patted Tony's head gently.

"You must be hungry now. I'm going to buy some breakfast." Kevin said.

108: Burning With The Fire Of Hell

"Don't bother, Kevin. I'll send Tony back to the orphanage soon. You should go to work now." Now that Kevin was JK's boss, she guessed Kevin must be as busy as Dylan.

Kevin insisted, "Don't worry about the company. Dan will manage the business for me. As Tony has just recovered from his fever, he must eat some food first. So are you. You have been looking after Tony all night."

"Well, you are JK's boss. There must be a group of subordinates who can take care of the company for you." Savannah smiled.

Kevin frowned. He felt that Savannah regarded him as an outsider by saying that. Well, it's him who she should blame. He didn't mention anything to her since they saw each other. She even learned his identity as JK's boss from Dylan. Her complaint against him was understandable.

Kevin reflected for a moment and said, "Savannah, you must remember, no matter who I am, what my identity is, I'm always your brother Kevin."

His words were quiet but firm.

Savannah's eyes reddened at the edges.

"Stay here with Tony, and I'll buy you something to eat. What would you like to eat, Tony?"

"Milk, bread, cake!"

Kevin smiled and nodded.

Savannah stared at him as he left. In fact, Kevin was the one who had been taking care of them all night, being a pillow for her.

He was the one who should get a good rest, but he was always so considerate that he never cared about himself.

Ten minutes later, Kevin came back with a big bag of food.

The three of them sat around a table, Tony took milk in his left hand, a piece of bread in his right, and began to eat happily with a good appetite.

"Look at your face, Tony, you like a little cat," Savannah said as she raised her hand to wipe the rim of cream from Tony's lips.

Kevin caught sight of the cream on Savannah's fingers, and took out a piece of napkin, held her hand, wiped her fingers clean, and joked, "Now look at yourself."

Savannah blushed and pulled her hand away.

Luckily, Tony broke the awkwardness by mimicking Kevin's tone, "Then look at yourself, sister Savannah!"

"Tony? Are you looking for a fight?" Savannah pretended to be angry, raising her pink fist as if to hit him.

Tony, with the bread in his hand, dodged and ran away.

The infusion of the room that early morning was full of laughter and fun. Fortunately, there were no other people, or the nurse would have scolded them.

Just then, Savannah felt the room was quiet. Kevin stopped talking, and Tony stopped laughing.

Savannah had a gloomy foreboding in her heart. She looked over to the door of the room. An involuntary shudder passed over her.

A familiar figure, accompanied by two bodyguards, stood in the doorway brooding. It was Dylan.

He was still in the same business suit he wore at the resort. Maybe he just came from the resort, but he looked colder and gloomier than yesterday; his gaze was impassive.

She hadn't expected he would find her in the hospital. Perhaps it was because he learned from Judy that she didn't go back to Beverly Hills last night, so he looked for her. It was not difficult for him to find her in such a short time.

Dylan remained silent. Savannah ate with Kevin and the little boy at the table, laughing and talking. They looked like a family: a young father, a beautiful mother, and a lively child.

She had never laughed so heartily, like a carefree child, when she was with him.

Anger gripped and squeezed his heart at the thought, his teeth clenched, and his eyes narrowed. Even the two bodyguards next to him sensed his bad temper.

He thought the little woman was unwilling to give him a baby because she wanted a name or did not want a child born out of wedlock, or as she said, she was afraid that the baby would be his weapon for power...

But now he realized that the reason she didn't want to have his child was probably that she wanted to give the baby to another man.

Kevin.

The little woman could never forget her brother Kevin.

Even though she said that Kevin was only her childhood sweetheart and she took him as her brother, who knew?

In the world, there was no fuck pure sentiment between men and women.

With that in mind, Dylan's eyes grew even darker, and his mind was burning with the fires of hell.

Savannah was afraid that Dylan's anger on the spot would scare Tony, and she was even more frightened of his vengeance against Kevin. She stood up before Kevin and Tony subconsciously, facing Dylan, "Why are you here?"

"I should ask you why you are here." Dylan's tone was cold and gloomy.

Tony shivered behind Savannah. This uncle looked horrible. He looked at sister Savannah ravenously as if he was going to eat her.

"Tony... hmm, a child from the orphanage, had a fever last night. I took him to the hospital for an injection and spent the whole night here. Sorry, I will head back right now." Savannah restrained her nervousness.

Kevin couldn't help blurting out, "Savannah, you did not do anything wrong, why should you say sorry..."

"I'm talking to my woman." Dylan interrupted Kevin impatiently. "It's none of the outsider's business."

Outsider? Kevin's face darkened, and before he opened his mouth again, Savannah stopped him with a look of nervous anxiety. Forget it. Her eyes said to him quietly.

Kevin did not care about Dylan's revenge, but he did not want to make any trouble for Savannah. He could only shut up reluctantly.

Dylan turned to Savannah again. "What about him? You brought the boy to the doctor, so why is he here, too?"

"Kevin is also from Mission of Hope Orphanage, and he knows Tony very well. The director called and told him that Tony was ill. He was afraid that I would not be able to take care of Tony, so he came to the hospital to help me."

Dylan sneered. He knew that Kevin just took the chance to see her. Dylan strolled to Savannah, holding her hand, and stood between Kevin and her quietly.

"Really? Thank you, Mr. Wills. Now that I'm here, you can leave at any time. Just call me if any such thing like this happens again. I will accompany her, and you don't have to do it in person. After all, Mr. Wills is also the boss of a game company, and you have a lot of business to do."

I am her man. Kevin, what are you?

Savannah bit her lip as she heard the tone of menace from his last words.

109: How Terrible He In Her Eyes

The man mentioned JK again to threaten Kevin!

Kevin did not want to put Savannah into a dilemma, "Okay, now that you're here, I will go now." He gave a gentle look at Savannah and patted Tony on his head before he strode away.

Savannah was relieved to see Kevin leave. "I'll take Tony back to the orphanage first."

Dylan took a glance at the little boy on the ground, and not saying anything, he picked Tony up with one arm and headed out.

Savannah was startled and ran after him. "Hey, Dylan, what are you doing?"

He drove Kevin away first, and now it was Tony's turn? Tony was only five years old!

"What am I doing? Didn't you say that we should send the little boy back to the orphanage first?" He walked on, glancing back at the little woman.

How terrible was he in her eyes? Was she afraid that he would eat Tony?

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief, following him out of the hospital.

On their way out, the restless boy kicked Dylan several times as he struggled, which made several shoe marks on Dylan's expensive suit.

A frown swooped across his face. "Are you a monkey?"

Tony kept moving in an unruly way.

Savannah chuckled. The man could hardly be a good father since he treated the child in this way. She could not help saying, "You don't know how to take care of a child. Give him to me and let me help you."

What did she say? Couldn't he take care of the boy?

Just taking care of a child! Could it be more difficult than running a multinational corporation?

He glanced at the little woman. She thought he did not know how to handle a child? "Be nice, boy." He said to Tony in a soft tone.

Tony, however, did not like this uncle who drove brother Kevin away and made sister Savannah unhappy. Tony steadied himself on Dylan's shoulders, stretching out his hands to Savannah and said in a pathetic voice, "I want sister Savannah..."

"If you don't move, I'll buy you some chocolate." Dylan unleashed his most powerful weapon in a cold tone.

Chocolate? Like being hit by lightning, Tony stopped struggling, and his mouth watered. Wow, he likes chocolate...

Dylan took a look at Savannah, his eyes shined with pride. What's the big deal? Children are the same as adults; they can't resist the temptation of rewards.

They got into the car in the second row. The driver, which was also one of the bodyguards, put the car in gear and went down the street.

Tony had never sat in such a luxurious car. He was full of curiosity when he climbed in. He touched the imported crocodile cushion under him, kicked the back of the chair in front of him, and from time to time, he reached out for the rearview mirror outside the window.

"Don't move, Tony," Savannah quickly tried to stop Tony, afraid that Dylan would get angry. "If you break the car, someone will send you a lawyer's letter. You can't afford that."

The line of Dylan's face hardened. He looked at Tony and said, "That's all right. Play as you want."

Tony was emboldened by his permission.

Savannah said nothing more.

On the way, Dylan did not forget his promise. When he passed a fine dessert shop, he told his man to stop and ordered a few words.

One man got out of the car, and when he returned, he held a lot of bow-tied boxes.

Savannah was amazed. "Why did you buy so many chocolates?" It was a famous brand, not cheap.

Dylan didn't answer but glanced at Tony. "You must have lots of friends in the orphanage. Remember to share."

Tony nodded and said excitedly with some boxes in his arms, "Okay, I'll eat with Kitty and the other children when I get back. They will be very happy!"

Did he prove to her that he was qualified to be a father when he taught Tony to share with others?

Savannah turned to look out of the window without a word.

Tony was satisfied with the chocolate. When the car started again, he began to feel sleepy. After all, he had just recovered from a fever. His head drooped down, and a few minutes later, he fell asleep.

Savannah held Tony in her arms and patted him gently.

Finally, the car stopped at the door of the orphanage.

"Dylan, I'll carry Tony in myself." She said.

She didn't think Dylan would like to go into an orphanage.

Plus, she didn't want to be seen by the director and the other teachers with a man who drove a fancy car and had a private driver.

Dylan, however, ignored her words, took Tony from her arms, got out of the car, and headed for the front door.

Savannah was in a trance and could only follow him, just in time to meet the old director waiting at the door.

The old director had just received Savannah's phone call and knew that she would bring Tony back. He was surprised to see a handsome and tall man walking toward the door with Tony in his arms. He figured that Kevin would bring Tony back ...

His gaze fell on Savannah, who was behind the man and then breathed a sigh of relief. "Savannah."

"Tony's fever is gone. It's all right now. He fell asleep on the way back."

"You must be tired, Savannah... Tony must have kept you busy all night..."

"Never mind, director."

Just then, one man came in with a lot of chocolates. "Mr. Sterling, shall I send the boxes into the children's room now?"

"Hmm." Dylan nodded.

The director raised his brows and looked at Dylan. "This is --"

Before Dylan answered, Savannah blurted out, "This gentleman is my friend, Mr. Sterling. Well, we are not familiar with each other. He passed the hospital this morning, and by the way, he also brought us back. Oh, those chocolates are donated by Mr. Sterling to the children in the orphanage. He is very kind."

She was afraid that her relationship with him would be found out.

Dylan was very displeased with her attitude; his face changed a little.

The director glanced at the car outside the orphanage, then turned to the man in front of him. He nodded and said politely with a smile, "Thank you, Mr. Sterling." Then he called a schoolboy to take Tony in.

"We'll go now." Savannah did not want Dylan to stay a few minutes more here. She left the orphanage with him in a hurry.

When the car started, Savannah put her head out the window and waved to the old director with a sigh of relief.

When she drew back her head and sat well, Dylan's unpleasant voice came to her ears.

"Is everything done? Then let's talk about how you spent the night in the hospital with Kevin."

The atmosphere inside the carriage abruptly turned cold and gloomy. She noticed that Dylan had lowered the partition board between the driver's seat and the second row of the car so that the front men could not see what was going on behind them.

She was a little frightened. "I already explained. Kevin came to the hospital because he was worried about Tony. We just took care of Tony together."

110: The Picture Can Explain Nothing

"Like this?" Dylan threw a tablet onto the seat next to her.

Savannah picked it up. The tablet displayed several black-white pictures, which were snapshots from the surveillance video in the infusion room last night.

In these pictures, you could clearly see that --

Savannah and Kevin sat close together on the chairs in the infusion room. In Kevin's arms was Tony, and on Kevin's shoulder was Savannah's head. Savannah slept soundly. Kevin didn't move away but leaned his body to Savannah in order to help her sleep in a more comfortable way.

They looked like a sweet couple.

Dylan... he did not believe that she did not do anything with Kevin, so he sent someone to the hospital monitoring room to get last night's surveillance video!

She took a deep breath, finding his behavior funny and annoying. "The pictures can explain nothing. I was so tired that I failed to stay awake. I just leaned on Kevin!"

"Just?" Dylan's voice was stony as if to say she used a low-degree word. "You were in the hospital, and Tony was present too. You would not do anything, of course, but if I didn't arrive in time after you send Tony back to the orphanage, maybe you would go somewhere to do something."

"Dylan, what the hell are you babbling?"

"You are afraid that I have revealed the state of matter. It's you who met the wrong people and did the wrong thing. Savannah, do you remember what you promised me? You said you would never see him again. You thought I would not go back to Beverly Hills last night so you can go your own way? And then you can get with your old sweetheart? You misjudged the power of my dragnet." His tone was quiet and chilling.

Savannah shuddered. "If you really have a dragnet, you should know I didn't plan to meet Kevin last night, and I didn't know he would come! Not to mention being with him alone! Right from the start, I just took Tony to see a doctor, and never thought about anything else!"

His face softened a little by her explanation. He clasped her chin, forcing her eyes to meet his, with his eyes burning. "Well, let's drop the subject. You said you cared so much about Tony, which means you love children. Then I can give you a chance."

Savannah blushed as if she had learned what he meant, but she was still acting stupidly, hesitating, "What... What do you mean... "

"If you can take care of other people's children so well, you will be a good mother to your own children too. Give me a baby." The tone was determined.

...Here we go again!

She gnashed her teeth. "I said yesterday that I don't want my baby to be your weapon! Please find another woman to give you a child!"

"It's not the real reason. You don't want to give me a baby because you're still thinking about Kevin. You just want to have children for him, right?" Dylan asked as he rubbed her chin with his fingertips.

"What do you mean?"

"It's just your excuse by saying it will be my weapon for power. You would be eager to give Kevin a baby if he asked, wouldn't you?" He restrained his anger and jealousy and put the question to Savannah.

"Dylan, I really don't know what you are talking about!"

"Well, let's stop talking and just do it." He leaned down over her, grasping each of her wrists, and pulled down her pants!

Why bother talking so much!

Now she was his little pet, she had to give him a baby if he wanted. He could just force sex on her and confine her in Beverly Hills for ten months, keeping her from any contraceptives. That would be perfect.

Why bother asking so many questions?

"Dylan -- let me go! You're crazy! There are others in the front row -- " Savannah exclaimed, struggling.

"You can rest assured. The soundproof effect of the partition board is so good that no one can hear you. They dare not say a word even if they hear you."

"Dylan -- let me go! I will not have your children!" She cried as she kicked and struggled.

"Say that again." He glared furiously at her, his eyes red with anger.

"I told you I would not give you a child. And now you have someone else who likes to give you a baby! Last night, you spent the night with Abby at the resort. I guess she is probably pregnant now. Why are you still coming to see me? You go! Get out!" It was the first time Savannah had the courage to shout at him like this.

With these words, Savannah closed her eyes and waited for him to flare at her---

But for a long time, there was no movement.

When she opened her eyes again, Dylan stopped and sat back, his anger more violent than before. He lowered the partition board, and ordered coldly,

"Get me back to Beverly Hills in ten minutes!" His voice sounded like a voice from the dead.

Savannah broke into a cold sweat and held the handle on the door tightly.

The driver stepped on the gas and accelerated the car.

When they stopped in front of the villa in Beverly Hills, Dylan pulled Savannah's seat belt off, dragged her out of the car, lifted her up with his arms, and headed for his bedroom.

The two bodyguards stood beside the car, watching Mr. Sterling carry Ms. Schultz away, and did not dare to speak.

"Dylan, let me go!" Savannah woke up when Dylan kicked open the bedroom door.

He didn't mean to let her go but intended to punish her in his room. The car was too small to do anything!

"It's late." His tone was determined. All his unexpressed anger and the nameless sentimental attachment to her these days broke out now!

She was secretly on the pill and refused to have his baby because she had a childhood sweetheart in her heart, and she spent the night with this sweetheart...

Each one was an unpardonable crime. How could he let her go?

He would swallow her and eat her alive!

His anger flared as he thought of the scenes of her and Kevin snuggled up together last night.

"You beast! "She clenched her teeth.

"I will be more of a beast in a moment, and you will soon learn --" His sullen voice mingled with some evil spirits.

Savannah shuddered, "Dylan! What do you want! Please, let me go, I'm frightened...."

"Refuse to give me a baby? Well, today, in this bed, I will make you pregnant!" He didn't hesitate to tell her about his decision!

Savannah opened her eyes wide in terror, shook her head, and sputtered incoherently in her fear, "No...No! Abby likes you so much, and she's willing to have children for you. Besides, she is a noble, beautiful girl. She has better genes than me... She will surely give you a clever son..."