

Midnight 121

121: She Was Amazed

"Hey, Mr. Sterling --" Savannah shouted, after Dylan, who entered the elevator without hesitation. Savannah took a deep breath as the elevator door closed. She quickly tidied up her desk, put her notebook in her arms, and ran down the stairs with her satchel on her back.

When she got in the garage, Dylan was already sitting in the Lamborghini. Savannah rushed over, pulled the front door open, and climbed in.

"As a secretary, you are really slow." Dylan squinted unpleasantly at the panting woman before he started the engine.

Savannah gasped for air, "Slow? I'm tired and almost out of breath!"

His sudden announcement about the business trip completely caught her off guard. She had no preparation at all. How could she be quick?

The Lamborghini was belting along the highway.

Savannah calmed down and asked, "Why are you going there in person for this contract?"

Why not send a business manager to sign it? Was it necessary to go in person as the president?

Dylan put his hands on the steering wheel and looked ahead. "Devin is going to Chicago too."

Savannah paused. What did that mean? Then she understood immediately, "You mean, Devin planned to sign the contract with the other party ahead of you, so that he can take credit for this project?"

Dylan didn't reply, but his expression said everything. She was right.

Old Sterling attached great importance to this project, which was the biggest project the Sterling Group invested into in Chicago this year.

Devin had been promoted to the vice president of the group. If he got the contract back in advance, he would be more valued and favored by old Sterling.

Dylan wouldn't let that happen.

No wonder he was going to Chicago in a hurry. He was desperate to sign the contract first.

Mutual scrambling for power and profit in rich families was really bitter and fierce.

"How long will it take on this business trip?" Savannah blurted out.

Dylan turned the steering wheel around. "Why, are you in a hurry?" His tone was a little unpleasant.

"No..."

"There is no fixed time for business. We will be back when everything is done."

Savannah took a deep breath. That was to say, she would spend at least a few days away from home with him?

Her heart?beat had accelerated at this thought, and her cheeks were heating up.

When the car arrived at the airport, Savannah found that they came to a wide place behind the airport.

In the hanger, a helicopter was revving up. The blades of the propeller whirled, and the wind was blowing in gusts.

The fuselage of the plane was painted in red, with an eagle print on it.

A uniformed, professional-looking pilot waited beside the plane. He went to greet them with a bow and said respectfully, "Sir."

Savannah was stunned by the situation, "Don't we have to buy tickets, change boarding passes before we get on the plane?"

"It's too late. We will go there by private plane." Dylan unbuckled her seat belt and led her out of the car.

The pilot moved a ladder to the door of the plane.

Savannah gazed straight at the private plane. No need to be quite so dramatic, this man!

Seeing her stand still, Dylan narrowed his eyes. Without a word, he lifted her to his chest and went towards the ladder.

Savannah reacted, watching the ground beneath her get further and further as Dylan calmly mounted the steps of the ladder. She flung her arms around Dylan's neck and did not dare to struggle, afraid of falling down.

Dylan couldn't help laughing. "You never been on a plane?"

Savannah pursed her lips. Few people had a chance to fly by a private plane, and she could say fewer people had ever boarded a plane in someone's arms.

"No. I've only traveled to nearby cities before, either by train or by coach." She answered, honestly.

Dylan paused. He didn't expect the little woman had really never taken a plane. "It seems necessary to take you to see the world often in the future."

How could his woman be laughed at because she had never flown a plane?

After entering the cabin, Dylan put her down.

Savannah looked at the surprisingly spacious interior. She was fascinated by the delicate design and every modern convenience: a bed, a couch, and a table, which was all starched linen, crystal glasses, whiskey, silver cutlery, and different kinds of snacks.

"There's a bathroom at the other end of the plane. Though it's not a long flight, you can use it if you want to change your clothes or take a bath." Dylan pointed to the end of the cabin, as he said.

Savannah took a breath. This was the first time she heard of an airplane with a bathtub!

She stepped through the cabin and lightly tapped on the door. There was a glass shower room, a Japanese intelligence toilet, and a massage bathtub.

Although she knew he had a lot of money, she didn't think he was so rich that he even had such a splendid private airplane.

She did not want to make a fuss in case he would laugh at her again.

However, even if she tried to conceal her astonishment, she still had a startled look on her face.

Dylan made out the expression on her face but didn't say anything.

LA disappeared in front of them as they ascended into the sky. Dylan went straight to a wardrobe in front of the cabin and opened the wardrobe door.

Savannah saw several formal clothes in it; most were men's suits. There were also two smart dresses for ladies, both they were new and unopened and ironed, in clear plastic bags.

"These..." She was amazed.

"Men's wears are reserved for me. Women's dresses were brought by Garwood when we are on our way to the airport." He chose a violet suit and threw it to her. "Change into this one. You should dress properly when we meet the clients."

Then he took out a business tablet, sat on the couch, and began to conduct his business affairs.

Savannah picked up the dress, went into the bathroom, changed into it, and went out.

With a glass of whiskey in his hand, Dylan was reading an email from one of his subordinates.

Even though he was out on business, he had to take care of many things in the Sterling group.

When he heard her gentle footsteps, he raised his eyes and gazed at the little woman in front of him. Then he couldn't take his eyes off her.

In the A-line tight skirt, Savannah looked bootylicious.

Well, she had a perfect figure that she looked good in everything she was in.

Garwood brought the suit from a specialty store, and it seemed to be custom-made for her.

She was in a uniform to tempt him...

122: How Do You Feel Now?

Did he get another mental illness after he recovered from depression? Why did he feel ready every time he saw her?

Savannah, of course, noticed his hot gaze. Speechless, she sat down on the other side of the sofa, picked up her notebook, and turned it on. She was surprised to find her PC automatically connected to the internet via Wi-Fi.

As a secretary, she had only done some simple paperwork in the office these days. This was her first time accompanying her boss to meet clients, without preparation, so she was a bit nervous.

"What shall I do when I meet a customer for the first time?" Savannah googled.

Dylan glanced over and saw the words on her page. The little woman was nervous?

"As a secretary, you just surf the internet and ignore your boss?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

Savannah took a deep breath and looked up at him. "What do you want, Mr. Sterling?"

Dylan glanced over at his glass, "Whiskey."

Shit, did he take her as a little servant? Resisting an impulse to curse him out, Savannah picked up the whiskey bottle, walked over, and filled his angular glass with the drink. Just before she turned to leave, Dylan grabbed her arm and pulled her down on his lap.

"Dylan! What are you doing?" She blurted out.

"Dylan?" He frowned.

"Mr. Sterling..." She said in a different tone. "I'm your secretary, and I'm with you on a business trip. A few hours later, we will meet an important client."

Was the previous car sex not enough? Did he want plane sex now too?

Even if he wanted to do that, it's not the time, right?

Was it good for her to meet the client with her legs stiffening?

"Have you ever tried to do something that will make your heart leap in the plane?" His voice was harsh, hard, and raw in her ear.

Savannah blushed like a boiled egg. Nasty! She bit her lip. "No, and I don't want to!"

Disregarding her unwillingness, he picked up the glass, put it to her lips, and poured the whiskey into her mouth.

Before she could push him away, the liquor had slid down her throat. She choked and coughed.

He set the glass aside and looked at Savannah, blushing. "How do you feel now? Still nervous?"

Savannah paused. Wait...

That's what he meant by saying, do something that will make your heart leap?

Just some drinks?

"When you are nervous, a few drops of Bourbon can help lift your courage up." He raised his thin lips.

Savannah was speechless, her limbs became feverish, and she seemed to lose her nervousness. Her cheeks flamed with liquor. When she realized that she was still sitting on his lap, she hurriedly pushed him aside.

Two hours later, the pilot landed them in a private airfield in Chicago.

When she got off the plane, Savannah felt the fresh air of Chicago as she stretched herself. She came suddenly upon two lines of men in well-pressed suits standing respectfully in the open space in front of the plane. Behind them was a dark blue Lincoln saloon.

A tall man, who was supposed to be the head, came on hurriedly as he saw the man and the woman walking down the ladder.

"Welcome, Sir, Miss. The car and the hotel room have been arranged. We can go there at any time."

With that, he looked at Savannah, slightly stunned.

Two hours ago, Mr. Sterling called him and said that he was coming to Chicago on business with a female secretary.

He was curious about this secretary. Mr. Sterling had never brought a secretary when he had come here on business, especially a female secretary...

"This is Ms. Schultz, my accompanying secretary for corporate affairs in Chicago," Dylan said simply.

Then he introduced the man in front of them to Savannah.

The man was Erik Naik, the head of the Sterling's largest five-star hotel in Chicago.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Schultz." Erik Naik reached out his hand.

Savannah was about to shake his hand when Dylan coughed to stop her.

Erik Naik paused when he saw Mr. Sterling's unhappy face, his hand still poised in the air.

"Shall we go now?" Dylan frowned slightly.

"Yes, of course." Erik nodded and took back his hand awkwardly, leading them to Lincoln.

Erik drove the Lincoln himself, while the rest of his subordinates followed them in four cars like escorts.

The Lincoln sped straight to the Sterling's hotel.

Chicago had a tradition of innovation in architecture, from balloon-frame houses to steel skyscrapers to today's green buildings. It's a beautiful city.

Savannah looked out of the windows watching the bright landscape without blinking her eyes.

Dylan looked at her and made a secret gesture to Erik, who was in the driver's seat.

Erik Naik understood what Mr. Sterling meant immediately. He slowed down the speed of the car and deliberately made more circles around the city so that Ms. Schultz could see more beauties.

He couldn't help guessing the relationship between his boss and Ms. Schultz. The young woman could not be just a secretary.

The car stopped at the door of the hotel. Savannah and Dylan were followed by a group of men into the hotel and to the top floor.

Erik Naik opened a bright red door with a card.

This was the most luxurious presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel. It was also Dylan's private suite. He lived here every time he came to Chicago.

Erik Naik said respectfully, "Sir, Miss, please."

Savannah paused. "Wait, Mr. Naik, where is my room?"

Erik Naik glanced at Dylan in a getting-credit way and then said with a smile to Savannah, "Ms. Schultz, I'm sorry. It's a busy season, and no other room is available now."

What the hell! Only a fool would believe that.

Even if the rooms were all booked, he could empty one for his boss!

Savannah was speechless. It was clear that Erik had planned it on purpose!

Dylan narrowed his eyes. He had informed Erik that he would be accompanied by his secretary this time. Erik was supposed to accommodate him and Savannah with two rooms.

123: This Is Not Good

Erik, it seemed, was clever enough to have realized that Savannah had a special relationship with his boss. As a result, Erik had arranged for the two of them to be in the same room – to please Dylan, no doubt.

"You can go down first," Dylan didn't blame Erik for making the arrangement without his permission, and Erik Naik left as soon as he got the order.

Dylan walked into the room.

Savannah stayed at the threshold, unsure of who she should blame. Finally, she hurried in with Dylan.

"Hey, wait!"

"What's up?" He stopped and turned to her. He knew what she was trying to say.

"You should talk to Mr. Naik," Savannah looked around the suite as she said. It was a classic luxury suite.

"Why?" He asked in a deliberate tone.

"Arrange a room for me!" She said angrily. He must have deliberately ordered Erik Naik to make such an arrangement!

"Didn't you hear that? Erik said it's a busy season. No available room now," Dylan said, easily evading her request.

She gritted her teeth. "Erik shut down this floor for you, which means you are the only guest on this floor now. All of the other rooms are available!"

"Don't you know what reserved rooms are? Some guests have booked the rooms, but they haven't checked in yet," Dylan said.

"You're the boss!" Savannah insisted, "We are here on a business trip, and your subordinates and staff in Chicago will think I have something going on with you if we stay in the same room. This is not good!"

He raised his lips with a charming smile, "As you said, I'm the boss. Who would dare say anything?"

She was ready to cry.

"Well, take a break, and we will meet the client right away."

It was the first time for this little woman to meet a client. She was a little nervous. The most important thing now was to build up her energy.

"Do I really have to stay with you?" Savannah bit her lip.

He shrugged. "You have no choice. Naik had only prepared one suite."

Well, he seemed innocent, but she thought he must be very pleased.

Dylan saw her unhappy face, slightly frowning, and then picked up the intercom on the coffee table.

"Who are you calling?" Savannah asked.

He held the receiver in the air, "If Erik didn't do a good job, then I can fire him."

Fire people again? Savannah took a deep breath and quickly stopped him. "You don't need..."

"Since he's not capable of handling such a simple thing, what's the use of having him?" Dylan insisted.

Savannah was helpless, knowing that he was sure to do it if she still wanted another room. "I'll stay here. Don't fire anyone." She said, giving in.

She had already been the topic of lots of gossips since Miller was fired. If Erik was fired because of her, she thought the whole group would regard her as evil. And to be honest, there was nothing wrong with Erik Naik himself!

"Are you sure?" Dylan stared at her.

"Don't fire him."

Dylan nodded with satisfaction. "You should get to know your surroundings first."

Savannah accepted her fate, and without further resistance, she walked around the suite slowly.

Dylan was right not to prepare any luggage, as the suite had everything they could want and need.

Half an hour later, Erik Naik, as well as two other employees, arrived to deliver a few sets of women's clothes and underwear to Savannah. And, shortly after, Erik Naik came back again.

"Mr. Sterling, Keith Cooley of the CBR Group, and his secretary have arrived. They are in the banquet hall."

The CBR Group was the largest local real estate company in Chicago. It was also the target business partner of the Sterling group. Keith Cooley, one of the highest-ranking individuals in the group, was also the big client Devin wanted.

Knowing the importance of this business to Dylan, Savannah became nervous again. She was afraid that she would have a negative effect on him with her poor performance as his secretary.

Dylan, seeing her uneasiness, approached her and lowered his head, "You don't have to do anything. Just be there for me and take notes."

His voice was low, mellow, and reassuring, giving her a sense of security. She nodded. Well, the role of a secretary in a business dinner was just a beautiful companion. The two-headed to the dining hall to meet Mr. Cooley for dinner.

Mr. Cooley was over 40 years old and slightly overweight. He was a middle-aged, successful man, and beside him was a beautiful young woman – his secretary, Lily.

Probably because of the few swallows of whiskey in the plane, Savannah felt her nerves fade away and felt much calmer now. She sat behind Dylan, holding a notebook.

Dylan always came to the point directly in the business. This time was not an exception. He proposed the idea for partnership and suggested that they should sign the contract tonight.

Mr. Cooley, however, gave a dry smile.

"To be honest, Mr. Sterling, I'd like to cooperate with the Sterling group, of course, but I have promised Devin Yontz that I will sign with him."

Savannah glanced at Mr. Cooley. Sure enough, Devin had already contacted Mr. Cooley in advance and wanted to take the credit.

Devin must have made some large promises to Mr. Cooley so that Mr. Cooley was biased towards him.

Dylan kept a straight face. "Devin is my nephew and the vice- president of the Sterling group. It's the same to sign with me."

"Yes, it is the same, but Devin is your junior, and he said he wanted to get some performance in front of old Sterling. I want to give him a chance, too. I have promised him, and it is not easy to break my word."

Dylan's expression clouded.

Just then, Lily's cell phone vibrated.

"Excuse me, please, Mr. Cooley," she said, standing up.

"Go ahead."

Savannah noticed a flash of something silver when Lily flicked and walked out of the banquet hall.

Lily wore a platinum bracelet on her wrist.

The style of the bracelet was unique. It was unmistakably the work of Rosa, a well-known jewelry designer in LA.

124: Possibly His Favorite

Jewelry, designed by Rosa, was always made of platinum and beset with precious gems, and it was popular internationally.

Last year, Rosa retired, and her works were far and few between, commanding nearly astronomical prices.

Besides... the bracelet Lily wore on her wrist was obviously not an old style, but Rosa's recent design.

Even the wealthy ladies in LA could hardly get a piece of jewelry of Rosa's latest design. How could a small secretary have one?

When Savannah was with Devin, she recalled learning that Devin liked to collect pieces created by Rosa and give them to his important client's wife.

Something flashed upon Savannah's mind, and she whispered to Dylan, "Excuse me, I must use the restroom."

Dylan saw Savannah staring at Lily's back, thoughtfully, and nodded.

Savannah walked out of the banquet hall and glanced quickly about. Lily was talking on the phone with an open window at the end of the corridor.

"... Yes, Devin, Mr. Sterling has come to Chicago and is negotiating the contract with Mr. Cooley now. Don't worry, Mr. Cooley has refused him and said he would sign it with you."

Savannah understood in an instant.

It turned out that Lily was not only Mr. Cooley's secretary but also his mistress – perhaps one of many and possibly his favorite.

Devin had bought Lily and convinced her to persuade Mr. Cooley to sign the contract with him.

Savannah unwittingly stepped forward when Lily finished her phone call.

Lily was amazed to see her come out. "Why are you here?"

"Well, I just went to the restroom," Savannah pushed back the wisps of her hair; her eyes fell upon Lily's wrist inadvertently. "Ah, isn't that Rosa's design?"

Lily liked famous jewelry best; otherwise, she wouldn't accept Devin's gift and help him. She smiled when she saw Savannah know about the bracelet. "Yeah, no wonder you are Mr. Sterling's secretary, you saw at a glance and knew what it was."

"You look beautiful in it. Can I have a try?" Savannah looked covetous.

Lily saw the envy of Savannah, chuckled, and proudly took off the bracelet. Savannah put it on her wrist, talked, and laughed with Lily while walking back to the banquet hall.

In the banquet hall, the atmosphere remained tense. Dylan and Mr. Cooley had not reached an agreement, and they seemed to come to a dead-end in their talk.

Dylan raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw Savannah returned with Mr. Cooley's secretary. What was this little woman doing?

But Savannah quietly gave him an "Ok" sign.

"What are you talking about? You look happy," Dylan opened his mouth.

Savannah went over and smiled, took off the bracelet, and handed it to Lily. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling. I saw the bracelet on Lily's hand. It's so beautiful, I couldn't resist asking Lily if I could try it on, and she obliged."

Then, Savannah turned to Mr. Cooley with a bright smile.

"Rosa's jewelry is really hard to buy. Mr. Cooley, you should buy one for Mrs. Cooley, too!"

Both Mr. Cooley and Lily turned pale.

Dylan's secretary was apparently aware of their illicit relationship. She deliberately mentioned Mrs. Cooley!

Savannah saw the expression on Mr. Cooley's face and smiled, "Is there a problem, Mr. Cooley? Don't worry, since Lily can buy it, and there must be away. You can ask Lily to select one for Mrs. Cooley."

Mr. Cooley broke out in a cold sweat. Was the little secretary threatening him?

If he refused to sign the contract with Mr. Sterling today, was she going to tell his wife about his relationship with Lily?

Mr. Cooley could almost imagine his deadly end if his terribly overweight wife found his relationship with Lily. That would be terrible...Mr. Cooley wiped away the sweat that started to his brow.

"Too hot? Shall I adjust the temperature of the air conditioning for you?" Dylan said cynically.

"No, no..." Mr. Cooley shook his head.

"Then what are you thinking about? Why not sign the contract now?" Dylan made a gesture timely.

The waiter waiting beside them immediately sent the prepared contract to Mr. Cooley with a pen.

Mr. Cooley took a look at Savannah before he reached for the paper. For the first time in his life, he was threatened by a young girl.

He gritted his teeth and finally signed his name on it.

After the signing, Dylan asked Erik Naik to send Mr. Cooley out of the hotel. He turned around and looked at Savannah behind him.

"How did you find out about the affair between Mr. Cooley and his secretary?"

This little woman unexpectedly helped him.

"I saw Lily's bracelet. Rosa retired recently, yet she was wearing a new design – and those are incredibly hard to come by. It suddenly occurred to me that Devin used to send Rosa's jewelry to the wives of important clients – and, I guess, mistresses. I followed Lily and found her answering the call from Devin. Sure enough, Lily is on very familiar terms with Mr. Cooley. It seemed that Devin bribed her with expensive jewelry and asked her to persuade Mr. Cooley out of signing the contract with you," Savannah said softly, "So I threatened Mr. Cooley with Mrs. Cooley."

Dylan was silent for a long time. Then he raised his hand and touched Savannah's head, "You did a good job. You can have any reward you'd like."

He had to admit that if it hadn't been for the little woman, the contract might have been stolen by Devin.

He patted her head, like praising a pet. Savannah recoiled inwardly and avoided his caress, "I don't want any reward."

"No?" Dylan shook his head slowly. How could his reward and punishment system not work with her?

"...I'll think about it first," Savannah allowed.

A satisfied smile played on his lips.

"Can I go upstairs and think about it now?"

Dylan seemed to have other fish to fry. He nodded and let her go. "I'll go back later."

Upon hearing that, Savannah flushed and hurriedly left.

Dylan watched her entering the elevator before he took his eyes off her.

The gentleness in his eyes faded slowly, and instead, a grim look appeared on his face. He turned and glanced at Erick Naik.

Erik immediately understood what Dylan wanted. Walking forward, Erik reported simply, "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry. That girl is not found yet."

125: The Novel Is More Wonderful

Erik was the person in charge of Sterling's hotel in Chicago. He lived in this city and was well-connected.

So, since Dylan returned to take over the Sterling group, the people-searching work had been left to him.

Mr. Sterling was searching for a girl.

At the time he'd first met her, she had been about twelve or thirteen. Now she should be about twenty.

However, she had proved impossible to find.

Year after year had passed, and there was still nothing to show who she was.

Dylan's eyes clouded as Erik reported the same result to him.

Although he knew there was less chance of finding that girl, he still held a glimmer of hope.

"It's not likely to find the girl in such a situation. After searching for so many years, there is still no clue. Maybe she is not a native of Chicago, or she had left this city long ago. Do we have to keep looking?" Erik asked tentatively.

"Keep looking," Dylan replied with decision and authority.

Erik gave a deep sigh.

He didn't know who the girl was, but she must be a very important person to Mr. Sterling.

Meanwhile, behind the hallway wall. Savannah held her breath and heard the conversation without missing a word.

As soon as she got into the elevator, she remembered that she should ask Dylan if he would like the meeting record with Mr. Cooley. She had, after all, come to Chicago as a secretary to help him with business.

Turning around, she hadn't expected to hear the conversation between Dylan and Erik.

Had Dylan sent Erik to find someone? And, apparently, it wasn't the first time he'd asked Erik to find this specific person. Who on earth could be this highly valued by Dylan Sterling?

She could see the resolution in his grey eyes when he ordered Erik to continue the search.

It suddenly occurred to her that he once asked her if she had been to Chicago when she first knew him.

She felt a little strange at that time, but she didn't think much of it, instead of shrugging it off as Chicago having a special meaning for him.

Was it because he was looking for someone in the windy city?

* * *

Savannah went back to her room, feeling curious. She took a shower, changed her clothes, and felt relieved and relaxed.

Regardless of whom Dylan was looking for, it was none of her business. Now what she should be most worried about was that there was only one bed in this suite!

What was she going to do?

Savannah took a pillow, and a blanket to the couch laid down and breathed a sigh of relief.

If she could fall asleep before he came back, he would not do anything to her!

But sleep was like a bus, and the more she looked forward to it, the more it ignored her.

Probably because it was still early, or because she was not used to sleeping in a strange place.

Savannah could not sleep and had to sit up.

She took out her iPad, opened a fiction community, and began to read romantic fiction. Instead of making her sleepy, however, the novel enthralled her. She found herself getting more and more immersed in each chapter.

This was really a beautifully written novel. The author was careful about details, and the intimate activities were depicted vividly in words.

Savannah blushed as she attentively read it. When she read the intimate scene between the hero and the heroine, she remembered what had happened between her and Dylan...

When she read the climax in the novel, she didn't even notice the door opening and the approaching footsteps.

Dylan finished his official duties and went back to the suite. No one was stirring in the room. He thought Savannah had gone to bed.

He came into the room and saw her lying on the couch.

Sleeping on the couch? Was she trying to avoid him?

Dylan looked displeased. But when he came to her and was about to lift the little woman up, he found that she was not asleep but looking at something with her two hands holding the iPad.

He stood behind her and glanced at the screen in silence, amused.

She was reading a romantic novel.

He bent down to take away the iPad from her hands, giving Savannah quite a fright. She hurriedly turned over and tried to sit up but was pinned by Dylan the next second, his two arms bracing on the couch.

"You like this kind of novel? Why don't we do it ourselves?" His eyes were burning, fervent.

Do... do it ourselves!?

Savannah swallowed, "No...the novel is more wonderful."

Is the novel more wonderful? What did she mean? The hero in the novel had a better sexual ability?

Dylan frowned and held her soft chin gently. "Really? Maybe because you haven't tried anything more wonderful."

With that, he raised her in his arms, stood, and headed for the big bed.

"Dylan put me down... I'll just sleep on the couch tonight," Savannah struggled in his arms.

"Why? We have a big bed," He laid her lightly on the soft bed. Then he leaned down, his hands on either side of her head, so he was hovering over her, staring down into her eyes, his jaw clenched, eyes burning. He saw her pink ears turning red, so charming and lovely. He could not help but trail soft, feather-light kisses from her ear down to her neck.

He hadn't taken her for so many days since their cold war.

He thought he could hold it, but his desire burst out as soon as he touched her.

Tonight, he would not let her go easily.

"Dylan..." She said in a low voice, like a frightened little rabbit. In fact, she wanted to call him a brute instead. Did he plan to sleep with her on the pretense of a business trip?

It seemed that she could not escape tonight...

She didn't know whether it was because of nervousness or something else, she had a sudden spasm in her lower abdomen, and the pain hit her all over.

"Wait...I have a stomachache." She murmured.

"Really?" He thought she was making a deliberate excuse and did not let go of her.

"I really don't feel well..." She broke out in a cold sweat.

Then he found her cold body trembling, he stopped his kiss and stood up, "What's wrong with you?" His expression changed when he saw the sweat on Savannah's forehead.

"I don't know... I got a pain in my abdomen...I'll go to the bathroom first and had some hot water." She sat up with difficulty, and the bearing-down pain in her lower abdomen was familiar, but it was worse than usual

It seemed that her Aunt Flo was visiting.

126: It Was An Awkward Moment

He extended his arm to the special phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Sterling, what can I do for you?" Erik Naik's voice was respectful through the phone.

"Get the car ready for the hospital."

Savannah took a breath. Go to the hospital because of menstruation? She would have laughed to death.

"No!" She refused in a weak voice; a burst of pain in the abdomen made her face pale.

Dylan carried her out of bed without a word.

"Don't... really --" Savannah blushed and struggled.

He looked suspiciously at Savannah, who did not want to go to the hospital. Then his eyes fell on the red marks on the white mattress.

Blood?

Was this woman on her period?

Savannah, seeing that he had found it, pushed him away in pain. "I said, I'm okay. Let me go to the bathroom first..."

Fortunately, her period was on time every month. She had taken some sanitary napkins with her on this business trip.

When she walked out of the bathroom, the sheets had been changed. Dylan was sitting on the bed in his upright posture.

It was a very awkward moment.

She was ashamed, but with a sigh of relief, he could do anything to her in her period!

Although there was a beast in Dylan, he would not like a bloodied sex.

"Drink it," He rumbled out an order.

She was surprised to see a cup of tea on the coffee table at hand.

Where did he get the tea in just ten minutes...?

Savannah felt a bit weak, but she obediently went to pick up the glass and drink it.

A mug of tea made her warmer, and it relieved the pain in her lower abdomen. She calmed down and felt much better now.

Dylan was relieved to see her pale face becoming rosy again.

Savannah hung her head, heading for the big couch outside her bedroom. "I'm going to sleep now."

Dylan stood up and approached, standing in her way. She paused, what did this man want to do? He didn't plan a bloodied sex, did he?

"Go sleep in the bed," said Dylan in a low voice.

"No, no, no. You sleep in the bed yourself." She waved her hand.

"I'm not going to let a bleeding woman sleep on the couch!" He grabbed her delicate wrist impatiently and dragged her to the bed.

Savannah felt amused. A bleeding woman?

This description, well, was accurate...

"Rest assured," she curled her lips, "No women will die after seven-day bleeding in their period. It's nothing to sleep on the couch."

Dylan frowned but did not bother to bicker with her at the moment. He drew her to the bedside, forced her up, covered her with a blanket, and turned off the light.

The bedroom darkened. Dylan picked up a pillow and left.

Savannah slept soundly and sweetly all night.

When she woke up, she put on her pajamas, washed, and went out of the bedroom.

The sofa was empty. Dylan was gone.

There was a plastic bag on it.

She curiously went over to open the plastic bag. Inside, there were several bags of tampons and pads, including various brands in different types, such as daytime use, overnight use, and maxi pads with wings....

She blushed. Did Dylan buy these himself in the morning?

"Ms. Schultz, good morning. Come and have breakfast," Said a respectful voice.

Following the movement, Savannah saw a waitress in a hotel uniform standing at the table.

On the table, there were steaming fresh milk, seafood porridge, crystal shrimp dumplings, fried eggs, toast, and bacon.

"That's a lot of food," Savannah said, laughing softly.

"As Mr. Sterling said, you need to replenish yourself. We have also arranged the lunch menu for you to nourish your blood," The waitress smiled.

Savannah took a breath. Did the man order the hotel kitchen to cook special blood-enriching dishes for her?

Ashamed to say anything to the waitress, Savannah sat down and began to eat silently.

After breakfast, Savannah changed her clothes.

"Ms. Schultz, please go downstairs," The waitress said politely.

"Go downstairs?"

"Yes, Mr. Sterling is waiting for you downstairs."

Savannah thought they could go back to LA today after the contract was signed. Was there another client to meet?

She walked out of the suite in time to see the elevator door closing in front of her.

"Hey! Wait a minute, please!" She hurried over.

Inside the elevator, someone raised his hand to press the OPEN button.

The elevator door opened.

A young man in a custom-made gray suit was standing in the elevator. He was a tall man with a straight nose, fine eyes, and a full mouth. His delicate features were not womanish but noble, giving off a sense of comfort.

Beside him stood a man who looked like an assistant.

Their faces changed slightly when they saw Savannah's face. There was a surprising glint in the young man's eyes.

"Thank you," Savannah said quickly.

The young man hid his surprise and smiled. "You're welcome."

Savannah stepped into the elevator and saw the fifteenth floor was pressed. She stretched her hand to press the first floor.

"First floor?" The young man next to the elevator buttons turned around and asked.

Savannah paused and nodded. "Hmm."

The man helped her press the button for the first floor.

"Thank you, Sir," Savannah thanked him again, feeling strangely fond of the young man.

He was a gentleman, had a fine countenance and a charming voice. What a perfect man!

The man curved his lips. He looked quite pretty when he smiled. "You are so polite. You've already thanked me. It's just a small thing."

The elevator was descending.

"You're staying on the twenty-eighth floor?" The man casually asked.

Savannah paused. Did the man want to accost her? No, they were in one of the most upscale hotels in Chicago. The guests who came in and out of the hotel were all of the high statuses. It might be just a polite question.

"Yes," Nevertheless, she remained on her guard and said nothing more.

The man seemed to notice that she was being guarded, smiling. "Sorry, I didn't mean anything. I often come to this hotel to talk business with clients. I heard the twenty-eighth was reserved for the big boss of the hotel. I asked out of mere curiosity."

127: The Girl Did Look Like His Stepmother

It seemed she had been overthinking this. Savannah breathed a sigh of relief and joked, "I'm not the boss of this hotel. You see, I'm not that rich."

"How did you get down from the twenty-eighth floor?"

Savannah hesitated for a moment and replied, "I am the secretary of the owner. I'm here with him on business this time."

She didn't have to say that much to a stranger.

But maybe it was because this man had a strong show of affinity that she felt at ease when talking to him.

"Oh, you're Mr. Sterling's secretary."

She didn't expect the young man to know Dylan. "You know my boss?"

"Dylan Sterling is well-known in the business circle at home and abroad." The man raised his chin slightly and laughed.

Well, that's true... Savannah smiled.

"Since you are Mr. Sterling's secretary, you are from LA, too."

Savannah nodded.

"Well, no wonder you don't speak like the local people." The man grinned softly.

As they talked, the elevator stopped on the fifteenth floor. The young man nodded slightly at Savannah before he walked out of the elevator.

When the elevator door closed slowly, the young man was still standing at the door. He did not go back to his room for a long time.

The assistant, of course, knew what his young master was thinking.

"Master, this young lady looks really like Madame Rowe. I thought she might be a relative of Madame Rowe's."

Lionel Rowe was quiet for a moment. The girl did look like his stepmother, especially the softness in her eyes, which was exactly the same as his stepmother's. That's why he said a few more words to her.

Then he smiled, "Many people in this world look like each other. Besides, that girl isn't a native here. How could she get involved with my mother?"

That's right. The assistant nodded and said nothing more.

Savannah went downstairs and headed for the lobby.

It was still early in the morning, and there were no guests in the lobby.

In the brightly lit hall, a tall man was seated on a large off-white couch. With a notebook computer on his lap, he was checking his business mail absorbedly.

Erik and two other employees were waiting on Dylan behind him.

Hearing the familiar steps, Dylan raised his head and raised his eyebrows. "How did you take so long?"

His tone wasn't aggressive, but somehow she felt a little guilty, remembering the man she had met in the elevator.

Dylan was a typical tyrant and disallowed her contact with other men. If he knew she was chatting with a strange man in the elevator, he would change his face at once, right?

"What are you thinking about?" He frowned at her absent-minded manner.

Savannah came to her senses. "Nothing...It takes time for me to eat and wash."

Dylan then said nothing. He closed the notebook, stood up, and walked slowly to her.

Savannah's heart pounded when he moved nearer to her. She was ashamed to look him in the eyes when she recalled the awkward situation last night.

She lowered her face, feeling his hot breath fanning her cheek. "Have you used them?" His voice was low enough for Savannah to hear.

Erik and other people, not far away from them, would only be thought they were talking about business.

Knowing what he meant, Savannah blushed. "I – uh – well... "

"The ones I bought for you, are they good or not?" He bought this kind of thing for the first time and didn't know which brand girls usually preferred, so he bought all the styles of each brand.

He bought those sanitary napkins himself! Savannah blushed, glancing at Erik and the others behind him. Fortunately, his subordinates did not hear him; otherwise, it's such a shame...

Oh, my god. Why was she here early in the morning talking with Dylan about sanitary napkins?

"Well, is there any business today? Another client? I am ready to go at any time," She immediately changed the subject.

Dylan narrowed his eyes. "We're going out today, but not going to see a client."

"Ah? Then what for... "

"Your reward."

Reward? Oh, yeah, she got the contract signed with Mr. Cooley yesterday.

Though she refused the reward, he always punished or rewarded people as they deserved.

"What reward? Where are we going?"

"You'll know soon enough," he turned and walked out of the hotel.

"Have a good day, Mr. Sterling." Erik and his subordinates bowed Dylan out of the hall.

Savannah was stunned for two seconds and had to run after him.

On Lincoln, Dylan started the engine and drove away with Savannah.

After twenty minutes' driving, they crossed large boulevards and came to a big flat park, which contained gardens, fountains, and artwork, including the large bronze warrior statues.

"Wow --" Looking out of the window, Savannah slightly exclaimed, and she knew they had arrived at Grant Park, "Chicago's Front Yard."

She grew up in LA and had lived in that city for twenty years. She had only traveled around LA and hadn't been to such a grand garden for a long time.

This is a wonderful place!

She didn't know why she had such a sense of familiarity with the city – she'd never been here before.

Savannah was delighted to be in the city and really wanted to go out somewhere.

She didn't expect he had read her mind and set aside a day to go out with her.

As the car slowly moved forward, she felt a little strange. Usually, such kind of scenic spots should be full of tourists, noisy, and crowded.

But today, why did she see just a few tourists?

She looked suspiciously at the man who was driving.

"I've closed the whole place," He replied, as though reading her mind, "Today, only you and me."

Wait a minute, booked the whole place?

Just him and her?

Savannah was jaw-droppingly stunning.

She wouldn't be surprised if he rented a whole restaurant or booked a theater to see a movie.

But, closing a scenic destination? That was exactly the type of over-the-top thing for Dylan Sterling to do.

128: She Seemed To Seen Everything Before

Grant Park was a huge park located in the central business district. Savannah couldn't know how many tourists would be affected when Dylan made a block booking in such a place!

Wasn't such a public park protected and managed by the state generally?

"How did you do that? Isn't a scenic, public area – you know, like a park, considered state property?" She couldn't help but ask.

"The Sterling group had invested in this park. I have more than fifty percent of the shares in it," he replied, looking ahead as he drove.

Holy crap! She was completely speechless. So, essentially, this park was like his personal garden? Savannah couldn't imagine such wealth, but she didn't dare look a gift horse in the mouth.

They spent all day admiring the many sights of Chicago.

Millennium Park, Maggie Daley Park, and then the Museum Campus. They took a lot of pictures in the Clarence Buckingham Memorial Fountain and then ate their lunch on the north by Randolph Street.

They left in the late afternoon.

Sitting in the car, Savannah watched the buildings and pedestrian bridges get further and further away from her unwillingly.

"It seems that you like this city a lot. Have you been here before?" Dylan asked casually in the driver seat.

"No..." Savannah shook her head, "But, I don't know why, I have a sensation of having experienced the identical situation before in some prior time or existence."

He felt that he had asked an unnecessary question. According to Garwood's report, Savannah had not been to Chicago since she was a child.

"I haven't been here, but you must have been here many times," Savannah added after a moment of silence.

The Sterling group had a lot of business in Chicago. He always came here on business and was quite familiar with this city.

"Hmm," he nodded.

"On business every time?"

Savannah only asked casually, but Dylan's face clouded immediately, and he did not speak for a long time. The car rushes forward with increased speed.

She closed her mouth, sensing something was wrong and worried that she had mentioned the wrong thing.

Just when she thought he would never speak again, his cold voice came to her ears.

"I once came to Chicago when I was a kid, and I lived here for a period of time to recuperate."

To recuperate...?

Savannah's heart missed a bit. For depression?

Chicago had a temperate and monsoonal climate with four clearly distinct seasons. The climate agreed with patients.

Maybe old Sterling had sent Dylan to live here for a while since he suffered from depression.

Dylan continued, "Besides the environment, Chicago is also my mother's hometown. My mother grew up here in a big house. After my older brother died, I suffered from serious depression and became very closed off, not communicating with others at all. The doctors in LA were baffled and suggested my father take me to a new environment to recuperate. He sent me here, and then I lived in my mother's house for over three months."

She didn't expect him to tell her this but was relieved that he seemed to be opening up to her more and more.

He was able to bring up his memories himself.

She remembered when she accompanied him to the reexamination, Jacob said that it was good to face the memories.

She didn't know where her courage came from, but she blurted out, "Dylan, shall we go and see the house you lived in?"

He probably hadn't been to the house in a long time – at least, that was what she was assuming. If he could face the house that helped him recuperate, he would go a step further, and it would aid his recovery!

The car squealed to a halt --

The squealing brakes sent a clear message: Dylan was upset.

He didn't speak a word for a long time, his expression cloudy.

Savannah regretted her carelessness. Was it too soon? It wasn't her place to make a suggestion like that. And, of course, he had every right to say no.

She was about to take back her words when he put his foot down, and the car jetted on. When they reached the crossroads, he drove to the left, not in the direction they had come from.

"Where are we going?" Savannah gasped.

"Where you want to go," he gave her a sidelong glance.

After half an hour, they drove through an expansive and beautiful tree-lined road, stopping in front of a large house beside a lake. The house was a large, handsome building, which appeared to fit naturally into the scenery.

The water of the lake was crystal-clear and smooth as a mirror. Behind the house, there was a large garden filled with lilacs, peonies, roses, and orchids.

A sigh broke from Savannah's lips. If she didn't know it was Dylan's mother's house, she would have thought that she had stumbled onto a movie set.

It must have been worth millions of dollars.

The house was like an island: far away from people, with a quiet surrounding environment.

The sterling was a famous family in LA. Old Sterling's wife, Dylan's long-deceased mother, was also from quite a wealthy family, so the sheer grandeur of the house shouldn't have come as such a shock.

Dylan stepped out of the car, with Savannah following behind, and they proceeded together to the house. Savannah felt her heart in her throat.

She felt she had been here before.

The carved gate of this big house, the red eaves, the creeper on the wall...

It seemed that she had seen everything before...

"What's the matter?" Dylan noticed Savannah's peculiar expression.

"Nothing, just a little... nervous. It's probably the first time I've been to such a special house."

"Indeed, you have seen too little of your world," he said, giving her the smallest of smiles.

Savannah quietly put the absurd thought out of her head. Don't be silly. How could you be to such a place before!

She could have only seen this kind of luxurious place on TV!

Maybe it was because she watched too many British dramas. After all, there was an extreme amount of big houses in those dramas.

When they reached the gate, Dylan knocked on the bronze ring.

Soon, an old man with silver hair, clubbing on his crutch, groped out, "Who's that?" he asked.

Savannah noticed that the old man seemed to have poor eyesight.

"Curtis, it's me," Dylan's voice was less demanding than usual. Savannah was amazed by the gentleness of his voice.

The silver-haired old man was immediately surprised when he heard Dylan's voice. "Master Sterling?" He gasped, clearly immensely surprised with the guest. With that, he hurriedly opened the gate.

129: A Strong Familiar Feeling

"I'm here on business, so I thought I'd stop by for a visit," Dylan said as he took Savannah in.

After a brief introduction, Savannah knew that Curtis was Dylan's mother's old housekeeper, who had lived there to look after the house for almost his entire life.

It was obvious that Dylan was fond of the old housekeeper. He didn't treat Curtis the same as he treated other servants.

Maybe because Curtis cared for him when he was young, sick, and feeble here, so he respected him very much.

"Hello," said Savannah sweetly.

Curtis was stunned to hear the voice of a girl. "Who is that?"

Savannah was afraid that Dylan would say anything strange in front of the old man. "Curtis, I'm Savannah Schultz, Mr. Sterling's secretary. I'm here on business with Mr. Sterling," she rushed to the front and replied.

How could Mr. Sterling bring a little secretary here?

Their relationship must not be that simple...

Just because his eyesight had abandoned him, that didn't mean that he wasn't as sharp as he had been all those years ago. After all, the older he was, the more experience he had. He could guess something, but he said nothing.

"Miss Schultz, please come in with Mr. Sterling," he said, then turned to Dylan, "you haven't been back for a long time. Would you like to look around the garden first?"

Curtis remembered that when his young master lived here in the past, he was depressed and did not talk to anyone every day. Only when he was taken to the garden and faced the flowers, his face relaxed a little.

"Curtis, you can go in first. We'll go around ourselves." Dylan said.

"Okay, I'm going to ask the cook to prepare dinner," Curtis walked in with the aid of his stick.

Savannah looked at Curtis's back. "How could Curtis be almost blind?"

Dylan's eyes darkened. "When I lived here, the house caught fire one night. Curtis was rescued, but his eyes were hurt by the smoke and his eyesight, which had been failing for a long time, became very bad."

Savannah was surprised, looking inside the large house, which, though luxurious and expensive, was made of wood and was easily burnt. She could not see any trace of a fire, it must have been rebuilt.

"Was the house on a fire when you lived here? Were you all right?" She wondered.

"If I had an accident, would I still be here with you?" Dylan retorted.

"Curtis was saved. How did you get out? Did someone save you? After all, you were so young and..."

And he suffered from depression at that time.

He was indifferent to the outside world, closed, not even aware of the danger, and it happened at night. It was really lucky enough for him to escape the fire.

Dylan paused, his grey eyes crinkling. His fingers clenched, and his voice suddenly became frosty.

"You've asked enough today."

This time his displeasure was not the same as before. It was a shield, making him unapproachable as if she was unworthy of asking the question. Savannah asked no more and walked quietly behind him.

Curtis and his staff had done a fantastic job of tending the garden, which was covered with rich and varied vegetation.

As they walked, a small white pavilion appeared in their line of sight.

The pavilion was simple and elegant, surrounded by flowers and plants. There was space and furniture inside for a few people to be able to sit.

Dylan's eyes twinkled as he saw the small pavilion as if it took him back to the time he lived here.

A strong familiar feeling brought Savannah to a stop.

She seemed to come to this pavilion before.

How was that possible?

She took a deep breath and suppressed the ridiculous thought.

"What's up?" Dylan noticed her stop.

"Oh... Nothing. This pavilion looks beautiful, and it looks newer than any other part in the garden," Savannah replied casually.

Dylan pondered for a few seconds. "The fire that night burned down the pavilion, and it had been renovated."

Just at that moment, a maid found them to announce that dinner was served, and Curtis invited the two of them in.

Curtis and his staff were waiting for her and Dylan.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz, please come in," a uniformed man said courteously.

The dining room was of a good size and elegantly, yet sensibly, furnished. From every window, there was an attractive view. Savannah began to admire the owner's taste in everything she saw.

The furniture in the room was made of well-chosen material and of beautiful shapes, attractive and durable.

The house displayed aristocracy from every inch, and even Curtis and all the old servants who had been guarding the house for decades were infected with aristocratic temperament.

Dylan's mother must have been a woman of high status!

The dinner was very good, over ten courses, including seafood, tropical delicacies, and exotic food.

Savannah was shocked. She was sure that this was nothing compared to what the staff could've done had they been given more notice.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz, I don't know if these dishes are enough. If you want anything more, I will ask the cook to prepare," Curtis could not see the look on their faces.

Savannah could not help saying, "Curtis, the food is more than enough. It's too plentiful and too much for Mr. Sterling and me."

Curtis laughed, "They're only twelve dishes. Not too much. You can just eat as much as you can. When Dylan's grandparents were still alive, we would have at least thirty courses of a meal."

What the hell... Only twelve dishes? They were only two people!

A thirty-course meal for Dylan's grandparents? It must be a big family!

But no matter how big a family was, they didn't have to eat so much food for a single meal, did they?

What they couldn't finish must be thrown away, and that seemed far too wasteful.

Savannah's curiosity prompted her to ask more about Dylan's mother's birth. But before she opened her mouth, Dylan interrupted them impatiently.

"Well, will you be eating or just gawking?"

130: The Security Is Excellent

"It's getting late Mr. Sterling. You and Miss Schultz might as well stay here tonight," Curtis said after dinner.

Dylan had no objections. It was all the same for him to stay here or go back to the hotel.

"One room or two?" Curtis asked tentatively.

"Two rooms, of course!" Savannah blushed and blurted out. "Curtis, I said Mr. Sterling and I came here on a business trip. I'm only Mr. Sterling's secretary."

She thought she had explained it clearly, but Curtis still could guess that she had a special relationship with Dylan.

Dylan's face clouded over at her speedy answer, but he didn't say anything.

Curtis took the silence of Dylan as an approval. "Okay," Curtis

"Take Miss Schultz upstairs to her room, please," Curtis said to one of the maids.

Upstairs, the maid led her to a room, already clean and ready, and left.

It was a guest room, but it was beautifully decorated and the clothes and supplies were ready.

She took a shower, put on her bathrobe, and left the bathroom as she dried her long, wet hair with a towel.

Dylan was sitting on her bed.

"Why are you here?" She was startled.

"It's my home. Why can't I be here?" Dylan rolled his eyes unpleasantly.

"I mean... Curtis clearly arranged this room for me to live alone. Don't you have your own room? You can go back to your room to have a rest..."

"Can't I go around before I rest?"

She pursed her lips. Sure, this is your house!

Staring at the unconvinced face of the little woman, Dylan put his arm around her waist and abruptly pulled her close.

Before Savannah could respond, she was pulled over by a powerful force and dumped into his hot arms.

He pressed her against his chest, leaning close to her ear, and said in a low voice, "You will not be spared if you take it upon yourself to make any decision in front of other people again."

She kept a distance from him in front of Curtis, and asked for two rooms without permission!

His anger had not dissipated, though he hadn't shown it in front of the others. Her face burned, and her heart pounded.

"We are really on a business trip here. It's not good to live in one room. Curtis would have been embarrassed to see that," she replied, pressing her fist against his chest.

"Fuck the business," without taking his eyes off hers, his hot hand moved down from her neck, skimming her, and glided slowly down her backside to her thighs.

Savannah moaned and felt his length against her thighs.

That's why she didn't even dare to share a room with him during her period!

She was afraid that when the beast in him came out, he would turn a blind eye to the blood and take her on her period!

"Dylan! Don't forget... that my...my aunt Flo is visiting..." she almost stammered.

Dylan frowned and paused. Of course, he did not forget it. If he had no scruples, he would have already fucked her last night.

Finally, he repressed his desire and straightened up.

Savannah slid out like a fish, wrapped herself up with her messy bathrobe, and stepped back.

Looking at her red face, Dylan felt he would burn in desire again if he stayed here. He strode away and slammed the door.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief, climbed into bed, and covered herself with a blanket.

Maybe she was too excited today, or maybe she was afraid that Dylan would return, but she tossed and turned for a long time.

Abruptly, late into the night, Savannah sat straight up, deciding to go down to ask Curtis for a key so she could lock her door.

She changed into a nightgown and went downstairs. The drawing-room was empty.

It was after ten o'clock at night, and everyone was probably asleep.

Looking up, Savannah noticed a feeble lamplight gleaming in the garden.

It was from the pavilion.

Savannah walked out of the house, moving to the pavilion in the garden.

Approaching the pavilion, she saw a tall, familiar figure, dressed in nightclothes, sitting on the steps of the pavilion.

It was Dylan.

He couldn't sleep, either, it seemed.

Dylan looked quite different on the steps. Normally, he was calm, cold, and domineering. Even though he had always kept a low profile, he still behaved in a kingly way.

But now...

He was gazing at the bricks and tiles of the pavilion, his eyes soft, as if remembering something or somebody. She could even see a faint smile play on his lips.

It was the first time Savannah had seen such an expression of great tenderness in his face.

When he smiled, it seemed as if he was displaying the softest part of his heart to someone.

She didn't know what or who he was thinking about.

But whatever it was - the thing, or the person - must have been a warm and happy memory, a precious treasure in his life.

A breeze blew over the garden. Savannah turned to herself and did not want to disturb him. She walked away quietly.

Back to the house, she saw Curtis reading a newspaper on the sofa by the French window in the living room.

"Curtis," She said sweetly, walking over to him.

"Savannah? Is everything alright? Why are you up so late?" Curtis asked, not unkindly.

"I'd like to ask you for the key to my room and lock the door at night," Savannah smiled.

Curtis laughed, "There are so many servants and security guards here. The security is excellent."

Savannah bit her lip. She was not afraid of robbers and thieves, but Dylan...

Curtis, your young Master, was more terrible than a bandit!

But she could not say this to Curtis.

"Hmm, I have had a habit since childhood, no matter where I am, I must lock the door to sleep, even at home."

"Oh, I see. All right." Curtis took out a bunch of keys and, with almost no trouble, chose the correct one.