

## Midnight 141

### 141: He Must Believe Her

He only spoke two words, yet they were so powerful.

"You really believe I didn't do it?" Her heart was pounding.

Dylan reached up and smoothed her hair, which had been ruined by the night wind, and then he placed her hand over his chest to let her feel his heartbeat.

She was his woman, and he must believe her.

It was a slap in the face if he doubted her.

This silent movement soothed Savannah.

"Stay here until I'm back. Don't go to the company these days, and don't take any modeling jobs," He whispered as he held her close, his fingers pushing some escaped tendrils of hair off her face.

He was afraid that Susan and Devin would seek her out if she left and cause trouble.

She'd better remain at home until he had solved the problem and proved her innocent.

"Hmm," Savannah nodded obediently.

Dylan turned to Judy, "Take care of Miss Shultz."

"Yes, sir," Judy replied as she took Savannah by her arm.

Savannah watched him turn and get into his car, which sped away from the villa and disappeared at the end of the street around the corner.

The Sterling house was filled with palpable tension, a dismal feeling radiating off everyone that was in it.

"Dad, the baby was supposed to be born in four months, but was killed by the little bitch! It's your great-grandson! I will not spare, Savannah. She is the murderer! I will go to the police to accuse her of intentional killing!" Susan was weeping at the top of her voice.

Dylan sat at the other end of the sofa, his long legs crossed, his long fingers rapping on the handrail.

"Isn't it too early to say the word 'murderer'?" His voice was cool and unmoved.

"Valerie said that Savannah pushed her down the stairs, and Abby saw it too. What else do you want?" Susan sneered.

"These two witnesses don't count. Although Valerie is Savannah's cousin, their relationship has been very bad. You say that Savannah pushed Valerie downstairs. I can also say that Valerie deliberately wronged Savannah. It's even less likely that Abby would tell the truth. We all know how she feels about Savannah, and it's not unusual for her to lie," Dylan pointed out.

Susan stood up and laughed with anger, "That baby was so precious that it would be impossible for her to accuse Savannah at the cost of a miscarriage!"

"Maybe she fell down the stairs by mistake, and she just put the blame on Savannah," snorted Dylan.

"Do you think Savannah is being wronged? Do you have proof? No! It's all your guess!" Susan turned and cried at old Sterling, "Dad! She has to pay for what she's done, and I'm going to the police to sue her! I'm going to put her in jail!"

"Have you asked for my permission before suing my woman?" There was a cold glitter in Dylan's eyes, making Susan shudder.

Old Sterling kept quiet for a long time and finally shouted out, "Enough, don't argue!"

A moment later, he looked at Dylan and Susan, his voice heavy and sad,

"Sterling's great-grandson must not be gone for nothing. If this was done by Savannah, she would have to pay the price. But after all, Savannah is Dylan's woman, and I don't want to mistreat her. Dylan, I'm going to give you one month. If you can prove her innocence in a month, then I'll let this go and apologize. If not, then I won't stop Susan.

Dylan's face sank, knowing that this was old Sterling's bottom line.

"Okay," he said, finally raising his head, and his voice was very quiet.

Susan looked after Dylan as he left. Though she was not satisfied that her father had given Savannah a month, that's just a month.

After a month, she could put that little bitch in jail!

In the snow-white ward, Valerie lay on the bed weakly.

Devin had just left with Norah and Dalton, who had come to see their daughter.

The effect of the anesthesia gradually wore off, and the pain in her lower abdomen reminded Valerie of her recently lost baby.

Though she was pale and weak, she laid her hand upon her flat belly with a smile of relief on her lips.

Devin just came and told her everything after she was sent to the hospital.

As she expected, the evidence pointed to Savannah as the murderer. Abby helped too.

Savannah was now the condemned person in the Sterling household.

Susan claimed she would send Savannah to prison! Old Sterling had given Dylan a month to find out the truth. They would take Savannah to court if Dylan couldn't prove her innocence.

That's good.

This was her plan when she learned that her baby was dead.

The dead child could not be saved. Why not use it to do something more meaningful?

This way, she could not only avoid being accused by old Sterling of not taking care of the baby but also trapped Savannah.

As for the baby, she would have another one. What's there to worry about?

Even if Savannah was defended by Dylan and spared jail, she would be utterly discredited and never had a chance to marry into the Sterling.

How could old Sterling allow a woman who killed his great-grandson to be his daughter-in-law?

Valerie could not help smiling when she thought of this.

Dylan hadn't been home for three days.

Before, Savannah would like nothing better than not seeing him. But now, she was greedily waiting for him to show up. She wanted to learn what was going on.

Had everything been found out?

She didn't want to be wronged. It was terrible!

She called and texted Dylan, but he never answered or replied.

Judy called too, he did answer but said nothing.

On the fourth day, Savannah could scarcely sit still.

Now, what did that mean? She heard nothing from him these days.

As he ordered, she didn't go to the company, nor did she take any jobs. She didn't even go out of the villa. It felt like she was in jail, waiting for the judge's sentence!

But she was wronged.

In the evening, she ate a few mouthfuls of food and had no appetite to eat anymore. She called Dylan again.

As usual, he didn't answer the phone.

After thinking about it, she changed her dress and got ready to go out.

She wanted to ask Dylan to take her to the Sterling's house. She had to explain to old Sterling what happened that day.

#### **142: Framing Is A Crime**

At the very least, she wanted to confront Abby instead of sitting around the house like a prisoner!

"Savannah, Mr. Sterling told you not to leave," Judy said, running after Savannah.

"I know. I'm going to find him."

"Then let the bodyguard follow you."

"Don't—Judy, please. It's all right. I'll be back in a minute. I just want to talk to him," Savannah begged.

Dylan must have told the bodyguard not to let her go out of the house these days. If the bodyguard came, she wouldn't be able to go out today.

Judy hesitated and finally agreed.

Savannah snuck out the door and took a taxi to the Sterling group.

Arriving at the company, before she got out of the taxi, she saw a familiar figure talking on the phone as he walked out of the building.

It was Garwood.

"Okay, I'll be right over. Yes, sir... everything is ready, as you told."

Garwood hung up and got into his car.

In the taxi, Savannah saw that Garwood seemed to be going to find Dylan.

"Please follow the black car in front of you," Savannah said to the driver.

The taxi followed Garwood's car along the road and stopped in front of a grand hotel in twenty minutes.

That hotel was one of the Sterling's businesses.

Garwood stopped his car, got out, opened the door of the trunk, pulled out a large bouquet of red roses, and headed for the hotel.

Savannah was surprised. What is Garwood doing? Why is Garwood sending Dylan roses?

Without thinking too much, she paid the money to the driver and hurried in, following Garwood.

Garwood walked directly to the western restaurant on the first floor of the hotel, reached a private booth, and stopped.

Savannah hid behind the wall.

"Sir," Garwood knocked at the door before he came in with the flowers. After a short while, he came out and left.

Dylan was in that booth.

Savannah came nearer cautiously and fortunately found the door to not be closed.

A conversation between a man and a woman came from the booth.

"Dylan! What a beautiful bouquet of roses! Did this come by air from Bulgaria? I love it!" A happily surprised voice came from a woman.

It was Abby's voice. Savannah froze.

"I'm glad you like it," Dylan said.

"I'll put these in my bedroom," she gushed.

Dylan was with Abby...

And he ordered Garwood to send her a bunch of roses.

Doesn't he hate Abby and even used herself to drive her away?

An inexplicable mood hit Savannah, but she restrained her feelings. Their conversation continued.

"Dylan, I thought you were angry that I... said Savannah pushed Valerie," said Abby carefully.

"She did do something wrong. Why should I blame you?" Dylan said lightly.

"Do you really believe me? You don't think I wronged her?" said Abby inquiringly.

Dylan glanced at her with a brief smile. "Framing is a crime. I believe that you won't go against the law as the daughter of an influential family."

Abby shuddered and forced a smile, "Of course. I certainly didn't frame her. I actually saw her push Valerie downstairs. I'm just afraid you won't believe me. After all, you were very protective of her that day, but now your attitude changed... "

"I thought about it later. In fact, she never had a good relationship with her cousin. And she has been spoiled by me. It wouldn't be too surprising if she had pushed Valerie down the stairs in the heat of the moment," he said.

Outside, Savannah could not help scratching the door.

Was that why he didn't come to Beverly Hills for several days? Was it because he got over it and believed that she pushed Valerie?

Abby's face glowed with delight, and then she said inquiringly,

"Now Susan is going to put Savannah in jail, will you protect her this time?"

Savannah silently gnawed her lip. Sure enough, Susan wanted to sue her and send her to jail...

"My father was so angry that he also dressed me down. I can't help her. That's what she did," Dylan's voice was cold and emotionless.

Savannah's heart sank.

"Don't worry," Abby said reassuringly when heard that he was scolded by old Sterling, "I'm going to tell old Sterling that it's none of your business. Old Sterling won't blame you for the sake of the relation between our families."

"You are so kind to me, Abby. All right, let's not talk about her," Dylan's face softened.

"Okay!" Abby was delighted.

Dylan has finally figured out who's best for him and who can help him, she thought, delighted.

Abby obediently asked no more, "waiter!"

Savannah recovered, trying to run away, but accidentally hit the door.

They looked doubtfully out of the door.

Savannah turned around in pain but ran into the waiter.

"Miss, this is the high VIP box. What are you doing here?" asked the waiter.

Dylan got up with a cool look. He strode to open the door and pulled Savannah in.

"What are you doing here?" Abby was surprised.

"Garwood!" Dylan shouted.

Garwood ran down the corridor. "Miss Schultz!" He was startled to see Savannah here too.

"Take her back!"

"Miss Schultz, please --" Garwood gasped and walked to Savannah.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to bother you." Savannah looked at Abby, "but before that, I want Abby to go to the Sterling's house with me, and tell old Sterling what happened that day. I'm innocent!"

"What do you mean... I wronged you?" Abby raised her tone.

"You know it," Savannah sneered, "you know what the truth is!"

"Dylan, I didn't wrong her," Abby turned to Dylan and said in a pathetic voice.

"You've done something wrong, and you want someone else to lie for you? Go back now!" Dylan's eyes flashed, gazing at Savannah.

Savannah refused to leave. It took her all this time to find him, and now, after she had worked hard to track him down, he was with Abby? Savannah couldn't explain why her heart hurt.

Dylan caught Savannah by her wrist and pulled her to his chest.

Abby looked triumphant, and her chin cupped in her hand as if she was looking at something amusing.

"Dylan --" Savannah said, sounding frustrated, as she struggled in his grasp, "let me go! I didn't push Valerie, I didn't kill the unborn baby! Didn't you say you believe me?"

### **143: Protect Her Forever**

Dylan lowered his gaze to be level with hers, his other hand catching her second arm.

Savannah shuddered in his grasp, wishing that she could resist him, and finally allowed herself to match his gaze.

"Savannah, it seems that I have overindulged you. Now you have no idea what your status is or what my bottom line is. I repeat, go back right now! I can create far more trouble for you than you are worth," he threatened.

His heavy breathing came to her face, and she stopped struggling at his comment. She almost forgot her status. To him, she was just a little pet that he possessed, bound by an agreement.

It wasn't her place to try and prove her innocence. Now that he was convinced that she was the killer, there was nothing she could do.

In an instant, her heart chilled, and she threw her hand off her, taking a step away from him.

"Garwood!" Dylan cried, and Garwood came running.

"I have legs and feet, and I will go back myself!" Savannah turned back, walking toward the door of the hotel.

"I'm going to drive Miss Schultz back --" Garwood looked at Savannah's back.

"She said she would go back herself, then let her go by herself," Savannah heard Dylan's cold voice come from behind.

The door of the private booth slammed shut.

Looking back, Savannah found Garwood standing outside the booth alone.

Garwood took a look at Savannah and stepped forward.

"Miss Schultz, let me take you back--"

"No," Savannah looked at the closed door of the booth, an ironic smile on her lips.

Garwood knew what she was thinking. He hesitated a moment and said, "Miss Schultz, uh, Mr. Sterling and Miss White... you must know--"

But she cut him off again, "Enough," she said, "I don't want to know anything about them. I'm tired," She didn't want to know what was going on between Dylan and Abby. She feared it would hurt her too much. And, besides, it was none of her business – she didn't really have a right to know.

She turned and walked out of the hotel, unsure of where she would go.

She didn't want to return to Beverly Hills, even though she knew she had to go back. Last time she disobeyed him, he had punished her by punishing her family. If she offended him again, he had the power to do something to the Schultz's factory, and she couldn't do that to them again.

She was walking along when a sharp, familiar voice from a woman came, "You wicked girl!"

Savannah turned and saw her aunt Norah rushing towards her with a pot in her hand. Then she splashed the liquid in the pot over her at several paces' distance.

Before Savannah could respond, a figure came running up to her, arms thrown open to protect her.

She calmed down and got a good look at the person in front of her – relieved when she saw it was Kevin, his white shirt now covered in red liquid, which Savannah recognized to be red paint.

Norah got even angrier when she realized that her plan had been foiled. She threw the empty pot to the ground and, rushing up, rolled up her sleeves.

"Savannah, you wretched thing!" shouted Norah as she tried to hit Savannah.

Kevin caught Norah's wrist and pushed her away.

"If you wish to carry on this way, I have no issue taking you to the police!" He said, his usually gentle eyes full of ice.

Norah recognized the young man in front of her. All at once, she realized that he was that same boy that had been in the orphanage with Savannah. He had even come looking for her at their house once.

That young, gangly boy had grown up into a handsome young man. From his fine clothes, he no longer looked like just a regular person. He seemed to have risen up in the ranks, now holding some kind of important social position.

She knew this young man liked Savannah the first time she saw him. She drove him away with some insulting remark that day. But, she realized that wouldn't work today, and it angered her that he was there all of a sudden, ready to protect Savannah.

"Go to the police station? Okay! Take her, too, then! This wicked girl should go to the police station herself! She killed her cousin's baby!" She revealed.

Norah was livid when she had heard that her daughter had a miscarriage because of Savannah. She found out where Savannah lived intending to come to her and taste her own medicine. However, the security at the house in Beverly Hills was far too strict for her to get in. And, of course, she was afraid of the revenge Dylan Sterling would enact on behalf of Savannah.

Today, she had seen Savannah run into the restaurant – by chance – and bought the container of paint in the hopes that she would be coming out by herself.

"All I saw was that you threw the paint to Savannah on the street and tried to hit her. If you don't leave right now, do not doubt that I will make sure you regret your decision!" Kevin's voice was colder.

Norah was shorter than the man she stood before. She regarded the pair with anger, sneered at Savannah, and finally turned.

After Norah left, Kevin held Savannah carefully, "Are you all right?"

"I've been better," Savannah said, shaking her head. There were a lot of things going on today, and she was too tired to explain to her aunt.

Now that Valerie had insisted she was pushed downstairs by Savannah, why should she bother to explain? Her uncle and aunt must believe their own daughter.

Besides, even Dylan didn't believe her now...

Seeing her in a daze, Kevin took her hand, drew her to a flower bed by the side of the road, and made her sit down. He bought a cup of hot lemon tea from a tea shop next to them and handed it to her.

Savannah sucked a mouthful of hot lemon tea through the straw. The sweet and sour liquid ran through her throat to her stomach, making her feel better instantly.

"What's the matter, Savannah? Why did your aunt say you killed your cousin's baby?" Kevin asked, frowning.

She looked up at him, and her eyes were shining with unshed tears.



"Kevin, do you believe me when I tell you that I didn't do it?"

She looked exactly as she used to be when she first came to the orphanage.

This poor and sweet look made him decide to protect her forever.

Her familiar eyes brought back some tender memories in the orphanage to Kevin. Then he nodded firmly.

"I believe you."

His instant belief was too much for Savannah, and she was helpless to the tears that spilled down her cheeks.

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Dearest Lovies,

Another mass release today, for the sake of everyone's arguments over the untamed behavior of Savannah, and to answer all your curiosity. As I read all the comments, it stirred up my heartbeat a little bit, all I could say, "WELCOME TO MY WORLD" I knew some of you were reading most of my novels, and if you notice, all of it had a great and remarkable ending. You can check out my profile and hover over the column of the original work and you could find those tear-jerking and slice of life novels in different plot storyline on completed status. We are still in the early chapters of this story and let me remind you, prepare yourself to ride along the way with Dylan and Savannah's love-hate relationship journey, as they teach others how to become better each day. I may upset you in the coming chapters, but trust me, I prepared a compelling story in a novela form. So stay tuned!

Zhù dàjiā yǒu měihǎo de yītiān! (May you have a great day everyone!) Wǒ ài nǐmen! (I love you all!)

Love lots,

Anna Shannel Lin

**144: It's For You**

Before she started explaining, Kevin believed her.

But what about Dylan? He still didn't trust her, and even rebuked her in front of Abby.

She bit the straw firmly, trying, and failing, to stop her tears.

Why did she care about Dylan's feelings? If he didn't believe her, let it go! Why should she care about his attitude towards her?

Seeing her red eyes, Kevin raised his hand and rubbed her hair softly as he did when they were in the orphanage.

Savannah pulled herself out of her reverie and gently pulled away from his touch, trying not to hurt his feelings.

Kevin realized the intimacy of his subconscious action and pulled his hand away. Instead, he sat next to her.

Savannah turned to him and, deciding it was time, launched into her explanation, telling him the whole story from that day.

"Damn it! Didn't you explain?" Kevin frowned.

"I tried," Savannah smiled wryly, "but Valerie was hysterical and insistent that I pushed her – and there was another guest there, someone else who has it out for me, who acted as a witness. Who would believe me?"

Kevin was silent for a few seconds before he looked into her eyes and asked, "Does he believe you?"

As long as Dylan was on her side, supporting her and protecting her, he could always help her with her, and Kevin knew that. Savannah stayed quiet for a long time, moving her gaze away from his.

Kevin understood immediately when he saw the look on her face. "He doesn't believe you?"

The answer was obvious.

If Dylan believed her, she wouldn't be walking around the streets like a ghost!

"All the evidence points to me. It's normal for him not to trust me," Savannah tried to rationalize, shrugging her shoulders.

"But he's not someone else, he's --" Kevin gritted his teeth.

Dylan was now her man! How could a man not believe his woman? How could he allow his woman to be unjustly treated!?

Kevin clenched his fists silently. If he had known that Dylan Sterling treated Savannah this way, he wouldn't have let Savannah be with him!

"Where is he now? I'll take you to him!" Kevin took her hand.

"No, Kevin, I'll get this done myself," Savannah quickly pulled away from her hand. She didn't want to go back to see Dylan and Abby.

"Savannah, you won't have to bear everything yourself. I'm always there for you, you know that."

Savannah forced a smile.

"Don't worry about me, Kevin, I'm a big girl now. I can't always depend on you. I'll look for an opportunity to explain this to old Sterling again."

Kevin saw her insist and finally said nothing.

"Are you all right, Kevin?" Savannah changed the subject.

"I'm fine," Kevin glanced at the paint on his back.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" She asked, suddenly realizing that he came out of the blue. Could it be a coincidence that he happened to pass by?

Kevin was silent for two seconds.

"Actually, I came to see you today. I know you live in Beverly Hills, and I don't want to call you out, so I just wait for you outside. I just happened to see you passing the hotel, but I didn't want to interrupt you when you were walking in – you seemed to be on a mission."

He had learned how possessive Dylan was of Savannah, and he knew that Savannah was a little afraid of that man. He didn't want to cause her any trouble.

"Kevin, what did you want to see me about?" Savannah was a little amazed.

"It will be your twentieth birthday in a few days. I have prepared a gift and want to give it to you," Kevin said softly.

Oh, yeah, it would be her birthday in a few days... She had almost forgotten. Kevin remembered, and he prepared a gift for her. That was... Well, it was beyond sweet. She wanted to thank him, but she knew that her thank you would never be enough to let him know how grateful she was for him.

"What is it? You know that I won't accept just any gift!" She said, smiling at him teasingly.

Kevin's look softened. He knew she felt better now. He took out a disc and handed it to her.

"What is this? A CD?" Savannah asked curiously.

"This is my new game," said Kevin. "It's for you. The heroine in the game is based on you."

Savannah looked at Kevin, astonished.

"I know that the gift may not be as valuable as a piece of clothing or a piece of jewelry he gave you, but I mean..." he trailed off, afraid she didn't like it.

Savannah's face softened. She accepted the disc.

"It's more precious than any piece of clothing or jewelry."

It was true that this gift was not very expensive, but it was a gift of love because of all the heart and care that Kevin had put into it.

"Savannah, you should take a taxi home now," Kevin got up and walked to the road's side.

Savannah knew that he asked her to take a taxi because he didn't want to bring her trouble by driving her back.

She was overcome with a nice warm feeling at his consideration. Then she thought about the scene between Dylan and Abby. She brought herself and took Kevin's hand,

"Kevin, I would really appreciate a ride home from you," she said boldly.

Dylan brought Abby roses from Bulgaria, invited her to dinner at the hotel, and they flirted in the booth. Why couldn't she touch another man, or be friends with another man?

Who did Dylan think he was – an emperor?

Before he could answer, Savannah swaggered towards Kevin's car, pulled open the passenger door, and climbed in.

Kevin paused and then walked over to the driver's seat and started the engine.

The car stopped in front of a villa in Beverly Hills.

"Kevin, go back and change your clothes," Savannah got out of the car and looked at the paint on Kevin, embarrassed. It was her fault, after all.

"I'll wait for you to get inside first," Kevin said.

Savannah said nothing, waved her hand, and went into the villa.

Kevin watched her back disappear behind the door.

With his hands on the steering wheel, he did not move for a long time. He recalled the days of the orphanage. Savannah was very unsociable when she first came to the orphanage. She missed her father and cried all the time.

To amuse her, he tried to play with her every day.

At the end of each day, she would wave to him before they parted.

"Kevin, I'm happy today. See you tomorrow!" She would say, then she hopped back into her room like a rabbit.

No matter how tired he was, he would be satisfied and look forward to meeting her tomorrow.

### **145: She Lived In This Cage**

But now there was no "see you tomorrow" between them.

She had become another man's woman.

Beverly Hills was the upper area inhabited principally by wealthy people of LA.

The detached villa in front of him was the most luxurious house in Beverly Hills. The red walls and green tiles set each other off beautifully, but it was like a splendid cage to keep outsiders out.

And Savannah lived in this cage.

In fact, as he watched Savannah walking towards the house, he restrained himself with difficulty from pulling her back.

He really wanted to get her out of here and never come back again!

However, he also understood that he was powerless against the owner of the villa, especially in his current position.

The only way was... Asking the Smiths for help. The Smith, however, was the family he hated and wanted to avoid.

With this in mind, Kevin knitted his handsome brows, his fingers squeezing the steering wheel. Veins throbbed on his forehead as if he was struggling painfully.

Finally, he stepped on the gas pedal and drove away.

When Savannah stepped in the villa, Judy was just in the courtyard, looking with surprise at the car going away outside the house.

Apparently, Judy had caught sight of Kevin driving her back.

In normal times, she would be nervous when Judy saw Kevin send her home.

But today, since she asked Kevin to bring her back, she had nothing to fear. She didn't care!

What's more, Dylan was busy dating Abby right now. He just didn't have the time to care for her.

Judy looked at Savannah's pale face anxiously.

"Savannah, what's the matter with you? Are you injured?" asked Judy when she saw the red paint on Savannah's dress.

Looking down, Savannah found the red paint on her white dress, looking the same as dried blood. Although Kevin protected her when Norah spilled the red paint on her, part of her dress had still been caught by the paint.

It looked as if she was bleeding from an injury.

"Nothing. It's just paint," Savannah shook her head.

"Paint? What happened? Where did this paint from?" Judy was even more surprised.

Savannah told Judy how Norah threw paint on her on the road.

"What nonsense! She vented her anger at you without making things clear! Savannah, are you okay? Have you been injured?" asked Judy angrily and eagerly.

"No. Don't worry," Savannah looked relieved but tired. "Judy, I'm going upstairs to take a bath. Besides, I'm a bit tired today. I don't want to have dinner tonight, I think I'm just going to go to bed," she said, then she entered the living room and went straight upstairs.

Judy would have asked more, but Savannah turned away directly. After thinking it over, Judy was still worried. She went in and called Dylan.

"Mr. Sterling, Savannah was bullied by her aunt," Judy said eagerly as soon as the call came through.

"What's up?" Mr. Sterling's calm voice came through the phone.

"Savannah has just returned. She was accosted by Norah and covered in red paint. I don't know what her aunt did to her, but Savannah went straight upstairs without supper. She looked depressed."

Mr. Sterling remained quiet over the phone for a few seconds.

"Didn't she go out with a bodyguard?" Finally, a cold voice sounded.

"No..." Judy swallowed, "sir, would you like to come back today? I'm afraid Savannah is hurt. She didn't want to say anything before she went back to her room."

"What's the matter, Dylan?" A coquettish voice from a woman sounded from Dylan's side.

Dylan glanced at Abby next to him, a cold smile on his lips.

"She herself didn't take a bodyguard. She deserved it," Then he hung up.

"Who's calling, Dylan? Anything happened?" Abby said, inquiringly on the passenger's seat.

After dinner at the hotel, Dylan offered to take her home.

She wanted to be with Dylan a while longer; she didn't even mind spending the night with him. But she was afraid to scare him away like last time in the resort.

Anyway, he hated Savannah now. She didn't have to be hasty.

Take her time.

"Nothing," Dylan looked ahead, his voice low and sexy.

"It sounded like Savannah had an accident... Don't you have to see her?" Abby's eyes were wide open. She looked kind, considerate and thoughtful to gain favor with this man.

"No. She is making a commotion about nothing," He stepped on the gas, his eyes cold.

Abby, secretly pleased, said nothing more.

Savannah threw the dirty clothes away and took a bath and, when she was done, went back to her bedroom in her pajamas.

Taking out the game disc from Kevin, she put it in the computer CD-ROM drive.

After a short while, the screen turned black, and then a piece of sweet and classical music was played. The colorful and pleasing game picture was shown on the screen.

The game was called Fairyland. It was an epic fantasy MMORPG.

In this world, humans coexisted with elves and gods, and all the heroes in the world were fighting for a treasure. Whoever owned this treasure could dominate the whole world.

The map to the treasure was said to be owned by a goddess, whose present whereabouts were unknown.

The goddess's name was Savannah.

Goddess Savannah was one of the most mysterious and fascinating female NPC in the game.

She wore a purple skirt, her long golden hair showing her noble beauty. There was a passion for life in her blue eyes, which were really the same as Savannah's.

Players could wield incredible powers drawn from 88 unique Class combinations, master over 20 crafting skills, build houses and manors in the open world, farm, trade, forge alliances, and lay waste to all who stand in your way looking for goddess Savannah.

Although the game was in its closed beta now, Savannah was sure it would be a big success.

It was no wonder that brother Kevin created JK at a young age. He was a genius!

After playing the game all night, Savannah felt sleepy. She yawned and took out the game disc, putting it next to the computer. Climbing into bed, she quickly fell asleep.

It was late at night.

After quite a long while, the door of the living room downstairs opened. Dylan pushed the door in, his long shadow casting on the marble floor. Judy was surprised to see him.

"Sir, you've come home!"

#### **146: How Is She?**

Didn't Mr. Sterling say that Savannah deserved it? And he would not come to see her?

But of course, he was still worried about Savannah and secretly came in the dead of night.

"How is she?" Dylan ignored the meaningful smile on Judy's face.

"Savannah should be sleeping," Judy said, "She didn't have dinner tonight. I dared not ask, and I guess she was in a bad mood. Her aunt went too far."

Dylan asked no more questions and directly went upstairs. He pushed Savannah's bedroom open and went in.

The night breeze entered the room with him, lifting the curtains. The little woman lay on her bed face downward, with a fluffy pillow under her arms. She slept soundly, like an innocent doll, and did not realize he was in her room.

Her loose pajama slipped down, uncovering her white back.

Dylan gazed at her, eyes burning. He restrained the desire in his bloodstream, went over, and sat down on the edge of the bed. Slowly and carefully, he bent over, pulled away from the pillow from her arms, and examined her from head to foot, even the corners of her knees and elbows.

Savannah was so tired today that she did not wake up from his movement. She just made some inaudible sounds.

Fortunately, there were no injuries. Not even the paint had been left on her skin after her bath.

Dylan relaxed, and his eyes softened a little. He was about to stand up when a soft arm wrapped around him.

The little woman found her arms empty in her dream and took him as a pillow.

His desire, hot and heavy, surged through his lower belly again!

Savannah did not realize that danger was at her side. She held his waist more tightly, even boring into his arms.

Dylan's breath hitched in his throat. Damn it, was she challenging his self-restraint?

Finally, he restrained his desire to take her in her sleep. Gently he made her lay on the bed. When he stood up, he found himself burning in sweat.

Before he left, his eyes fell on the disc on the desk.

Walking over, he picked up the disc and found two words on the disc: Fairyland.

It sounded like a game's name.

When did the little woman start playing games? Ever since she had begun to live in his home, he had never seen her play a game.

He turned the disc over, and there was a line of small words:

To Savannah, from Kevin.

Dylan raised his eyebrows, a cold gleam in his eyes. He turned on the computer and inserted the disc in. So as not to wake up the little woman on the bed, he did not forget to turn off the volume.

It was a game. It was JK's new game.

The heroine of the game story was called Savannah.

What did that mean?

Was this game developed by Kevin specifically for that little woman?

Oh, he was really well-intended!

He glanced at the tiny figure on the bed with a shrewd eye.

She closed herself in the room for a whole night as soon as she got home and didn't even have dinner? And she played the game made by her first lover?

He got up, turned off the computer, and went downstairs.

"Sir, are you going away now?" Judy shuddered when she saw him coming down in anger.

Dylan stopped, "She came back alone today?" his voice was as cold as iron.

Savannah had been at the villa for several days, and she went out today only.

She was supposed to get the game disc today.

In other words, she probably met Kevin today.

Judy hesitated for a moment, and then said honestly,



"I was in the yard when Savannah came back. It seemed that she was driven back by a young man."

A young man... It had to be Kevin.

He had quite the nerve to come here! And the little woman, how did she dare allow Kevin to drive her back!

She was so bold! Did she ignore his existence?

Judy, knowing Dylan's temper, feared that he would turn on Savannah and said hurriedly,

"The man just took Savannah to the door and left. Nothing was said or done."

What else did he dare to do? Did he want to risk his neck?

Dylan clenched his fist, and after a long time, the anger in his eyes faded.

"Don't tell her I've been here."

With that, he turned away and left.

Coming out of the villa, Garwood was standing at the side of the car.

"Sir."

"How's it going on?" Dylan lowered his voice, temporarily putting Kevin and the game disc away.

"I have notified the IT department to monitor Abby all the time. As long as Abby wronged Miss Schultz, evidence will be found sooner or later," Garwood reported.

Dylan took Abby out today to find a chance to install a monitor on her phone.

Then the IT department promptly attached the monitor program on Abby's phone.

The next step was to monitor Abby 24 hours to find evidence.

"Sooner or later? I want it within a month, not sooner or later!" Dylan scolded, his eyebrows knitted tightly.

If he failed to find evidence that Savannah had been wronged in a month, she would be handed over to the police.

Even if he could bail her out of jail by his position and power, she would lose her reputation.

Garwood shuddered at the chill on Dylan's face, "Yes, sir. I'll push the IT!"

"And what about the other thing?" Dylan's tone was deadly.

Garwood understood what he meant. "We brought her here."

Then he clapped his hands.

Two bodyguards came along with a struggling middle-aged woman.

The woman, tied up and gagged, stared at the man in front of her in terror. It was Norah, Savannah's aunt.

Norah shuddered terribly. Now she knew why she was carried here.

"Sir, what are you going to do with her?" Garwood asked.

Dylan leaned against the car, his cold eyes searching like a knife on Norah.

"Pay her back."

A bodyguard immediately turned to Norah and began to slap her; he didn't stop until Norah's mouth was too swollen to open.

Slowly, Dylan went right up to Norah, pulled out the strips of cloth from her mouth and looked her over, and said, with indifference,

"Do you still dare to frame my woman?"

"I didn't frame that wicked girl!" Norah said unwillingly and indistinctly, "that little bitch did cause my daughter to miscarry... Sir, you are so excellent that you can get any woman you want. Why do you like that heartless girl?"

#### **147: It's Amazing**

"Not enough. Keep going," Dylan's eyes narrowed fiercely.

The terrible slaps were heard again in the night, louder than before! Finally, Norah could not stand it.

"No... I dare not... I dare not... Sorry, I shouldn't have gone to Savannah today. I'm sorry... I don't dare to... anymore..."

Dylan signaled the bodyguard to stop, and then he looked at Norah, who had been slapped half to death.

"Next time, you will not be hit, but rather your tongue removed from your mouth."

Norah shuddered with terror.

Dylan motioned to the bodyguard again.

The bodyguard immediately released his hold of Norah and stepped back two steps.

Norah, whose face was all purple and swollen up with bruises, sighed with relief. She thought it was over. She was about to leave in pain when the bodyguard picked up a pot of paint and threw the paint at her!

She was doused with the paint from top to feet. Falling down on the ground, Norah wanted to cry, but her mouth was swollen, and her face was covered in paint.

"Don't waste every drop of paint. Empty all the paint over her before she can leave," With that, Dylan turned around to his car.

Garwood looked at the dozens of pots of paint on the floor and gasped for Norah.

It was ten o'clock when Savannah got up the next morning.

Too much happened yesterday. She was so tired that she had been sound asleep.

Now she felt refreshed. She stretched herself, and her eyes fell on the computer.

The small green light on the screen showed that the computer was on.

Didn't she turn it off before going to bed yesterday?

She rubbed her eyes, got out of bed, and put on the slippers. She suddenly remembered something when she turned off her computer. Did he come last night?

She took a deep breath and looked at the game disc next to the computer. If he had been here, he would have seen the game disc that Kevin gazed at her. She ran out of the room and called down to Judy loudly,

"Judy, had Dylan been here last night?"

"No," Judy replied, following Dylan's order, shaking her head.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. He took Abby out yesterday, and he didn't have time to come here.

She must have forgotten to turn off the computer.

Returning to her room, she put the game disc under a magazine in a drawer. When she got dressed, her cell phone started ringing.

Kevin's name was on the screen.

"Hello? Kevin?" She answered breathlessly.

"Good morning, Savannah. Have you played the game?"

"Well, I've tried it, and I played it all night," She replied and quirked up the corners of her mouth. "It's amazing!"

"Really? You're just nice," Kevin said, smiling on his side of the phone.

"Really! I don't usually play games, but I am a little addicted now. I think it will be popular after the official launch. Not only boys but many girls will also like it," Savannah meant what she said.

"So, you like this game, too?" Kevin asked carefully.

"Well, of course. You called me early in the morning for this?" Savannah laughed.

"In that case, I would like to ask you to be the spokesperson for this game. I wonder if JK has the honor."

"Ah?" Savannah was stupefied. "I...You're asking me to be the spokesperson for Fairyland?"

"This game is going public soon, and we are looking for a spokesperson. The company used to invite superstars or internet celebrities, but this time, we want to find a fresh face. You've tried the game, and

you know the game. What's more, you're a model, and the goddess Savannah in the game was created based on you. I don't think anyone is more suitable than you."

Savannah took a breath.

"Savannah, will you?" Kevin asked tentatively.

Savannah had never been a model in a game advertisement, but she liked the game. Seriously, she was very interested in it.

Previously, she would have refused Kevin. After all, Dylan would never allow her to advertise Kevin's game.

But now... She thought about the scene that Dylan and Abby were together in the hotel booth yesterday, taking a deep breath, and nodded over the phone.

"Yes, I will."

Now that Dylan limited her in his house while dating another woman, why should she give up her preferred job?

This game was Kevin's painstaking work, and it was also a gift to her. She didn't want to refuse him.

"Really?" Kevin couldn't believe she said yes so quickly.

"Yes. But you yourself said that your company used to hire well-known stars, so if I fail, you cannot blame me," Savannah quipped.

Kevin laughed.

Then they made an appointment to discuss the shooting at JK today. After hanging up, Savannah changed, picked up her handbag, and went downstairs.

Judy saw Savannah going out again, ran after her, and insisted, "Savannah, bring the bodyguard in case there will be another accident."

Savannah had to accept Judy's offer and let her call a bodyguard.

As before, Savannah kept the bodyguard a few meters behind her and took a taxi to JK.

The taxi drew up in front of JK's office building. Savannah was about to enter the building when she was stopped by the bodyguard who ran up to her from his car.

"Miss Schultz, are you going to JK?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Sterling said that you are not allowed to come here."

Savannah paused and laughed with anger.

Could he date Abby and did not allow her to work for Kevin's company?

"I'm here today for work." Savannah calmed down.

"I know, but Mr. Sterling said..."

"Did Dylan ever tell you I'm not allowed to take a job?"

"No..." The bodyguard hesitated.

"That's good. It would be best if you waited for me downstairs, then," Savannah said as she turned toward the building, not allowing for anymore argument.

The bodyguard tried to stop Savannah in a hurry. "Miss Schultz, don't put me in a tough spot..."

"You want me to yell for help?" Savannah raised her eyes.

"What?!" The bodyguard blushed, "I did nothing to you, Miss Schultz!"

"It's not up to you, and it's up to me! Believe it or not, as soon as I yell for help, security will come up and take you to the police station. And Dylan won't spare you!" Even if Dylan now thought she was the murderer, he wouldn't let anyone take advantage of her.

#### **148: She Went To JK**

"Miss Schultz, don't do this..." The bodyguard was helpless.

"Do you really want to be taken to the police station?" Savannah looked about and found nobody around. Without hesitation, she caught her skirt and was about to lift it up.

"Okay, okay! I'll wait for you downstairs!" The bodyguard hurriedly averted his eyes and turned, walking quickly towards the car.

Savannah sighed, smoothed her dress, and walked into the enormous lobby. Taking the elevator, she arrived at the tenth floor where JK was.

Kevin was waiting at the elevator with Dan, whom Savannah had not seen for a long time. He seemed not to hold any ill feelings towards her, still greeting her just as kindly as he had in the past.

"It's been a long time, Savannah," He said, smiling.

After Savannah said hello to Dan, Kevin led her in.

This was Savannah's first visit to JK. Although JK was still very new, it took up five floors of the whole building.

There was an office area, a staff restaurant, a room for indoor sports, and a recreation area.

The decoration style of the company was not as formal as most companies, but minimal yet lively and bright.

Most of the employees were young IT professionals. Lots of them craned their necks, wanting to see who it was that their boss was walking with.

This young lady seemed to be about 20 years old. She was tall, slim, with brown shoulder-length hair and big eyes. Walking together, they made a handsome couple and a suitable match.

Most of the employees in the game company were single. They fixed their eyes on Savannah, whispering amongst themselves.

"Did you ever think the day would come? He's finally got someone on his arm!" One said.

"Yeah, looks like it," another agreed.

"Even if she is not his girlfriend, she would never be yours! Stop daydreaming!" Chimed a third, and the men in the cluster burst into laughter.

Savannah looked over when she heard their teasing.

Kevin, afraid that Savannah would be shy and embarrassed, gave Dan a look.

Dan coughed to clear his throat and said,

"Don't speculate," he said, cutting into the hushed conversations, "Miss Schultz is a model hired by our boss. She will endorse our new game."

"So, she is a model?" Some asked.

"No wonder she's so beautiful."

"But I haven't seen her much on TV or magazines before. Is she famous?" A woman questioned timidly.

"Yeah, this seems out of the ordinary. Usually, our endorsements come from actors or at least A-level models... Would hiring someone unknown be beneficial to us?"

Kevin frowned. Dan was about to reprimand both of them when Savannah took two steps forward.

"Hello, I am Savannah, and I might be the voice of Fairy World in the future. As you see, I am not a top model or a popular star. But I can promise to do my best in the game advertising and be a qualified endorser to recommend this game to all players. I'd appreciate your kind consideration in the coming shooting!"

There was silence for a few seconds. Then the clapping began, eventually getting louder and louder.

Savannah gave a sigh of relief when she saw these people looking at her with trust and approval.

Kevin's tight brow relaxed.

He thought it was more than Savannah could handle.

But, as it turned out, Savannah had grown up and was no longer the little girl who cried and needed his protection in the orphanage.

After the brief self-introduction, Savannah followed Kevin to the studio behind the office area.

JK had a special advertising department which was responsible for the photo shooting and promotion.

Two photographers, an image designer, and a makeup artist, had been waiting here for a long time. When Kevin came in with Savannah, they stood up and said respectfully, "Mr. Wills."

"Take Miss Schultz to the dressing room for her makeup," Kevin directed, desiring to be efficient.

Savannah was immediately pushed into the dressing room by a female makeup artist.

Meanwhile, down on the first floor, Savannah's bodyguard, after thinking and brooding, finally took out his phone and called Mr. Sterling.

"Hello?" Dylan's voice.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you, but I need to tell you that Miss Schultz is out today," reported the bodyguard as he swallowed.

"Did you follow her?" Dylan also knew the bodyguard was calling about the woman.

"Yes."

"That will do."

"But Miss Schultz..." The bodyguard hesitated.

"What's the matter with her?"

"Miss Schultz came to JK."

Savannah felt like she was a Barbie doll, allowing herself to be tossed about by others.

They combed her hair, tried on different wigs, changed her clothes. And gave her a complete makeover with their copious amounts of makeup.

It was more than forty minutes before she was pushed out.

Kevin was deep in conversation with Dan about the advertising process. When the door of the dressing room opened, he looked up and gazed fixedly at Savannah.

Savannah looked the same as Goddess Savannah in Fairy World. She wore a light purple elegant gown trimmed with lace, her silky brown hair loose about her shoulders, a magic wand in her hand. She looked graceful and, well, beautiful.

It was like Goddess Savannah coming out of the game.

"Wow!" Dan gasped, "It's like we've printed her straight from the game. I'm sure she'll drive the male players crazy!"

Savannah was a little embarrassed by Dan's words but smiled nonetheless. Kevin darted a look of approval at Dan, who was quite satisfied.

The photographers were ready.

Savannah made a good showing in front of the camera.

After posing in the spotlight for half an hour, she wiped the sweat from her forehead, hot and thirsty.

Kevin walked over to her with a bottle of water.

"Thanks, Kevin," she said, reaching for the bottle and taking a long drink.

"Tired? Have a rest first," Kevin leaned over and wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

"No, no, I'm fine, thank you," Savannah unconsciously moved back a pace or two and. She bit her lip. Kevin was kind - just as usual. Was she too sensitive? Did she make Kevin uncomfortable?

For some reason, she seemed to be under the spell of Dylan, keeping in mind his possessive warning and not daring to get too close to other men.

Luckily, Kevin didn't even seem to notice.

"Well, alright, let's go ahead. There are a few more shots."

She nodded, put the bottle aside, and was about to begin her next shot when the sound of familiar, commanding steps sounded outside the door.

### **149: You Are Crazy**

"Mr. Sterling?" Dan said in surprise.

The name startled Savannah. The bodyguard called him after all.

Holding her breath, she turned and saw Dylan, who was in a sharp black suit. He walked into the studio, and his face was in deep shadow.

All the staff froze on the spot there. The tension in the room was palpable.

Dylan looked around for a moment, and finally, his gaze fell on Savannah. A look of surprise passed over his face.

He had never seen the little woman in such a costume. She looked like a fairy from a painting.

Then he relapsed into his usual apathy.

This look, needless to say, was the one he saw in that game yesterday.

Kevin not only made a game for her but also invited her to be the endorser for his game.

And this little woman was so bold that she dared to take this job!

Sure, he hadn't been around for several days. Did she think she was free to do anything she wanted now? Did she think she could just ignore him?

Savannah dropped her eyes before Dylan's penetrating gaze could burn her. She was frightened now.

Kevin, looking at Savannah, who was obviously nervous, motioned to tell everyone in the room to leave.

In an instant, the studio was empty.

In the empty studio, there were only Dylan, Savannah, and Kevin left, and the atmosphere was even tenser.

Kevin stepped forward, inadvertently blocking Savannah from the man's piercing gaze.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Sterling," he said politely, "Is there something I can help you with?"



"Mr. Wills, have you forgotten that I have shares in JK? I can come to inspect the work, can't I?" Dylan said, clearly challenging the other man.

"Sure. But things are going well for the company right now, and there's nothing to be inspected," Kevin replied.

Inspect the work?

Since Dylan took a share of JK's stock, he had never cared about JK.

Today, his sudden arrival, of course, was not for the sake of JK's business - but for Savannah.

"Mr. Wills, JK is going to release a new MMO game, and you never told me. That's fine. But now you are choosing an endorser, I have to have a hand in this decision," Dylan stood still, with his hands in his pockets, an ironic smile on his lips.

"The game endorser has been found, and she is very suitable. You needn't bother about this, Mr. Sterling."

Oh? Needn't he bother about this? Needn't he care about his woman? He didn't need to worry about another man caring about her?

A slow, sly smile was creeping around the corners of his mouth. "Well, I'd like to talk to this new spokeswoman. Mr. Wills, would you go out first?"

"Mr. Sterling..." Kevin frowned.

"Can't a shareholder say a few words to the company's new game endorser?" Dylan said with a very emphatic pronunciation.

Kevin was trying to say something when Savannah stopped him. She took a deep breath and looked at Kevin.

"Kevin, let me talk to him," She said, her voice a whisper.

She had thought he would be furious and would take her away immediately, but now she had no idea what the man was up to.

Though she was a bit afraid, she knew that if she didn't obey Dylan, he would achieve his goal in a more brutal way.

He wouldn't punish her directly - he would punish JK, and she couldn't stand to be the cause of that. That was what he liked most -- punishing her with the people she cared about!

Kevin was afraid that Savannah would have trouble alone with Dylan.

"Mr. Sterling, don't be angry with Savannah. I asked her to take the job, and it's none of her business."

"Angry? Me?" Dylan asked, with a twinge of annoyance, then he turned to Savannah, "let her decide for herself."

Savannah gasped and turned to Kevin, "Kevin, go, please."

"Did you hear it, Mr. Wills?" Dylan's tone was as chill as ice, with indifference and contempt.

"Okay," Kevin looked at Savannah, "call me when you need me," he said before he left the studio.

It was so quiet that Savannah was sure she would be able to hear a pin drop.

Savannah's heart was thumping like a drum. She dared not look at Dylan.

She knew that she had directly gone against him and could not get away with it. But she didn't know what the punishment would be this time.

The unknown was always something to be feared.

"Why don't you look at me? Scared?" Dylan said as he came up to her. He put his hand under her chin and tipped her head up, staring down at her. His eyes were intense as he examined her face.

"Why should I be scared? I didn't do anything wrong," Savannah said, finding it difficult to keep her voice from quivering.

"Nothing wrong? Are you sure?" Dylan snorted. He was now more like a graceful devil.

Savannah could not stand his questioning any longer. She plucked up her courage, looked up, and said,

"Dylan, I just took a job I like. I don't think I did anything wrong! It's your mistake to be so bossy and tyrannical! I think you should see a psychologist again!"

She regretted it as soon as she said it – immediately opening her mouth to take it back, but it was too late. Dylan turned pale and then sneered.

"Do you like the job or the person that offered you the job?"

Savannah bit her lip and turned her head to one side, refraining from a quick retort. It was unwise to speak the reason to Dylan, who was in a rage.

Dylan, however, took her silence as a guilty acquiescence.

He was silent for a few seconds before he withdrew his hand, turned, and strode toward the door of the studio. He reached out to bang the door shut and locked it!

"Dylan, why did you lock the door?" Savannah broke her silence, quickly striding over to the door.

But before she reached it, she was stopped by Dylan, caught by the wrist. Looking up, she found Dylan's dark eyes full of anger and want.

"Because I don't know anyone to be able to see when I take you right here, right now."

Savannah gasped, suddenly somewhat frightened.

All of a sudden, she was picked up and then thrown onto a large sofa next to them. With a rip, he tore off her dress!

"Dylan, are you crazy?" Savannah kicked and struggled.

They were in the studio!

Kevin was still outside the door!

Now Dylan wanted to take her here!

This wasn't just a way to punish her, or prove his strength – he wanted to hurt Kevin, too.

So this was why he didn't take her away immediately. He wanted to punish her.

She struggled but in vain. He leaned down over her and, grasping each of her ankles, quickly jerked her legs apart. He took off her lacy panties with one hand, another hand covering her mouth. He leaned down, his hands on either side of her head, staring down into her eyes, his eyes burning.

"If you want your childhood sweetheart to come in and see what we are doing... you can keep crying."

"Dylan... you are crazy! You pervert..."

### **150: Do You Realize You Were Wrong?**

(Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable to read it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

She wanted to stiffen her legs, but she couldn't move. He was pinning her down, keeping up a constant, slow, torturous rhythm.

She moaned as he slowly eased into her until he had buried her. Finally, she was intimidated by his threat and gave in, for fear that Kevin outside should hear them.

It would be more than just embarrassing.

The rosy sofa contrasted finely with her white skin. He pulled out and moved slowly back into her, his breathing covered by her groan.

Savannah woke with a jolt. She sat upright and found she had been dressed up.

Damn Dylan!

She bit her lip, and her fists were clenched tightly.

He fucked her here.

Dylan stood with his back to her, doing up the buttons on his shirt. He heard her moving and turned.

"Now, do you realize you were wrong?" He raised his eyebrows.

Savannah's face was red as brick, but she was still unwilling to give into him.

"Then, can I do this game endorsement now?" She bit her lips.

Dylan paused, a cold gleam in his eyes.

"Are you still thinking about endorsing this game?"

"Can I take what we did as an exchange for the endorsement?" She insisted, shamed as she was.

This little woman would compromise herself to have sex with him for the game endorsement!

The gloom on his face frightened Savannah. However, instead of punishing her again, he marched towards the door.

"Wait! Dylan!" Savannah said, desperate to stop him. Her dress felt askew on her body; her hair probably looked like a rat's nest. The man wanted to show Kevin everything!

Dylan had already opened the door and looked at Kevin, who was impatiently waiting down the corridor.

"I'm sorry it took so long, Mr. Wills. We're done," Dylan said meaningfully.

Savannah jumped off the sofa!

Everybody would know what happened in the room if she was seen lying on the sofa with her clothes in disarray.

Kevin had been waiting impatiently outside for an hour. He tried to knock on the door several times but was stopped by Dylan's bodyguards.

He hurried into the room, and before he could speak, he smelled the difference in the air. Then he saw the untidy sofa and Savannah's blushed face. He froze in his spot, and his voice caught in his throat.

Savannah saw the disappointment in Kevin's eyes. She shot a sharp look at Dylan, embarrassed and speechless, and then she rushed into the dressing room. She just wanted to get out of here now!

After a few minutes, she changed her clothes and rushed out of the studio without looking at the two men.

She wanted to apologize to Kevin, but she found herself unable to form the words.

She was too angry to see Dylan!

Dylan was about to follow her when she saw her running away. But Kevin's cold voice sounded behind him.

"Why should you chase her now? You don't believe her, just leave her alone?"

Dylan stopped his face darkening.

Savannah had reached out to Kevin about being wronged by Valerie, and she told Kevin he didn't help her.

Whenever she was going through a rough time, she ran to Kevin. Dylan hated their intimate friendship – hated that she trusted Kevin more than she would ever trust him.

He gestured to the bodyguard at the door, letting him follow Savannah. Then he turned slowly to Kevin and slightly raised his chin.

"It's none of your business."

"Your business is none of my business, but anything regarding Savannah concerns me," Kevin looked straight into Dylan's eyes.

Anger blazed out of Dylan's eyes as he approached Kevin, leaning slightly forward.

"She's my woman. I'll take care of her."

"Take care? Because you've been so good at that before," he scoffed, "Is this how you take care of someone? Let her be wronged by her cousin in front of so many people while you do shit-all?" Kevin said with sarcasm.

"I don't think I need you to teach me what to do. I don't need to report to you either," Dylan said venomously. He wasn't going to tell Kevin anything. He straightened his collar and turned to leave.

Kevin took a deep breath and shouted behind his back,

"If you really think of her as your woman, not just your pet, you should make her happy. At least give her the freedom to work!"

"You mean she would be unhappy if she couldn't take the job?" Dylan laughed with anger, "rest assured, and there are many ways to make her happy. If she really wants to be an endorser, I can get her a dozen big-name endorsements."

"My intention isn't to get close to her and take her away by offering her this game endorsement. I know the character of Savannah. Now that she's with you, she will never change. The game is just a birthday present from her. It means a lot to her to let her endorse her own game, and I know how happy it'll make her. I just want her to be happy, I thought you did, too?"

The last sentence was to goad Dylan, making him frown. Her birthday?

The little woman's birthday was indeed coming.

He was busy looking for evidence these days and almost forgot...

There was a long silence. Finally, Dylan snorted, his eyelash fluttering.

"Take her away? From me? Do you think you could do that? I have never doubted myself. But I think you've made a bad habit of overestimating yourself!"

With that, he strode out of the studio.

Kevin looked behind him and sighed with relief.

Mr. Sterling wasn't explicit with his words, but it sounded like he agreed.

After taking a taxi from JK back to Beverly Hills, Savannah sat on the sofa for a long time. She drank two large glasses of water and finally calmed down. The reddish mark on her neck was gradually fading away.

"Savannah? You're back early! I thought you would be working again, I was expecting you to be busy for the next little while. So I bought lots of food today for you," Judy just came back from the market and was surprised to see Savannah in the living room.

"Well, I'm done with work, I guess."

Savannah was a little lost, and her voice was languid.