

Midnight 171

171: Don't Leave Me

"I've been waiting for you for so long, and I'm worried about you." Devin walked to her, looking at her amorously.

Savannah resisted the urge to throw up, went around him to go downstairs.

"It's getting late," she said, "I must leave now."

Everything was done. Now it was time to leave as soon as possible.

"You can't leave so soon." Devin's expression changed. He ran after her.

"Didn't you say what you wanted to say? And I've heard it." She didn't stop. She felt sick to stay here!

Devin's eyes suddenly darkened. He grasped her wrist, pulling her into his arms!

Savannah gnashed her teeth and tried to push him away, only to find that she had no strength to resist. Devin picked up her easily, walking to his bedroom on the second floor.

"What are you doing!" Savannah screamed as she struggled in panic.

To her horror, she found that the more she struggled, the weaker she was.

In the end, all her strength was gone.

Her body began to get hot, and her mouth dried.

In fact, she had already felt a kind of strange heat inside her when she was in Devin's study. But she thought it was because she was too nervous and did not care too much.

Her heated blood coursed through her, making her extremely uncomfortable, and her consciousness slowly faded from her brain.

"Devin... You drugged me!" She suddenly realized.

Red wine!

He must have put some drug in the wine!

"Oh, you seldom come, and of course, I shall give you a good reception. Rest assured, this drug will not hurt you, it will only make us play more happily." Devin made no secret of it, and an evil smile played upon his lips. He kicked the bedroom door open and threw her on the bed.

"Fuck you! Let me go..." Savannah gathered all her strength to avoid Devin's touch.

"Don't forget, you gave yourself to me this time! Since you came to my home at night, don't you want to make up with me?" Devin grasped her chin and flashed a conspiratorial grin at her.

"Make up with you? Impossible! If you let me go, I can pretend as if nothing happened; otherwise, your uncle won't spare you!" In her final effort, Savannah turned her head away.

The smile died on Devin's lips. He did not let her go but grasped her chin more tightly, "I wondered why you suddenly changed your attitude to me and said uncle abandoned you... Sure enough, it was a lie! Oh, you came for the design drawing, right? You went into my study just now, didn't you?"

Savannah clutched the sheet under her body, her face pale.

Devin knew he was right when he saw her expression.

His face was distorted with fury.

She was not trying to make up with him!

She was here tonight to get the design drawing back for Dylan!

She was his fiancée! How could she be so nice to another man!

Boiled with rage and jealousy, Devin leaned down and ran his hands over Savannah.

She must have taken a USB flash drive with her!

Savannah struggled and turned over, falling to the ground. She almost fell out, but she knew she couldn't!

It was not easy to get the design drawing, and she could not let Devin take it back!

She bit her lower lip hard so that the pain could keep her awake. She raised herself on her elbow and crawled toward the bedroom door.

Dylan -- where are you...

Come and save me...

Before she knew, her long hair was seized by Devin. A sudden stab of pain shot through her head. Devin snatched her up and threw her into the bed again!

"Give it back to me!" Devin approached her with clenched teeth, like an evil beast.

She got up and steadied herself with her hands on the bed.

Devin put up his hands and was about to tear her dress when the bedroom door was kicked open!

Shocked, Devin turned around and looked into Dylan's red eyes. Before Devin could say anything, he was picked up and threw against the wall. He emitted a wail, falling to the ground.

Two bodyguards came in and immediately restrained Devin.

Savannah was greatly relieved when Dylan arrived. Her body slumped into the bed.

Dylan strode to pick her up, only to hear the little woman murmuring in his arms, "it's in my USB drive...in my pocket..." Then she lapsed into a coma.

Dylan tightened his arms. In fact, he guessed that Savannah had come to Devin for the design drawing.

But he was still shocked when Savannah really got the file for her. His nerves jumped with anger as he saw what happened in Devin's room. Staring at Devin brought under by the bodyguards, Dylan tried hard to keep his temper. Then he marched out of the apartment with Savannah in his arms.

Savannah unconsciously curled herself against his arms, moving up and down.

It seemed she could feel better in this way.

He realized her abnormality and quickened his pace.

The black Lamborghini was parked in front of the apartment.

He pulled the back door open and put her gently in. Then he straightened up, staring back at the flat.

Sensing that the man was leaving, Savannah caught his forearm from a coma.

"Don't leave me."

Hot... She felt so hot... and she wanted him...

"Be good. I'll be right back. Close your eyes and rest for a while." Dylan touched her head placidly and put the soft cushions under her neck, allowing her to lie down in a comfortable position.

Touched by him, Savannah felt a little better. She groaned and closed her eyes.

Dylan closed the door and strode back into the apartment.

"Ah... Help... Ahh... Stop it... "

In the living room, Devin screamed and cried once and again.

Taken downstairs by Dylan's bodyguards, Devin was now being punched and kicked.

The two bodyguards had been with Dylan for a long time, and they knew what Dylan wanted without his orders.

Dylan stared silently at Devin, his eyes cold, unfathomable.

"Stop." He signaled to the bodyguards.

172: Are You Sure You Want My Help?

The two bodyguards stopped and looked at Dylan questioningly.

Did their boss show mercy to Mr. Yontz?!

This would be impossible...

Mr. Yontz had stolen Mr. Sterling's design drawing, and almost assaulted his woman... Mr. Sterling couldn't forgive him even if he were Mr. Sterling's own son!

It was very unlike him to be so kind!

"Sir, are you going to forget it?" One of the bodyguards walked up to Dylan and asked.

Forget it?

No way.

Stealing was just a small thing when compared with touching his woman again.

He hadn't gone too far before for his father and Susan's sake. Now, no one could stop him!

He would deal with it in his way.

Dylan thought for a while, and then he whispered to one bodyguard.

The bodyguard nodded and understood immediately. He asked another bodyguard to restrain Devin and took Devin to the bedroom on the second floor. Then he took out his phone, walking out of the room, and called a number.

"Is that Mr. Bull from Diamond Nightclub?"

Devin didn't know what his uncle wanted to do, but he knew his uncle would not let him get away with it quickly this time. He would rather be beaten by the two bodyguards than waiting for an unknown punishment.

"What do you want to do? Uncle... Please let me off! I knew I was wrong! No, you'd better hit me! What the hell are you doing..." Staring at Dylan in horror, Devin struggled with desperation.

Dylan turned and left, leaving the two bodyguards to take care of the matter. He strode out of the apartment, quickened his steps, and got back to the car.

In the car, Savannah collapsed on the seat, her limbs weak and limp. She looked worse than before.

The pink flush was in her face, and she breathed with groans. She writhed herself uncontrollably; her legs were closed, rubbing against each other.

Dylan's face changed. He thought the little woman had just had a drink. Now it seemed to be not as simple as that.

It looked like...

The little woman was drugged.

It must be that Devin had put some aphrodisiac in her drink!

Drugging was always that guy's specialty!

Savannah had been drugged when she was taken to his bed in that hotel. It was not surprising that he did it again!

Damn it!

Dylan hit the car door with a hard punch, his eyes darkening. The little woman needed to be sent to the hospital right now. Dylan leashed his anger and leaned down to touch Savannah.

"Good girl, hold on. We are going to the hospital now."

He was about to go for the driver's seat when his arms were caught by Savannah, and he almost fell over on her.

There was a sweet breath coming to him, and Dylan was so close to her that he could feel her hot and soft body.

"No... Don't go to the hospital. Don't... Help... Help me..." Her voice was all breathy and out of control.

Savannah felt extremely uncomfortable. She raised her lips to his, her hands moving of their own accord and twisting into his hair, pulling him to her. Only his strong breath and warm arms could make her a little comfortable.

Dylan kissed back to respond to her ardor, and he almost could not refuse her. His hand slid down her back and flattened at the base of her spine as he pushed her against his body.

"Are you sure that you want my help?"

The man's familiar, fresh smell dissolved Savannah, but she knew the man was her only antidote. Fearing that he would leave again, Savannah rolled over and sat astride him to undo his jeans. Desire swept like adrenaline through her system, and she forgot all her shyness.

A faint whimpering came out from Dylan. Looking at the little woman on top of him, he felt surprised and amused.

It felt like he would be assaulted by this little woman...

But... he was quite willing to be assaulted in this way.

He thought of something and suddenly stopped her by grasping her on the wrist.

"Do you know who I am?" He murmured huskily.

She was so passionate now because of the struggle. If it was Devin who was in front of her at the moment or any other man, would she still ask them for sex?

His face darkened at the thought.

He wanted her to know that it was he who was going to make love with her.

No one could replace him.

Because her wrist was caught, Savannah could not keep unzipping his pants. She bit her lip and writhed her body, and she could have cried when she failed to get the satisfaction.

Her manner and look made him even more wanting.

"Tell me who I am," Dylan commanded through gritted teeth as he rubbed her backside.

"Dylan..." She murmured, lost in an erotic torment.

Then he was satisfied, a little greedy for the way she called his name. "Call me, honey." He whispered.

"Baby, honey, honey, please take me now, please?"

She was so aroused by the drug that she wanted him right now.

Dylan could no longer stand her temptation. He slammed the car door, lifted the hem of her dress with impatience, and with one thrust, he was inside her.

On the quiet and lonely road, the Lamborghini shook softly under the yellow street light.

On the second floor of the apartment.

Devin was stripped off, tied up and gagged, spread-eagled in his panties on the bed. He wanted to cry but failed.

The door was pulled open with a clang.

A strong perfume was caught by Devin.

He raised up his head in alarm and saw a scantily-clad woman with excessive make-up follow the bodyguard in.

"What on earth... does uncle want to do?" Devin mumbled.

"It's a gift for you, Mr. Yontz." The bodyguard laughed sarcastically and then turned to that woman, "take care of Mr. Yontz."

These words gave Devin the creep.

"Yes, sir." The woman wiggled as she approached the bed.

The bodyguard gave Devin a sympathetic look before he closed the door and left.

"You... What are you doing... Get out..." Devin exclaimed in a cold sweat as the woman climbed onto the bed. He couldn't believe that his uncle's punishment was to send a woman to spend the night with him. The woman, however, ignored his words and directly ripped off his pants.

173: How Do You Feel Now?

The light had filled the room, coaxing Savannah from deep sleep to wakefulness. She opened her eyes and found herself in Dylan's big bed in Beverly Hills.

Her clothes had been changed, and she was in a nightdress now. After a moment of confusion, she thought of what had happened last night, she suddenly blushed.

Although she had been out of senses because of the drug, the memory was still vivid.

She asked for sex in his Lamborghini last night, crying, begging, wanting again and again... And she kept calling him honey. She was drugged, and she can't resist the strong desire that had occupied her entire body last night.

In the end, she was too tired and fell asleep.

The memory made her blush up to the roots of her hair. She covered her face with the blanket and refused to go back to the scene of the previous night.

No, no. It was none of her business. The aphrodisiac was the real cause!

"Awake?" A warm and husky voice said as the door of the bedroom creaked open.

Savannah was momentarily thrown by the voice. The blanket slipped down through her fingers, and then she saw Dylan standing in the doorway with his arms folded.

"Mor...morning." She stammered, blushing again.

"You were drugged by Devin last night." Dylan made slowly for her and said.

"Oh..." Savannah covered herself with the blanket again, afraid that he would mention what she did and what they did.

"How do you feel now? Shall we go to the hospital?" Dylan said, his hand touching her forehead.

After the good sex in his car last night, the little woman looked much better and fell asleep. He took her back to Beverly Hills and called Jacob here for a further check-up.

Jacob said that Savannah had taken a normal date-rape drug. Luckily, the dose was not too much, and she should be okay. If Savannah still felt sick the next day, she should go to the hospital.

Savannah's heartbeat quickened. His hot hand made her cheek blush again.

"I'm fine." She turned aside and murmured.

Compared with her enthusiasm last night, she was too cold now. Unpleased, Dylan reached down and deliberately breathed to her ear. "You don't look like the girl who cried for sex last night."

What the hell! She wanted to scream against him as he reminded her again of what had happened last night.

Savannah glared at him with her eyes fluttering, shamefaced.

"I don't know what you are talking about! Who cried for sex? Shame on you! Clearly, you had taken advantage of me! You knew I was drugged but didn't take me to the hospital, and you intentionally..." Savannah's voice trailed off as her courage failed.

It was herself who refused to go to the hospital and insisted on taking him as the antidote.

Dylan lowered his voice and continued, "Anyway, I have taken the car to the car wash. The chair cushions and back should all be replaced. I didn't expect you to be so passionate, baby."

Savannah was speechless, her face flushing. Dylan laughed when he saw that the little woman was going crazy.

"Come down to breakfast." He rose, patting on her head softly. Then he walked out of the bedroom.

Savannah breathed when he left. She jumped out of bed, washed, changed her clothes, and went downstairs.

The breakfast was already on the table. She could smell the bread and sausage on the stairs.

Dylan was reading the news over coffee as usual.

"You're too slow." He glanced at her.

Savannah looked at him. She could not help replaying the scene in the car last night in her mind.

It was not the first time she made love with him, but it was the first time she had been so spontaneous.

She could only hide her face in shame.

Her stomach was growling. Feeling empty, she decided to appease her hunger first.

Sitting opposite Dylan, she lowered her head and began to eat.

Luckily Dylan didn't tease her anymore.

After breakfast, Savannah felt full and calmed down.

"Have you gotten the USB flash drive? Is the design drawing alright?" She asked as she dabbed at her mouth with a tissue.

"Well. I asked the bodyguard to check Devin's computer, and there was no copy. The design drawing is back. It's all right now." He raised his eyes and gave her a thoughtful look.

This little woman was daring and pretty clever.

She got the design drawing back alone and did not forget to delete the file in Devin's computer completely.

But did she know what would happen if he didn't come to Beverly Hills last night or failed to go to Devin's apartment in time?

Savannah sighed with relief. Her risk-taking action was not in vain.

"Finished? Come here." Dylan ordered.

"What's the matter?" She paused, stood up slowly, and walked around the table to him.

Before she knew, she was pulled by him to sit on his firm, muscular thighs, and she wrapped her arms around his neck subconsciously.

"Dylan! What are you doing?" Alarmed, she looked around, afraid of being seen by Judy.

"That's what I want to ask you. You took it upon yourself and went to another man's house alone. What if I hadn't arrived in time?" He looked straight into her eyes.

He couldn't teach her when she didn't seem sane last night. Now that she had eaten enough and refreshed, he needed to talk to her.

Savannah bit her lip, not happy about it. She helped him to get back his design drawing at risk! Far from praising her, he was going to criticize her?

Knowing that she was unconvinced, he caressed her chin and said, "I won't criticize you this time, but never do that again. Otherwise, you'll be in trouble! You don't have to worry about me next time. I'll figure everything out myself!"

"I didn't worry about you. Don't get me wrong." She denied, jerking her chin at him.

"You mean, you did that, not for me?" He rubbed his thumb disapprovingly over her cheek.

"No!" She gritted her teeth and firmly denied, "you helped me to prove my innocence last time. I just want to repay it."

174: You Want To Repay My Help?

"So, you just want to repay my help?" Dylan smiled frostily and tightened his arms, pressing her against his chest.

"Certainly. I helped you to get your design drawing back, lest you say I'm ungrateful. I don't owe you anymore. Let me go!" Holding her breath, Savannah turned her face away as she pushed him, fearing being seen by Judy and the hourly workers.

Although she had lived in Beverly Hills for so long, she was not used to being seen by others when Dylan was too close to her. She felt really embarrassed as if she was caught adultery in the act.

Perhaps it was because she had no formal identity.

She was not his wife or his fiancée. She was not even his girlfriend.

What would people think of her when he saw her sitting on his lap in such an intimate way in the early morning?

Dylan was the master and house owner, thick-skinned, but she still needs her face.

"Really? Speak your heart." He was clearly not satisfied with her answer. Instead of letting her go, he held her closer, cradling her, and then leaned down to kiss her ear.

"Why, I did... I was just trying to pay you back." She argued as she pushed him, his big hand slipping to her waist.

"Your nose would get longer if you keep lying." Dylan teased. His tone was mild but charming, making Savannah's heart beating madly.

She did not have time to think whether her nose would get longer or not, but she felt his growing erection against her thigh.

If they continued this close contact, she was not sure if the scene in the car last night would be replayed or not.

"Dylan, let me go." She said contentedly as she struggled.

"I will let you go when you don't lie." His tone sounded vaguely threatening.

Just then, Judy's footsteps came from the kitchen and came closer.

"Well, I went to Devin's house for you, okay?" In desperation, Savannah bit her lip and said.

Was that what this man wanted to hear?

Dylan was then satisfied and finally relaxed his hold.

She pushed him away, got up, and quickly went back to her seat.

At the same time, Judy walked by. Luckily, she should not have seen her being bullied by him on his lap.

Embarrassed and angry, Savannah didn't want to see him anymore. She stood up and was about to go toward the staircase.

"What are you going to do?" Dylan glanced at her and said, "as far as I know, your advertisement for JK has just finished. You have nothing to do these days."

"Can't I just go upstairs and get some sleep?" She snapped.

"You go to bed again just after breakfast? Do you want to gain more weight? What about your profession and ambition as a model?" Dylan deliberately mentioned what she cared about.

Savannah paused and felt her belly. After the advertisement for Fairy Land, she really gained a lot of flesh. Taking a deep breath, she gave up that idea and sat back.

"How's Devin?" She asked tentatively.

Devin should have a bad end for stealing the confidential design drawing. But Devin was after all Dylan's nephew. With old Sterling and Susan backing him up, Dylan couldn't be too harsh on him.

She was curious about what Dylan was going to do with it.

"He'll have to pay for what he has done." His tone was stern.

Then he looked up at Savannah, "don't care about the fate of others, care about yourself. You haven't been punished this time, but it doesn't mean you haven't done anything wrong." He teased and raised his eyebrows.

Savannah pursed her lips. Then she cleverly changed the subject, "how did he steal the design drawing from your computer this time? The documents on your personal computer should be confidential and protected by more than one password. Even if he could keep other employees away, it would be difficult for him to get access to your computer files."

Just then, his phone rang, and he pressed the answer button.

"Sir." It's Garwood. "I just asked the lawyer to file a lawsuit and send Miller to the police station. According to Miller's guilt, she will be in prison for at least half a year."

"Thank you." Dylan's tone was cold, and then he hung up.

"Devin asked Miller to steal the design drawing?" Savannah understood immediately.

Miller, the former chief secretary of the company, certainly knew his computer password.

Even if she left the company, the details about Dylan's working habits would still be fresh in her mind.

Devin managed to steal the design drawing with the help of the former secretary, Miller.

In fact, many bosses wouldn't fire their chief secretaries if they didn't have to. The chief secretary always knew a lot of company secrets.

Dylan fired Miller, a key employee of the company, because of her.

Savannah knotted her fingers together.

Dylan put his phone on the table, tapping his slender fingers rhythmically.

"Devin's ambition is getting bigger and bigger." He said, a cold gleam in his eyes.

His nephew used to go against him.

But now he even had the audacity to bribe his former secretary to steal his trade secrets!

Looking at his impassive face, Savannah shuddered for no reason. Well, for Devin.

She could imagine, this time, he would fight back against Devin, in a serious way.

At the same time, Norah just came back to her house after buying some vegetables from the market.

As soon as she stepped into the neighborhood, she heard several neighbors' talk.

"See? The daughter of the Schultz's family, who married a rich man, has been staying at home for several days. She has never come out since she was driven back home."

"The girl who married the grandson of old Sterling?"

"Yes."

"Oh, didn't Norah throw her weight around in front of us a little while ago, saying that her daughter was begged to marry the young master of the Sterling family? Did her daughter have a quarrel with that young master?"

"Gee, how could she be begged by the Sterling? Everyone knows that Valerie succeeded in marrying the rich family because she got pregnant first. She must have played a trick. However, I saw her belly flat when she came back. It seems that she was driven back because she lost the unborn baby. "

175: What A Shameless Rat You Are

"Oh my, it's no wonder they don't take her daughter seriously. Since she came back, her husband had never come over to see her! Maybe the Sterling has no intention of picking her up at all."

"She married into the Sterling by getting pregnant. If I were old Sterling, I would also despise this kind of woman. What's more, it is said that her husband was her cousin's fiancé before!"

"You mean Dalton's daughter, Savannah? Tut, taking cousin's man is really disgraceful! She deserved to lose the child and be driven home! She should pay for it!"

"If you ask me, the marriage between Valerie and that rich man will not last long. Let's see how Norah shows off in front of us in the future!"

"That's it. Maybe her daughter would be divorced tomorrow!"

While the neighbors were talking and laughing, Norah was red-faced with anger. Gritting her teeth, she had no face to argue with them. She bent her head and hurried back home.

After Norah prepared the breakfast, she knocked at her daughter's room and went in.

Valerie pined away, sitting upon the cold ground, with her unbound tresses streaming over her shoulders.

Since she was sent back home by Devin, she had been like this all day long, unable to eat or sleep.

She became thinner and paler.

Norah knew her daughter was in a bad mood, she also felt embarrassed when she went out shopping these days.

Not long ago, the neighbors were all envious of her daughter's marriage. She was so proud in front of them at that time. But soon, her daughter came back in dismay, and her husband, Devin never came to see her. Obviously, she was driven back home by that man! It was really a shame!

"Valerie, don't think so much, just eat some food first." Norah put the breakfast in front of her daughter and tried to persuade her.

"No, I'm not in the mood. Take it away." Valerie didn't even look up.

"You know how much weight you had lost or how you looked now? You will fall ill..." Norah handed a sandwich over to her daughter's mouth.

"That's good if I were ill!" Valerie shouted as she threw her mother's hand away and flung away the food madly. "I might as well be dead! Devin doesn't want me anymore! Now everyone takes me as a big joke. Our neighbors, my college classmates, and the bitch, Savannah! All of them are laughing at me!"

The sight of her daughter crying made Norah heartbroken. She patted Valerie's back softly and comforted her, "Rest assured, Devin will come to pick you up when he calmed down. You should take care of yourself and have a baby as soon as possible, and then the Sterling will treat you as a treasure again."

Oh. Another baby?

Devin didn't even look at her right now. How could she get pregnant again?

She called back days before. The maidservant said Devin often brought different women home after she moved away. He was especially very thick with a bar girl, Monica, the one Devin brought home last time.

She was sent back home because of that fox!

From the maidservant, Valerie also knew that Devin had bought a sports car a while ago, and he often took the woman out for a ride!

With this in mind, Valerie clenched her sleeves, and her look became stormy.

Seeing that Valerie ignored her advice, Norah gave a deep sigh, tidied up, and went out first.

Valerie sat there for a while and worked herself into a temper. She stood up, took her handbag, and went out.

No.

She was now Devin's legal wife and the young mistress of the Sterling.

What made that fox have the nerve to seduce her husband?

She was going to kick her fucking ass today!

"Valerie, where are you going?" Norah ran after Valerie, startled to see her going out.

"Leave me alone, mom! I'll be back in a minute!" Valerie said impatiently as she slammed the door out.

Taking a taxi to the bar where Monica worked, Valerie got off and walked quickly in.

The bar was usually open at night. Now it was daytime, and there was no one, very quiet and cold.

A waiter was doing the cleaning. He was startled when he saw Valerie coming in fiercely.

"Who are you? We are not open yet. Please come again in the evening..."

"Don't talk nonsense," before he could finish, Valerie peremptorily cut him off, "you have a barmaid named Monica, let her out!"

"Who wants me?" A sensual lady swayed her hips from side to side as she walked out with a cigar between her fingers. "Oh, Devin's wife. Didn't you been kicked out by Devin? Why did you come here? Are you homeless?"

Valerie tramped angrily over and slammed Monica in her face. "You bitch! How dare you seduce my husband! What a shameless rat you are!"

Monica screamed, and the next moment she had grappled with Valerie. The waiters in the bar, of course, came to help Monica.

Monica was a termagant woman of great strength. With the help of other waiters, she easily brought Valerie to the ground and gave her a few claps. Valerie fell on the ground, her face swollen and her hair loose, and she could not rise at all.

Monica, however, was not satisfied. She asked two waiters to hold Valerie by grabbing her shoulders and then hit her hard on the face.

"Now, let's see who the bitch is? You! You keep pestering Devin even if you know he doesn't like you! Hah! How shameless!"

One waitress, seeing that Valerie was Devin's wife, advised Monica to let her go. After all, Devin was the grandson of old Sterling, and Valerie was old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law; it was not good to hurt the woman of the Sterling.

"Are you afraid of being looked for trouble by Devin? Rest assured, Devin doesn't take this woman as his wife at all. Otherwise, he wouldn't have taken me home and slept with me in front of her! Besides, Devin had kicked her out of his house. He told me he would divorce her sooner or later. Do you think Devin or the Sterling will stand up for this woman? I bet Devin wouldn't help her even if she went back to complain!"

Valerie became black in the face at Monica's words, her teeth clamped, and her lips pale.

The waitress said nothing more. She kept on pressing down Valerie, allowing Monica to slap her in the face.

After several slaps, Monica finally gave vent to her anger. She asked a waiter to throw Valerie at the door of the bar.

Valerie cried chokingly and sagged to the ground in front of the bar. She never thought she would be beaten like this by a prostitute. Then she thought of Monica's sarcasm. She said that Devin did not take her as his wife and would divorce her sooner or later. Tears streamed down her face.

176: Don't Joke With Me

After crying hard for a while, Valerie recovered, looking down at herself.

Her clothes felt disheveled, her hair terrible.

If she went back home like this, she would be seen by the neighbors, and they would certainly gossip about her again.

Although in pain, she tidied up her messy clothes and hair. To hide the swelling on her face, she took out the face powder and lipstick from her handbag and fixed her make-up. After that, Valerie walked away unsteadily.

Most of the stores on this road were nightclubs and bars.

Valerie stopped at the entrance of a bar and walked in. She sat on a stool at the bar and ordered a stiff drink, trying to drown her sorrow in liquor.

Devin didn't want her.

Did she deserve it?

It was her reward for grabbing her cousin's fiancé.

Huh...

She smiled in despair, gulping wine like water, and was soon drunk.

"Baby, why are you here drinking in broad daylight?" said a husky voice from her side.

Lifting her face blindly, Valerie saw a young man dressed like riff raff sitting next to her. He should be a regular bar-goer.

"It's n-n-non of your busin-n-ness," Valerie stuttered, frowning.

She picked up the bottle and kept drinking.

"Baby, you might as well try this one," the man handed Valerie a brown bottle of wine as he coaxed her, "this one's much better. Drink it, and you will forget all your troubles."

Really? Could she really forget everything?

Valerie took the bottle, her mind fuzzy with the alcoholic. She finished off the wine with a couple of swallows, completely drunk.

"Devin... How could you abandon me...? Why... I love you so much... How can you divorce me? Savannah, you bitch! Why does Devin still like you...? Why..." She began to speak thickly, slumping over the table.

"I have a box over there. Let me help you to have a rest." The man lifted Valerie up when he saw his chance.

Drunk but quite conscious, Valerie knew the man's intention and tried to push him away rather feebly. But he was a wall of hard muscle, and she was too weak to shift him.

Finally, Valerie was taken away by the man with ease...

Not far away.

Olivia stepped out of a box at the bar.

Last night she attended a birthday party with her friends in this bar. They played all night and were going to leave when her attention was caught by a familiar figure. Before she could see clearly, the figure disappeared around a corner.

Wait...Why was the figure a bit like... Savannah's cousin, Valerie?

And she went to a box with her arms around a strange man?

No, Valerie couldn't be here so early in the morning. At least she was a rich lady now.

It must be the wrong person.

Olivia rubbed her eyes. She should be tired out by the all-night party, and her eyes were playing tricks on her. Walking out of the bar, she decided to call Savannah out. They hadn't seen each other for a long time.

"Morning, my star."

"What star? Don't joke with me!" Savannah laughed over the phone.

"You are a big star! The number of your followers largely increased after Abby's event. You are a celebrity online now. What's more, the game you endorsed will soon hit the market. JK's spokesperson is sure to be popular. I think I can just count on you in the future!" Olivia joked.

"Stop that. By the way, why did you call me so early in the morning? It's hard to get up so early for you." Savannah knew that Olivia usually got up late when she had no work.

"I celebrated the birthday of my friend last night and just walked out of a bar. Do you have anything to do? If you are free, come out and go shopping with me. I want to buy some infant products for my cousin. The clothes you picked last time are all very good. You have a better taste than me."

Oh yeah, Olivia's cousin was going to have a baby soon.

Savannah hadn't taken a job since the advertisement for Fairy World. What's more, Dylan hired a new secretary, and she didn't need to go to his company. She had too much free time now.

Half an hour later, Savannah and Olivia met at the cafe downtown.

They bought some baby products and were going to visit Olivia's cousin together.

When they walked out of the shopping mall, they saw a silver luxury car parking some way along the road. The car flashed angrily under the sunshine, and it looked quite familiar.

Savannah had a bad feeling in her mind.

Just then, the door was pulled open by the driver, and a middle-aged lady dressed in bright clothes and dark glasses got out.

The well-dressed lady was Susan.

Savannah paused.

Although Susan's eyes and most of her face were covered by the sunglasses, Savannah could still feel her anger.

So before Susan could walk in front of her, she handed Olivia all her bags, alarm, and ready to fight.

Olivia, too, guessed the identity of the woman and held her breath.

Susan went right up to Savannah, raising her hand to slap Savannah in the face.

Luckily Savannah had been on guard. She flung up an arm to ward off the slap and caught Susan's wrist in midair just in time. "Mrs. Yontz, what are you doing?"

"You bitch! You've harmed my son again and again! I'll kill you!" Susan could no longer hold back her anger, struggling to get free from Savannah's restraining hand.

Savannah understood. Dylan didn't let Devin off that night, and he must have been ruthless to Devin.

That was why Susan took it out on her today.

That's funny!

Susan always thought her son was a victim. She never realized her son's problem!

Savannah pushed her away, with a sneering look on her face, "what's the matter with Devin?"

Dylan didn't tell her what he had done to Devin.

Savannah was a little curious. What kind of punishment did Devin get that made Susan so mad?

Susan reeled back, looking a bit embarrassed. In rage and fury, she looked up, staring at Savannah fiercely, and explained nothing.

"You bitch! You want to kill my dear son! I will kill you!" cried Susan, starting up again.

This time, before Savannah tried to fight back, a tall man stepped forward and planted himself in front of Savannah.

The bodyguard Dylan arranged to protect Savannah just came in time.

As usual, Savannah didn't let the bodyguards stick close to her when she went out today.

The bodyguard just followed her and watched her quietly.

177: Behave Yourself

"Mrs. Yontz, behave yourself, please! Otherwise, don't blame me for being unkind!" said the bodyguard coldly.

Susan gritted her teeth, knowing that the man suddenly appeared in front of Savannah was one of Dylan's bodyguards.

Oh, Dylan had assigned this little bitch a bodyguard!

Did Dylan really treat Savannah as a princess?

"How dare you to stop me? I am your master's sister, the daughter of old Sterling! You want to die?" shouted Susan angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling said no one could hurt Miss Schultz." The bodyguard said drily.

"You --" Susan's face was distorted with fury. She stared at the bodyguard gloweringly and snorted as she tried to get around him.

When Susan turned on Savannah like a wild dog, the bodyguard did not hesitate anymore. He seized her hand and strode off to his car, dragging Susan behind him.

"What are you doing? Let me go! How dare you treat me like this! My father will kill you!" Susan couldn't believe a bodyguard had the audacity to do this to her.

All those around them looked at Susan, who was kicking and crying with amazement, taking her as a lunatic running out of a mental hospital.

Unmoved, the bodyguard, threw Susan into his car, closed the door, and locked her in. Then he turned to Savannah, bowing, "Miss Schultz, I'm sorry to shock you! I will take Mrs. Yontz away right now. She won't interfere with your shopping anymore!"

"Oh... Okay. Take your time." Savannah then recovered from the farce.

The bodyguard got in the car and left, ignoring Susan's roaring.

Olivia gaped. She slapped Savannah on the shoulder. "Mr. Sterling unexpectedly arranged a bodyguard for you! You know, I thought I was watching a gangland thriller!"

The bodyguard was really like an ancient knight who escorted his princess!

"Come on. Who wants to be followed? Are you comfortable when being watched all the time? I can give that guy to you for free if you like!" Savannah rolled her eyes.

"I don't think a bodyguard has anything to do with me. No one's against me. Besides, I'm not Dylan Sterling's woman, who could meet danger any minute of her day!" Olivia laughed and teased.

Savannah made it as if to strike her. Olivia dodged and cleared her throat, "well, why did Devin's mother say that you had harmed her son?"

Savannah then told Olivia the whole story: how Devin asked Dylan's secretary to steal the business secret, and how she got the design drawing back.

"Savannah, I never know you could be a woman spy!" Olivia said in surprise, "it's hard enough to get the file back! Anyway, Susan is really unreasonable. Her son was punished by Mr. Sterling for his own mistakes; she dared not avenge Mr. Sterling for that but came to you with a grudge! You deserve a bodyguard! Otherwise, this mad woman will come to trouble you at any time!"

"A woman spy?" Savannah laughed.

Olivia blinked and gave Savannah a soft nudge. "You're really brave to go to a man's house alone! You are so nice to Mr. Sterling that you took an awful risk!"

Savannah was not a weak girl, but if it were not for Dylan, how could she have had the courage to do this!

"It was not for him!" Savannah retorted, biting her lip.

Why did everyone think she did it for Dylan? No! She just wanted to repay him for his help!

"Really?" Olivia smiled at Savannah, winking.

Savannah sighed helplessly. "Are we going to visit your cousin?"

"Well, let's go." Olivia stopped making fun of her.

They called a taxi and came to a very nice townhouse. Olivia led Savannah to one door and pressed the doorbell.

The door opened, and a woman with a big belly welcomed them.

"Good morning, Olivia. This one must be your friend Savannah."

The pregnant woman was Olivia's cousin, Donna. She was a fair, mild woman, probably in her thirties, but was well maintained. She beckoned them in, seated them, and then went to the kitchen to make the coffee.

"Olivia, isn't your cousin-in-law in? Your cousin is going to have a baby. It must be inconvenient for her to be alone." Savannah asked casually.

"I don't have a cousin-in-law." Olivia turned pale and lowered her voice.

Savannah gasped, "was she divorced?"

"No, I haven't even seen my cousin's husband."

Savannah was surprised. Was Donna an unmarried mother?

Although unwed mothers were nothing new in modern society, she was still somewhat curious to see such people around her.

According to Olivia, Donna was from out of town. She stayed at home every day with no job.

But it was not cheap to live here...

How could an unmarried mother be so rich and lived in such a nice house with no job?

Just then, Donna came out to serve them the coffee. Savannah swallowed her doubts and didn't ask more.

"Savannah, the baby products you picked for me with Olivia last time are quite good. Thank you. You stay here today, and I'll make you some good dishes." Donna said softly.

Donna was a gentle and virtuous woman. Savannah had a soft spot for her and felt pity that such a nice woman was a single mother. She must have a bitter experience.

The three of them sat on the sofa, laughing and talking.

By about noon, Donna went to the kitchen to do the cooking.

She was a great cook, and the meals were really delicious. Savannah and Olivia were so hungry that they ate a lot.

Before they left, Savannah exchanged phone numbers with Donna so that she could ask her for advice on cooking.

While waiting for a taxi, Savannah sighed and asked, "Olivia, how could a good woman like your cousin be a single mother? Where is that man?"

She was not really a gossip girl, and she seldom pried into other's private affairs. Perhaps because Olivia was her best friend, and Donna was Olivia's cousin, she cared about them.

"Donna is my distant relative, and I didn't usually have much personal contact with her in the past. She came to LA two months ago. When I got in touch with her and learned that she is pregnant, I

occasionally came to see her. She never mentioned the father of the baby. I don't want to ask more, in case I touch her sore spot." Olivia sighed.

178: It Couldn't Be

Savannah nodded.

At the same time.

Susan was finally put down by the bodyguard after a forced sightseeing tour in LA in the late afternoon.

"You'll see!" As soon as she got out of the car, she jumped up and shouted, "I will drive you and that bitch off sooner or later!"

She was the daughter of old Sterling. How dare this bodyguard lock her in his car like an animal for a whole afternoon!

"Whatever!" The Bodyguard said, stepped on the gas, and sped off!

Dylan always behaved peremptorily, and his subordinate was the same overweening as him!

Susan cursed silently, grinding her teeth.

She got into a taxi. Moments later, the car stopped at a private hospital far from downtown.

The hospital, located in a sheltered place, had a very quiet environment. It served specially for rich people and afforded a pretty high level of privacy.

Susan got out of the car and went straight in with a sullen look. She walked to a doctor's office and knocked at the door.

The doctor rose to meet her when she saw her coming. But Susan had no time to care about the proprieties. She anxiously asked, "Doctor, has Devin's test report come out?"

"The result has come out." The doctor nodded gravely. "Mrs. Yontz, I'm sorry, after the screening test RPR and the diagnostic test TPPA, we can be sure that your son has been infected with syphilis."

The doctor's words extinguished Susan's last hope. She fell back on a chair and clenched her fist.

Devin became infected with this terrible disease.

"Doctor, can it be completely cured? Would there be any aftereffect?" Susan calmed down and asked.

The doctor looked even more serious. "According to my previous experience, this disease can be controlled by antibiotics without relapse as far as possible. The patient's daily life will not be greatly affected. But... "

"But what?" Susan's mind clamped down.

"This disease might leave the patient infertile."

One over-stretched chord of Susan's worry broke.

She was annoyed and shocked to learn that Devin had been diagnosed with tertiary syphilis. But now, she was on the verge of a breakdown.

Infertile...

It meant... Could Devin never have his own children?

Susan, her body, pulling downward, almost fell off her chair. Her eyes flashed with rage!

Dylan, how cruel you are to use this way to revenge Devin!

A few days ago, Susan called Devin to his apartment. The servant answered the phone and said that Devin seemed uncomfortable but did not see a doctor.

Susan hurried over and saw her son lying in bed in pain, and a strange smell was floating in the room. Then she was shocked to know what happened to Devin. He had stolen a design drawing and was punished by Dylan by sending a strange woman to his bed.

Not long after that, Devin had a slight fever, and his genitals began to ache and fester. Embarrassed and afraid to be known by others, Devin bought some medicine and treated himself at home. However, the illness became more and more serious. After an investigation, he knew that the woman Dylan sent to his bed that night was a prostitute from Diamond Nightclub. She had received numerous men and already developed a serious venereal disease.

Susan was shocked, knowing that Devin had been infected by the prostitute. Then she sent her son to the private hospital secretly.

Before the results came out, she still hoped everything could be okay.

But the result quenched her last hope, and it was even worse than she had imagined!

Devin not only caught a serious STD, but he lost his ability to have kids!

Thinking of this, Susan clenched her fists, and her eyes flashed red.

Dylan was really ruthless! He might as well beat Devin to the hospital or maimed him!

Now she couldn't even complain to her father!

Dylan didn't touch Devin at all. What could she say? Devin slept with a hooker and got a disgraceful illness?

How did that make sense?

If dad knew that Devin might not be able to have children, he might completely give up Devin!

That must be Dylan's ultimate purpose! He wanted to make Devin reap the consequences and scream in silence.

Even if Devin stole his design, even if Devin almost assaulted that little bitch, he was still Dylan's nephew! How could Dylan be so cruel!

No wonder her father made Dylan the president of the group as soon as he returned home.

He developed into a ruthless operator, an arbitrary overbearing president!

She used to underestimate this younger brother...

However, it should blame the little bitch Savannah.

If it weren't for her, Devin wouldn't be so miserable like this!

No. Devin couldn't be infertile.

Now her brother had a cold relationship with dad, and dad had no grandchildren. That's why Devin could become the vice president with the baby in Valerie before. It was possible that dad would leave the wealth of the Sterling to Devin in the future. But if Devin could never have a child, by no means would dad give Devin the company!

At that time, Dylan would get everything!

It couldn't be.

Devin's inability to have children must not be known to anyone.

Susan drew out her checkbook, wrote down a number, and tore it out, handing it to the doctor. "Please keep the matter secret. If someone comes to you and asks about Devin, do you know what you should say?"

The doctor had treated many rich patients and knew very well what Susan meant. He accepted the check and nodded. "I know. Don't worry, Mrs. Yontz. I won't disclose a word. If anyone asks me later, I will say that your son has only some minor illness."

After leaving the private hospital, Susan took a taxi to her son's apartment.

Devin was lying in bed. He had seen a doctor and taken some medicine, feeling much better now.

"Mom, what did the doctor say?" He sat up when he saw his mother come.

Susan took a soft pillow and put it behind her son. She slowly sat on the bed with a sigh and finally told him the truth.

"What?" Devin stared wide-eyed at his mother and couldn't believe it.

179: Shall I Come On That Day?

He could accept his illness, but if he was not able to have children, was he still a complete man?

Seeing Devin's pale face, Susan patted him on the back softly and said consolingly as she choked off, "Devin, the doctor said this disease could be controlled with drugs, and you will be almost the same as normal people... "

"Almost the same? I can't even get a woman pregnant! Am I still a normal man?" Devin howled bitterly, shaking Susan's hand off his shoulder.

Uncle was so ruthless!

Anger and remorse welled in him.

"What should we do?" Susan regretted, too, "You know how much your uncle cares about the company, and he has a crush on Savannah now. You should not have stolen the trade secrets and touched the bitch... Alas... Valerie was pregnant, she would give you a baby if she had not suffered from abortion..."

Gritting his teeth, Devin was even more remorseful.

So the unborn baby Valerie had lost was probably the only child he would ever have.

Without a word, Devin seized a glass from the bedside table and hit it against the TV wall!

The glass slivered in bloom with a bang!

"Calm down, baby." Susan hastily comforted her son, "what if your grandpa sees you like this? If your illness is known to outsiders or your grandpa, you will never have a chance to win the Sterling group and the fortune of the Sterling."

It was like a tranquilizer. Devin kicked the bedside table hard, regaining his breath.

After visiting Donna with Olivia, Savannah returned to Beverly Hills. As soon as she finished dinner and sat on the sofa, she got a call from Dan.

Dan said the press conference for Fairy World's launch was scheduled on the weekend night.

JK would introduce Fairy World to the media for the first time.

As the game endorser, Savannah should be present, of course.

What good news! After waiting so long, the advertisement that they paid a lot of painstaking efforts finally hit the market.

Savannah was quite happy but nervous.

She had no idea if her image could make people satisfied. If not, she might smash JK's name...

After all, it was the first time that she had attended such an endorsement alone.

She was a little unsure.

Would the reporters be disappointed to see the endorser of Fairy World was an unknown model? Would they put her down?

Savannah took a deep breath and said, "Well, please tell Brother Kevin I'll be there on time."

"Be where on time?" Before her voice had died away, Dylan asked from the porch.

Startled, Savannah said good-bye to Dan and hung up.

"It's Dan." Savannah turned and said.

"What did he call you for?" Dylan remembered that Dan was Kevin's most effective assistant.

"The advertising conference for Fairy World is going to be held this weekend. JK invited me to be there." She said cautiously, holding her breath.

This man looked deathly dark every time he saw her with Kevin. Would he stop her from participating in this advertising conference?

Anyway, she couldn't hide the face. The media would be there, and the reviews and news about the game were sure to be everywhere. She couldn't hush it up as the spokesperson.

After a time, she heard his low voice, "you are the spokeswoman of the game, and of course, you should be there."

Savannah stared at him. Dylan agreed? And it seemed that he agreed with good cheer. He must be in a good mood today!

Dylan burst out laughing when he saw her surprised look. Did she need to be so shocked?

Now that he had consented to her being the endorser for JK's game, he wouldn't stop her from attending the press conference.

He admitted that he was greedy and wanted not only her body but her heart as well.

In that case, it was not good to limit her in this house.

He would let the little woman go if she wanted to.

"Have you got everything ready?" He rolled up his shirt sleeves as he asked, sensual lips curled in amusement.

"Oh?" Savannah reacted from joy, "JK will arrange a specially customized costume for me."

"Shall I come on that day?" He asked softly.

"No!" Savannah's smile froze. After all, he still suspected her and wanted to keep an eye on her. Afraid that he would be displeased, she busily added, "It's just a game press conference. If the president of the Sterling Group appears at the conference, you will steal the show before me! At that time, the media will surround you, not me."

"I will steal the show? Are you so unsure of yourself?" Dylan glanced at the little woman.

"It's not about being confident or not. You are a bit short in business, and it's rare for you to attend JK's business event. This is the first time for me to be an independent spokesperson, and I don't want to be ignored in front of you." Savannah had learned to be clever. Instead of being tough against him, she used a more tactful way.

Since he had allowed her to take the advertisement, she was sure that he would not wish her to make a fool of herself in front of the media.

As expected, there were no more objections.

"Have you eaten your dinner?" Savannah asked, "why not try the soup I prepared today."

She sat him down at the table and brought the soup out from the kitchen. It was a soup made with chicken broth and leeks.

Dylan glanced at the soup on the table, "you experiment on me again?"

He had just finished a deal with a client and ate a few in the business dinner. But when he remembered the food she made last time, he would rather be hungry than try again.

She blushed as she remembered that meal too. "I've studied cooking these days, and I've made a lot of progress. You can try."

Because of the loss of the design drawing, he had not come for a long time. She made some dishes and asked Judy to taste. Judy, however, only spoke the praise words. She needed real comments to help her improve.

180: Don't Be Nervous

He was here today, and she could have his advice.

Dylan picked up the soup, his lips twitching up in a half-smile.

Well, even if it tasted bad, he wouldn't be killed.

Savannah gave him a spoon at once.

He scooped a spoonful into his mouth.

Although the appearance was not good, the taste was finally much better than the previous one. Yeah, it was okay now, but far from delicious.

At least, he could accept it. But he really had no hope in her cooking.

"Are you sure you have made a lot of progress?" Dylan teased.

Savannah heard the sarcastic tone of his remarks but did not give up, "is it all right?"

"Well, not bad. At least it won't make me throw up." Dylan always had a sharp tongue.

Savannah bit her lip. Though she wanted to hear the truth, she didn't like such vicious comments...

Compared with Dylan, maybe she had little talent for cooking.

This man could easily make a plate of delicious spaghetti. What about her? After studying recipes for so many days, she still failed to make a good soup. She had even consulted Donna over the phone when she did the cooking.

It seemed that God was telling her to stop cooking.

Dylan stared at the little woman in low spirits, then suddenly took up the soup and sucked it again. "My sister troubled you again today?" He put the bowl down and asked.

"Yes. I'm okay. She was driven away by the bodyguard." Savannah looked at him, knowing that the bodyguard had reported to him.

He knew, of course, that Susan had not hurt her, or he would go straight to Susan instead of coming here.

Savannah thought of something by this question. "What did you do to Devin that night?" She tentatively asked.

"Did Susan say anything?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

"Susan kept cursing, saying Devin was harmed by me... You've punched Devin before, but Susan had never been so mad..."

"So you think I must have punished Devin seriously this time, right?" He has a hint of a smile on his lips.

She nodded.

"I can only say everything he has suffered is what he deserves. Every time you go out, let the bodyguard stay close to you. I will also send a few more bodyguards to follow you at the press conference secretly."

In the current situation, Susan was in a fit of anger now. She dared not come to him and would certainly vent her anger on Savannah instead.

Today Susan failed; tomorrow, she might take action again.

He should send more people to follow Savannah just in case.

Savannah nodded obediently at his serious tone, though she didn't like to be followed by anyone.

* * *

The weekend was coming soon.

The game press conference began at 7 p.m.

According to the arrangement, JK would send a car to pick up Savannah to the hotel where the conference was held. She was supposed to be there two hours in advance to change clothes and makeup.

In the evening, Savannah walked out of the Beverly Hills and saw a Lincoln, black and elegant, in the sunset.

This was clearly not a car sent by JK.

She was startled to see Garwood, dressed in a tuxedo, get out of the driver's seat, and open the rear door. "Miss Schultz, please."

"Didn't JK prepare a car for me? How would you..."

"Mr. Sterling had noticed Mr. Wills that he would prepare everything and send you there."

Savannah took a deep breath. Dylan wouldn't give Kevin a chance to get along with her.

Then she found two gray-blue SUVs behind Lincoln.

From the windows, Savannah saw several strong men inside the two cars, which obviously we're going to the hotel with the Lincoln.

"These people..." She was amazed.

"Mr. Sterling should have told you. These are the bodyguards who will go to the press conference to protect you today." Said Garwood as he made a sign.

The doors of the two SUVs opened, and a total of six bodyguards got out, walked to Savannah, and bowed, "Miss Schultz!"

She let out a sigh. Dylan had mentioned that he would send more people to follow her today, but she didn't expect such pomp and circumstance.

She nodded her head helplessly and then got on the Lincoln.

Followed by two powerful SUVs, the Lincoln made its way to the hotel.

Arriving at the hotel, Savannah changed into the customized garment and put on makeup.

Dan and a female assistant from JK took Savannah out of the locker room.

She was very nervous, and her hands were sweaty. To be honest, she lacked confidence.

She was far less famous than those big stars. Would those journalists question her? Would they despise her? Would they say JK chose the wrong person?

Looking up, a familiar figure stood at the end of the corridor. Kevin, as JK's boss, attended the press conference in a silver-grey suit, elegant and graceful in manner.

"Mr. Wills," she said, smiling.

It was better to call him Mr. Wills in public to avoid any unkind guess from reporters. Although she had not entered the entertainment industry, she knew very well what the media used to do.

Kevin, of course, understood what she was thinking and did not contradict her.

"Don't be nervous." He smiled and said, "the so-called press conference was just an advertising campaign to introduce Fairy World to the media. JK has a good relationship with the media, and they won't embarrass you. They will just ask you some official questions."

Savannah became composed now. She followed Kevin to the back of the stage.

"Now, let's welcome the spokesperson for Fairy World, a remarkable new model, Miss Schultz!" The MC's voice came from the stage.

Kevin looked at Savannah encouragingly.

Savannah took a deep breath and walked out with a smile.

The spotlight shone down, focusing the girl on the stage.

The participants fell silent, and all eyes in the hall were fixed on Savannah.