

Midnight 191

191: Did He See Anything?

Sure enough, Dylan nodded.

"As the manager in the purchasing department, Henley's salary is not the highest, but his benefit and profit under the table is a good deal. Henley is not very competent. Actually, my father did not want him to enter the Sterling Group at that time. However, Susan cried and insisted, saying that she felt shame if her husband was not in the group. At last, dad had to arrange this position to him as Susan demanded."

That was funny but sad, Savannah thought, Susan had fought to get her husband to the top job, but her husband used his good salary to keep a mistress and an illegitimate daughter.

Susan would be crazy if she knew that.

"Oh, Henley's not competent? It's amazing that you can still allow an incompetent person to stay in the Sterling Group." Savannah teased.

She knew that Dylan would only appoint people on their merits rather than by favoritisms.

As long as the employees were talented and capable, even if they had been his enemies, he would use them magnanimously.

Otherwise, without ability, even his relatives would be driven away.

That was why he could expand the business of the Sterling Group after taking over it in the financial crisis and then dominated the business circle of the country. Even if he had a cold relationship with old Sterling, old Sterling was still willing to leave the whole Group to him to manage.

"Although Henley is less talented, he has a steady personality. He is honest, not opportunistic, and he's dedicated to his work. This kind of person is quite suitable for the purchasing department. That's why I keep him in the Sterling Group." Dylan said.

So, a character sometimes could compensate for lack of ability?

It turned out that Henley had a good impression on Dylan.

But what if Dylan knew that his brother-in-law was not as honest as he looked, but cheated on Susan?

Wow, this Henley was really great, even Dylan didn't see his true colors!

"Is Henley really so good? Maybe there's something bad in him that you haven't found out?" Savannah said casually.

"You seem to be very interested in Henley today. What the hell are you trying to say?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

The clever fox was alarmed at the slightest mention!

"It's nothing. I just didn't think Henley is so good in your mind," said Savannah, putting out her tongue.

Dylan put down his notebook and stood up, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. He walked up to her, bending down, and his thumb wiped off her lips. "Really? Just out of curiosity?"

Savannah's heart was beating violently. Did he see anything?

Should she tell him about Henley and Donna if he asked?

"Well, I'm really just curious..." Savannah replied.

"Henley is Devin's father and almost your father-in-law. Do you care about him because of this?" Dylan asked as his smile faded.

She breathed a sigh of relief. He had not noticed anything! Then she was amused. Was this man jealous?

"No. Am I crazy to care about Devin's father? We are chatting, okay?" She said helplessly.

"That's good." His eyes softened, and his expression warmed.

She quickly picked up the plates. "I'll go downstairs and put the dishes back in the kitchen."

"Just leave it to the servants," Dylan said.

"No, I've just finished my meal, and I want to walk to promote digestion." She felt her stuffed stomach.

He nodded, "by the way, don't arrange a publicity campaign next Saturday."

"Why?" Savannah paused.

"It's the Sterling's family day. Dad wants me to go back to the house for dinner and take you together. He feels sorry for wronging you in Valerie's case and wants to express an apology."

Savannah didn't expect that old Sterling had been thinking about her feelings.

Though he blamed her and almost allowed Susan to send her to the police station, she did not harbor resentment against him.

At that time, all the evidence indicated that she was the killer. What's more, old Sterling cared too much about his great-grandson in Valerie, so it was natural for him to blame her.

If she were old Sterling, she might have done the same or even angrier than him.

He had given her a month before sending her to the police station so she could be proved innocent at last.

In fact, old Sterling didn't need to make a special apology to her. She was not his daughter-in-law, not even Dylan's girlfriend.

She was really moved to learn that old Sterling still cared so much about her.

Seeing her sitting there unresponsive, Dylan thought she was still resentful at the way she was treated in Valerie's case. "If you don't want to go, then don't."

"I will," Savannah said quickly.

"Are you sure? You don't have to consider anyone's feeling."

"Well, I want to go." She was not as narrow-minded as Dylan, who held a grudge and refused to return home for years because of an unfortunate accident. When he finally came to the Sterling's house, he said a few words to old Sterling with a long face and never stayed for more than three hours.

Dylan squinted. He noticed that the way the little woman looked at him expressed some contempt.

The next Saturday came soon.

When Savannah went downstairs in the late afternoon, Dylan was already back from the Sterling Group, waiting for her in his car.

When they reached the entrance of the Sterling's house, butler Cooper and a row of servants were waiting for them as they had been before.

"Good evening, sir." Cooper greeted as he opened the door for them.

Then he turned to Savannah, smiled, and said, "Miss Schultz's here too. Old Sterling will be very happy today. He's still afraid that you don't want to come."

Savannah smiled back.

Dylan took Savannah's arm, walking into the house.

As soon as they entered the porch, Savannah saw Susan talking to old Sterling on the sofa.

Henley sat next to Susan, pouring tea for old Sterling, just like a loyal husband as he always was.

Devin remained home on the pretext of being sick. Well, he was really sick.

Valerie was still in her parent's house.

So, there were only Susan and her husband here for dinner today.

192: You Don't Have To Worry About My Business

Savannah frowned and looked away. Though she knew she would meet Susan again when she came here today, she couldn't keep her mood jolly.

Since the incident at the press conference, she had come to despise this bullying rich woman more than any other day.

She could only avoid speaking to her tonight.

Susan was not happy to see Savannah coming too, and she felt even more annoyed when she found that Savannah didn't even look her in the eye.

She couldn't understand why her father took this little bitch seriously. He even invited her to dinner to apologize!

Why should they need to give Savannah a face?

Now, this bitch turned too cocky that she even had the impudence to look through her!

The thought of her poor son lying in bed with the terrible disease set Susan's blood on fire. Especially when she considered the fact that Devin would never have his own children, she was aroused by the urge to kill Savannah!

"Savannah, here!" Old Sterling was very happy to see Savannah coming.

Dylan released his arm and gave Savannah a soft nudge.

Savannah cleverly walked up to old Sterling, "Nice to see you, sir."

"Come and sit next to me." Old Sterling glanced at Susan, motioning her to make room for Savannah.

Susan clenched her teeth with rage. Why should she offer her place to Savannah?!

Isn't old Sterling's daughter more important than an orphan girl? How could Savannah, a nobody in the Sterling's family, be liked and cared for by her father and Dylan? If Savannah is lucky enough to marry into the Sterling's family, wouldn't she take everything from her and Devin?

With an effort, Susan restrained herself, got up, and went to the opposite sofa.

Savannah sat next to old Sterling.

"Are you still blaming me, Savannah?" Old Sterling sighed.

"No, sir." Savannah shook her head.

"Really?"

"Sir, I'm not angry." Savannah said seriously, "anybody would misunderstand me in that case. Fortunately, the misunderstanding had been ironed out."

"Good, good. I know you are a good girl." A smile appeared on old Sterling's face.

Susan snorted inwardly. This bitch is really a clever speaker, no wonder dad likes her.

Though very uncomfortable, Savannah assumed ignorance under Susan's cold glare.

Since Old Sterling lost his great-grandson, he had been too unwell to sit for a long time. After chatting with Savannah for a while, he rose unsteadily to his feet and moved upstairs to take some medicine.

Savannah gave Dylan a gentle nudge, motioning him to take care of old Sterling.

A slightly anxious look appeared on Dylan's face. He hesitated before he eventually whispered to Savannah, "can you be left alone here?"

Savannah knew he was afraid that Susan might come up against her again.

"Of course," Savannah shrugged, "I'm not a three-year-old baby."

Dylan got up and strode over to his dad.

Seeing Dylan helping old Sterling up, Savannah felt a small sense of achievement and sighed with relief.

In fact, there was no profound hatred between the father and the son.

The only breach between them was Dylan's brother's death.

But time could fix everything.

Now things have turned around, right? At least Dylan was willing to go back to the Sterling's house for dinner.

One day, Dylan would put aside the grudge and make up with his father.

"In flattery, you have a marvelous touch," Susan jeered, "no wonder you come from a small family, you are good at playing low tricks to win the hearts of men. The daughters from noble families are really not in the same class as you."

Since her father and her brother were not present, Susan needed not to keep back the touches of sarcasm that constantly rose to her tongue.

Looking at the hard, angry lines on Susan's face, Savannah did not appear to resent at all. She just felt that Susan was really to be pitied.

She wondered how Susan would react if she was aware of the hidden danger behind her glamorous and happy life.

Tired of facing Susan, Savannah got up and walked out of the villa into the garden.

"This bitch!" Susan bit her teeth in anger to see Savannah ignore her again.

"Forget it," Henley said, "dad and Dylan are both upstairs. They might hear you..."

Henley's words added to Susan's anger. "This is the Sterling's house, and old Sterling is my father! She's just a stranger. Why should I be afraid of her? She's not welcome! How shameless!" Susan spit out the curse from between her teeth.

"What are you doing? You want Dylan to hear you? Stop that!"

Susan gritted her teeth, remembering Dylan's fierce words at the hotel that day. She dared not go on terribly, but she must hit back. Then she went out of the villa.

The night was already pressing in when Savannah went into the garden. The lights along the path had come on, giving the whole garden a warm glow.

Savannah walked slowly down the flower path, enjoying the pleasant evening breeze and the flowers in the garden.

The Sterling's house was worthy of being the house of the most distinguished family in LA. Rare flowering plants in blue, white, red, and purple were growing in the garden. There were also many exotic flowers and rare herbs from abroad.

Under the careful pruning by the gardener, the garden was almost a plant kingdom.

Besides the open-air garden, there was also a glass room for cultivating precious flowers.

Savannah had intended to avoid Susan's buzzing in her ear, but now she indulges herself in the garden.

After strolling for a while, Savannah turned around to go back.

After a few steps, Susan appeared in front of her.

What the hell did Susan want to do? Savannah frowned. She deliberately followed her to the garden to curse her?

Susan walked leisurely to her with folded arms, sneering, "you looked as if you've never seen such a beautiful garden. Tut, Dylan must seldom take you out, or he's never taken you to see such great things. Well, I thought, Dylan liked you. But you are just a pet for him! Oh no, pets can go out and play, while Dylan has never given you a name at all! I really worry about your end!"

Savannah clenched her fist, angry but amused.

She had tried to bear Susan's attack when the last time she sent Lily to darken her good name. She also let it go when she gave sarcastic remarks just now.

But Susan wavered in hunting down her.

With a sarcastic smile on her lips, Savannah looked at Susan, "You don't have to worry about my business. If I were you, I would care more about myself."

Susan's marriage was in danger, and her husband might run away at any time. Did she still have time to mind others' business?

With that, she bypassed Susan and headed for the house.

Susan didn't know what she meant by that, and she thought Savannah just frightened her. Chasing after Savannah, Susan held out her hand to pull Savannah's hair!

193: Do You Want To Marry Into The Sterling Family?

"Susan!" Henley followed his wife out and stopped her before she made a noise. "Forget it. Dylan's still here, you want to go against him here? Let's go back."

Susan, grabbed by Henley around the waist, didn't catch Savannah. However, she was still unreconciled to let Savannah go, shouting at Savannah's back.

"You bitch! You hooked up with my brother when Devin broke up with you. How can you be so shameless! Do you want to marry into the Sterling family? No way! You'd never live in such a family-like me! You can't even compare with Valerie, who's at least Devin's wife in law! Ha. Even if you win Dylan's favor, you're at most his mistress, and you can never become his wife!"

Savannah stopped, looking back at Susan's distorted face, angry and amused.

Did Susan know that her loyal husband had been with another woman very early and already had a baby?

Was she aware that her marriage was not that perfect and on the brink of collapse?

"I'm not interested in being a member of the Sterling family," Savannah raised her chin slightly, and her voice was as cold as the moon shining in the sky. "Not all women are willing to marry into your family. If you can persuade Dylan to let me go, I will thank you. But what a pity he'd never listened to you."

The girl steps away from Susan carrying her chin aggressively, her eyes clear but full of provocation, making Susan angrier and more frustrated. Susan felt that she could not beat her no matter what she said.

"You're a scumbag! You won't have a happy ending! I'll get even with you!" Susan ground out between clenched teeth.

Savannah pondered as she walked away. She could bear Susan's cursing, but she was tired of dealing with her tricks.

She should not take it anymore, and she was gonna hit back!

So --

Today was the day to help Susan discover her supposedly happy, perfect, and fair marriage.

However, if she exposed that in front of the couple, Henley would not admit he cheated without proof.

Susan, even if she believed it, she would put up with it for the sake of her pride, and would probably beat her up and say that she wanted to ruin her family.

Savannah entered the villa peacefully with an idea.

The living room was empty.

Old Sterling was still upstairs with Dylan and Cooper.

Susan and Henley were not in yet.

The servants happened to be away for dinner, too.

She looked over and saw Henley's coat hanging on the hanger. The outline of a phone loomed in a pocket of the coat.

She strolled over, took out the phone from the pocket, and then slid it on. The screen lit up. Savannah searched Donna's number in Contact and found it immediately.

To avoid being detected by Susan, Donna's number was classified as "Colleagues," and the name was just a "D." Susan would not care even if she checked his phone and saw it.

Savannah sent Donna a message quickly:

"Now come to No. 90 YX Avenue with the baby. I have something important to tell you."

No. 90 YX Avenue was the street outside the Sterling's house, opposite the gate of the villa.

Savannah sighed and was about to put the phone back into the pocket when she heard footsteps at the door.

Henley and Susan were coming in!

Holy shit! It was too late to put the phone back! Henley was going to see her!

Savannah stood still with a blank mind as she heard footsteps approaching.

Suddenly, Henley and Susan stopped!

"Dylan, has dad taken his medicine?" Henley's voice.

"Yeah. You come from the garden?" Dylan replied dryly.

"Well... Your sister felt bored, so I went out with her." Henley forced a laugh, afraid that Dylan would know what Susan did again to Savannah.

Savannah peeped out and heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, Dylan came downstairs and walked to the porch, and now he was talking to Susan and Henley!

Savannah did not hesitate anymore; she hurriedly put the cell phone back, straightened the coat as if nothing happened, and then sat back on the sofa.

Meanwhile, Dylan ended the conversation with Henley and walked in slowly to her.

Savannah was sipping water to calm down; a glass of water was in her hand. Looking up, she found Dylan was gazing at her sharply.

"What's up? What are you staring at me for?" She suddenly felt a little guilty.

Did the man see what she had done just now? That's why he was trying to buy her some time in front of Henley and Susan?

It must be! Dylan was always cold and indifferent to everyone in the Sterling's house, and he seldom opened his mouth if not necessary. How could he suddenly take the initiative to talk to Henley?

Dylan, squinting his eyes, approached her, and bent down to her ear, "I will give you whatever you want. Don't be a thief, baby." His voice was low and sexy.

"What--! No!"

Savannah spouted some water. He saw her and stopped Henley by way of helping her. But he thought she had stolen something? That's ridiculous!

Dylan reacted and dodged to avoid the water from Savannah's mouth. He frowned as he slightly dabbed at the splattered drops on his shoulder with his long fingers.

"I did not steal anything... Don't get me wrong!" Savannah explained rapidly.

"What were you doing?"

Savannah didn't know how to say and, in fact, didn't dare to say. She acted on her own and did not report him beforehand.

Susan and Henley were the Sterling family members. Would he be uncomfortable that she took revenge on his sister in this way?

"It's time for dinner. Please go to the dining room." Before she figured out how to explain to him, Cooper helped old Sterling downstairs.

Seeing Savannah's hesitation, Dylan didn't push her. He took her hand and led her to the dining room.

After all the people were in their seats, the servants served the food gradually on the table.

Because of Valerie's abortion, old Sterling had no appetite these days with a bad mood. Today, Dylan and Savannah came, making him a little better.

They had a nice talk over dinner.

In the middle of dinner, the cell phone in Henley's pocket rang.

Henley quickly put down his fork and stood up.

"Sorry, my message. It probably came from a customer." With that, he walked to the hanger, took out his phone, and read the message.

His face changed.

194: She Has To Pay For That

Through Henley's expression, Savannah knew it was Donna.

According to the time, Donna was supposed to have arrived next to the Sterling's house. And when she didn't see Henley, she would, of course, send a message to him.

Henley slid his phone into his pocket. Then, after a few moments, he recovered his composure and walked back.

"Dad, I'm sorry," Henley tried to keep his voice as steady as he could, "Something goes wrong with a business, and I've to handle it now..."

"We're having dinner with my father today. What must the business be done at this time? You can ask someone to handle it for you. At least you're a department manager!" Susan said impatiently.

"That's alright, you just go. A business's more important." Old Sterling was quite reasonable.

"Okay, enjoy your dinner." With that, Henley hurriedly left the villa.

The rest of them went on with dinner.

"Hey, Mr. Yontz forgot his jacket." Savannah glanced at the hanger in the living room and said casually.

Dylan squinted at the little woman next to him. It seemed that she planned something.

"Susan, it's windy and cold at night. Take the coat to Henley." Old Sterling said.

Susan didn't care, in fact, but she dared not disobey her father. She nodded and stood up, went out with a maid taking the coat.

Savannah lowered her head and ate silently, waiting for a good show.

As expected, in less than ten minutes, the maid who had just gone out with Susan came back in a hurry, crying, "Oh, no! This is really bad!"

"Don't cry. What's wrong?" Cooper shouted.

"Mr. Yontz... and Mrs. Yontz are arguing in the street, and they presently come to blows!" The maid panted out the message.

"What?" Old Sterling put down his fork and rose unsteadily to his feet, "what happened?"

The maid hesitated before she finally said, "when I accompanied Mrs. Yontz out just now, we saw Mr. Yontz standing across the road and..."

"And what? Say it!" inquired Cooper, visibly agitated.

"We saw a woman, with a baby in her arms, talking to Mr. Yontz in a very intimate way..."

"What do you mean?" Old Sterling was stunned.

"It looked as if the woman's Mr. Yontz's lover, and the baby...Mrs. Yontz was crazy at that time. She jumped on Mr. Yontz and hit him... I can't separate them..."

Old Sterling gasped for air. He never thought his son-in-law was called out by a phone just now, not because of work, but because of his lover?

According to Susan's nature, she must have been explored with rage!

"Take me there!" Old Sterling got out of his seat and walked to the door.

Cooper kept a firm hold on old Sterling's arm as he helped him out of the villa.

"Let's go and see." Dylan glanced at Savannah and stood up.

"No, it's none of my business. Come on..." Savannah assumed a look of innocence.

"Oh, you don't want to see what happened?" Dylan realized Savannah's trick. Henley's mistress came here with her baby because of the little woman. She had taken Henley's phone for this.

"You don't want to see the show you've arranged?" He lowered his voice. Then he got his arm around Savannah's waist, held her, and let her up, leaving the villa with a hint of domineering authority.

Savannah gasped as she was taken out by him. She couldn't tell if he was just teasing or really angry.

The road opposite the Sterling's house was No. 90 YX.

Before Savannah and Dylan could get near, they heard Susan making a scene on the road.

"Henley, how dare you go back to this bitch and have a baby secretly? You cheat on me?" Susan screamed as she tried to hit Donna, "and you bitch, Henley's my husband! You dare to seduce him again! I'd have killed you that year!"

Henley did not expect Susan to come out, and he didn't forget to stop Susan in front of Donna.

"Susan, you go back first, and I'll explain to you --" He said in a panic.

Donna held the baby, her eyes red with shame.

Fortunately, besides the Sterlings and Savannah, there were no passers-by on this road in the private residential areas. If this scene was seen by someone else or reporters, it would be too humiliating for the Sterling family!

"Susan, stop that! Go back first!" Although old Sterling was shocked that Henley had a lover and an illegitimate child outside, he still calmed down and tried to persuade his daughter.

Susan would listen to her father's words at usual times. But at this moment, when she found that her always faithful and devoted husband betrayed her, and even had a child with his former love, she couldn't keep cold at all.

"There is nothing to explain! Henley, you think who you are? If it weren't for me, you'd be a poor poverty-stricken guy! And you, Donna, you bitch, slut! I curse you and your bastard to hell! I'll kill you!" Susan's anger almost suffocated her. She took a breath and continued, "Henley, if you still want to enjoy your rich life and your wealth, and be a member of the Sterling family, kill this bastard with your own hands now! Then kneel down with this bitch, slapping yourself to make me happy, and I may forgive you!"

Henley blazed with a red face. He was used to being cursed by his shrewish wife and submitted meekly to her mistreatment. But he couldn't take it anymore when Susan insulted Donna with such abusive language.

"Shut up!" Henley slapped Susan with all his anger.

Everyone stilled!

Savannah held her breath. She never thought that Henley had the courage to fight back.

Susan covered her face, shocked. Her husband, the veriest coward, slapped her?

Donna seemed aware of what Henley was trying to say. She freed a hand to hold him, shaking her head.

"She has to pay for that!" Henley pulled out his hand and made up his mind.

Then, facing the crowd, he sighed and opened his mouth.

"That's right. Donna's my first love. When we fell in love and thought we'd be together for the rest of our lives, Susan showed up, saying that she liked me and wanted to marry me. I turned her down and told her I had a fiancée. But Susan didn't give up. She did everything she could to separate us... Do you know what she had done? She sent a gangster to assault Donna! Donna was too ashamed to stay with me, so she left. And then Susan got me drunk, had sex with me, and got pregnant, forcing me to marry her. What's more, that gangster threatened Donna to marry him after the assault! Donna had no father or mother to support her and was forced to marry the rascal."

195: You Hit Me

Savannah turned pale. She only knew that Susan broke them up, but never thought she used such a vicious method!

She had sympathy for Susan before; after all, Susan was betrayed by her husband. But now, all she wanted to say was Susan deserved it!

Old Sterling's eyebrows were slightly wrinkled when he heard that his daughter used this method to win a man.

"The marriage with Susan is completely a mistake," Henley continued, "though frequently scolded and beaten by her, I never resist against her these years. But Donna had been lived a miserable life since she was forced to marry that man! She endured years of domestic violence, got pregnant several times but was beaten to abortion... A year ago, she became pregnant again. Luckily, that gangster died in a fight. Donna was finally relieved. She left her hometown and found work in LA. Then we met again. I feel sorry for her. It's my entire fault to make her suffer all her life! That's why I've been taking care of her, using my salary to keep her out of work, to keep her in labor, to give her the best place to live. Donna refused me at first because I'm married now. But I insisted because I feel guilty. She was forced to accept my financial support! I'm not Susan, I have a conscience! Donna and I have never had an affair; we're innocent. I just want to make up for her."

All people were shocked.

Savannah stood still. Donna's baby was not Henley's.

Donna wasn't a mistress, and Henley never cheated on Susan.

She misunderstood Donna and Henley.

In the hospital, Donna said the baby's father didn't show up because he had some troubles.

It wasn't that. Donna wanted to say that her ex-husband was a nasty gangster. She didn't want to mention him and didn't want to recall her shameful marriage.

Henley and Donna were just two poor love-birds at the mercy of an unruly rich lady!

It was Susan's fault!

"Forget it." Donna pulled Henley and swallowed the tears in her eyes.

"Henley is right," said Donna to old Sterling, "this baby belongs to my late husband, and I did nothing with Henley. If you don't believe me, you can check the baby's DNA at any time. Sorry, starting today, I'm not going to see Henley again."

Susan was blushed and embarrassed when her husband revealed her past evil-doing, but she was relieved when he told her that he had nothing to do with Donna. She bore the pain in her face and took Henley's hand carefully, "Henley, let's go back."

Henley, however, had been driven to despair by her. Tonight, he was not a coward, and he was brave enough to pull his hand out of his wife.

He went to Donna and held her hand. "I will go with you." Then he turned to Susan, "let's get a divorce. I've had it all these years."

With that, Henley walked away with Donna and her daughter.

Susan froze for a moment, unable to believe what she heard.

Divorce?

Was Henley even asking for a divorce?

Was he the same cowardly man who never disobeyed her orders?

"Henley, are you sure you want to divorce me? If you leave me, you will leave the house with nothing! And from now on, you will not be a member of the Sterling family. You will become a poor wretch!" Susan came to her senses and shouted behind their backs.

Henley, however, had made up his mind. He just kept walking forward.

Susan screamed at the top of her voice, "Henley, what do you mean? Leave me and go with this woman? This woman's already married. She's no longer your pure and beautiful first lover, and her child is not yours! Are you going to raise another person's child? You want to abandon your own son and me?"

Henley stopped. Susan thought that he regretted; she saw him turn his head slowly, his voice cold as a knife.

"Yes, I'd rather have someone else's child than see you again. In the coming days, no matter how poor I would be, I will take good care of Donna and her daughter to make up for all she had suffered these years."

After that, Henley turned and left without a backward glance.

"No!" Susan, in a panic, rushed forward and seized Henley by his arm, crying, "Henley! I know I was wrong! Don't divorce me, don't go --"

Henley turned away in disgust, threw Susan's hand away, and took off with Donna without looking back again.

Susan stood still and watched her husband walk away, tears running down her face. She didn't look like a noble rich lady now, but she didn't care.

Savannah felt a little sorry for Susan to see her like this. But she just got what she deserved, not worthy of sympathy.

Did she believe she would end up as she had today when she sent someone to assault Donna and left her in a painful marriage?

Now that Henley was driven to the wall and made his mind to leave, it was beyond retrieval.

Old Sterling frowned and glanced at Cooper.

Cooper immediately walked up to Susan. "Mrs. Yontz, let's go back first."

Susan reacted, rushing to old Sterling, shaking his hand hard and crying. "Dad! You have to help me! Help me call back Henley... Do whatever you can, with a carrot or stick...And drive that woman away from the city! No, that's not enough. She and her child must die! Although she did nothing with Henley, nothing would happen if it were not for her!"

With the status and power of the Sterling family, it was easy to kill an unknown woman and a baby!

This thought gave Susan another glimmer of hope!

Hearing this, Savannah's little pity on her turned into disgust.

Susan was so selfish and overbearing that she planned to get her man back in this way after ruining an innocent woman's life?

"Crack" --

A clear slap came on Susan's jaw!

Susan put her face in her hands and stared in disbelief at old Sterling, murmuring, "dad... You hit me... Why?"

The slap made Savannah in a better mood.

"Why did I slap you? You are so wicked that you even sent a rascal to assault the girl in order to get her man? And you forced a marriage? Oh, I can't believe I have a daughter like you! What's the difference between the Sterlings and those low-level bastards if I help you with this? I always thought you are just self-willed because of being over spoiled. But I've never thought you are so malicious!" Old Sterling took a deep breath to calm down, "Cooper, take Mrs. Yontz into the house. She will live in the Sterling's house from today. Arrange the room next to mine for her. She's not allowed to go out without my consent!"

196: You Have To Help Me

The Sterling family had been a noble family famous for its conventional moral standards.

Old Sterling joined the army when he was young, and he had awe-inspiring righteousness though he was a businessman now.

He got angry when he heard that his daughter had done something illegal, and he was even more irritated when he saw Susan crazy for a man.

Butler Cooper ordered two servants to take Susan into the villa by force.

Susan was still crying as she was dragged away. "Dad! Henley wants to divorce me... You have to help me... I don't want to get divorced at this age. People will laugh at me!"

Her sad voice gradually died down from the house. Everyone sighed with relief when they heard the end of it.

Old Sterling reeled a little as he coughed.

"Sir, don't worry, everything will turn out fine. You've been rather ill lately. Let's go back to have a rest..." Cooper held old Sterling as he said anxiously.

It was impossible for him to worry about anything. There was never a divorce case in the Sterling family for several generations. What will the world say if the scandal was brought out by the media?

Old Sterling shook his head. "Call Henley and ask him to come here. I want to speak to him personally."

Though very angry with his daughter, old Sterling certainly did not want his daughter's marriage to be broken.

He only hoped that his son-in-law just said angry words on the spur of the moment.

"Sir, you look too weak in spirit to manage the matter. Why don't you take a night off?" Cooper put on a bitter face when he saw old Sterling's tired appearance.

"Let me contact my brother-in-law." Dylan suddenly said.

Old Sterling was in a daze; then his face lit up with joy. It was the first time that Dylan asked to do him a favor.

"Sir, since Master Sterling will take care of this, you should rest assured," Savannah said.

Old Sterling was finally relieved, but he still looked extremely tired.

Cooper helped old Sterling back into the villa, and then they went upstairs.

Savannah sat on the couch and heard Dylan's deep voice scolding her, "your nails hurt me!"

Savannah turned around, startled, and saw him rubbing his forearm.

Just now, when she saw that old Sterling was still worrying about Susan's case in such weak health, she could not help but quietly give Dylan a nudge, motioning him to help with the trouble.

But Dylan closed his eyes to it.

She knew he was too lazy to get involved with his sister's matter.

However, nobody but Dylan could deal with it instead of old Sterling now.

So she gave him a pinch on the arm to push him again.

Then he opened his mouth and took the matter over.

"Well... Next time I'll try to use a gentle force." Savannah parted her lips in a dry smile.

Next time? Dylan almost laughed in his anger, but he didn't want to blame her. He had other fish to fry.

"You ought to make a clean breast of the whole matter." Dylan narrowed his eyes.

"Ah?" Savannah froze, understood right away. Then she took a deep breath and admitted. "Yes. I sent Donna a message with Henley's phone, asking her to come to the Sterling's house. I just can't swallow Susan's rudeness and want to retaliate against her."

"You know Donna, and you know her relationship with Henley? So you arranged the show tonight?" Dylan asked with a sneer.

"Well, Donna is Olivia's distant cousin. When I visited her in the hospital, I came across her relationship with Henley. I thought they were cheating on Susan, and I thought the baby was Henley. I just found out they are innocent, and Henley just takes care of them out of his moral obligation."

"You become more and more emboldened, Savannah. You planned such a big event unexpectedly without reporting to me in advance and made a disturbance in my family secretly. Hmm, impressive." Dylan raised his voice.

Savannah could not tell if he was really angry. She became a little nervous.

Maybe she went a little too far tonight. After all, she threw the cat among the pigeons and made such trouble in the Sterling family. Fortunately, no outsiders saw it; otherwise, it would be a big shame for the Sterlings. So it was normal for Dylan to lose his temper.

But she had no regrets for her actions. Thinking of this, Savannah puffed out her chest with courage. "I won't regret it anyway."

Then she closed her eyes softly, waiting for his punishment, and through the cracks of her eyelids, she watched his grim but handsome face.

Dylan noticed her eyes with amusement, pulling her over to his arms.

Savannah's breathing quickened, waiting for his blow, but he just rubbed her head softly and whispered in her ear, "If you want revenge, tell me. Be careful and don't do it yourself."

Then he rubbed her nose in it as a symbolic punishment.

Savannah got a warm, soft feeling in her heart.

Susan was his elder sister, his family. But he was heavily biased in favor of an outsider.

"Dylan... You really don't blame me?" She could not help but blurt out.

Dylan thought for a moment. "It's just a matter of time. Even if you planned nothing tonight, Henley would leave sooner or later." He said.

Wait...

"You know that Henley and Donna were lovers and that Henley's supported Donna financially due to a sense of guilt?" Savannah goggled at him in surprise.

Dylan didn't deny it. His long fingers tapped on the arm of the sofa.

Savannah gasped. According to Dylan's ability, he was sure to know what everyone in the Sterling family was doing!

Dylan had everything in control.

Even Susan, Henley's wife, was indeed quite unconscious of her husband's actions...

This thought gave Savannah the creeps. She suddenly realized how powerful and dangerous the man in front of her was.

She had always thought that there were only Devin and Susan fighting for power in the Sterling family. In fact, Dylan was also a mysterious and powerful low-key eagle, watching every move of his enemies and lying in wait.

Why else did he investigate his brother-in-law's private affairs?

In this kind of powerful family, everybody's got something to hide.

If one day she offended him, could she also be played like this?

"What's up?" Dylan noticed that the little woman turned pale. She looked a bit in fear.

"Nothing..."Savannah shook her head.

Nothing? It seemed that she had something on her mind. Dylan raised his hand languidly, rubbing her chin. He was about to press her when footsteps came from the stairs.

197: The Older, The Wiser

As Cooper helped old Sterling down the stairs, Savannah quickly pushed Dylan away and sat down on the couch.

Dylan sniffed lazily at the scent remaining in his arms.

Savannah, seeing that old Sterling still looked a little pale, could not help asking, "What can I do for you, sir? Is it useful to take medicine only? Shall I ask the doctor to visit you?"

Old Sterling felt heartwarming to see Savannah care about him so much, and then a little sad.

If only Susan could be so sensible.

Well, even if his daughter did not know how to behave properly, it was also nice to have such a considerate daughter-in-law.

It was a pity that Savannah's relationship with Dylan was so far unclear, not to mention marriage.

He really couldn't understand what's in Dylan's mind, let alone his ideas on love.

An idea quickly ensued in old Sterling.

"Heart problem," he sighed, right hand over his chest, "I'm not in the best of health, and there have been ups and downs. But I don't need a doctor. I will be alright after taking medicine."

"How's that? At least you'll see a doctor before everything gets worse." Savannah said anxiously.

"It's all right, good girl. If you're really worried about me, stay at the Sterling's house for a few days and keep me company. When the illness grows worse, you can send me to the hospital in time. Cooper's old and not as quick as you act." Old Sterling coughed again as he gave the butler a nudge.

Butler Cooper had been with old Sterling for decades and immediately caught his meaning. If Miss Schultz lives in the Sterling's house, Dylan will come back more often!

The older, the wiser!

"Yes. Miss Shultz," Cooper added hastily, "it would be nice if you could live here for a while."

Live at the Sterling's house? Would Dylan agree? Savannah could not help but cast a glance at Dylan.

Not surprisingly, Dylan's face changed, "with so many servants in the house, why should she stay here? She's not a medical student. She can't take care of my father."

"Don't worry, I don't need her to serve and pour or deliver medicine, and I won't get her tired." Old Sterling didn't give up, "even if there're so many servants in the house, no one wants to talk to me. I will feel more comfortable if Savannah could keep me company." Old Sterling knitted his brows tightly, gripping hard at his breast.

"She wouldn't want to." Dylan stood firm in his resolve and refused his father's request.

"That is to say, if she wants to, you will agree?" Old Sterling immediately looked piteously at Savannah, "Savannah, will you?"

Looking at old Sterling, Savannah didn't have the heart to turn down his request. Old Sterling was not in good health in the recent period, and he suffered heavily from what happened to Susan tonight. He really needed someone to talk with.

"I will." She blurted out.

Old Sterling's face lit up, and he looked triumphantly at his son.

Dylan's face turned black. He approached Savannah and whispered, "Are you sure?" A tone of menace entered into his voice.

"Don't try to frighten Savannah, Dylan!" Old Sterling saw his son's intentions.

With old Sterling backing her up, Savannah naturally grew bold. "Well, since your father is in poor health, I'll spend the next few days with him." She blinked at Dylan's displeasure in his eyes.

"Sir, just let Miss Schultz stay at the Sterling's house for a few days. We won't do her any harm anyway." Butler Cooper said.

Old Sterling covered his chest again as if he was about to fall down.

Dylan watched the two people acting to get his sympathy, speechless. His father was good at acting, right? Why didn't he become an actor instead of a businessman? However, he knew his father was really no longer strong.

"Hmm." In the end, he gave a somewhat grudging acquiescence.

"Cooper, let the servants prepare a room for Savannah!" Old Sterling ordered merrily.

"Yes, sir." The butler quickly called some servants to make arrangements.

Old Sterling then turned to Dylan again. "It's getting late. Aren't you ready to leave? Remember, contact Henley and tell me some good news."

Dylan choked by a breath. Now his father couldn't wait to get him out?

Cooper almost burst out with a laugh. Since old Sterling kept Savannah, did he need to worry about when Dylan would come back again?

He was playing hard-to-get!

A cloud came over the face of Dylan. "You go back first." Savannah quickly whispered, and then she said to old Sterling, "I'll send Dylan out."

Old Sterling nodded.

Dylan took a cold look at old Sterling and Savannah before he flounced out of the house.

Savannah hurriedly followed him out.

Out of the villa, Dylan's car had been driven out of the garage by the driver and was parked under the vintage street light.

The chilling wind made Savannah shiver all over. She was worried that he might get angry, biting her lip, "I'll be back in a few days."

His shoes produced a squeaky sound as he stopped in front of his car, giving a hard, cold echo. His long shadow was thrown in the street light in a gloomy way.

Old Sterling felt comfortable now, but the thought that he might not see her for the next few days made him irritable.

Though he didn't go to Beverly Hills every day because of too much work, he knew that she was waiting for him there, at least.

Before Savannah could respond, he turned around, put a hot hand on her slender waist, and pulled her over, pushing her against the car. His other hand grabbed her hair and yanked down, bringing her face up, and his lips were on hers. Savannah moaned into his mouth, giving his tongue an opening. He fixed his charming eyes on Savannah, his tongue expertly exploring her mouth. Savannah was helpless, her face held, and his hips were restraining her. She felt his erection against her belly.

"What are you doing...? Someone's watching..." Savannah murmured as she tried to push him away, blushing furiously.

"Let them see. You won't go back for a few days, shouldn't you satisfy me now?" His voice was intoxicating, his words heady, seductive.

Savannah was always afraid that their relationships would be found out by others. But he never cared about that.

He didn't care if they would be seen by those reporters or the servants of the Sterling's house.

Without taking his eyes off hers, his hand trailed up from her hip to her waist and up to her breast.

How dare she stay at the Sterling's house without his permission? Did she ignore his existence?

As his hand gently cupped her breast, Savannah moaned once more into his mouth. A tremor ran through her whole body. Luckily, no one could see Dylan's movement because of the darkness.

198: Can I Live Here?

Holy shit. Savannah cursed inwardly. She was just going to stay in his father's house for a few days; why did she had to take advantage of this!

But Dylan did not let her go, and his fingers slowly rolled her nipple through her bra. At the same time, he felt the little woman's body trembling. If she was not pinned against the car by him, she should have already become soft beneath him. Dylan raised his lips with satisfaction.

Though she was quite passive, her reaction proved that she didn't hate his touch.

"Don't be shy, my little cat. Cry out if you want or don't live here. Let's go back." He whispered in her ear.

Savannah bit her lips, knowing that the man deliberately seduced her.

"Miss Schultz?" At that moment, Cooper came out of the villa when Savannah didn't come back for a long time.

Savannah opened her eyes wide in some alarm. As Cooper's footsteps got closer and closer, Savannah plucked up her courage to push Dylan away, running back to the house.

"Is everything all right, Miss Schultz? Old Sterling asked me to see if you need any help?" Cooper was surprised to see her rushing in.

"Nothing. I just had a few more words with Master Sterling." Savannah pretended nothing happened.

Cooper smiled meaningfully at Savannah's red face and her ruffled dress, "oh, well. The room's ready. Let me take you upstairs."

Savannah followed Cooper upstairs, opened the door, and entered the room.

It was a large suite decorated by graceful diamond palace-style lamps, golden wall cloth, and covered by a wall-to-wall thick, woolen rug. Her bedroom in Beverly Hills was already quite large, but this suite was at least ten times the size of her bedroom, and its interior design was very elegant.

The curtains were embroidered with golden silk; the expensive annatto furniture and the sofa in the same style were covered with pure gold on its edge, shocking her eyes; the two-meter big bed looked like a king's bed, prettily engraved with flowers on its headboard. Savannah even dared not touch it.

In addition to the bedroom, the suite was also equipped with an oversized study, a family projection room, especially for watching movies, a fitness room full of imported fitness equipment, and a big bathroom.

Everything needed in life could be found here.

Inside the wardrobe, new nightgowns had been prepared.

"Can I live here?" She couldn't help looking at Cooper. This suite didn't seem like a guest room.

"This is Master Sterling's suite. He had lived here since his childhood. After Master Sterling going abroad, old Sterling redecorated it for him, waiting for him to come back one day, but Master Sterling refused to live hereafter returning to LA... So, it remains vacant."

It was Dylan's suit. No wonder it looked so extravagant, like an imperial suite.

"I don't think it's not good for me to live here... Why don't you just arrange a guest room for me?" Savannah felt the pressure of living in a room full of expensive redwood and gold. She was afraid that she couldn't pay for the damage if she broke something.

"Why? You're Master Sterling's woman, and of course, you can enjoy his suite. This is arranged by old Sterling, and I can't disobey him. It's getting late. Miss Schultz, take a rest and call the servant if you need help." Cooper said before he left and closed the door for her.

Standing still and looking at the magnificent room, Savannah let out a sigh.

Somehow, she missed her room in Beverly Hills.

Did she take that room, the golden silk birdcage, which she always wanted to escape, as her home now?

Her heart was pounding at this thought. At this moment, her phone shook.

"In the room?" Dylan's message.

Her heartbeat picked up again, and she didn't expect he cared about her so soon. He should be back in Beverly Hills now.

"Well, your dad arranged your suite for me... so big... and luxury... I feel it difficult to fall asleep in such a big bed." Savannah replied.

"If you can't sleep, put your phone next to your pillow, and I'll let you fall asleep as soon as possible." His message came back immediately with his banter.

Savannah flushed. She could almost feel him whispering in her ear.

She covered her phone with a pillow, as if in this way she could avoid his flirting, then she hurried to the bathroom.

Cooper turned and went to old Sterling's room, knocked on the door, and walked in.

Old Sterling was resting on the sofa when he saw the butler come back. "How's everything going?" he asked.

"Miss Schultz is arranged in that suite," Cooper answered respectfully.

"She didn't come in for a long time just now. What was she doing out there with Dylan?" Old Sterling raised his brows.

Cooper, with a slight blush on his face, bent down and whispered something to old Sterling's ear.

Old Sterling smiled a relieved smile on his lips. "It seemed right to leave Savannah here."

"Sir, did you keep Miss Schultz at the Sterling's house to make Master Sterling go home more often?" Cooper wondered.

"Besides this reason, I'd like to try Dylan's feelings about Savannah. I want to see his reaction when Savannah left him and lived outside." Old Sterling gave a meaningful smile.

Cooper laughed. "I see. Master Sterling's sorely tempted before he spent the first night without Miss Schultz. He must have a crush on Miss Schultz."

"That's not enough. Dylan needs to be aware of his heart so that his relationship with Savannah could be clear as soon as possible and have children for the Sterlings to carry on our name." Old Sterling sighed.

"Sir, you want them to get married? You really like Miss Schultz..." Cooper was slightly surprised. Savannah, with her poor family background, was far from the standard of old Sterling's daughter-in-law. Though old Sterling liked Savannah, Cooper never thought he would allow Savannah to marry into the Sterling family.

Old Sterling understood Cooper's meaning and sighed. "I once planned to find a noble lady from a rich family for Dylan. In reference to Savannah's inferior position, she doesn't deserve Dylan's wife. But after Geoffrey's incident, I had put that thought behind me. I don't want to make another mistake with Dylan. Dylan's marriage is up to himself. I can't afford to lose another son."

Cooper looked grave, nodded, and said nothing more.

199: She Was His Woman

After living in the Sterling's house for several days, Savannah got used to living here.

In fact, there were many servants and nurses around old Sterling, and she did not need to look after him at all.

The only thing she could do was having meals with him and taking him for a walk in the garden occasionally. Old Sterling liked chatting with her about the news of the day. There was nothing else she should do.

Savannah never got so close to old Sterling before.

George Sterling was majestic in appearance as the head of the Sterling family and former president of the Sterling Group. However, after close contact with him for a few days, she found out that he was quite talkative, funny, approachable, and was even open-minded to her work.

Sometimes Savannah could simply make him happy by telling him what happened in her modeling circle.

Susan was moved to a small white building behind the Sterling's house, grounded thereby old Sterling.

On the one hand, it was a punishment; on the other hand, old Sterling was afraid that his daughter would get too angry about the divorce and go out to start something again on an impulse.

So, he just locked her up.

Savannah didn't see Susan these days, but she heard the servants talking; they said that Susan was still making a lot of noise at the beginning and wanted to go out to find Henley. Though she calmed down recently, she cried all day long.

Susan finally realized the importance of her faithful husband and didn't want to lose him after all the fuck things she had done?

Savannah felt bad for her, but she knew Susan deserved all she suffered now.

On the fourth evening, Savannah had just finished dinner with old Sterling, and as usual, they sat on the sofa, watching TV and chatting.

There was the sound of a car approaching outside. Then from the porch came the servant's voice, "Good evening, Master Sterling."

Savannah looked to the porch. A long, tall figure, dressed in a custom-made black suit, walked in with his usual heroic posture and dignity.

She didn't know if it was because she hadn't seen him for days, she felt some strange sentiment stirring within her when she saw him. She unconsciously turned away, avoiding his eyes.

"Dylan? Come on." Old Sterling knew Dylan was coming for Henley's case.

Savannah hurriedly stood up as he came nearer. "Sir, you talk, and I will prepare some tea for you." Then she went to the kitchen.

Dylan's face darkened as he saw her in such a hurry.

Did this small cat regard him as a stranger? They hadn't seen each other for several days, and now she didn't even say hello to him?

"How's Henley? Have you talked to him?" Old Sterling asked, bringing Dylan's thought back.

Dylan sat down. He came here today really for the matter between his elder sister and brother-in-law. "We talked." His face was slightly gloomy.

"How's it? He still wants a divorce?" Old Sterling asked anxiously.

Dylan said nothing and handed old Sterling a thin paper.

Old Sterling took it to read and then widened his eyes.

Divorce Agreement?

At the end of the paper, Henley's name was already there, waiting for Susan's signature.

Old Sterling took a breath. Henley had even prepared the divorce agreement! It seemed that his daughter's marriage had to end in divorce? "Is there no other way? Ask Henley to forgive Susan once, and I will discipline her well in the future."

In fact, old Sterling liked this honest son-in-law. After all these years, he had almost regarded Henley as his son.

His eldest son was gone, and Dylan had a cold relationship with him; he didn't want to see his daughter's family broken up.

Most importantly, the reporters would overdraw this divorce case when it happened in a noble family like the Sterling family.

So, of course, he wanted to persuade the couple into making peace with each other.

"I've said everything I can. It doesn't help." Dylan said drily, "you know how Susan treated Henley these years; she beat and scolded him whenever she liked, and she made his first love a miserable life. Henley's completely disappointed with her. I admire his patience that he could bear to ask for a divorce until now."

Old Sterling sighed. Since Henley didn't even listen to Dylan's advice, the overall situation was settled.

"Rest assured. I've talked with Henley. It's a peaceful separation, and they get a divorce due to personality differences. He won't say any bad thing about Susan, and the crimes Susan committed to Donna will be a secret forever. The impact of this divorce on the Sterling family will be minimized." Dylan knew what old Sterling was most worried about.

Old Sterling sighed, relieved, and gave his son a meaningful and approving look.

Dylan handled things well. He could always count on Dylan.

"But Susan won't accept this result. She'll cry a lot. She has always been proud and spoiled by everyone, how could she believe she's abandoned? How can she stand it?" Old Sterling frowned.

"She asked for it," Dylan said drily, "had she ever thought she would have her day when she forced a couple to separate with each other and ruined an innocent girl's life?"

The words were harsh but right. Old Sterling sighed again.

Savannah, holding a saucer, stood not far away when she overheard a bit of the conversation, and she couldn't agree more with Dylan's last words.

Yeah, why didn't Susan think about other people's feelings when she hurt them? She was not a person worthy of sympathy!

Though Dylan was not a kind man, he was impartial to his family.

When the father and the son did not speak, she walked over, put the teacups in front of them on the coffee table.

Dylan lifted his gaze from her thin wrist to her clear, white skin, and then looked into her eyes.

The business was done, and it was time to settle the account with this ungrateful woman.

Savannah was so nervous under his intent eyes that her hand went limp, the tea spilled from the cups.

Dylan smiled in an indulgent way as he found the little woman influenced by him so much.

"What's up, Savannah?" Old Sterling raised his eyebrows.

"No...nothing. I'll get a cloth and clean it." Savannah said hurriedly, afraid that old Sterling could hear her heart beating faster.

"Did you live in the Sterling's house to become a servant?" Dylan stopped her in time, displeased.

He was already not happy to let her stay at the Sterling's house to serve his father.

Now the girl was serving tea and going to wipe the table as a servant?

She was his woman. She couldn't lose his face!

Seeing Dylan's displeasure, old Sterling laughed and said, "Savannah, I'm not going to keep you busy. You can just go upstairs to have a rest."

199: She Was His Woman Online - All Page - Full-Novel

Novel 2022

7-9 minutes

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Seeing Dylan's displeasure, old Sterling laughed and said, "Savannah, I'm not going to keep you busy. You can just go upstairs to have a rest."

200: A Man In Compelling Desire

Savannah nodded with a sigh of relief, turned around, and went upstairs.

She entered the room, ready to close the door. Just then, a long leg was thrust in to stop the door from closing.

Before Savannah knew it, the door was pushed open, and a tall figure strode in and slammed the door in front of her.

There was silence inside the room. Only their breathing could be heard.

In front of Savannah, the man's beautiful eyes, black as the deepest night, shone with enchanting luster. Savannah swallowed slightly as her gaze moved from his straight nose to his full, silent lips. "You... Why did you go upstairs?" It was a long time before she stammered and reacted.

Dylan looked around the room. It was thoroughly cleaned, and everything was arranged in perfect order. Good, the servants did not neglect her.

Since the little woman lived here, the room, which had been vacant for so long, became a little more lifeful.

"This seems to be my room. Is it strange to see me come and have a look?" He wandered slowly about the suite.

"You finished talking with your dad? Why not go down to accompany him?" Savannah bit her lip.

"He's not a three-year-old boy, and he doesn't need my company," Dylan replied drily.

His indifferent words stumped Savannah. It seemed that he had no intention of leaving for the moment. "By the way, is Henley still asking for a divorce?"

"Didn't you hear that?" Dylan gave Savannah a displeased look. When he was speaking to old Sterling downstairs, he had spotted the little woman standing behind a wall, and she should have overheard their conversation.

Clearly, she asked him again to shift the subject. Was she afraid that he would take her now?

Was he so awful in her mind? She looked as if she couldn't bear staying alone with him.

"Well... I just heard a little..." Savannah admitted in a low voice.

He raised his chin slightly and looked at her with a distant, aloof smile. "Satisfied?"

In fact, Savannah still felt a bit of pity for Donna.

Even though Susan was now abandoned by her husband, it was nothing when compared with what Donna had suffered.

Just because Susan was the daughter of the Sterling family?

But Susan was Dylan's sister after all, and it was impossible for Dylan actually to put her in jail.

Even if Dylan agreed, old Sterling and the whole Sterling family would never allow it to happen.

So Savannah didn't say anything more, "satisfied," she nodded.

Dylan searched her face casually, and there was a slight loss on her face. He could guess what she was thinking.

Susan did something wrong, but she wouldn't be punished for it.

After all, the little girl was too young to know the rules of the rich and powerful families; the reputation of the Sterling family couldn't be derogated.

Susan was a member of the Sterling family, after all. Old Sterling would never let his daughter go to jail for the sake of the family's fame.

She had already gotten the worst possible punishment—she was dumped by her husband in her middle age.

What's more, in this way, his sister would be so upset that she should have no time or spirit to find any trouble for Savannah.

He did not want to mention the subject again, which wasted his time with the little women. Raising his long fingers to her chin, he gazed at her, "it's your turn to answer my question."

"Ah?" Savannah lifted her head in surprise.

Her charming and dewy eyes touched the right chord in him, and her slightly parted lips caught his breath. An evasive and delicate fragrance drifted from her, made the muscle in his lower belly suddenly tight. "Why not talk to me just now? Don't you miss me after a few days apart? I'm not satisfied with your response." Dylan's voice was warm and husky like dark melted chocolate fudge caramel.

"I just went to the kitchen to pour the tea for you. What reaction do you want me to have?" Savannah pursed her lips. Did he expect her to greet him with a bear hug?

Impossible!

"Why don't you reply to my messages and phone calls these days?" Dylan asked slowly as he rubbed his thumb against the skin of her chin.

On her first night in the Sterling's house, she was a good girl, and she answered his text messages. Then, the following days, when he finished his work in the evening and sent her text messages, he got no reply, and she didn't answer his phone call.

This little cat became so bold under the shelter from his father!

Savannah tried not to roll her eyes at him. His text messages always came late at night, full of ambiguities or something... How did she respond? She still needed a good sleep!

"I went to bed early these days, and sometimes I talked with old Sterling downstairs or watched TV without my mobile phone, so I missed your calls. When I went upstairs and saw them, I'm afraid that you already fell asleep, that's why I did not answer you." That was an impressive reason!

It seemed that she refused to admit she was wrong.

She deserved punishment!

Dylan said nothing. He grabbed her before she fell and hoisted her into his arms, holding her close to his chest, and before she could utter a word, he leaned down and caught her lips. He kissed her passionately, forcing her lips apart with his tongue, taking no prisoners.

He used to be self-restrained.

He had no interest in sex, and he hated kissing. Even a slight kiss could make him uncomfortable. He always felt sick about exchanging saliva. How could humans like this stuff?

However, Savannah was different. Her lips were as soft as the delicious jelly, and her tongue was as sweet as the rose. Every time he kissed her, he enjoyed it.

Savannah lost her breath in his kiss. Who knew Dylan would have a French kiss all of a sudden? Startled by his attack, Savannah was too surprised that she didn't respond for a long time before she tried to push him away.

"Let me go... " She murmured weakly in his mouth.

As expected, Dylan ignored her resistance. Instead, he wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her tightly against him, and deepened the kiss.

How could he let her go easily after a few days without touching her?

His domineering tongue expertly explored her sweet mouth.

"Dylan... That's enough... We'll be heard by old Sterling and the servants." At last, Savannah could not stand it anymore, panting and mumbling for mercy as she took her breath, blushing like a carrot. She pressed her small hands against his chest, beating and striking. But her force was nothing to a man, a man in a compelling desire.