

## Midnight 201

### 201: It Must Be His Father's Idea

"Don't worry," Dylan said impatiently, annoyed by her struggling, "the sound insulation of these walls is quite satisfactory."

He was so tall that he was almost as big as a mountain in front of her. Though Savannah was a model, she was delicate and small, different from a catwalk model. To accept his kiss, she had to raise herself on tiptoe and raised her head back in an uncomfortable way.

He felt the little cat quaking in his arms, so he simply slid his hands down on her buttocks, lifted her up to let her sit still on his big hands. Then he pressed her against the soft golden wall, making her take his kiss in a more comfortable way.

Savannah wrapped her arms around his neck unconsciously, and she was lost in his kiss. Her voice of defiance faded, replaced by the shaming moan which she couldn't control.

Her reaction reddened her face, and she couldn't believe she was almost addicted to this kiss. She shut her eyes and dared not look at him. As if in this way, her real desire would not be seen by him.

"Open your eyes and look at me, my cat." Dylan murmured in her mouth, and of course, he felt her reaction and knew what it meant.

The little cat wanted him, too. She grew increasingly sensitive.

A good kiss could make her out of control.

Such a response filled him with a feeling of satisfaction at conquering her with his male power.

He wanted her to look at him, to see who made her wanting!

But Savannah refused to open her eyes, and she tried to put her head to one side to avoid his lips.

Dylan raised his head slowly, and his eyes darkened. Then he leaned down again, put his lips on her white neck, and then sucked her earlobe, "You naughty girl! Well, it seems that your punishment's not enough."

He straightened himself, lifted Savannah up with his strong arms, and held her tightly, making his way to the big bed.

Just then, there was a knock at the door, and Cooper's voice floated in. "Miss Schultz, old Sterling called you down to eat fruits."

Dylan's face fell as he paused.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief and jumped off Dylan's arms, rushing to the door to open it.

Cooper, outside the door, was not surprised to see Savannah's red face and slightly rumpled clothes. He smiled as nothing happened, "oh, Master Sterling is here too. We wondered where you went. Please go downstairs with Miss Schultz. Old Sterling has just had the servants prepared some fresh fruits."

"Why prepare fruits just after a meal?" Dylan complained impatiently as he turned and followed Savannah. He was quite annoyed to be interrupted.

His father would never be too late to spoil his sports.

Cooper was good at playing the fool. He must know that he had come to the little woman's room!

Dylan raised his long arm to close the door, but Savannah rushed out first, "It's good for our health to eat fruits. Cooper, let's go."

Then she went downstairs.

Dylan froze a moment before he finally followed down.

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In the living room, old Sterling watched them eating fruits with great satisfaction. Then he slowly stood up and made a sign for Cooper to follow him, walking to a distant French window.

"What was Dylan just doing in the room with Savannah?" Old Sterling asked in a low voice.

"Well, you know..." Cooper laughed.

Old Sterling smiled with a sigh of relief. Without seeing Savannah for a few days, Dylan was so eager that he must miss Savannah a lot.

"Don't you want Master Sterling to be closer to Miss Schultz, and they'd better have children as soon as possible? Why..."

"Why did I intentionally interrupt them?" Old Sterling smiled as if he had no doubt of his success.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder. I'm intending to tantalize him. He would treasure Savannah more when he can't get her easily. Playing hard to get will help to promote their relationship. You see, only a few days and now Dylan's so impatient that he couldn't wait... Just like a business, the best goods sometimes may lose their attraction if it can be easily gotten. Customers always have more interest in those hard to come by. It's called 'hunger marketing'!"

Old Sterling, like a relationship expert, talked about his strategy in a confidential way.

Cooper listened and nodded, "I see. If I eat full, no more delicious food in front of me could make me interested. But if I'm starved for a few days, any food would make me happy!"

However, was it really appropriate for old Sterling to apply the law of the market to his son's feelings?

"Later, ask Dylan to stay for the night, in the same room with Savannah." Old Sterling added.

"Ah? Sir, you just said that it's necessary to separate them occasionally to create distance beauty. Don't you plan to make Master Sterling attach more importance to the relationship with Miss Schultz?" Cooper wondered.

Old Sterling couldn't resist rolling his eyes at the old butler. "Well, I know you have a slow brain. There should be a carrot after a stick. I've kept the two apart for a couple of days, and I'm going to sweeten Dylan today. Otherwise, it would accomplish the opposite."

Cooper smiled wryly. Old Sterling's reasoning seemed quite good. But Master Sterling had been living outside ever since he returned to LA, and he never spent a night in this house. Would he stay today?"

"Don't worry. I'm sure he'll agree." Old Sterling was confident.

Cooper nodded and went back to the sofa. When Dylan and Savannah finished the fruit, Cooper looked up at the clock and smiled, "Master Sterling, it's getting late. Why not stay here tonight?"

Savannah looked up surprisingly. What? Would Dylan stay over the night?

She was in his room now. There was no reason for Dylan to stay in the guestroom. So...

Well, as she knew, Dylan had never stayed here before. She believed that he wouldn't agree.

Dylan glanced over at his father, who pretended to be watching the landscape through the French window.

It must be his father's idea.

He looked back and saw an expression of anxiety on the little woman's face. Was she so reluctant to see him stay?

## **202: She Weaved Some Powerful Magic**

"Well, then get everything prepared for me." He answered without hesitation.

Savannah widened her eyes! Crap! He promised to stay!

Old Sterling's right! Cooper was pleased that Dylan agreed so readily!

This was the first time for Master Sterling to live at home after so long.

"Good," Cooper immediately said, "there's nothing to prepare for; it's your home, sir. You can just live in your own room. I'll ask the servant to send the bathrobe and clothes for you."

Savannah took a deep breath. She knew it! What she worried about now come true! It was clear that she had to share a room with Dylan, and she would be taken advantage of again. Well, he had already taken all her advantage, right? But they were in the Sterling's house, and old Sterling lived next door!

Frustrated, Savannah said nothing but could only look after Cooper as he left.

"What are you waiting for? Go back to your room early to have a rest." Dylan wiped his mouth with a tissue gracefully. Then he got up and went upstairs.

Have a rest... Savannah's heart beat faster at the thought of the scene just now in the room.

Instead of going upstairs at once, she turned towards the door, intending to take a walk in the garden first.

Perhaps Dylan would have fallen asleep when she went upstairs.

"Why don't you go upstairs, Savannah? Where are you going?" Old Sterling, before the French window, called to Savannah.

"Oh, I ate too much fruit. So full that I need a walk."

"That's alright." Old Sterling smiled and said in a kind voice, "but Dylan's here today. Go back early and don't keep him alone in the room."

Speechless, Savannah hesitated and finally said, "Sir, why don't I stay in the guestroom tonight? There's only one bed in that room, and I'm afraid... that I will disturb Dylan's sleep..."

"It's ok, big bed." Old Sterling replied with a laugh.

Savannah blushed. Old Sterling spoke too plainly! No wonder he was Dylan's father. Savannah forced a smile, turned around, and went out.

Old Sterling looked at her back and shook his head. Savannah was embarrassed. Maybe it was because they were in the Sterling's house.

Think of something, he waved to Cooper and ordered a few words.

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Savannah wandered in the garden aimlessly for a long while.

But she had to come in any way.

It was getting dark when she slowly walked back to the villa and went upstairs.

On opening the door, she smelled the fragrance of bath liquid; when she raised her head and saw clearly, she stared, her mouth slacking.

Dylan was wiping his hair by the window after getting out of a bath. The robe hung casually on his strong body. Square pecs and rectangular muscle cut like a graph along his chest and abdomen. And the arms...

"You finally come back." Dylan interrupted her thought, glancing at her.

Savannah nodded and bent her head hurriedly, making direct contact with the bathroom.

After taking a bath, she walked out and gasped again.

Dylan sat in bed, propped up with pillows, reading the mail with his notebook on his lap. He had taken off his bathrobe, and his PJ pants hung from his lips.

Savannah's mouth went dry... She swallowed, trying not to look at his hot figure, and hurried to take a pillow.

"What for?" Dylan stopped her, his tone is displeased.

"I'll sleep on the sofa," Savannah mumbled in a low voice.

"Sofa?" He looked around the room and raised his eyebrows.

Cooper had just sent a few servants in and removed the sofa and chairs.

The reason was quite poor. He said that there would be some guests coming tomorrow, and extra seating was needed.

Even if there was a lack of seating, how would they remove the sofa and chairs away from his bedroom? He could probably guess what his father was thinking. It's for his own convenience.

Savannah looked around the room and discovered that the sofa in the room was --

Gone!

She just felt something was wrong when she came in. But then she was attracted by the half-naked man and rushed into the bathroom to take a bath.

No, not just the couch. The chairs, too, were taken away.

Anyway, except for the real bed, all furniture which could be used as a bed had disappeared.

Needless to say, old Sterling was the one who did it!

He was afraid that she would sleep on the sofa since she was reluctant to live in a room with Dylan.

He had made up his mind to get her to Dylan's bed!

With a bitter smile, Savannah did not return to the bed. Looking around, she picked up a carpet and laid it on the floor.

"What are you doing?" Dylan sat up straight, and his face darkened.

"I'll sleep on the ground." No sofa or chair? Alright, she had another way to sleep!

Dylan bent down to catch her wrist. "You hate me so much?" His voice was deadly cold.

The little woman was getting bolder!

As his woman, she would rather sleep on the ground than sleep with him! How dare she!

He could forgive her after she made Susan in trouble without telling him in advance. But now she dared refuse to sleep with him!

If she was in Beverly Hills, he believed she wouldn't do it. But with the favor of old Sterling, this little woman dared to ignore him now.

After living in the Sterling's house for a few more days, she was spoiled by old Sterling and became so bold!

Savannah could smell his anger. She bit her lip, explaining, "it doesn't matter if we're in Beverly Hills. But it's the Sterling's house. Your family has many rules, a positive family style, and a large number of people. I'm not your wife, it's not good for us to live in the same room. I'm afraid of being laughed at by the servants..."

The gloomy expression on Dylan showed his dissatisfaction. In this house, who didn't know she was his woman? Who dared say anything?

Laugh at her? Do they want to die?

That was a terrible excuse!

"Are you sure you want to sleep on the ground?" Dylan narrowed his eyes.

"Well... "

As he spoke, he came close to her, and the next second, she was pinioned beneath him, helpless. They were in such an intimate contact now, fresh to fresh. She was hypnotized by his gray eyes, staring fervently into hers.

"Then, we'll sleep on the ground together." He whispered, his voice husky and sexy.

Savannah blushed and tried to push him away, "Why don't you sleep on the floor? You have a big bed!"

"To be exact, I don't care if I sleep on the bed or the floor. I just want to sleep with you." Dylan gently bit her earlobe and tugged at it.

This little woman seemed to have wholly fascinated him. She weaved some powerful magic.

He didn't see her for days, and he didn't touch her for a long time.

### **203: Sleep Here**

Savannah flushed scarlet, everywhere, feeling faint. Her body became so responsive.

However, he was more demanding than before.

His lips glided down her throat, kissing, sucking, and nipping, to the small dip at the base of her neck.

Savannah was paralyzed with a strange, unfamiliar need, entirely captivated by him, but she still murmured unconsciously, "Dylan, Stop... "

Dylan breathed, completely aroused by her. He raised his hand and was about to tug her skirt when she heard a single sound from the door.

Though the sound was faint, Dylan was alarmed, getting to his feet. He strode to the door and opened it all of a sudden.

It was too late for old Sterling and Cooper to escape, and they were caught on the spot.

Old Sterling cast a reproachful look at Cooper. If the old butler had not accidentally knocked on the door, how could his son find out?! Then he stole another look into the room, his eyes falling on the red flush of Savannah's face and her disordered skirt. He gloated over the scene.

Savannah jumped up from the carpet and straightened her messy clothes.

"What're you doing here?" Dylan's emotionless voice broke the awkwardness, and there was a murderous glint in his eyes.

Old Sterling reacted quickly and complained to Cooper, "I said they don't need more quilt. How would they feel cold in this weather?"

"My bad for disturbing you," Cooper smiled wryly, "I'm sorry, Master Sterling."

Dylan watched the two old boys acting, his face darkening.

Did they ensconce themselves behind his door in order to eavesdrop?

Old Sterling, seeing that his son looked green, said quickly, "well, it seems that you don't need to add a quilt. Take care of Savannah! Cooper, let's go." Then he turned away with the butler in a hurry.

Dylan wondered if old Sterling was only 30 at that fast pace.

A moment later, he closed the door and walked back to his room.

Savannah gasped, slightly helpless, "your father's like a child."

That's right. Not only a child but a wild child!

Dylan's face clouded; he picked up the blanket and pillow and threw them onto the bed.

"I want to sleep on the ground!" Savannah got nervous again.

He then put his pillow and woolen blanket on the carpet. "I sleep here. You, on the bed."

Savannah was stuck. He... What changed his mind? It was a wonder that he even agreed to sleep in a separate place!

Could you imagine a hungry carnivore suddenly stopped eating meat?

Her brain flashed, and she understood!

It must be because old Sterling came to eavesdrop on them!

Dylan and old Sterling had a bad relationship. Of course, he would be rebellious in what old Sterling wanted him to do.

Old Sterling did everything possible to create conditions for him tonight and came here, especially to eavesdrop.

He must be very resistant and didn't want to obey old Sterling's wishes.

That's why he let her go tonight!

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief and slid into bed, covering herself with the blanket.

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When Savannah got up the next morning, Dylan was gone.

That same day, Susan learned the news Dylan brought last night.

As what old Sterling worried about, Susan, who was still in confinement, broke down when she knew that Henley insisted on divorcing her and had even signed the divorce agreement.

She cried herself to death, neither eating nor drinking.

When Savannah accompanied old Sterling for a walk in the garden, she would occasionally hear Susan crying in the small white building.

This day, Savannah routinely chatted with old Sterling over the tea in the living room.

From the porch came the dissuasion of the servant, "Mrs. Yontz... How did you get out? You're not allowed to... No, you can't go in..."

"Let me in! What the hell are you? I'm your master's daughter!"

Savannah looked over and saw a disheveled woman stumbling into the villa.

After a few days, Susan had lost her weight, looking sick and bad. Her hair was uncombed, and she had no upper-class ladylike manners.

When Susan saw Savannah, she's not as excited or disdainful as she used to be. Instead, her big eyes flashed in desperation, and she completely ignored Savannah.

Susan was totally focused on Henley, who's going to divorce her. Her heart and soul were not in Savannah now.

Savannah gazed at Susan's gaunt face with deep emotion. Susan had always been arrogant and aggressive as a rich lady and ordered around her husband any time as she liked. But the divorce was still a major blow to her.

What's more, Henley would rather choose his first love, Donna, an unrelated baby, than return to her. It was really humiliating for a proud person like Susan.

Perhaps Susan now understood how bad it was when her loyal husband suddenly left.

Savannah sighed. Everything is valuable only two times; before getting it and after losing it.

"Who let her out? Where's the one looking after her?" Old Sterling snapped!

Two maids came in and said in a panic, "I'm sorry, sir, Mrs. Yontz slipped out when we were changing the guard." As they explained, they dragged Susan and asked her to come back.

Susan threw them away and wept to old Sterling, "dad -- tell me it's not true! Did Henley actually sign the divorce papers himself? Would he divorce me? Didn't you help me?"

Since his daughter had arrived, old Sterling waved his hand and asked the maid to leave. Then he asked Cooper to take out the divorce agreement.

After a glimpse of the divorce papers Cooper gave her, Susan sank down on the ground in desperation.

Henley really wanted to divorce her. It's not angry words. The agreement had been sent to her...

Old Sterling looked at her and sighed, "Susan. Sign it. Come on."

"No, I won't! I'm not going to get divorced! I'm the daughter of the Sterling family. Who dares to abandon me? Who does Henley think he is? Why?!" Susan broke into a frenzy and tore the agreement to pieces!

"What's the use of tearing it?" Old Sterling looked grave, "he'll send a second copy, and then a third one! Susan, wake up! He has made up his mind. It doesn't make sense, no matter how much you try to ask him to stay."

#### **204: Struck By His Father's Cruelty**

Susan was struck by her father's cruel but realistic words, lying limp on the ground.

She stopped crying this time, but her face turned pale.

Sorrow, grief, regret, and despair gradually took her.

She shouldn't have gone out with his coat that night. If she hadn't seen her husband talking to Donna, she wouldn't have forced him to break up with that woman, which got him cornered, and finally decided to divorce her.

"Anybody? Help Ms. Sterling back to that house! Susan, you have a good rest in that house these days. Don't come out. The follow-up of the divorce will be handled by the lawyer. You don't have to show up." Old Sterling was also very sad to see her like this. Although he was angry with what she had done, she was his daughter, after all!

Susan didn't speak. She stood up and walked out of the room like a ghost.

Old Sterling looked at his daughter's back and sighed again.

For Susan, Savannah didn't feel sympathy; it's her comeuppance. She had damaged other people's happiness and had done so many fuck things to her again and again. A divorce was already too good for her.

But old Sterling was innocent. He shouldn't bear moral suffering at his age.

She knew that old Sterling was still worried about Susan's state, but she didn't know how to comfort him, "sir, rest assured, it's just like a lovelorn thing, Susan may feel the pain for a few days, but she will be fine in the future."

"But Susan...she's different from other people... I'm afraid that..." old Sterling sighed and closed his mouth when seemed to realize what he had said.

"What...?" Savannah was puzzled. What did old Sterling mean? Is Susan different from other people?

"Savannah, I will go back to the room and have a rest first. You're on your own." Old Sterling was so exhausted after Susan made such a scene.

"Okay." Savannah could not ask more questions. She stood up and watched old Sterling leave.

The couple's divorce was handled quietly and quickly by the lawyer from the Sterling group.

Within a few days, they divorced.

Susan was depressed after the divorce and spent most of her time in the small white building. She sometimes went out alone, and nobody knew where she went.

Old Sterling would like to see her drive away from her sorrows by going out, so he did not stop her.

One evening, when Savannah had just finished dinner with old Sterling, her cell phone rang. She picked it up, and it was a call from Olivia.

"Savannah, Donna's leaving LA a few days later. She wants to see you before she leaves. Are you free?"

Savannah had long wanted to talk to Donna, too, so she quickly agreed and set up a meeting place and time. "Sure, see you later."

After hanging up, she said to old Sterling, "Sir, I have something to do with my friend. Can I go out for a while?"

"Go ahead," old Sterling smiled, "you've spent so many days with me, and it's time to get some fresh air, lest Dylan complains that I mistreat you. Cooper will ask a driver to take you out."

"No," Savannah quickly said, "I'll take a taxi there. It's convenient."

"Take a taxi? Do you take a taxi or the subway every time you go out? Didn't Dylan arrange you a car or a driver?" Old Sterling frowned a little as if his daughter-in-law wasn't well treated.

"I have a driver in Beverly Hills. Besides the driver, Dylan's arranged several bodyguards for me... I'm just not used to being followed in and out." Savannah busily explained.

Old Sterling, seeing Savannah insist, nodded and said, "okay, if you can't find a taxi when it's too late, call back, and Cooper will send a car to pick you up."

"Fine, thank you, sir," said Savannah sweetly, and went upstairs to change.

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In the same cafe, Olivia was already there, sitting in the window seat.

Olivia had apparently known what happened about Donna.

She never thought her distant cousin had suffered so bitterly. It distressed her when she knew Donna had been assaulted because of Susan and forced to marry a ruffian.

Afraid of humiliation and shame, Donna married out of town, so no one knew.

Henley was Donna's, first love...

Everything caught her unprepared.

"Susan's so hateful! That bitch! I will avenge my cousin if I see Susan again!" Olivia hit her fist on the table in anger.

"Henley has divorced her. She's like the walking dead every day. That's bad enough." Savannah pacified her.

After they chatted for a while, a pretty figure appeared at the door of the cafe. "Olivia!"

Savannah looked and saw Donna.

Donna came in her gentle ways and said hello to Savannah.

"Donna, Savannah, you chat, and I'll go first." Olivia knew they wanted to talk alone, waving her hand before she left.

Donna sat opposite Savannah, silent for a few seconds, and Savannah offered to take the lead.

"Donna, I'm sorry. That night... I used Henley's phone... It's me who sent you the message to ask you to go to that house."

Even if Donna hadn't come for her, she wanted to say sorry to Donna.

She's just inconvenient to see Donna when she lived in the Sterling's house during this period.

Donna, of course, already knew it. With a gentle smile, she said, "that's all right. In fact, if you did not expose it, Henley may live a depressing life with no self-esteem, like a dog, forever. What I had suffered... the pain, the grudge, probably will never be known to anyone else."

"Olivia said you're leaving here. Are you going home? Because of Susan? Don't worry, old Sterling's very angry with what she did, and I believe she should not dare to hurt you again." Savannah couldn't help saying.

Donna should be afraid that Susan would retaliate if she stayed in LA. After all, Susan referred herself to her father's power and influence and could kill Donna easily.

Donna shook her head, taking a deep breath. "It's not completely like that. Though LA is prosperous and rich, it's not my hometown. This time, Henley will go back to our home city together. He said he was tired here, and he decided to go back to live a new life, start a new business, and make up for me. I refused him to follow me, after all, I'm already a single mother, not worthy of his treatment, but he persisted..."

Savannah sighed. Henley and Donna was originally a young couple who loved each other. It was Susan who ripped them apart by power.

### **205: It Looked Very Familiar**

Henley must still love Donna.

Going back together to their hometown, and getting back together again was a relatively good end.

"Well, in that case, Donna," Savannah said heartily, "I wish you a safe journey and the best of health."

"Thank you, Savannah." Donna smiled; then, she said, imploringly, "Savannah, I didn't know you are with Dylan Sterling."

That night at the house gate, she saw Savannah standing next to a handsome, tall man.

That man was the young master from the Sterling family, the CEO of the Sterling group, which dominated LA's business circle.

She never thought that Savannah's man was a person of high position and noble rank from the leading family in LA.

Savannah bit her lip, a little embarrassed, and didn't explain anything.

Donna smiled at her.

That night, Mr. Sterling stood by Savannah all the time, and his strong body imperceptibly protected her from being hurt by the passionate argument.

However, though Mr. Sterling doted on Savannah, the difference of rank between them was too great. Did that mean I really like her?

Such a powerful man from a noble family should be worthy of a dear daughter from another rich family.

Savannah was just a little model like her cousin Olivia. Would Mr. Sterling be serious and give her the result she wanted?

Donna, who took Savannah as her little sister, couldn't help but remind her, "Savannah, I have some unpalatable advice, but I don't know if I should tell you..."

"Say it, Donna." Savannah could see that Donna really cared about her.

"Your relationship with Mr. Sterling doesn't seem to be public? Does he really love you? If a man treats you just for fun, it doesn't make sense to spoil you now. If so, you must not indulge yourself in it, at least you should protect yourself, and you'll not be too painful when the day of separation comes. Of course, I'm just reminding you."

Savannah was silent for a long time, but under the table, her fingers uneasily twisted the handle of her bag.

Of course, she knew that Donna meant no harm but was friendly to her, fearing she might be hurt.

"I know, Donna," she said, forcing a smile.

Donna nodded with relief, reaching down the table and holding her hand. "Well, take care of yourself, anyway. Don't be like me; the first half of my life's totally ruined."

Savannah nodded solemnly.

The two talked for a while. As it was getting late, Donna had to go back to take care of the baby, so they got up to leave.

Before leaving, Donna wanted to go to the washroom.

"I'll wait for you," Savannah said.

"Okay." Donna smiled and nodded, carrying her bag, and went to the bathroom behind the cafe.

Savannah sat in place, waiting for Donna.

Fifteen minutes later, Donna hadn't come back yet.

Savannah felt a bit strange, with a bad feeling in her heart. She left her seat and went to the bathroom.

She opened the door to the ladies room, but it was empty.

Savannah grew more worried. She walked a few steps down the corridor and then suddenly stopped.

There was a small handbag on the ground around the corner.

It looked very familiar... It was Donna's!

She gasped and ran to pick up the bag. Right, it was the red bag Donna was carrying today.

How did Donna drop her bag here?

Where's she?

Cold shivers ran down Savannah's spine. She felt her way along the corridor before she finally stopped at the back of the bar.

The back door was open, and the door swung slightly as if someone had just gone out.

She opened the door at once. It was the back alley of the cafe, normally empty and very quiet, but now she saw two men in black clothes and dark glasses holding Donna and walking towards a van at the entrance of the alley.

Donna had lost consciousness, her eyes closed tightly, and she didn't resist at all. It seemed that she had passed out.

"What're you doing? Stop! Put her down!" Savannah screamed before she could think more, "somebody! Help! Someone's kidnapping!"

The two men were shocked when they saw Savannah! Then they reacted; the one with bright ginger hair rushed to Savannah, and before Savannah could run away, she was struck by the man on her nape and collapsed to the ground.

"Boss, what should we do with this chick?" The ginger-haired man turned to the older man with tattooed arms, gasping.

Savannah called for help just now. The staff of the cafe seemed to hear her. Footsteps were coming towards the back door.

The tattooed man gritted his teeth, "take this girl with us! She saw us. She can't be left."

"Yes, Sir!" The ginger-haired man carried Savannah on his shoulder, and the two men put Donna and Savannah into the van together, got on the van, and sped away before the staff got out!

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Savannah woke up in the jolting van.

When she opened her eyes, she found that her hands and feet were tied with ropes, and her mouth was covered with strips of cloth, preventing from shouting.

A quiver of fear went through her. What's going on?

She was knocked out by the man who kidnapped Donna, and then they kidnapped her together?

Where's Donna?

She twisted her body and found Donna tied and gagged like her, but she's not yet conscious.

They were supposed to be in the back of the van now.

Why did these two men kidnap Donna?

Where are they taking them to?

Just then, the voice of the tattooed man came from the driver's seat,

"Miss Sterling...yes, she's tied up, but there's a problem. Sorry, a young woman found us... Luckily, we knocked her out, and she's tied up in our car too. How do you want to deal with her, Miss Sterling? Shall we throw her off or take her together?"

Miss Sterling?

Savannah's heart gave a jump.

Wasn't Miss Sterling Susan?

Well, nobody would kidnap Donna beside Susan!

She must know that Donna would go back to her hometown with Henley, so she got this idea in the extreme of her exasperation!

Susan went out alone these days not to divert herself as old Sterling thought, but to plan a kidnap!

Did she think that by kidnapping Donna, Henley would like to make up with her and stay?

She thought Susan had known her fault after the divorce and wouldn't do wrong again. However, the leopard could not change her spots, and she was still so vicious and domineering!

## **206: Kidnapped Her**

There was a silence for a few seconds. Apparently, Susan didn't expect the plan to change. "This little bitch is always going against me," muttered Susan, grinding her teeth.

She dared kidnap Donna, but Savannah...

Behind Savannah, there's Dylan, after all.

If she really pissed Dylan off, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Thinking about her poor son and the harsh words left by Dylan in the press conference last time, Susan shuddered. She was about to tell the tattooed man to throw Savannah out in a deserted suburb when the man started to speak again. "By the way..."

"What's up?"

The man told Susan about the conversation between Savannah and Donna at the cafe.

They followed Donna for a whole day to find a chance to take action, and they watched her all the time and heard the two talking.

Susan was surprised at the news. So that's actually arranged by Savannah?

Savannah was responsible for her divorce?!

"That bitch! Get her tied up and take her there with that woman together! You can do whatever you want!" Susan muttered through clenched teeth. Now all she wanted was to kill Savannah to vent her hatred!

"Yes." The tattooed man received the order and hung up.

In the back seat, Savannah was drenched in a cold sweat.

The van was quiet, and she had caught what the man said to Susan.

She had no idea what Susan was going to do with her and Donna. But it wouldn't be a good thing.

There? Where?

Savannah kicked the van door and struggled for all she was worth.

"Be quiet!" The ginger-haired man on the copilot seat shouted over his shoulder. "I'll kill you if you make any noise again!"

Savannah, however, was still struggling and whimpering with desperation to get away.

The ginger-haired man got more irritated. He whipped out a Swiss army knife from the waist, showing its sharp edge to Savannah. "You almost spoiled our things just now. Now you want to draw the attention of the police? I'll teach you a lesson first!"

"What're you doing?" The tattooed man in the driver's seat yelled.

"Boss, this girl's a little out of control. Let me cut one of her fingers so that she can learn how to be quiet!"

"Cut her finger? Are you silly? She won't be accepted if she's injured! I still want her to fetch a good price." scolded the tattooed man.

What does that mean? Savannah froze, won't be accepted? A good price?

Are they going to sell her and Donna to someone else?

The ginger-haired man reluctantly put the knife back; then he leaned back, took out a handkerchief, and covered Savannah's face.

A strange smell came into Savannah's nose. Her eyes hazed over, and she sank down in a dead faint.

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When Savannah woke up again, she had no idea what time it was.

She could only feel the darkness around her and could not see anything clearly.

But for sure, it's not in the van.

Her hands and feet were still tied, but luckily the cloth fell out of her mouth. Or maybe it was because it's a secret place, and their kidnappers were not afraid they would yell.

By the weak light of somewhere, Savannah found Donna lying a little distance from her. "Donna... Donna..." she cried in a low voice.

Donna was roused. Straightening up, she remembered what happened and started to realize their hopeless situation.

"Savannah... Who kidnapped us?" whispered Donna, blanching with fright.

"Susan!" Savannah replied bitterly.

Donna frowned and said guiltily, "Savannah, I'm sorry, I'm to blame. I shouldn't have asked you out today, and I shouldn't have gone to the washroom. Susan's target was me, and if it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been involved."

"It's none of your business. Donna, the most important thing is to save ourselves." Savannah calmed down!

"Where are we?" Donna tried to calm herself, looking around.

It was a large room with big containers.

They were marked with "made in America" and some numbers, which seemed to be the weight and dimensions.

Everything looked oddly familiar to Savannah, and she seemed to have seen them somewhere.

Oh yes. When she was a child, her father drove on the business of the Schultz factory pretty well, and occasionally they would export goods to other countries.

Her father took her to the wharf together several times.

She saw workers loading the goods into similar shipping containers, and they would be delivered to overseas countries.

Are they on a freighter now?

Yes, they must be on board!

That's why the kidnappers dared to pull out the strips of cloth from their mouths. At sea, they could not be saved even if they shouted themselves hoarse!

Susan sent them on a cargo ship to sneak them out of the country?!

The two of them would have immigration records and would be easily found if taken abroad by air or by train.

But now they were in a big freighter, and it's much harder for the police to find them!

Savannah told Donna about the speculation.

"What's Susan up to? Where does she want to smuggle us to?" Donna looked rather pale.

Savannah listened with her brows drawn together in a frown.

Just at that moment, the door was pulled open, and a woman came in with two bowls in her hand. She was of medium height and had a sharply pointed face.

"Good, you wake up. Eat your dinner." She said as she put two bowls on the ground in front of them.

Looking out of the opened door, Savannah saw a faint angle of the blue sea beyond the railings of the deck. She could also hear the smack of wave against the side of the ship.

Sure enough, she and Donna were at sea!

She gritted her teeth and looked up at the middle-aged woman.

"Where are you going to ship us? It's against the law! Let us go! If it's for money, we'll give it to you!"

The middle-aged woman stood with her hands on her hips. "Let you go? In your dreams! You've been sold to me! That's a lot of money!"

"Where are we going?" Donna trembled.

"Oh, you're going to the red-light districts of Mexico City to make money for me. You're both pretty good looking. I'm sure you'll make me a lot of money." The middle-aged woman bent down and raised Savannah's chin, looking at her white face with great satisfaction.

This twenty-year-old girl was a real beauty.

## **207: Don't Fake It Online**

The kidnappers who sold her said the girl was still a model in LA.

She had white skin, brown and shiny hair, cute breasts, hips, and curves; this kind of small and white girl was quite popular among those guests, and she was sure to earn a lot of money for her!

The other woman, though a little older, and might have been married, looked gentle, puffy, and mature; some guests liked this kind too.

Savannah and Donna shuddered!

Was this woman a madam in a brothel? They always seemed to buy women from those kidnappers and then smuggled those women out of the country with a freighter, sent them to the red-light area of other countries to become prostitutes. Then she would use force and fraud to compel them into forced sexual exploitation.

Susan was so cruel! It's a crime!

"Madam, we'll return your money to you if you can set us free! We can give you more than you want! We have enough money!" Savannah said calmly.

"Oh, I'm not silly, let you go? I guess the police would come to arrest me as soon as you run. Will you give me money? Well, even if you have money, you can make more money for me with your body! It's a bad deal, and I won't do that." The middle-aged woman announced triumphantly.

The money would keep coming in when those two beauties were in the control of her. She's not that stupid!

Savannah gritted her teeth and straightened up. "Do you know who I am? How dare you sell us?"

The middle-aged woman was a little intimidated by her presence, "who are you?" asked her guiltily.

Savannah didn't want to be known as Dylan's woman outside. But this time, she had no other choice.

"I'm Dylan Sterling's woman. You must know him, the young master of the Sterling family. How dare you to tie up Dylan Sterling's woman and make me a prostitute? Do you know what would happen when he knows that? He must be looking for me now! You'd better let us go as soon as possible, and we can pretend as if nothing had happened!"

Dylan Sterling? The man who had a well-connected blue blood and dominated the financial world of LA? He was said to be a hard man with a ruthless determination.

It would be a big problem if the girl was his woman!

The Sterling family was a noble and powerful family in LA, and its young master was not someone to be trifled with.

If he knew that his woman would be sold to the red-light district, she would be cut into pieces!

The middle-aged woman was shocked, her face changed greatly, but then she came back to her mind.

"Don't fake it! Are you Dylan Sterling's woman? I've never seen Dylan Sterling take a woman out with him, not to mention he has a girlfriend! You girl, are you trying to frighten me? If you are the woman of the young master of the Sterling family, I would be the grandma of him!"

"She's not lying to you, she's really Dylan Sterling's woman! They just don't have a public relationship!" Cried, Donna.

"Ha, no public relationship? I can also say that I'm Mr. Sterling's woman, but we keep our relationship a secret! Don't talk big. This girl is a looker, a real dish, but the women around Mr. Sterling are all rich ladies and superstars. How could an unknown model catch his fancy? What's more, Mr. Sterling's woman should be arranged in a chauffeured limousine each time she goes out, and there will be bodyguards and servants at her side. How could she be easily tied up? Please don't be so ridiculous!"

She had bodyguards...

When she's living in the Sterling's house these days, the bodyguards Dylan arranged for her were still waiting for her orders all the time. But she refused them to follow her this time.

That gave Susan an opportunity.

Thinking about this, Savannah felt a little regret. Dylan was right. It made sense to send so many bodyguards to protect her.

But she laughed at his fuss...

If she could get back safely, she would listen to him in the future...

Savannah took a breath and said coldly, "you may not believe it, but the consequence of not believing it may be your death."

However, the middle-aged woman had firmly believed that Savannah was lying to get free, "oh, good! But before I die, you have to sell yourselves to earn money for me!"

Donna, seeing that she still refused to let go of them, finally broke down and began to struggle. "Let go of us! Let us go -- help --"

Why did Susan hurt her again and again?!

She still has a baby to take care of. She can't be sold to an unknown place!

Donna's resistance clearly nettled the middle-aged woman. She grabbed Donna's hair and slapped her in her face, "shut up! We're at sea, and no one will answer your call for help! If you refuse to be obedient, I'd like to throw you into the sea even if it's a bad deal!"

The middle-aged woman was about to hit Donna again when Savannah rushed over to stop her. "Stop! Don't hurt us, and we can still fetch a good price!"

Since being tough did not work, they could only use the kid-glove method now.

They pretended to comply and then tried to come up with another plan!

The middle-aged woman paused and finally put her hand down with a snort. "Eat first. Men don't like thin and bony women, I don't want to make a skeleton out of you before we reach the shore!" Then she turned and walked to the door.

"Wait!" Savannah yelled.

"What's up?" the middle-aged women stopped.

"How could we eat with our hands tied?"

"What're you up to?" The middle-aged woman frowned, "lower the head to eat with the mouth!"

"We're not disabled, and we don't know how to eat without hands. As you said, we're at sea. Even if you untie us, we can't run. Can we jump into the sea? But if we can't eat and starve to get sick, you can't sell us at a good price!" Savannah's voice was quiet and almost menacing.

The middle-aged woman paused to think. Finally, she sneered, went over and untied the rope on their hands and feet.

They were on a ship at sea. Where could they go? What's more, there were more than two bouncers out there watching them.

The middle-aged woman left and slammed the door.

Savannah and Donna stretched themselves and relaxed a little. Donna began to whimper and then broke out crying, "Savannah, what should we do... Why is Susan so venomous? I can't be sold! What if I can't see my daughter again?"

Savannah tried to appease her, "Donna, from now on, we can't make any more noise. This kind of freighter will take at least three days to ship to Mexico. When they relax their vigilance, we still have a chance."

Donna never thought Savannah would be so calm.

Savannah was much younger than her, and she was just a good girl. She looked like a delicate flower leaning on the back of a tree when she stood by Mr. Sterling that night.

But in the face of difficulties, she was much calmer than her!

### **208: It Wasn't An Ordinary Kidnapping**

"You're right, Savannah." Donna wiped away her tears and stopped crying, a little ashamed of herself.

They finished their cold meal and were just able to appease their hunger.

It's only been a month since Donna had given birth to her baby. She was already deficient in both vital energy and blood and easily became tired. She leaned against a container and fell asleep soon.

Savannah, however, could not sleep.

She didn't know the time, but it was in the evening when she and Donna were kidnapped, and by now, it should be almost early morning.

They had spent all night at sea... And they were supposed to have left the country.

Old Sterling must have informed Dylan that she didn't return to the villa overnight.

Was Dylan looking for her now?

Bitterness and grief came to her all of a sudden.

If she was sent to the red-light district of Mexico... Was it impossible to see him again in her lifetime?

Maybe he would look for her for some time... But after a while, he might forget her.

A tear, larger than an ocean pearl, fell from Savannah's eye. She took a deep breath and wiped it away.

At this time, the most important thing was to find a way to save herself.

Why did she still think about him?

Savannah fell asleep thinking the way of helping themselves as she whispered unconsciously,

"Dylan... I'm here... "

\* \* \*

In the Sterling's house.

The atmosphere was so quiet and strained that you could hear a pin drop.

Although it was almost early in the morning, all the servants stayed up all night, standing there hanging their heads and hardly daring to breathe.

Garwood was speaking on the phone to the police chief.

On the sofa, a figure of a tall man sat in the center, arms on the armrest, and his face was closed and hard.

At ten o'clock last night, he received a phone call from Cooper, who said that the little woman had gone out after dinner in the evening and had not yet returned.

The bodyguards assigned to protect Savannah, also called and reported urgently that Miss Schultz had been talking with Donna in a cafe, but she did not come out for a long time. When he went in to check, both of them had disappeared, and only Donna's handbag and Miss Schultz's mobile phone were found on the back door of the cafe.

The little woman and Donna had disappeared together!

Dylan immediately sent the Sterling's bodyguards out, searching for Savannah, and then he contacted the police station to comb the city.

He came to the Sterling's house and waited for the bodyguards and the police to respond all night.

He was frozen-face and silent, but his nerves were taut as the strings of a bow!

"Dylan, I know you're worried. But you've got a manhunt going on all over the city, and the police are fully cooperating. Rest assured, Savannah will be alright." said old Sterling persuasively.

"Rest assured? She is missing after she lives here! How can I rest assured!? If I knew what would happen today, I wouldn't have agreed with her to live here anyway!" Dylan ground out between clenched teeth, his tone as cold as ice.

All the servants in the living room lowered their heads and held their breath.

Old Sterling also knew he had a responsibility. After all, Savannah recently lived in the house. He sighed and said nothing more.

Just then, Garwood put the phone down and walked quickly over. "Mr. Sterling."

"How's the investigation?" Dylan asked, his voice solemn.

As soon as he spoke, all the world turned silent, waiting for the reply.

"The police chief said the surveillance at the back of the cafe was broken, and only a distant traffic camera showed that Miss Schultz and her friend were carried into a van by two men. The van headed towards the southeast, but it was too far away to capture the license plate number of the van or the two men's appearance. It seems that they've been kidnapped. I asked the police station to search for the van

in its direction. The Sterling's bodyguards are also out in full force. We're using all the contacts to look for Miss Schultz."

On the sofa, Dylan's face turned darker, like a thunderstorm.

Kidnapping.

How dare the kidnappers touch his woman.

Old Sterling was surprised, "kidnapping? But now the kidnappers haven't called for money!"

Dylan's lips were cold.

It wasn't an ordinary kidnapping.

No one outside knew that Savannah was his woman. Even if somebody knew, no gangster in LA dared to touch his woman.

What's more, Donna was also kidnapped. She was just an ordinary woman.

If it was not for money, it was for their lives.

Who hated Donna and Savannah and wanted them to disappear?

There's only one suspected person.

Dylan cast a cold look at the small white building at the back of the villa from the French window.

Suddenly, he shouted furiously, "take Susan Sterling here!"

The servants in the doorway were surprised but dared not ask a single word; they immediately turned and left for the small white building.

"Dylan, what do you mean by calling Susan? You... you thought she did it?" Old Sterling stared at him, surprised!

Dylan didn't answer, his handsome face covered by rolling clouds.

After a while, Susan was brought in by two servants. As soon as she entered, she looked at Dylan and old Sterling in horror. "What's up?"

Pretending nothing happened? Dylan was too lazy to talk nonsense; he stood up, went to her, "where did you send her to?"

There was such a savage bright glitter in his eyes when he spoke. A shiver crept down Susan's back.

"What are you talking about?" She shrank from him, averting his eyes.

Before the words were out of her mouth, she was grabbed by the collar, and a hand clamped around her neck!

Susan was choked and shivered all over, feeling his fingers tightening around her neck. But she still clenched her teeth and refused to admit. "I don't know what you are talking about. Dad... Save me..."

She didn't believe that Dylan could do anything to her in front of her dad. She was, after all, the member of the Sterling family, his sister.

Sure enough, old Sterling shouted when he saw this, "Dylan, stop!" then he turned to the servants, "Somebody, pull away Master Sterling..."

However, all servants knew Dylan's temper, and no one dared to touch him.

As if he hadn't heard what his dad said, Dylan, taking everyone as air, and didn't release Susan's neck. "Say, where is she?"

When Susan's face turned from red to white and then from white to blue, old Sterling was so worried that he tried to stop Dylan by himself, but he was not able to get back his breath and fell on the sofa.

"Sir!" Cooper and the servants cried and hurriedly came to him.

### **209: Sly Girl**

Dylan turned around.

"Dad!" Susan took advantage of the slight relaxation of his hand and rushed to old Sterling. Then she dared not approach Dylan anymore.

Old Sterling sighed with relief when Dylan let Susan go.

"Dylan, I know you're anxious. If it really has anything to do with Susan, I won't spare her. But you don't have any proof that Susan did it. Now the most important thing is to find Savannah, right?" Old Sterling frowned and said.

"Dad's right!" Susan straightened up, "what makes you think I did it? Do you have any proof? I've been at home these days!"

She gave the two gangsters a lot of money, and they should have already left LA.

Savannah and Donna would have been at sea by now and probably had already been shipped out of the country.

When these two bitches were sold to the red-light district of Mexico, they would never have a chance to escape from that place the whole life!

The dead couldn't give witness!

Ha! At that time, who else could testify against her?!

Dylan looked coldly at Susan, who was hiding behind her father. "You'd better pray that she doesn't lose a hair, or I'll have the person who hurt her buried with her!"

Without proof, it's impossible for his sister to admit.

According to Susan's character, since she was determined to make Savannah and Donna disappear, she wouldn't disclose any clue.

He had no time to waste with her. The most important thing was to save them first.

"Take Miss Sterling back to the white building! Lock the door and don't let her leave without my permission!" Dylan waved and ordered.

Before Susan could say a word, she was forced out of the house by two servants.

At this time, Garwood's phone rang up again. It was the police chief who reported the progress.

"Sir, how's it going?" Garwood had just answered the phone when Dylan reached out, motioning that he wanted to speak with the police chief in person.

Garwood handed the phone to Dylan.

The director was explaining the situation to Garwood when he heard Dylan's calm, cold voice on the other end of the phone. Surprised, he said respectfully, "Mr. Sterling."

"Say." Dylan didn't bother to say a word more.

"Mr. Sterling, we've taken the video surveillance along the road, and we searched in the direction of the van as it went, but it's a plain-looking van, and it's hard to track... Of course, we'll do our best!" A cold sweat broke out on the chief's forehead; he wiped it with his handkerchief as he said.

"Doing your best is not enough. Before dawn, the van must be found." Dylan spoke the words with iron decisiveness.

The police chief gasped, but there was no room to refuse.

The great power and high position of the Sterling family in LA were beyond the imagination of ordinary people. This family was a combination of wealth and noble status, and Dylan Sterling also had a British royal bloodline.

Though the Sterling family didn't enter politics, it was inextricably linked with the highest levels, and its domestic and global forces were still not to be underestimated.

How dare he, as a mere police chief, say no to his orders?

This time if he failed to get the job done, he might at least lose the post title of police chief...

"Yes, Mr. Sterling!" he gritted his teeth and promised.

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Daybreak.

Savannah was woken up by a door opening. She did not sleep well at all.

The middle-aged woman took two bowls of congee, which had been cooled for a long time, as their breakfast.

Donna was also awakened. When she was about to rush madly out of the room, she remembered Savannah's words and tried to calm down again.

In the present situation, they should not be stubborn but be pliant, obedient, and pretend to have accepted their destiny.

"Porridge again? Madam, nothing else?" Savannah bit her lip on purpose.

"Oh, you've begun to pick and choose! Shall I give you a bird's nest and abalone?" The middle-aged woman gave Savannah a disdainful stare; however, she also felt at ease; the girl didn't make a scene but was concerned about eating, which meant she gave up the thought of running away.

"We don't need a bird's nest or abalone, but at least give us some hot food. My sister had just given birth to a baby, and she might get sick with cold food. How could she make money for you if she falls ill?" Savannah said carefully.

Surprised, the middle-aged woman looked at Donna and asked, "what? She just had a baby?"

"Yes, madam," Donna knew what Savannah meant. She leaned back against the container and pretended to have a weak posture, "I just gave birth to a child a month ago, and I'm not young. I won't be liked by those men. I can't make much money for you. Why don't you let us go, and we'll give you back the money you have paid to buy us!"

The middle-aged woman looked at Donna, and sure enough, she saw that the part of her clothes covering her breasts was wet. It seemed to be wet with human milk.

This symptom would happen in lactating women after giving birth.

The middle-aged woman took a breath. She ran out and called a doctor in.

Of course, there was no medical equipment on board, but the doctor knew some traditional Chinese medicine and always treated the patients on board.

The doctor felt Donna's pulse and gave her a simple check. Then he nodded. "She's a new mother."

The middle-aged woman turned pale and sent the doctor away.

"Madam, my sister can't receive guests in this condition. If she annoys the guests, she will smash your business. I suggest you let her go, and I will help her debt!" Savannah stroked the iron while it was hot.

The middle-aged woman angrily cursed the two kidnappers. They sold a woman who had just given birth to a child to her, but charged her so much money!

Many guests thought that women after childbirth would bring bad luck.

"Sly girl!" sneered the woman, "let her go? Wait till she calls the police to help you? In your dream! Am I a fool? Although she's sick now, I can wait after she recovers!"

Even if this new mother was not worth much, she couldn't throw her away!

That's a big loss!

Then she turned and went out, slamming the door behind her.

"Savannah... it didn't work..." Donna's eyes were red.

Savannah dabbed at her hand. "It's okay," she said, "this is only the first round! She knows that you are a new mother and not in good health. We can take our time."

"Well..." Donna nodded. Before she could ask more, she let out a cry when a hairy black shadow darted past, and it chattered!

## **210: I'll Take The Chance**

Startled, Savannah jumped up and immediately realized that it was a fat rat. In this kind of place, there must be many mice and rats.

"Bang!" Savannah took off one of her shoes and killed the rat.

Probably because it had eaten so well that its blood gushed out like a stream, soiled the floor, and spilled onto Donna's trousers!

Frowning at the bloodstains, Savannah was about to call the woman in to clean them up when an idea suddenly came to her.

"What's up, Savannah?" Donna asked, curious, seeing her strange face.

This rat blood... gave Savannah a new idea.

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The first light of the morning caught the Sterling's house.

On the sofa, Dylan, who had not slept all night, was still looking cold and serious, waiting for the report on progress from the police station.

Old Sterling was worried about Savannah and wanted to wait for news together with his son, but he was persuaded by Cooper and Garwood again and again because of his old age. In the middle of the night, he went upstairs to his house to have a rest.

"Ring --"

The shrill voice of the telephone drew everyone's attention!

Dylan immediately grabbed the phone.

"Mr. Sterling, the van has been found." Over the phone, the director wiped his face as he reported, "it was found empty near a cargo terminal in the Port of LA. No one was in it. It's supposed to be abandoned by the kidnappers after they left. We searched the port with Sterling's bodyguards, and some fishermen seemed to have seen two men carrying two bags onto a large freighter. We suspect that the victims are in those bags."

They tied up the little woman to a freighter!

Where do they want to ship them to?

Dylan's face looked gloomier than ever in the half-light, and his eyes glinted angrily. He got up and took over the black suit handed by the servant, put it on as he strode out of the porch.

"Garwood, pick up the car, the fastest one. Go to the port."

Garwood drove the car at top speed in the twilight of the city, ignoring all red lights. They headed for the port as quickly as a flash.

It only took half an hour to stop at the port of LA.

The port area was blocked by the Sterling's cars and the police cars.

The police chief was rushing all over the port to direct the investigation personally. The engine sound of a car was coming from far to near; the brakes screeched as the black single-door sports car stopped at the roadside.

The door was thrown open, and a tall cold figure stepped out of the car. He strode over into the cold morning dew and frost gas, like a cruel monarch coming from hell.

"Why do you come yourself, Mr. Sterling? I can report to you by phone at any time..." The police chief hurried over.

"Have you found out where that freighter went?" Dylan didn't have time to talk nonsense.

The police chief's face expressed embarrassment. "The fishermen didn't pay much attention to that ship... The throughput of this cargo terminal is very large, and there are thousands of cargo ships in and out every day... "

"Keep looking! Narrow the search scope. Find out all the freighters that left from this port yesterday evening, radio the captains, and have them return immediately!" Dylan gave the order decidedly with a stern face.

He would get the little woman back, no matter where she was going, even if she was brought to the ends of the earth!

The police chief took a breath. Mr. Sterling meant to let all the freighters that left last night turn around and come back?

Only this man could be able to give such an order!

Reacting, he immediately told his staff and Sterling's bodyguards to follow the order.

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The freighter rolled and pitched on the heavy sea for another day.

In the evening, as soon as the middle-aged woman opened the door with food, she heard Savannah's panicked voice, "Donna! Are you okay?"

And Donna groaned in pain.

"What's up this time? Why do you have so much to do?" growled the middle-aged woman impatiently.

"Madam, I don't know if it's because of the cold food or a bad rest, my sister lost such blood... Is it called metrorrhagia after childbirth...?" Savannah wore an expression of horror, pointing at Donna's trousers and the place where she had been sitting.

The middle-aged woman looked down. There were clumps of blood on Donna's pants and dried blood on the plank under her.

Donna, leaning against a container, clutched her belly and whined in pain. "It hurts. I should see a doctor... I'm dying..."

"Madam, if she has lost too much blood, she'll have to be given a transfusion. When the freighter stops, please allow me to take her to the hospital or clinic!" Savannah quickly added.

The middle-aged woman sneered. "Let you get off the ship to see a doctor? So funny! What if you run away? Don't play tricks with me!"

"No trick! The doctor on the ship also said that she really just had a baby, right? We didn't lie to you! And you see how bad she is now, we can't run! Besides, the freighter has been sailing for more than a day. We've no idea where we are, and we're totally unfamiliar with the place and the people! Where can we run? When seeing a doctor, you can still send someone to follow us! But if she keeps losing blood, she might die, and your money will be wasted!" Savannah said deliberately.

The middle-aged woman hesitated.

If this woman couldn't get through before they arrived at their destination...that's a big loss!

Donna's wailing grew louder.

Finally --

The middle-aged woman narrowed her fierce triangular eyes. "The cargo ship will stop at a harbor for a while later. That's a small town. I'll have her taken to the clinic."

"Madam, let me go with her. She can't even walk in this way; someone has to hold her up." Savannah added quickly.

The middle-aged woman didn't think they dared to play tricks. As Savannah said, they almost arrived at the border district. Where could two weak women run? She would ask two enormous men to go with them, there's no chance of escape!

"Never try to run away. Otherwise, you'll see!" The middle-aged woman said tartly before she left.

Savannah was relieved when the door slammed shut.

Unexpectedly, it worked!

"Savannah... What should we do next? Do we really have a chance?" Donna was worried and nervous.

"Try it anyway. You pretended sickness and tried to draw their attention away. I'll take the chance."

Donna nodded heavily. "Hmm!"

Savannah searched around the cabin until she found a black brick.

