

Midnight 291

291: Why Are You Upset?

Full-term pregnancy was more than nine months. How could a vigorous young man like Dylan avoid sex with a beautiful young girl for such a long time? And when that girl lived in the same house with him, it would be impossible for a normal man to be completely abstinent.

In Beverly Hills, no one could say anything even if he went too far, and Savannah was always too mild and meek to refuse him. What if they hurt his cherished grandson?

Now Savannah was living in the Sterling's house, and they didn't see each other every day. They would be more abstemious.

"What do you want to talk about?" Dylan asked impatiently.

"About you and Savannah. What are you going to do?" Old Sterling stood up and looked serious.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know what you mean." Dylan's expression was still impassive.

Seeing his indifferent manner, old Sterling frowned and said directly, "Savannah is pregnant. Have you ever thought of giving her a fair position? I don't want my first grandchild to be born out of wedlock."

"Then what do you want?" Dylan asked dryly as if it was none of his business.

"If you don't object, it'll be a gradual process. I would arrange a press conference first, on which you can announce the identity of Savannah--your girlfriend, and then you get engaged as soon as possible. There will be a wedding before her tummy becomes too big. Now Savannah's baby bump is not very obvious, and the wedding dress could perfectly cover it up. What do you think?" Old Sterling explained his plan out and looked at his son.

"Do you really want my advice?" Dylan met old Sterling's eyes calmly.

"Of course." Old Sterling raised his eyebrows.

"There's no rush," Dylan said dryly.

How could it be no rush? Old Sterling sighed. Savannah was going to have a baby in half a year. He hoped that his grandson would be born in a fitting and proper manner.

"Dylan, since you don't want to marry Savannah, why do you have to stay with her? There're so many women around you, why did you choose your nephew's fiancée? I thought you really like her and want to go steady with her, so I ignored all the outside gossips and didn't prevent you from being together. Witnessing your attitude now... It really bothers me." Old Sterling sighed again and continued, "do you really take Savannah as your mistress? If you have to keep a mistress, why don't you choose another model or star?"

There were lots of beautiful models and attractive rich ladies who confessed their love to Dylan, like Miss White. But his son, though born with a silver spoon, was not like a playboy or lascivious man at all.

He was always calm and had his own judgment on how to choose a woman. He never needed other's advice.

Therefore, in the mind of old Sterling, Dylan really liked Savannah and was serious in their relationship. However, Dylan's reaction made him change his original thought.

"I don't have to tell anybody about our affairs. As for her and the baby, I will take care of them anyway." It was a clear rejection.

Old Sterling didn't say anything more. It was always Dylan's way. No one could open his mouth if he did not want to explain or say anything.

"Is that what you called me here for? Then I'll go now." Dylan turned and walked to the door, as he said.

Outside the room, Savannah was standing still with Dylan's mobile phone in her hand, her eyes blank. When she heard Dylan's returning footsteps, she suddenly woke up and ran back towards her room quickly. Her slippers with soft soles made no sound.

She ran back to her room, closed the door behind her, and leaned against the door, breathing hard. When she finally calmed down, she had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, and a few tears of frustration welled in her eyes.

Tears? Why is she weeping?

Because he refused to marry her?

She curled her lips with self-deprecation and wiped away her tears.

What she had just heard was like a wake-up call. All her imaginary happiness vanished in a moment.

But it was what she had expected all the while, wasn't it?

She knew this man didn't belong to her, and he would never have a steady relationship with her.

She had known for a long time that she was just his pet. No matter how much he petted her or cared about her, he didn't love her.

Would owners marry their pets? Never.

How foolish she was when moved by his occasional enthusiasm and gentleness. How could she believe he had special feelings for her just because he rushed into the sea of fire and saved her out?

But why? As old Sterling wondered, why the one had to be her...

Why did he leave her in his house and make her pregnant with his baby, and even risk his life for her if he didn't like her? Why did he hesitate in front of marriage?

Just then, the door was knocked.

Of course, it was Dylan. Savannah straightened up quickly, put the phone back on the bed, and opened the door.

Different from the glacial indifference in front of old Sterling, Dylan looked much softer when he talked to Savannah. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing." Savannah lowered her head to avoid eye contact with him. She didn't want her bad mood to be sensed by him. She disliked admitting that he could easily affect her emotionally.

Dylan fixed his penetrating gaze at the little woman. Her expression was quite different from what he had seen in her just now. She looked gloomy and a little sad.

"Why are you so upset? What happened to you?" inquired Dylan, approaching her.

"Nothing," Savannah replied in a low voice as she retreated, "pregnant women's mood kept changing. I'm just a little tired."

Being stopped by the bed behind her, Savannah turned her head to avoid his hot breath.

Dylan lifted her head up with his long finger, seeing her tired face, and frowned. Though a little disappointed, he did not force her. He pressed her to sit on the bed, and before he could lie her down, Savannah hurriedly jumped out of bed, "I... I want to take a bath and sleep early. You should be tired after working all day. Why not go back first?"

Then she went around him to the bathroom and slammed the door behind her.

Dylan found a hint of hidden disgust and avoidance in her slightly red eyes. It seemed that he was a monster.

His eyes darkened as he looked at her shadowy figure behind the frosted bathroom door. Finally, he said nothing and walked out of the room.

292: It's Over

Emma was walking upstairs with the boiled nourish soup when saw Mr. Sterling come out of Savannah's room.

"Mr. Sterling, are you leaving?" asked Emma politely.

Dylan nodded with a cold expression, "take care of Miss Schultz." Then he glanced back at the closed door and strode downstairs.

* * *

The following week, Dylan came to the Sterling's house twice.

He always came in the evening and had dinner with old Sterling and Savannah.

However, old Sterling noticed that each time Dylan came, Savannah never spoke to him first at the dinner table. The atmosphere between the two people was tense and quiet. When Dylan took the initiative to ask something about the baby, Savannah answered in an aloof manner.

After dinner, Savannah would ask Sophie or Emma to take her to the garden for a walk or rush upstairs and close herself in her room.

Anyway, Savannah seemed to be avoiding Dylan.

Dylan left the Sterling's house with a black face every time.

A few days later, the whole house seemed to become astir and busy. Savannah learned from Sophie that Devin had gone through his exit formalities and was going to fly to Japan this Sunday, so the servants were busy packing for him. Old Sterling also planned to send two old servants to Japan with his grandson. On the one hand, they would take care of Devin in his daily life, and on the other hand, they could report back to old Sterling at any time so that Devin would not create any scandal to ruin his family reputation.

In the evening, Devin came to the Sterling's house for dinner.

He would leave LA in a few days, and he came here today to say goodbye to his grandpa.

Though old Sterling was displeased with his grandson, his heart softened before they parted.

"Devin," old Sterling said mildly, "don't blame grandpa for being cruel. Cultivate yourself in Japan, and I'll let you back at the right time."

"I know, grandpa," Devin said, bowing his head with every sign of real repentance.

After the meal, Savannah stood up and said, "Sir, I will take a walk in the garden. Take your time."

Old Sterling nodded with a smile.

Holding her belly motherly, Savannah walked out of the villa, accompanied by Sophie.

Devin stared at Savannah's belly, and his feelings were very mixed. After his uncle was hurt in a fire, he also learned that Savannah had been pregnant for a long time.

He was jealous and upset, but what made him especially annoyed was not the fact that his ex-fiancée was pregnant with his uncle's child, but this child was another Sterling.

His uncle might be given more power with this child. Dylan was old Sterling's only son, and Savannah's baby was sure to bring his uncle and his grandpa much closer.

It's over. Devin thought, a little bitterly.

He could never have his own kids and was driven to a distant place without a fixed return date.

He had no chance to fight with his uncle again.

As Savannah disappeared behind the door, Devin tried to yank his mind back out of those disastrous thoughts.

Savannah, in Sophie's company, was taking a walk in the garden. The intelligent lights came on at dusk.

Soon, night fell. "Miss Schultz, it's getting dark. Why don't we go back?" said Susan.

Savannah didn't hear the racing of the car engine, so Devin hadn't left. If she went back to the house, she would meet him again. "You can go back first. I'd like to stay here a moment longer," Savannah said.

"Can you have a walk alone?" Sophie hesitated.

"No problem. I'll be back in a minute."

Sophie nodded and went in first.

Savannah wandered slowly in the garden and then sat on a cane chair beside a flower wall. She looked down at her belly with a surprised and charming smile when she felt the baby move inside her.

As she reached the fifth month, she could feel her baby moving around more often. The baby must be a healthy baby.

"What? Do you want to hear a story?" These days, Savannah read stories to the unborn baby as prenatal education after dinner every evening. Did the baby want to remind her of storytime by kicking her in her belly?

The baby was so active in her belly that he or she must be a naughty and clever angel after birth.

Not far away, Devin felt a sudden pang of regret to see the look of peaceful happiness on Savannah's face. She should have been his woman, and the baby his child.

He took a deep breath and walked slowly towards Savannah.

At the sound of footsteps, Savannah raised her head and started. She did not expect Devin to come to the garden, and her first response was to keep her distance. She stood up and was about to go round him to the house when he shot out his arm to stop her.

"We were in a relationship, after all. Now I'll go abroad soon, don't you want to say a few words with me?" Devin gritted his teeth at the stiffness of her manners.

Savannah stopped and looked at him with an ironic smile, "good, then I wish you never to return to LA." She would thank goodness if she didn't have to see him again.

"Ha," said Devin, sneering, "do you really want to give birth to this child for my uncle?"

"It's none of your business," Savannah said with her head on one side.

"Because you were my fiancée, I don't want you to be hurt," Devin said, with a significant shrug of the shoulders, "do you know why my uncle chose you to be his woman?"

Savannah looked at him sharply.

Devin slowly walked to her, his hands in his pants pocket. "My uncle has been leading a clean life. There are so many stars and rich ladies chasing him all the time, but he never put any of them on his mind. So far, you're the only one who has won his favor and could stay at his side. Do you really think he's fallen in love with you?"

Savannah clenched her teeth and glared at him, "what the hell do you want to say?"

"You know why I sent you to my uncle's bed? When he first saw your photo on my mobile phone, he looked at it for a long time without blinking. That's also the first time I saw him so interested in a

woman. In order to persuade him to invest money in my business, I'd been wondering for a long time what kind of woman he would accept. Then I finally know the answer."

293: Who Is That Person?

"Devin, you still have the cheek to mention that? What a shameless rat you are!" Savannah was so angry that she suddenly raised her hand to give Devin's face a slap, but was grabbed by the wrist by Devin. He sneered and said, "shameless? Maybe my uncle's more shameless. Don't you want to know why he's only interested in you?"

Savannah took two steps back when Devin released her wrist, and her heart rate inexplicably increased.

Yes, that's what she had always wanted to know...

From the day he made her his woman, she had hidden this doubt in her heart.

She became even more curious about the answer after he turned down old Sterling's suggestion of their marriage that day. Why? Why did this man insist on keeping her beside him but refuse to have a steady relationship with her?

It's not that she wanted to be the lady of Sterling's house or she had to marry him. But...no woman in the world would feel well at such a refusal.

"Why?" She tried to compose herself.

Devin looked at Savannah meaningfully. "I'm surprised too. Even if he slept with you because of the drug in the wine the first night, I never thought he would keep you in Beverly Hills and even made you pregnant. If he just needs a mistress for sex, there were so many beautiful stars and rich ladies who like him, and his nephew's fiancée's really not a good choice. My uncle is a calm and restrained man, not so stupid. However, not long ago, I heard that he's been looking for someone in Chicago..."

Savannah said nothing. Yes, the last time she went on a business trip with Dylan, he scolded his subordinate Erik when he said he couldn't find the person Dylan wanted. And from what she heard from the old butler in his mother's house, she guessed that whom he kept looking for was his lifesaver.

As expected, Devin continued, "Do you know who my uncle is looking for? When he was young, he lived in my grandmother's house in Chicago for a period of time. The house got to fire one day, and he was saved out by a passerby."

"Dylan's looking for his lifesaver..." Savannah murmured as a reply. It was not strange that he wanted to thank his lifesaver. But didn't know why, Savannah got inexplicably upset, and the baby inside her belly seemed to become restless too.

"That's right. But do you know who his lifesaver is?" Devin looked at Savannah with a kind of pity.

A presentment warned Savannah that if she knew the truth, she would only place herself in a distressing circumstance, but she could not help asking with trembling heart, "who is that person?"

"I sent someone to Chicago to secretly get acquainted with Erik and learned from him that... my uncle's lifesaver is a girl, about your age, and more importantly..." he walked up to her, lowered his head and said sardonically, "from the girl's portrait in Erik's hand, we found that she looks like you. Do you understand now?"

Savannah clenched her fists.

Of course, she did.

Dylan took her as a substitute for the girl who had saved his life!

No wonder he asked her if she had been to Chicago when she came to Beverly Hills the first time.

What's more, she remembered that he had prepared a young girl's dress-- a plain white sailor outfit for her when she moved to Beverly Hills.

At that time, she thought he was a damn hardcore who liked to have sex with young girls, but now she guessed that he just wanted to remember the girl who had saved him.

The girl must be in her early teens when she saved him, and she was the one Dylan always admired and even loved, right?

That was why he was so determined to confine herself to his side, yet unwilling to marry her!

The position of his wife should be reserved for the girl who saved his life, who he really loved, not a substitute!

Tears from the depths of despair rose in her heart, and she held them back with difficulty. She did not want to lose her composure in front of Devin.

Devin approached her and lowered his voice. "Don't you repent? My uncle isn't the good man as you thought. If you want to leave him, I can accept you again at any time. How about we go to Japan together?"

Before he finished, Savannah had raised her arm and gave Devin a mighty thump with her elbow.

"What're you doing?" Devin stepped back in pain and covered his chest.

"I never thought he's a good person. But you are never better than him!" Savannah held up her chest, stared at him scornfully, and went back to the main house.

* * *

Just as she entered the living room, old Sterling waved to her, "Savannah, come here! Dylan's here."

Savannah shuddered as if she was allergic to this name.

Dylan came when she was walking in the garden, and he was sitting on the sofa talking about business with old Sterling just now.

His eyes darkened as he saw her coming back from the garden. Before he could speak, Savannah lowered her head and said, "Sir, I'm a little tired after walking in the garden. I want to go upstairs for a rest now."

After a pause, old Sterling nodded, "okay, then go upstairs and have a rest."

Without looking at Dylan, Savannah hurried upstairs.

In the room, Savannah was about to lock the door when it was pulled by someone outside. Before she reacted, the door was forcibly opened, and Dylan quickly stepped in like a whirlwind. Then he closed the door with a bang!

She did not expect him to force his way in. With a frown, she stepped back subconsciously to keep her distance from him.

Dylan could clearly see the disgust and avoidance on her face. "What's wrong with you?" His voice was stern, and his gaze sharp.

She had been hiding from him these days, cold and indifferent to him. He thought it was because her mood kept changing during pregnancy, so he didn't push her.

But today, he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Nothing." She still hung her head and did not look at him.

"Nothing? Then why did you hide from me these days?" He asked coldly.

"I didn't." Savannah bit her lip.

He clasped her chin, forcing her eyes to meet his. "Look at me."

She looked away.

"I told you to look at me!" He shouted more sharply!

Her face trembled in his fingers, and her eyes met him unwillingly as if she was suffering the worst punishment in the world.

294: How Was That Possible?

Obviously, it was not "nothing." She didn't even look at him.

"What do you mean by your attitude?" He asked darkly, and his smoldering gray gaze was cold and hard.

"Nothing. I'm not feeling well, and I want to sleep. Please let me go." Her voice was strangely calm. She looked like a captive woman who had accustomed to her captivity, resigned but pathetically calm.

He had never seen her like this. Before, she would complain if she bore a grudge against him, and she would even go on terribly when she was angry. But now she looked very pale and distraught as if she was a body without a soul. And she was quiet, too quiet.

When Dylan was looking at her thoughtfully, Savannah turned her face away and walked towards the bed. But she was caught by the wrist as she took one step and pulled into his arms. Before she could exclaim, Dylan lowered his head and kissed her fervently, his tongue invading her mouth.

She widened her eyes at him, whimpering. "Let go... no..." She found herself struggling and pushing him, but he's a wall of hard muscle, and she could not shift him.

His anger about her indifference these days had all been turned into a hard kiss.

He clasped his hands on either side of her head and kissed her, deeply, possessing her mouth, controlling her.

He hoped that this kiss could soften her and make her submitted. She used to be lost in his kiss, he knew, and then she would be completely at the mercy of his expert touch.

But this time, after a long kiss, her lips were still cold, and she wasn't receptive at all.

Her aloofness provoked him but also brought out his desire to conquer the disobedient little woman. He deepened the kiss. He hauled her against his body, squeezing her tightly. One hand remained in her hair, the other traveled down her spine to her waist and down to her behind. His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed hard.

His voice was soft, seductive, "babe, look at me, respond to me... Don't you want me?"

Savannah, however, felt a chill in her heart.

He didn't mean her but that girl who saved him when he called babe...

He kissed her passionately because she was a perfect substitute.

This thought made her so sick that she could not bear it any longer. When his tongue temporarily left her, she bit his lower lip as hard as she could. Instantly, she tasted blood.

Dylan stopped in pain and looked at the woman in front of him in disbelief. He dabbed his lip with his finger and found it stained with blood.

Savannah gasped, stepping back in a cold sweat. What had she done? Did she bite him?

He looked at her pale face written with fear, her delicate lips stained with some blood too. Did she hurt herself? Instead of expressing his anger, he strode forward and held her chin carefully to check her lip, "you hurt?"

Savannah wanted to turn away but could not move. Looking at his anxious eyes, she had mixed feelings underneath.

Did he care about her because of her face? The face like the girl in his dreams...

Fortunately, she was not hurt. Dylan sighed and pulled a tissue to wipe the blood from her lips.

She remained dazed until he wiped herself clean. "Why are you so nice to me?" she asked, her voice quiet.

Dylan looked at her, confused.

Seeing that he did not answer, she continued, looking into his eyes. "And why is it me? If you want a woman, you can pick and choose. Why do you insist on me?"

After a while, Dylan's eyes deepened, and he finally said, "no reason."

Oh. No reason.

He's such a powerful, well-known rich young man, but he only preferred an orphan girl, a small model. How could there be no reason?

Savannah smiled coldly but did not go on to reveal anything. "I'm really tired, I'm going to have a rest," she said wearily.

Dylan mused for a few seconds, staring at her. "What's wrong with you?"

She knew he was asking her why her attitude had suddenly changed like this.

But what could she say?

She felt upset because she had known that he took her as a substitute?

If he refused to say it first, why should she keep asking?

It would only make her feel miserable and humble, and it proved that she cared about him...

How was that possible? How could she care about him? He was at most her sugar daddy.

Since they could only talk about sex, she'd better not care about the feelings.

Thinking of this, she climbed into the bed and covered herself with a blanket, facing away from him.

Dylan stared at her back. Finally, he turned around and left the room.

These days, the atmosphere of the Sterling's house became much quieter.

In the evening, old Sterling sat on the sofa with the television on, absent-mindedly watching the financial news.

The chattering of the financial commentators on television did little to change the deserted atmosphere.

Old Sterling glanced upstairs and sighed. Devin was sent abroad, and Dylan did not come for a long time. Savannah said that she was easily sleepy and seldom went out of her room these days. The big house was like a dead tomb.

Cooper knew that his old master preferred noise than quietness. He thought for a moment and said persuasively, "the house will be warmed up when Miss Schultz gives birth to a grandchild for you, sir. At that time, there will be parties for the celebration of the newborn baby's birth and his first month, and you'll be busy with the kid every day."

Old Sterling waved his hand with another sigh, "I don't ask for that now. I just want a wedding banquet in the Sterling family first."

His grandson should have a legitimate identity first.

295: You Have To Stay At My Side Obediently

Cooper knew that old Sterling was still worried about the marriage between Miss Schultz and Dylan. Miss Schultz's belly was getting bigger day by day, did she have to give birth to this child as an unmarried woman?

"I've called Garwood. He said Dylan would come to dinner tonight as you asked, sir. Maybe you can talk to him later." Cooper said.

There's nothing else he could do. Old Sterling nodded and said nothing.

Just after the financial news broadcast, there was a noise at the door. The servants greeted Dylan respectfully as he walked in.

Seeing Dylan come, Cooper asked the maid to serve the meal and then told Emma to bring Savannah down the stairs for dinner.

Just as Dylan sat down, old Sterling said, "Dylan, what do you think about the matter we discussed last time? Savannah's belly is growing bigger and bigger, and it cannot be covered up soon. Do you really want my dear grandson to be born as an illegitimate child? That's ridiculous! Stuff like illegitimate children never prevails with our family! This time I'm not discussing it with you. I don't care whether you agree or not. I'll let someone arrange your wedding in a month!"

Before Dylan spoke, Savannah's voice came up the stairs, "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't want to get married."

Dylan's eyes deepened when he heard this. He looked up and saw Savannah walking down the stairs slowly in a loose chiffon maternity dress.

He hadn't seen her for several days. She looked thinner, and her small face was not as big as his hand.

"Savannah, what do you mean?" asked old Sterling in surprise.

Savannah came up to the father and the son. She took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but I won't."

Dylan's face darkened.

"Why?" old Sterling never expected that Savannah did not want to get married. "Did Dylan force you to say that?" Then he asked, shooting a sharp look at Dylan.

"No, Dylan didn't force me," Savannah said, "I don't want to get married."

"There must be a reason! You're pregnant! What do you want if not marriage?" Old Sterling was worried.

The reason... The reason was that she didn't want to take the place he reserved for another girl.

What's more, she did not want to be taken as a substitute by her future husband, and she could not bear her man to think of another girl when she called her babe.

She bit her lip, trying to keep her voice calm. "Our feelings are not good enough for marriage. It doesn't mean we have to get married when I'm pregnant."

Our feelings are not good enough for marriage. Dylan frowned and swallowed what he had planned to say.

Old Sterling was speechless. He was really unable to understand the thinking mode of young people now.

They didn't have to get married when she got pregnant? Was it a great honor to be an unmarried mother?

Savannah did not look like that kind of open-minded person. She must have her own troubles. Before he could ask more, Savannah had already said apologetically, "Sir, please don't push me."

What else could old Sterling say now? He had thought that Dylan was the hardest one to persuade, but Savannah, who was always nice and obedient, suddenly became stubborn too. Old Sterling was so infuriated that he lost all appetite for dinner. He stood up angrily and went upstairs.

Cooper followed him hurriedly.

Savannah had no appetite to eat. She turned around and wanted to go upstairs when Dylan cried behind her, "stop!"

She stopped but did not look back.

"Get out." Dylan turned to the servants and shouted.

Emma left with other servants immediately. There was only silence in the living room.

Savannah stood quietly with her back to him. Dylan stepped forward and stood in front of her, staring at her. "Do you mean by what you said just now?"

Savannah did not hesitate and nodded.

His gaze turned even colder. "You're pregnant. Who do you want to marry if not me? Or you still don't want the baby?"

She put her hand on her belly and said, "don't worry, since I've promised you, I'll not go back on my words. I'll give birth to the baby for you. But I'm not getting married. My reason has just been stated."

Then, bypassing him, she went straight upstairs.

From behind came Dylan's cold and sullen voice, "our feelings are not good enough for marriage? Who do you want to marry then? Kevin?"

She made no reply, walking on slowly.

"You still want to get back together with Kevin, right?" Dylan shouted, his shrill, cold voice wandering around the huge living room.

She had said that there was no special feeling between Kevin and her, and they were just brother and sister... Oh, all lies.

How could feelings between man and woman be pure friendship?

Kevin, the man who was one step ahead of him in her life, held a more important position in her heart.

She didn't want to get married because of Kevin.

There was no other reason for her to refuse the Sterling family's marriage.

Savannah bit her lower lip firmly.

It was him who refused to marry her first, but now he blamed her for that...

She knew he was in a rage now, not because he loved her and wanted to marry her, but simply because he could not afford to lose to another man.

How could a proud and conceited man like Dylan allow himself to be rejected by a woman?

He could refuse anyone, but no one should refuse him.

Savannah stopped, slowly curled her fingers into her palm, and squeezed her hand. In spite of the sadness in her heart, she said, "yeah, I want Kevin. I'm really happy with him. It's completely wrong to start with you, isn't it? So let me go after I give birth to the baby."

If he could let her go instead of leaving her as a substitute, she didn't care what he thought of her.

Dylan's face was more than sullen. For a moment, Savannah felt that he wanted to kill her, or kill Kevin...

All of a sudden, Dylan moved. He could not remain calm any longer. He strode to her and put his arms around her waist, mercilessly pulling her into his hot arms. Imprisoning her in his arms, Dylan put his hand under her chin and tipped her head back, his voice cold as snow, "let you go? In your dream! Don't forget our agreement. Do you want to leave? Okay, wait until I'm tired of you. Before that, you have to stay at my side obediently. Give birth to my kids one after another!"

297: Going Out

Savannah said yes, unhesitatingly. It was a long time since she went out to play last time. Perhaps going out with her best friend could make her mood a little better.

After making an appointment with Olivia about the time and place, Savannah went to old Sterling's room. Old Sterling agreed immediately and asked Emma and two bodyguards to accompany her out the next day. He knew that Savannah had been depressed recently, and he didn't want her bad mood to affect the health of the baby.

The next day came blue and full of sunshine, with little wafts of wind. Savannah got changed and had a good breakfast. Then the driver sent her and Emma to the park where Olivia suggested.

It was a large park located in northwestern of the city, covering an area of 60 hectares, including about 30 hectares' water area. It is divided into four regions: quiet rest area, water area, recreational food area, and Plant Park. Most of the inside landscape was centered on a large lake and distributed along the coast. The inside landscape was divided into a lake, two streams, five islands, and ten bridges. The park was lush with pleasant scenery. It was a popular place for families.

Today was Tuesday, and there were not many tourists in the park. Savannah got out of the car at the gate and saw Olivia standing in the doorway.

Olivia, who had her head shaved before the operation in the hospital, looked like a schoolboy in a pink cap, a crude T-shirt, and light blue jeans. She looked beautiful and refreshed, unlike anyone who'd experienced a serious illness.

Savannah went up to her and joked, "Wow, what a handsome guy! Are you standing here trying to impress me?"

Olivia used to take her place in the still modeling world with her clean and androgynous style, and this time the buzz cut unexpectedly suited for her.

Olivia cupped her chin and raised her head, joking back, "what's up, sweetie? Are you hitting on me? It's my pleasure to take you everywhere you want to go."

Olivia was about 5'6" tall and in gender-neutral clothes. Behind them, Emma laughed as she saw Miss Schultz flirting with a tomboy.

In fact, when knowing Mr. Sterling was with Mr. Yontz's fiancée, Emma and the servants in the Sterling family all had some prejudice against the small model.

It was clear that the ladies who were able to marry into the Sterling family all had a noble family background, at least.

George Sterling's mother, for example, was the daughter of an aristocratic family. And George's dead wife was from the Cavendish family, a famous royal family.

Savannah's cousin, Valerie, who used improper means to get pregnant and married Mr. Yontz, was an exception. What's more, Mr. Yontz was not a Sterling, so it was understandable that Valerie could marry Mr. Yontz successfully.

However, if Savannah married Dylan, she would become the new hostess of the Sterling family in the future.

She was not from a rich family, nor was she a famous star. How could such a parentless orphan who lived in her uncle's house have the qualification to become their young master's wife?

What's more, the atmosphere in the modeling world was always said to be bad. No one welcomed Savannah in the early time.

And then, they found that this Miss Schultz was not like her cousin or those frivolous models. She did not smoke or drink alcohol, and she never ordered them here and thereby the gesture. In fact, Savannah was polite to everyone, not arrogant at all, and she was always quiet and liked a girl next door. Then their opinion of Savannah changed. She was a girl of cultivation, and it was said that she had a well-to-do family when her father was still alive. That's why Susan allowed Savannah to be her future daughter-in-law.

Today, when Emma met Savannah's friend Olivia, who was also a still model, she found that they were no different from ordinary girls, young and entertaining.

The two girls played and made jokes as they walked into the park. Olivia's smile faded when her gaze fell on Savannah's pregnant belly underneath her loose skirt.

Olivia knew that Savannah was living in the Sterling's house, which meant she had decided to have the baby anyway.

Now that her best friend had made up her mind, Olivia didn't want to meddle in her affairs or criticize her. Today she only wanted to make her feel better than staying alone in the big house.

Emma and the two bodyguards followed them about five meters away silently. In this distance, they could protect Savannah without disturbing her.

After enjoying the beautiful scene under the sunshine all morning, Olivia and Savannah stopped at a pavilion in the quiet rest area. "You must be tired, let's have a rest here," said Olivia as she settled Savannah on a wood chair carefully.

Perhaps it was because Savannah ate well and took good care of my old Sterling, she was not tired at all. Though she had nausea, dizziness, and hypoglycemia during the first trimester of pregnancy, she was much better and in a good spirit now.

After she sat down, Emma came over with two bottles of water and handed them to Savannah and Olivia. "Tell me if you want anything else, Miss Schultz," said Emma, "there are fruits and snacks in the car refrigerators."

Olivia opened her eyes wide at Emma. Refrigerators? It's not long-journey travel, and they just took a walk in the garden... Was it necessary to go out with refrigerators? She joked and said to Emma, "I'm not going to starve Savannah. I'll buy water and food for her if she's thirsty or hungry."

Emma smiled, "sorry, Miss, but you may not know that our master didn't allow Miss Schultz to eat street food. He said that food does not have nutrients and are often processed with chemicals. Food safety is important for pregnant women, so our chef-prepared drinks and food at home, and I took them out and kept them in the car refrigerators. If you feel hungry, I'll ask the bodyguards to take the food here."

Olivia took a deep breath. It seemed that old Sterling valued Savannah and the baby a lot. Anyway, she was relieved as long as the Sterling family treated Savannah well.

298: Nice To Meet You Again

After Emma delivered the food and drink, she friendly left so as not to bother the two girls.

Savannah and Olivia sat on the benches, chatting. After a while, Savannah wanted to go to the bathroom again. In fact, Olivia had accompanied her to the bathroom twice just now, so Savannah was a little embarrassed this time. She had drunk too much water, and for pregnant women, frequent trips to the toilet were very normal.

Olivia was about to go with her again when Savannah stopped her, "don't bother, I'll do it myself. It's not far."

The public toilet in the park was just below the pavilion, a minute or two away.

"Then ask Emma to go with you. Now you are the key protected one in the Sterling family. There must be no mistakes." Olivia stood up.

"I'm not disabled. If I had to be helped to the bathroom every time, you'd better tie me to my bed for the next five months." Savannah said with a pout.

Olivia didn't stop her. Well, Savannah was no more than five months pregnant now, she didn't have to be protected like this.

Savannah left the pavilion and went to the bathroom.

After finishing and washing her hands, she went out slowly and prepared to return to the pavilion along the cobblestone alleyway.

Unexpectedly, she stepped on a loose pebble after two steps and slipped, stumbling headlong into the ground.

"Miss?" A passerby caught her hand firmly and tugged her back. Savannah swallowed her exclamation and gasped for breath. Looking up, she saw the man in front of her clearly. The young gentleman seemed familiar. He had beautiful eyes, a straight nose, and he was tall, elegantly dressed.

"You!" Savannah remembered. She had met the man when she went to Chicago on a business trip with Dylan.

It had been months. Savannah wouldn't have remembered him if it were not for his graceful form and elegant manner, which impressed her deeply.

Lionel apparently remembered her, too. "Watch your feet," he smiled and said. Then his attention inadvertently turned on her pregnant belly, and he looked slightly surprised.

It's not big, but it's a bump. She's obviously pregnant.

Savannah blushed imperceptibly when she found he was still holding her hand. She pulled away from her hand and said, "thank you... What a coincidence to meet you again. Aren't you from Chicago? How did you come to LA?"

"I'm here to take care of some business." A project was to be completed in the Muse Park, so he came here himself for pre-market research.

Savannah nodded. She knew that the man was a successful businessman when she saw him in Chicago the first time.

They met twice, and every time he helped her, so Savannah had a good opinion of him.

"Well, last time I knew you are the secretary of Dylan Sterling. I don't know your name yet." Lionel smiled and said gently.

"Savannah Schultz." Savannah didn't hesitate to tell her name to such a dignified and charming man.

Lionel slightly raised his brows when he heard the name. Schultz...

Savannah saw his silence and wondered, "what's your name, please?"

"Lionel Rowe." He gave her his hand in a friendly way, "nice to meet you again, Miss Schultz."

Savannah reached out to shake his hand, handsomely, "nice to meet you too, Mr. Rowe."

After some pleasant talk, Savannah realized Olivia was still in the pavilion, and she said, "Mr. Rowe, my friend is still waiting for me, I've to go first."

As she turned around, Lionel looked at her back, and his gaze fell on her hair. "Miss Schultz," he called to stop her.

Savannah looked back at him curiously and asked, "anything else, Mr. Rowe?"

"I don't come to LA very often. This time, I'll live here for a long time, but I'm new to the local area," Lionel said slowly and sounded sincere, "if you have time now, could you please tell me more information about this city?"

Savannah paused. She knew such a man didn't mean to pick up on her, but even google could give him enough information he wanted...

"Well, we're not friends now, but we might become friends later, right? One more friend, one more way." Lionel added, his eyes clear.

The man's tone was not domineering, but his elegant manner made it hard for Savannah to refuse him. Anyway, he had helped her twice, and it was only a small request.

"Well... My friend is in the pavilion. Why don't you come with me, and we can sit down and talk?" Savannah gestured to the pavilion and suggested.

Lionel smiled and nodded. Then they went back to the pavilion together.

Olivia was amazed to see Savannah returning with a handsome and graceful man. How did Savannah pick up a man after going to the bathroom?

He was tall, dressed in a fine gray suit, white shirt, and black tie with flaxen hair. He looked young and was refined in manner.

There were many handsome male models in the modeling world, but the man in front of them was outstanding among the top male models.

Olivia stood up and walked over, "Savannah, this is..."

Savannah introduced Lionel to Olivia and explained what Lionel was up to. Olivia looked suspiciously at Lionel but said nothing, nodded, and sat down with them.

Not far away, Emma stared wide-eyed at the young man coming with Savannah to the pavilion. He was talking and laughing with Miss Schultz.

"Didn't Miss Schultz say she had a date today with her best friend? Is that man her friend too?" Emma prodded the bodyguard next to her with her elbow

"Who knows? From the way, Miss Schultz spoke to him... I can say they know each other. Did Miss Schultz happen to meet her friend?" The bodyguard looked at them distantly and said.

"Well, I know they might be friends. Miss Schultz should not have chatted with him in this way if it's the first time they meet... But a friend? I've never heard that Miss Schultz has any male friend," muttered Emma, warily eyeing Lionel in the pavilion.

The bodyguard laughed, "Emma, don't be nervous. They are just chatting. Besides, the man looks nice, and he seems to be from a good family. He can't be a bad guy."

Emma snorted.

Yes, the man in the pavilion was a little bit of a gentleman who could easily impress women. But who knew whether he was a human beast or not? Or what did he want from Miss Schultz?!

With her previous experience, Emma felt that Lionel's gaze on Savannah was very unusual. He was not like a common friend of her, and he must have a purpose.

Emma watched Lionel sharply. She should stand guard for Mr. Sterling! Miss Schultz was Mr. Sterling's woman and was pregnant. No one should have designs on her!

299: You Should Help Her

Savannah and Olivia introduced some of LA's special places and attractions to Lionel. After some time, Lionel knew he should leave and stood up, "well, ladies, I shall leave you to your time. Thank you for your company."

At this, he looked at Savannah with a grin and said mildly, "it's good to know you, Miss Schultz. See you." Then he turned and left the pavilion.

After the distinguished man went out of their sight, Olivia eagerly turned to Savannah, "this Mr. Rowe has a crush on you, doesn't he?"

Savannah burst out laughing, "what? I've only met him twice."

"So? Maybe he likes you at first sight!" Olivia laughed.

"He must have known that I'm pregnant," replied Savannah, with a shake of her head, "do you think such a good man would want to go after a pregnant woman?"

Her baby bump was becoming more and more obvious, and though she was wearing loose clothes, anyone could see it with a close look.

She noticed that Lionel's eyes fell on her belly now and then, and he must have guessed it. However, he didn't ask any questions about her pregnancy, which impressed her very favorably. He respected others' privacy and didn't embarrass her. He was a real gentleman.

Olivia was not convinced, "he's a businessman, and he must have assistants and secretaries who will provide him any information he wants. What's more, from the way he looked at you, I could say the thing is not that simple... I don't know exactly, but I'm sure he's up to something."

Savannah stood and thought for a while. She had a strange feeling too. That's true, Lionel's eyes were bright with curiosity and interest when falling on her. But she could sense that he had no malicious intent. "Maybe it's his nature," Savannah concluded with a smile.

As they talked, Emma came over with the two bodyguards. "It's getting late, Miss Schultz. Shall we go back now?"

Old Sterling had told her not to stay out for too long. In order to get out smoothly next time, Savannah nodded and left the park obediently with Olivia.

The driver started the car, and it scorched down the road. Not far away, two figures walked out from behind the flower bed, watching the car leaving.

"Mr. Rowe, are you fond of this young lady?" asked the assistant as he glanced at Lionel.

The world was too small, or because of fate, his young master met the girl again when he came to LA. He remembered the girl who looked like Mrs. Rowe, of course.

But he didn't expect that his young master would take the initiative to talk with Miss Schultz for a long time.

"Didn't you see whose car she's in?" Lionel said dryly, "never offend Dylan Sterling's woman. Sterling's heartless and cruel in business, and this girl is obviously his private lover."

The assistant saw it, too.

The last time they met in Chicago, the girl said that she was Sterling's secretary. In fact, she was Sterling's mistress...

"Then why are you so interested in her, sir?" the assistant could not help asking, "because she looks like your mother, Mrs. Rowe?"

"My mother was married once before she married into the Rowe family, and she has a daughter. I remember that her ex-husband's name is Schultz." Lionel narrowed his eyes in deep thought.

The assistant took a deep breath, "Sir, you mean...this girl might be Mrs. Rowe's daughter that she gave birth to her ex-husband?"

It's possible. And the probability was high. Otherwise, such a coincidence would have been impossible.

Her age, appearance, and last name all matched Mrs. Rowe's daughter.

Lionel said nothing, but his silence gave his attitude.

"But... I heard that Mrs. Rowe's daughter was..." the assistant took a breath and said, hesitatingly.

Lionel opened up his hand. In his palm, there was a single brown hair that he took away from Savannah's back quietly.

He wrapped the hair in a clean handkerchief and handed it to his assistant, "have it tested."

He would know the answer soon.

* * *

The driver sent Olivia home first and then took Savannah back to Sterling's house.

Savannah got off and walked into the house in Emma's company. Her footsteps slowed down when she saw Dylan sitting on the sofa in the living room.

The state of silent violence between them had lasted for a long time, so long that she could hardly remember when exactly she had last seen him.

He was talking with old Sterling about the official business of the Sterling Group, his sexy lips opening and closing, and he looked immaculate in his suit.

"Miss Schultz is back." The servant shouted as Savannah's footsteps came. Dylan stopped talking and turned his head.

Savannah did not look at him, but she could feel his gaze, unwavering and intense, falling on her. She shrank away from his eyes and looked at old Sterling, "Sir, I'm back. I'll go upstairs first."

Dylan's eyes deepened when he found himself ignored by her again.

Old Sterling didn't know why the relationship between his son and Savannah was intense these days, but he could understand that frequent quarrels were normal for young couples. He noticed the unhappy look on Dylan's face and tried to create opportunities for his son, saying to Savannah, "no hurry, Savannah. You must be hungry after going out for half a day. The meal is almost ready. Let's eat early today." Then he turned to his old butler, "Cooper, ask the maid to serve the dinner."

Savannah nodded and had to go to the dining-room with them together.

When the dishes were served, old Sterling picked the fork and said, "well, let's get started." Then he gestured to his son, "Dylan, Savannah likes fish, and it's beyond her reach. You should help her."

Dylan paused, picked up a nice piece of fish, and put it into Savannah's plate.

As Savannah watched his hand approach her with the piece of fish, an uncontrollable psychological resistance came to her. She quickly grabbed the dish and set it aside, as if Dylan had caught something disgusting to her!

The piece of fish dropped on the table, and the atmosphere suddenly became quiet!

Dylan's hand was in the air. His face darkened.

300: It's A Small World

Old Sterling never expected that Savannah didn't let Dylan save his face at all. It seemed that the contradiction between the two this time was quite deep.

Savannah lowered her head, "I'm sorry, I don't have a love of fish recently. That fishy smell makes me sick."

She didn't want to go against Dylan in front of others, but... she couldn't help it.

When he reached over with his fork, a sarcastic voice sounded in her mind: wake up, he doesn't care about you, you're just a substitute.

Cooper quickly took two steps forward and cleaned the table, breaking the embarrassment with a smile, "no fish, eat something else."

"Yeah, eat something else." Old Sterling came to his senses and said.

Dylan didn't say anything, but the dark cloud on his handsome face was still there.

Savannah ate the food in front of her silently. She wanted to finish eating as soon as possible and go back to her room.

At this awkward moment, old Sterling switched the subject and said, "Dylan, how's the project about Zagreb Film going?"

Zagreb Film was a large domestic television and entertainment company, which signed many popular stars in the entertainment circle. Due to poor management, turmoil at the top, and other reasons, Zagreb Film faced bankruptcy recently.

The Sterling Group wanted to take over Zagreb Film, but many of the stars' contracts had been transferred and sold by the company's former executive to another group.

As we all knew, the most important resource of a film and television company was its signed stars.

If you couldn't hold these stars' contracts in hand, Zagreb Film was nothing for you. It would be hard for the Sterling Group to make money with it.

Now, Dylan was pushing hard to get those contracts back.

"It should be no big problem," Dylan said dryly.

"Now who owns the contracts of the stars?" asked old Sterling.

"The Rowe Group."

Old Sterling paused, "the Rowe Group in Chicago?"

"Yeah. Lionel has come to LA to develop its business here. He's going to stay in LA for a long time. I've sent someone to negotiate with him. I heard that he's a bit interested in a project in Muse Park, and I've told him that I'd like to exchange our resources." Dylan responded confidently.

Although Muse Park was a public facility, its land belonged to the Sterling family. If Lionel wanted to run the project on Muse Park, he had to ask the Sterling family for permission.

Dylan planned to use Muse Park in exchange for the contracts of those stars in Lionel's hand.

Savannah lifted up her head from the plate when she heard Lionel's name.

Lionel?

She hadn't thought that the man she had met twice was the business partner of the Sterling Group.

"Lionel? Is he Ethan Rowe's eldest son, the young man from the Rowe family? I remember your mother's house in Chicago is right next to their house. When you were a kid, every time you went to Chicago, you would play with the brother and the sister in Rowe's family. However, this young man is not simple. I heard that he had been engaged in the family business since he was a child. Though he has a graceful appearance and is always modest and gentle, he's a sharp man in the business," said old Sterling.

Savannah was surprised that old Sterling spoke very highly of Lionel. It was not common for a young man in the domestic business circle to be estimated highly by the Sterling family.

It sounded that the Rowe family also had a high position in Chicago, and Lionel, the family's young master, was very capable and promising.

Dylan noticed Savannah's pondering expression, frowning.

In the direction of his son's gaze, old Sterling saw the complicated look on Savannah's face too. "What's the matter, Savannah?" he asked.

Looking up, Savannah found Dylan's cold penetrating eyes fixed on her. She trembled uncontrollably, and her hand almost knocked the plate down. "Oh, nothing... I heard you say, Muse Park. I happened to be there today."

"Oh, I see." Old Sterling nodded and didn't ask more.

Dylan's gaze was still cold, searching for her expression.

Savannah bolted down a few mouthfuls of food and stood up. "I'm full, sir."

"Really? Okay, Emma, take Savannah back to her room," ordered old Sterling.

After Savannah entered the room, Emma closed the door before she left for the kitchen. It's time to prepare the nourishing soup for Savannah.

When it was almost done, Emma ladled the soup out and poured it into a bowl. Turning around, she saw a tall figure standing in the doorway.

"Mr. Sterling?" Emma was surprised to see Dylan here, "what can I do for you?"

"Who did Savannah meet in Muse Park today?" Dylan's voice was frosty.

Emma took a breath, not expecting Mr. Sterling to ask this question so soon. "Besides her friend Olivia, there's another man. The man is probably in his twenties, very good-looking and gentle. Well, Miss Schultz just happened to meet him, but they seemed to know each other and chatted for a long time." She reported obediently, and then added, "of course, Olivia was there, and we were watching from a distance."

That was to say, Savannah did not show excessive intimacy with that young man.

Young man. In his twenties. Gentle and good-looking.

The corners of Dylan's mouth suggested the least trace of irony. As expected, Savannah met Lionel in the park today.

No wonder she looked so strange when she heard Lionel's name at the dinner table.

Did they chat for hours? Then it couldn't be the first time they met. Maybe they had known each other for a long time.

Oh, the little woman had been hiding so many things from him.

The cloud on Dylan's face darkened under the kitchen light.

Meanwhile, upstairs.

As soon as Emma left, Savannah sat down at the table and turned on her computer.

It's a small world.

The man she had met twice had business relations with the Sterling family and was even Dylan's childhood friend.

She googled 'Lionel Rowe', and an encyclopedia page popped up.

Lionel Rowe (born September 21, 1990) is Ethan Rowe's eldest son.

...

After graduating from Harvard, he became the youngest executive general manager of the Rowe Group.

...

He is proficient in five languages, unmarried.