

Midnight 301

301: An Invitation

Lionel was only 26, even younger than Dylan.

Whoa. Another eligible bachelor. Savannah gasped with admiration and continued to view the web page. Maybe it was because she had walked a long distance today, or she ate a good amount just now, she felt tired and began to nod off. Finally, she couldn't open her eyes and fell asleep, lying face down on the table in front of the computer.

A few minutes later, the door opened. A tall man in a black suit walked in quietly, his footsteps were hard to be heard on the soft woolen carpet.

Dylan's eyes fell on the little woman who nodded off over the table, and his cold face relaxed a little.

She must be tired after spending a whole day in the park.

He went to her, lifted her from the chair gently. He was about to carry her to the bed when his gaze was drawn to the computer screen. Lionel's pictures were right there on the web page.

She was searching for Lionel's information online.

Was she so interested in Lionel?

His anger had not yet turned away, and now he was especially angry when he saw that she was caring about another man. He wanted to wake her up and interrogate her immediately.

At this moment, Savannah stirred in his arms and buried her head in his chest, unconsciously.

It was the first time she had been so soft to him after she gave him cold treatment for so long.

His rage gradually sank.

Finally, without waking her up, he laid her on the bed softly, covered her with a blanket, and left the bedroom.

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The Sterling Group.

"Mr. Sterling, Mr. Rowe from the Rowe Group, sent you an invitation letter to invite you to visit his new villa this weekend." Dylan's secretary reported in an official tone.

Dylan looked up from the documents on the desk. His face was immovable.

Lionel was going to stay in LA for a long time. He had bought a house in Royal Villa in the east of the city. Naturally, he would hold a housewarming party for the new place and invite some celebrities and business partners.

The Sterling Group was a business titan in LA, and it also had a close cooperative relationship with the Rowe Group. What's more, the two families were close to each other. So Dylan should be the first one Lionel would invite after he moved to LA.

Dylan opened the envelope and unfolded the letter inside. He read it quickly, and his fine gaze fixed on a familiar name on the elegant yellow paper.

As a sign of respect, the invitation was handwritten by Lionel.

Dear Mr. Sterling:

I would like to invite you and Miss Schultz to visit my new house in Royal Villa on June 28th and have dinner together.

Yours, Lionel Rowe

On a weekend evening, when Savannah was watching a TV show on her iPad, she heard the engine sound of a car approaching. Walking to the balcony, she saw a familiar Bentley pulled slowly into the house. Behind the clean window, a cool figure was sitting in the back row.

Dylan didn't get out of the car when it stopped. He ordered something to Garwood, and a few seconds later, Garwood left the car for the villa.

Within minutes, Emma knocked on Savannah's bedroom door and walked in. "Miss Schultz, Garwood is here." Then she stood aside.

"Good evening, Miss Schultz." Garwood walked in and said politely.

"Good evening, what's the matter?" Savannah wondered.

"Please dress up, and I'll take you to dinner later. Mr. Sterling is waiting for you in the car." Garwood explained briefly.

"Dinner? Where?" Savannah stood up and asked.

"The young master of the Rowe family came to LA to develop the business here. He bought a house in Royal Villa in the east of the city and is going to host a housewarming party in his new house tonight. Mr. Sterling I'll take you to the party together." Garwood said patiently.

Savannah's heart gave a leap. Lionel? "Do I have to go?" She wanted to say no subconsciously.

Suppose Lionel recognized her and greeted her first. Dylan would see that she and Lionel had known each other.

Though she and Lionel were not familiar with each other very much, Dylan, the autocratic and narrow-minded man, must still be angry at her.

She had no idea what would happen at that time. So, she'd better not go!

"It's commanded by Mr. Sterling," Garwood said.

Savannah turned and glanced out the window at the car below. After a long hesitation, she finally agreed.

Anyway, she had an agreement with him. She could not refuse to accompany him to a dinner party.

Just go and see.

She went to the cloakroom and chose an empire-waist evening gown. It was in beaded lace style, and its overlay skirt was so wide that it could perfectly cover her baby bump.

Savannah was youthful and strikingly petite. Though she was about five months pregnant, she still had shapely arms and legs without any trace of fat, and her face was small as ever.

Without close observation, you could not see her pregnancy at all.

After changing the dress, she went downstairs with Garwood and met old Sterling in the living room.

Old Sterling heard from Garwood that Dylan was going to take her to Rowe's housewarming party, frowning slightly, and he seemed to be dissatisfied, "I don't think Savannah is able to attend the party in her condition..." There must be a lot of people in such circumstances. What if any naughty kid knocked Savannah down?

"Sir, you can rest assured. Mr. Sterling will take good care of Miss Schultz. They will be back soon." Garwood said with a smile.

Old Sterling took a look at Savannah and nodded after a short consideration. Savannah and Dylan were at war these days. It was a good chance for Dylan to make up with her when they attended a party together.

Garwood said goodbye to old Sterling and led Savannah out of the villa.

"Miss Schultz, please." Garwood opened the car door and made a genteel low bow.

In the back seat of the car, Dylan sat bolt upright there in a grey custom suit, without a single glance at her.

Savannah bit her lip. The rigidity of his manner showed that he was not in a good mood, but she did not think much. Her mission today was to accompany him to a dinner party, that's all.

She picked up her skirt and climbed into the car with difficulty. She paused when she got into the seat. As the door of the car was closed, Dylan glanced at her coldly.

"Oh, you don't even look pregnant. If I'm not present, I dare say a lot of men would ask you to dance." He said dryly.

Savannah, of course, heard the sarcasm in his voice. With a slight frown, she replied calmly, "Mr. Sterling, if you don't think it's appropriate for such an occasion, I will not go."

She didn't want to go with him at all. When she met Lionel, it would be a little awkward if she pretended not to know him, but it might be worse if she said hello to him.

He picked her up for dinner himself. What did he mean by saying this?

Dylan sneered, leaning forward to her, and cupped her chin, "if Lionel hadn't invited you, I wouldn't have taken you to go with me."

302: Dylan's Jealousy

Savannah was in a trance. She did not expect that Lionel would invite her. Her chin turned red as Dylan rubbed it with his long fingers.

"It seems that Lionel is your old acquaintance." Dylan continued and said in a gruff tone.

This "old acquaintance" sounded quite impure.

"We don't know each other well," Savannah blurted out, "I had just met him once on the business trip in Chicago."

"So you had known him since then. Tell me, how many affairs and encounters do you still have with other men?" Dylan's tone was harder and colder, and his fingers pinched her chin.

She met Lionel when she went to Chicago with him, and she didn't even tell him.

Savannah frowned, "I just met him in the elevator. What the hell are you talking about?"

"Okay, then why did you talk with him for several hours in Muse Park? And you even searched him on the Internet?" Dylan's eyes of ice continued to dwell freezingly on hers.

Savannah took a deep breath. He knew they met that day.

She felt that she had lost her privacy, being watched all the time. "After all, I have nothing to do with him!" She bit her lip and said.

"Of course, I know you don't have an affair. Otherwise, you think you can still be fine?" Dylan sniffed, paused, and then his hand intentionally went down on her slender neck. "I take you out today not to give you a chance to develop a further relationship with him, but to tell you, that's enough."

Savannah felt his fingers tightened around her neck as she gasped for breath. She was almost choked when he suddenly loosened his hand. She sat back abruptly in her seat, panting for breath, and her face reddened with anger and shame.

Dylan looked straight and ordered Garwood, "we go."

Savannah gradually smoothed down as the car moved, but her heart was not yet at peace.

Was he really jealous?

No, she didn't think he became so excited because he cared about her. Maybe he just didn't want to see her be close with other men with his little lover's face.

The girl he had been looking for was his dream girl, perfect and clean. She looked like the girl, and of course, he would not allow her to know any other man.

He sent people to keep looking for his savior, thinking about another girl all the time, but she was not even allowed to make a male friend?

Thinking of this, her eyes cooled, and she watched the landscape vaguely out the window, trying to compose herself.

Royal Villa.

Lionel's new house in LA was a three-story European-style white building. It was in a delightful setting, and the view was superb. Among all the luxury houses in LA, it was still very impressive and outstanding.

Savannah had already put herself in good spirits again when she got off the car.

At the gate, a servant came forward and greeted them courteously, "Mr. Sterling, welcome. My master has been waiting for you. Please come in."

Dylan looked at Savannah and gave her his arm. Reluctantly Savannah held his arm, and they entered the villa together.

Lionel wore a white suit, stood in the entrance with good manners, and greeted his guests with a warm smile. When Dylan and Savannah walked through the front yard and came to the door, he took a step further and said mildly, "it's my pleasure to see you come, Mr. Sterling."

"We're neighbors in Chicago. Now my old friend came to LA of course, I should come." Dylan slightly smiled.

"Yeah. When we were kids, you occasionally visited my father, and my sister looked forward to your coming every day. My grandma also likes you very much. She often asked the servant to prepare snacks for you, and she always asked about you when you left Chicago."

"Well, I heard that you are going to stay in LA for a long time. What about your parents and your grandmother? Will they come and live with you?" asked Dylan.

"My grandma is quite old and doesn't like moving around, so she still lives in Chicago. My stepmother is not in good health, and she is living in Europe with my father now. So this time, only my sister come to LA with me." Lionel smiled graciously.

Savannah knew that Lionel had a sister, but it was the first time she learned that he had a stepmother.

"Miss Schultz is beautiful today." Lionel turned to Savannah, his eyes softened.

"Thank you, Mr. Rowe," Dylan said dryly in reply.

People, in general, would be pleased when his woman was praised by other men, but Dylan was an exception. He even thought that Lionel was flirting with his woman. He put his hand around Savannah's waist and held her closer.

"Oh, well, I learned that Miss Schultz has a very close relationship with you, so I invited her too," Lionel explained why Savannah's name was in the invitation letter simply, and then he smiled at Savannah reassuringly.

Savannah relaxed and smiled back at Lionel.

However, this smile annoyed the man beside her. Dylan frowned and squeezed his hand on her waist. He was very unhappy now. How dare they flirt glances with each other in front of him?

Lionel almost laughed out when he saw that Dylan was so possessive over Savannah.

"Lionel!"

Fortunately, a sweet voice broke the awkward silence!

A pretty girl in a white gauze dress walked out. Her hair was curly blond, and her large eyes were blue. She was exactly a carefree girl from a good family.

Savannah immediately knew who the girl was. She should be Lionel's younger sister, Charlotte Rowe. She was 23 years old, two years older than Savannah, and had just graduated from college.

"Charlotte, you know who's here?" Lionel turned and took his sister's hand.

Charlotte's eyes lit up as she caught sight of the man in front of her brother.

"Dylan!" she exclaimed from surprise and delight.

303: When Will You Get Married?

Savannah could see from the telltale look in Charlotte's eyes that she liked Dylan. She was quite uncomfortable at this thought, but she repressed her emotion.

"Remember this girl, Dylan?" Lionel smiled.

"Of course. The daughter of Ethan Rowe, the apple of your parents' eye." Dylan quirked up the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, the naughty little girl who ran after you when she was a child," Lionel added.

Charlotte curled her lips and hit her brother with her shoulder gently. "Lionel! I don't think I was always pestering Dylan," she said sweetly.

"No? I remember that whenever Dylan came to his mother's house in Chicago, you would come to find him. One day Dylan was so busy that he asked Butler Curtis to send you back, and you cried all day..." Lionel laughed.

"Lionel! You've had enough, I didn't..." Charlotte stamped her feet in a cute way. It was obvious that she had always been spoiled by everyone.

Dylan and Lionel looked at each other and laughed.

Savannah felt an unwelcome pang of jealousy—she was disturbed by the depth of her feeling. So, Charlotte and Dylan were childhood friends. But what did it matter to her?

She averted her eyes and tried not to look like Charlotte, who blazed at Dylan.

Dylan caught the depressed look of the little woman in his arms and narrowed his eyes. The little woman looked a little frustrated. Was she jealous? Dylan quietly smiled.

Charlotte followed Dylan's gaze and finally noticed the young lady at his side. Her smile froze for a moment. Then she gave her hand to Savannah with another innocent smile.

"Hello, my name is Charlotte."

Savannah paused and held out her hand, "Savannah Schultz."

"Dylan is Miss Schultz, your girlfriend?" Charlotte looked at Dylan and asked casually and tentatively.

Dylan glanced at Lionel and said with meaning, "more exactly, she's the mother of my baby."

Lionel realized what he meant and quirked up his lips. Dylan said it deliberately to tell him that Savannah was his woman and warned him to keep Savannah at a distance.

Charlotte startled and turned pale, and she immediately fixed her gaze at Savannah's belly. As expected, she perceived that Savannah was pregnant.

If Dylan hadn't mentioned it, she wouldn't have found out the matter so fast.

She never expected that when they met again, there was another girl standing beside Dylan, and the girl was even pregnant with his baby...

Charlotte remained calm and asked sweetly, "Really? I can hardly see it. When will you get married? Don't forget to invite me. I love attending weddings!"

This question evidently touched some sore spots of Savannah. She visibly changed countenance.

Lionel noticed Savannah's embarrassment and said quickly, "well, why not go in first? It's getting cold outside."

Then the four went inside.

As Charlotte walked behind Dylan and Savannah with Lionel, she looked at Savannah's back and whispered, "Hey, Lionel, Miss Schultz looks a little bit like mom, doesn't she?"

"I'm sure even you have lookalikes," said Lionel curtly.

He was not about to tell his sister about the possible blood relationship between Savannah and their stepmother.

On the one hand, the DNA analysis result did not yet come out.

On the other hand, Charlotte was still young, and he didn't want her to tell their stepmother about it so soon.

Charlotte said no more but still fixed her gaze on Savannah's back.

Inside the house, there were already many guests chatting with each other with wines in their hands. All eyes were on Dylan as he entered the room and people came to greet him one after another.

Savannah tried to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. She found an excuse to quit, walked away from the crowd, and stopped at the French window. She was about to take a cup of wine when the cup was taken away by someone. Looking up, she was surprised to see Lionel in front of her.

"Lionel?"

Lionel put the cup onto the tray in a waitress's hands, and then he took a glass of fresh-squeezed juice and handed it to Savannah, "wine is not good for you now. You'd a better drink this one."

Savannah thanked him and turned away to hide her blush from embarrassment. Lionel must have already known her relationship with Dylan.

When they met the first time in Chicago, she said she was just Dylan's secretary. This time when they met again, she was pregnant with Dylan's child.

In Lionel's eyes, maybe she was that kind of woman who caught rich men for money only.

She held the glass firmly, staring at the lush grass out the window quietly.

Lionel gave a slight, apologetic cough and said, "Well, I'm sorry. Maybe I shouldn't have invited you and made you uncomfortable."

His words touched her slightly. She did not expect the man in such high status would apologize to her. She turned back and saw the concern in his eyes.

"Nothing," Savannah shook her head slightly, "you don't need to apologize. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm used to it."

Lionel looked relieved and didn't say much. He stood quietly beside her by the French window, with a glass of wine in hand.

Savannah knew he was afraid that she might be boring alone here. She looked at him, a little moved, "Lionel, in fact, you don't need to keep me company. You have so many guests today. Just go ahead."

Lionel looked back at Dylan surrounded by the guests and said, "it's okay with me. I'll leave when Dylan comes to you."

His consideration warmed her heart. Savannah felt so comfortable when she was with Lionel. Even though he knew her real relationship with Dylan, he didn't ask her for her privacy out of curiosity.

Lionel was always so apprehensive and kind, not like Dylan.

Although it was the third time they met, she felt that he was like her brother.

"Last time you told me about the interesting places in LA, and you didn't finish because of the time. Can you recommend other fun places in LA for me now?" Lionel tried to distract her so that she would not be too boring.

304: My Brother Will Take Care Of Her

Savannah accepted his kindness and nodded.

Lionel was a very qualified listener. He smiled as Savannah talked about where she and Olivia always went, nodded, and responded occasionally, and never interrupted her. After a while, he gestured to a servant next to them quietly.

Soon, Savannah stopped when she saw someone carrying a sofa to her side.

"You've been standing for half an hour. Sit down and continue." Lionel smiled warmly.

Savannah accepted his offer and sat down with a smile. Lionel saw her shake as if with cold, knowing the temperature in the room might be too low for a pregnant woman. He walked to her and took off the suit, bent down, wrapped it on her.

Savannah stared at him, and before she could say something, Lionel turned and leaned against the French window, smiling, "go on."

She took a deep breath and did not think much. Lionel was a real gentleman. She thought that he cared about her because she was a pregnant guest, and he didn't want her to catch a cold in his house.

At the same time, Dylan finally sent the people around him away. His eyes traveled around the room and fell on the little woman sitting next to the French window.

He was about to come over to her when he saw clearly the man standing in front of Savannah.

The little woman was not lonely, and she was accompanied by Lionel.

They talked and laughed.

Savannah's face beamed with happy smiles as Lionel said something. She hadn't smiled at him like that for a long time since she gave him cold treatment without reason.

What annoyed him even more was that the little woman was covered with Lionel's suit.

Dylan halted, and his handsome face at once clouded with irritation. He stood silently where he was, watching every move of Savannah and Lionel.

"Dylan." A soft girl's voice sounded as footsteps came.

Dylan turned his mind back, repressing his unhappiness, and looked politely at Charlotte.

"What're you doing here alone? Why don't we go dancing?" Charlotte cocked her head slightly to one side.

The vacated large living room of the villa was arranged into a dance floor for entertainment today. The soft background music had changed into a slow waltz. Quite a few guests paired off and went to the dance.

Dylan glanced at the little woman who was talking all the time with Lionel, his eyes dark, and obviously, he was not in the mood of dancing.

Charlotte followed his eyes and took one look at the man and woman next to the window. She rolled her eyes and shuffled towards Dylan. "I know Miss Schultz is your companion," she said, her voice sweet

and innocent, "but it seems that she's not comfortable today. Don't worry, my brother will take care of her."

My brother will take care of her. These words seemed to have provoked Dylan, and his face became gloomier. This time, without hesitation, he took Charlotte's hand and walked slowly to the dance floor.

The dear daughter of the Rowe family and the most beautiful and powerful man beside her attached everyone's attention in the room. People all stopped what they were doing and appreciated the perfect couple.

The other dancing guests unconsciously moved away from the two people and left the center of the dance floor for them.

By the French window, Savannah was aware of the slight stir among the guests. She turned about, casting her eyes upward toward the dance floor.

She paused and clenched her hands so tightly that every finger-end was stinging.

On the dance floor, Dylan and Charlotte were whirling around like a couple. All the guests and servants feasted their eyes on the beautiful scenery as if it was not Rowe's housewarming dinner tonight but the couple's engagement party.

The spotlights were dim and soft. In the romantic waltz, Dylan's arm was curling around Charlotte's waist, and he occasionally grinned lazily down at her as they danced and talked, whirling and turning in time to the music.

"My sister has loved dancing since she was a young girl. She couldn't sit still every time there's a party like this, and she would look for someone to dance with," said Lionel when he noticed the lost look on Savannah's face.

Lionel was afraid that she would be upset or jealous when Dylan danced with Charlotte instead of coming to her.

A sardonic smile rested on Savannah's lips.

Who was she to be jealous?

This man did not belong to her.

The one he kept in his mind was only the girl who had saved him.

She dared not complain anything when he just danced with another woman, and she could do nothing even if there was an affair between them.

Anyone in the room, including Lionel and his sister, should see that she's not Dylan's real girlfriend.

But...

Even as she clearly knew her place, she was not a good sport about this. The baby in her moved restlessly, and her heart twitched. She turned and avoided looking at the man and woman on the dance floor, but she could not stop the waltz coming into her ears. She could even hear the sweet and soft gurgle of Charlotte.

An unbearable pain pierced her heart. Then, her whole body ached slightly, she had an upset stomach, and she felt dizzy.

She didn't want to lose face on this occasion, but she could not help it. Finally, she raised herself and started toward the bathroom.

Luckily, it was empty. Lionel followed her in and saw her squatting next to the toilet, vomiting. He rushed to her and patted her gently on the back.

The temperature from his warm hand comforted Savannah a little. She rose unsteadily to her feet and was held firmly by Lionel, "I should tell Dylan... "

"No... Don't tell him." Savannah grabbed his arm and held him back.

"Why? You are carrying a baby for him. I'll ask him to take you home first," Lionel frowned and said.

"No, please... It's normal. I've always been sick these days." She didn't want to break up his dancing with Charlotte and make herself look like a jealous troublemaker.

Lionel didn't say more when she insisted. He kept a firm hold on her arm and wanted to help her out of the bathroom.

Savannah moved and subconsciously tried to pull away from his warm and strong arm, "I'm sorry to cause you trouble... I can go myself."

Lionel did not let go of her. He persisted and offered her a helping hand. "No. What if you fainted? Everyone will see at that time."

Savannah let out a little sigh. She straightened her messy hair and tried to look normal. Then held by Lionel, she slowly walked back to the French window and sat down on the sofa again.

305: Don't Worry About Me

Lionel was still worried about her. He asked a servant to get a glass of lemon water from the kitchen and handed it to her. "Hot lemonade. It will prevent nausea and vomiting."

The water was warm. Savannah took a big mouthful and felt much better. She smiled at Lionel gratefully.

Lionel felt relieved when she saw the color come back to her little face. Savannah was, in all probability, his sister.

If his stepmother knew that her dear daughter was suffering from the pain of pregnancy for a man as his mistress, she would certainly feel pain.

Pity stirred in Lionel's heart when he saw the girl who might be his sister looking so sad for a man. He pulled her hair, so it's off her forehead, and then he took the empty cup in her hand away and said, "if you still feel uncomfortable, you can go to the guest room upstairs and have a rest. I'll tell Dylan when he's going to leave."

Savannah didn't have much experience in relationships, but she had met a variety of men in her work, and she could see if a man was a real gentleman or a small man who had a purpose.

Well, Lionel was obviously not that kind of guy.

He really cared about her, and he wanted nothing from her.

He was considerate and attentive, and he always took care of her for fear that she would be embarrassed or uncomfortable.

She didn't know why Lionel cared for her in a special way, but she didn't think too much about it. Maybe Lionel was born to be a gentleman who cared for girls.

Under Lionel's soft gaze, she got up and followed him upstairs.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the dance floor, the music did not end. The clouds again settled upon Dylan's face. Unconsciously He clenched Charlotte's waist more firmly, his cool eyes following the little woman.

The man and woman next to the French window disappeared a few minutes ago, and when he looked up again, he saw the two people back. Lionel held Savannah back to the sofa and handed water to her in person. What's more, the little woman did not refuse the care of him. She even enjoyed Lionel's help and smiled at him.

Dylan was roused to anger but still wondering if there was any wrong with Savannah. He was about to let go of Charlotte and came to her when he saw her following Lionel up the stairs.

It was enough to see them acting in such an intimate way, and now they even went upstairs alone?

What did they want to do?

"Dylan?" Charlotte felt pain on her waist by his grip and noticed the misdirection of his dance moves.

Before she could say more, Dylan had loosened her waist and strode off the dance floor to the stairs.

In the guest room on the second floor

Savannah sat on the soft bed and said to Lionel gratefully, "All right. Don't worry about me. I'll take a rest and go downstairs soon."

Lionel nodded. Before he left, he looked around and picked up a long pillow, "you'll feel better with this pillow."

His thoughtful action warmed Savannah's heart again, "thank you, Lionel..."

Before she finished, the door was thrown open with a bang!

Dylan strode in with a dark face, his sharp eyes resting on Lionel, who had just punched the pillow behind Savannah and had not straightened up.

From Dylan's view, Savannah was half-lying in bed, and Lionel was about to brace her.

Before Savannah reacted, Dylan strode over, grabbed her on her wrist, and pulled her up against him. Savannah bumped into his arms, and then she was dragged to the door by Dylan.

Lionel rushed forward, "Dylan, Savannah's feeling sick just now. I just took her to the guest room to have a rest..."

But before he finished, Dylan turned abruptly, urging Lionel to move over to the wall, and then he thumped to Lionel with his fist.

Savannah gasped as Dylan's first hit on the wall next to Lionel's face!

"If you still want to do business safely in LA, remember whose place you're on," warned Dylan sharply, his voice cold and inimical.

His anger at Lionel finally erupted like a volcano.

This blow was only a warning.

Next time, he would smash this gentleman's face!

Savannah trembled at Dylan's murderous rage and turned pale, crying at his back, "Dylan, let go of him! He just sent me upstairs to rest!"

Dylan sneered and looked at Savannah, "it's none of your business. Get back to the car!"

Savannah bit her lip and clenched her fist. "No. I'll go back myself!" With that, she turned and ran out of the room.

"Go and get her back!" Lionel was worried, "she's pregnant! What if anything happens to her?"

Dylan got more annoyed. Savannah was his woman! What made Lionel so worried? Didn't he care too much about Savannah?

Shooting a sharp look at Lionel, Dylan left the room in a hurry.

Afraid that Dylan would scold Savannah later, Lionel shouted behind him, "she threw up very badly just now, so I accompanied her to the bathroom, and then upstairs to rest! I was going to tell you, but she told me not to disturb you."

Dylan paused but did not turn, then he quickened his pace.

After running out of the villa, Savannah panted and slowed down, walking along the quiet road. She was not very strong as she was before pregnancy. Minutes later, she heard the car horn behind her.

Turning around, Savannah saw Dylan coming up in his car. Through the window, his pretty face was frosty and purple with rage.

Savannah turned back and pretended not to see him, walking on.

The sound of the car horn sounded again and again.

Dylan's face darkened even more.

The car screeched to a halt.

He pushed open the car door and rushed up to catch Savannah. He seized her wrist and pulled her back, "get in!"

"I said, I can go back by myself." She tried to shake his hand off but failed.

"Do you really have to go against me?" He scowled and pretended to lift her up. He knew the little woman was so thin-skinned that she did not like him to touch her in public.

306: I Need Your Answer Now

Savannah flushed with shame and struggled to avoid his hand. "You're completely unreasonable!" cried Savannah, "Lionel's your friend, but you take his goodwill for ill intent! Don't touch me!"

Dylan knew she was angry about his rude attitude towards Lionel just now. But he was more annoyed when she mentioned that.

He grunted in discontent and said, "Who was to blame? Don't you know what you do wrong yet? You didn't tell me when you felt sick, but tell another man and enjoyed the care and help from him! Is Lionel the dad of the baby in your belly?"

"What you care about is not that I might have a relationship with a man," retorted Savannah coldly, "you're angry because my face is exactly the same with that girl, right?"

She never thought of questioning him in this way. She had intended to keep it to herself even when he asked her why she was giving him the silent treatment these days.

But now, at last, she could not hold it any longer.

After burying this matter in her heart for so long, she felt light when she finally said it out.

The tension between them suddenly became greater. A few seconds later, Dylan stared at her and said icily, "what do you mean?"

She looked up at him and asked again with some appearance of scorn, "Do I really look like the girl you've been looking for?"

"Who told you that?" Dylan frowned and knew it was the reason why she gave him cold treatment these days.

"It's not important. Just tell me the answer." Savannah said coolly. Her voice seemed to shiver, and her hands, hanging at her sides, clenched themselves into fists.

Dylan could feel the uncontrolled emotion in her, frowning. She was not feeling well now, so he didn't want to discuss the past with her at this time. "We can talk about it later," he said as he tried to pull her to the car.

"No! I need your answer now!" Savannah cried and threw off his hand. She finally had the courage to bring that up, why should they talk about it later?

She didn't want to think about it every hour and every minute any longer. He had to tell her what's in his mind clearly today.

Taking a deep breath, she continued, "you signed an agreement with me, regardless of my fiancée and left me in your house, and even let me get pregnant... that's all because I look like the girl who had saved you, right?"

Dylan looked at her quietly without a word. He didn't want her to be too excited at this condition, and what he should do now was to take her back first.

But Savannah translated his silence as a tacit admission.

Her eyes overflowed with pain, and the pain in her heart almost killed her.

Actually, when she was in a war with him these days, she still cherished the hope that she had misunderstood him. She imagined that he would tell him it's all Devin's trick, and he left her beside him not because she looked like another girl.

But he responded with silence. She was right.

If it were not for the face of his dream girl, she would be nothing to him.

He doted on her, cared about her, and saved her out every time she was in danger, all because he wanted to protect another girl's face.

She was only a doll who carried his love and emotion for another girl. Oh, maybe she was just more than an inflatable doll, after all, she had to satisfy him on his bed.

Probably, he insisted on making her pregnant, not to struggle for money and power, but to satisfy his selfish desires.

What he really wanted was to have children with the girl he had never found. Unfortunately, he couldn't find that girl, so he could only project his feelings and thoughts on her instead.

Savannah's thoughts were in a tangle. Clearly, she could not think rationally at this moment. She staggered back with wobbly legs.

"Let's go home first." Dylan rubbed his brow and said with a sigh. He really didn't have much experience consoling girls.

However, Savannah felt that he avoided this topic now because he had nothing to say. A dim, sick, faint feeling came over her again.

It was her body feeling ill just now, but at this time, she felt sick at heart. She had even been moved and promised him that she would give birth to his baby after he saved her out of the fire.

That was really funny! How stupid she was!

Pretending not to hear him, she turned and moved on.

Seeing this, Dylan didn't say anything more. He stepped forward and lifted her up in his hot arms, striding to the car.

"Go away! Leave me alone!" Savannah struggled, and her feet kicked, but Dylan held her so firmly that she couldn't get free.

Dylan quickly put her into the back of the car, slipped the belt into buckled, and pulled tight---so tight she was almost tied up to the seat. Then he shut the door, returned to the driver's seat, and locked the windows in case she might do any dangerous thing to hurt herself and the baby.

When they arrived at Sterling's house, he opened the back door and bent over to get her out.

"Let me go! Now that we come back, I can go myself!" As soon as he unfastened her seatbelt, Savannah began to struggle again.

"Be good, and I'll let you go yourself." Dylan pulled her gently out of the seat and then put his arms under her, ready to pick her up

Savannah gritted her teeth, and all of a sudden, she hit the vital part between his inner thighs with her knee!

Dylan did not expect her sudden attack. He emitted a low cry of pain and relaxed his grasp. Savannah took advantage and slipped out of the car; she gathered up her skirts, pushed him away, and rushed to the house.

"Damn!" Dylan threw the car key to the dumbfounded male servant behind them and ran after the little woman.

Savannah quickened her pace as the footsteps came closer, her skirt swaying violently. Just then, old Sterling heard the sound of the car and walked out. Seeing the old man at the door, Savannah rushed to him and hid her behind him, "Sir!"

Dylan strode over and stopped at the door, staring coldly at the little woman behind his father.

"Why are you back so early?" asked old Sterling in surprise. He had been worried about Savannah since Dylan took her out, but he didn't expect them to return so soon.

"Hmm... I was not feeling well, so I came back early." Savannah replied hurriedly.

307: Dreaming Her Father

"What's wrong with you?" Old Sterling changed color when he heard that Savannah was not feeling well. "I'd better call the doctor, or shall we go to the hospital?"

"Nausea and vomiting... just normal symptoms. Don't bother. Maybe it was a little noisy at the party. I'm much better now." Savannah lowered her head and murmured, "I want a rest, alone."

"Okay. Sophie! Emma? Take Miss Schultz back to her room. Don't talk loud in the house and walk quietly," ordered old Sterling, and then he turned to Savannah with a reassuring smile, "Savannah, have a good rest first. Tell me immediately if you still feel sick, and we must go to the hospital at that time. Delay is not permissible on anything about my dear grandson, even for a minute!"

He had known that it's better not to let the pregnant woman go to that bustling place. Dylan should have gone to Lionel's party himself! Why must he take Savannah together?

Savannah was helped upstairs by Sophie and Emma.

Dylan was about to run after her when he stopped by his father.

"What are you doing?" Old Sterling barred Dylan's passage and said in displeasure.

"Go upstairs," Dylan replied dryly.

"No, you can't!" Old Sterling stopped him immediately.

"Why?" Dylan frowned.

"Didn't you hear what Savannah said? She's not feeling well now. I won't allow you to disturb her and the baby! If you had not taken her to Rowe's party today, she would not have been sick. From today on, don't take Savannah to any noisy place!" Old Sterling would never give in when it came to the safety and health of his grandson.

"She was acting! It's not that serious." Dylan explained impatiently. Maybe the little woman was really a bit uncomfortable in Rowe's villa, but she kicked him hard with her knee and ran away like a rabbit just now. Absolutely she had nothing wrong! She said that to escape from him only.

"Why did Savannah pretend illness?" Old Sterling looked at his son, suspiciously, "what did you do to annoy her?"

"Anyway, I must talk to her first --" Dylan didn't want to discuss it with his father, and now he just wanted to hurry upstairs.

"Stop! You must have had Savannah angry again! I know you two have had some problems recently, so I let you go out with her today. I was hoping that you two could make up. A good mood is good for Savannah. But you incurred her displeasure again! She's pregnant! Can't you be a little more tolerant? What if my grandson has any problem?" Old Sterling still remembered how the first baby in Valerie's belly died. The bad mood was the killer! So when he learned about Savannah's pregnancy, he paid great attention to the state of her emotions.

Dylan was speechless. If he had not been generous and tolerant enough with the little woman, he would have broken out just as she kicked him in the car!

However, old Sterling had already made his mind, "anyway, you are not allowed to see Savannah today. No, not only today. Don't come unless she's not mad at you, lest she lose temper when she sees you!" With that, old Sterling signaled Cooper to ask Dylan out.

Anyway, he must be careful and take every precaution during Savannah's pregnancy.

Cooper felt amused when he saw his old master drove Dylan away. In order to ensure the safety and health of his grandson, he even chose to send away his son...

"Mr. Sterling," Cooper came to Dylan with a bitter laugh, "Miss Schultz will be taken good care of by us. Please go back first and come later..."

Dylan's face darkened. Was he driven away by his own father? Looking in the direction of the little woman's room on the second floor, Dylan let out a long sigh.

Well, Savannah was in a fit of anger now, she would not listen no matter what he said. Maybe he should leave her alone at the moment in case she might get mad like that again.

Emma brought a cup of milk in and told Savannah that Dylan had gone. A feeling of disappointment came to Savannah unreasonably. She held the hot milk and slowly sipped it.

She should have known that he wouldn't come upstairs... Did she expect him to explain to her? There's nothing to explain. He had acquiesced.

Did she expect that he would stop looking for that girl?

It's impossible.

The girl had a special place in his heart.

If he could find that girl one day, she should have no value at that time...

Thinking of this, Savannah bit her lower lip hard. Actually, she was much angrier with herself. She was a real wimp... Why should she care about whom he was concerned about or who he really liked?

She should have known that what connected them together was only an agreement.

He had a girl he liked and wanted to find that girl. Well, she should be happy and even look forward to seeing him find that girl sooner, and then she might be able to get rid of him and start her new life.

But why... why was she not happy at all? She grieved and groaned inwardly, and she even failed to force a smile...

Her heart overflowed with fear; she feared being abandoned by him.

No! How could she feel that way?

Leaving him had always been something she longed for. Why should she be sad?!

She shook her head and then swallowed a mouthful of warm milk, and, in order to get the horrible idea out of her head, she lay down on the bed and covered herself with a quilt.

Perhaps she was really too tired, or the warm milk helped, she fell into a sound sleep soon.

In her dream, she was walking aimlessly in the dark. In the black gloom, a familiar figure appeared in the distance, waiting for her.

As she approached slowly, the figure of that person became ever clearer. He was a tall and mild middle-aged man in a white shirt and gray pants. He moved towards Savannah slowly, his look tender and gentle.

"Savannah."

The bright eyes of Savannah were suddenly suffused with tears. She cried silently and threw herself into the arms of that mild man.

"Dad!"

Her dad was still so young in her dream.

308: She Was Magnetically Attracted To Him Again

Knowing it was a dream, Savannah was still pleasantly surprised to see her father, who had left her for a long time.

Then she felt aggrieved.

A sad and lonely melancholy gripped and tightened around her heart. Burying herself in her father's arms, she cried all her depression and anxiety out.

Her father patted her on her head gently and comforted her as he did when she was a child, "my little princess, stop crying. Tell me if you are unhappy."

This seemed to provoke her to greater grievances. She was crying more bitterly and could not utter a word.

She did not know what to say. Subconsciously, she did not want to make her dad anxious. Tears choked her words.

"Dad... Why did you leave me? If only you were still here... Then no one would bully me... You are the last one who would abandon me, right? Dad..."

Her dad just fondly took her in his arms and appeased her, "Savannah, you must be strong. You're always the most beautiful little princess in my heart, no one has the heart to abandon you."

But she was about to be abandoned!

Princess? That man's princess was not her...

Savannah wept even harder. Suddenly, her body shook, she opened her eyes and woke up.

When she saw clearly where she was, she took a deep breath and sat up, her face full of tears.

She clasped her knees and could not sleep.

Every time she felt lonely and helpless, she would dream of her father.

He would appear in her dream when she felt lonely in the orphanage and when she was treated badly in her uncle's home.

For a long time, she had not dreamed of her father. Perhaps it was because her life became full and she was not lonely, or...because she had someone else to count on...

But today, she dreamed of him again.

She knew it was because a cold fear was beginning to throb in her breast. The sickness in her heart made her lonely again.

She could not deny... she was really afraid that she was only a substitute in Dylan's heart.

She had to admit... she feared that Dylan didn't want her anymore.

Royal Villa.

The night deepened. The housewarming party in Rowe's house ended, and the guests began to leave by ones and twos.

Lionel bowed his last guest out at the gate, turned, and made for the door. After being busy indoors all night, he was still looking calm and gentle, not tired at all. Looking up, he saw his sister walking down the stairs slowly.

"It's late. What're you doing here? Time for bed!" He said softly.

Charlotte, however, didn't answer his question but smiled naughtily at him and slightly cocked her head, joking, "Lionel, you have a strong opponent this time."

Lionel squinted and realized what his sister was teasing about. He walked to her and squeezed her face gently, "nonsense."

"This's not nonsense! You care about Miss Schultz and almost got a good beating from Dylan for her. Doesn't it mean you are interested in her?" Charlotte knew what kind of guy her brother was. Although he looked like an easygoing gentleman, he was not the kind of man who always flirted with women.

If he was not interested in Schultz, he would not have invited her here, not to mention being so attentive to her regardless of Dylan's anger.

Normally speaking, he would have avoided being associated with his friend's woman alone, in case of any suspicions. But he actively took care of Schultz and offered company himself. Didn't Lionel declare war against Dylan in this way?

Lionel didn't have a girlfriend, and he had never had any romantic relationship with any woman. It's really hard to understand when saw him be so close to Dylan's woman, even a pregnant woman...

Lionel didn't offer much explanation. He curved his lips and said, "you should worry about yourself, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?" Charlotte blinked her eyes.

"You know what I mean. As your brother, I know that you do give Dylan a thought. You looked so pleasantly surprised when you saw Dylan today, and you couldn't take your eyes off him all night." Lionel put one hand in his pocket with a soft chuckle.

Charlotte flushed.

That's right.

Dylan had occupied a position in her heart since she first saw him.

That was more than ten years ago. He came to Chicago for a vacation at his mother's old house, which was next to their house.

That was a Sunday morning. She was walking around the villa community with her father when she saw Dylan pass by in a luxury black car. He was already adored for his good appearance and grace in manner when he was a teenager.

From the opened window, Charlotte saw the beautiful boy sitting straight in the car. He was wearing a white shirt, his eyes shining like obsidian. His sculptured, pouty lips were parted slightly, and his shiny, clean hair was gloriously in place.

Her heart was frantic, and she could hardly breathe.

The car stopped temporarily. The handsome boy nodded politely to them in the car. When his eyes fell upon her, she felt that her soul no longer belonged to herself.

At that time, Curtis, the housekeeper of Sterling's old house in Chicago, was not blind yet. He introduced the boy to them the first time with a smile.

Then she knew his name, Dylan.

The name had been carved on her heart since that day.

It was a pity that Dylan seldom went to Chicago, and he would not stay too long each time he came. She found all the opportunities to approach him when he came by once in a while.

Then, one year, Dylan again came to Chicago and lived in the house next to her for a long time. It seemed that something had happened to him, and he remained silent and unhappy every day. No visit to him was allowed at that time. Later a fire broke out in his house, and Curtis's eyes were smoked blind by the fire. Dylan was immediately taken back to LA, and she also went to university that year.

She never saw him again after that.

Years later, finally, she had a chance to come to his city.

From a handsome silent boy, Dylan turned to a dignified and charming, powerful man. She was magnetically attracted to him again.

Lionel saw her face lighting wistfully. Although he didn't want to strike her, he still spoke to her dryly, "it's said that Dylan is not very interested in normal rich young ladies. Miss White, you know, had chased after him for a long time, but he never accepted her favor."

Charlotte chuckled and shrugged. "Lionel, I'm not Miss White. Don't compare your sister with other girls."

Well, if his sister liked another guy, Lionel would encourage her to be brave and show some initiative, but now, this guy was Dylan, and Dylan already had a girl by his side.

309: I'm Very Serious

That girl might be their sister.

Thinking of this, Lionel went on persuasively, "what about the other one? Don't forget, Dylan has Savannah at his side now."

"It's normal for men in such a high status to have one or two mistresses," Charlotte rolled her eyes and said confidently, "most rich men have lovers, but they would never marry those women. Well, maybe my brother is an exception."

Lionel smiled, "don't you care that Dylan has a woman already?"

"I care, of course, but that the girl's no threat to me at all." Charlotte gave a scornful smile, "look at her belly, she's at least four or five months pregnant, but Dylan never openly said that he has a girlfriend, which means that he doesn't really like her. I still have a chance."

Lionel looked at his sister, "you're really confident."

Well, he underestimated his sister's determination to win Dylan.

"At least I'm the girl from the Rowe family." Charlotte curled up her red lips and tucked at her hair, looking like a princess.

Lionel gave her a warm smile.

Their biological mother died when they were young. Charlotte, the youngest girl in the family, was spoiled by their father and grandmother as she grew up.

Later, another beautiful woman married the Rowe family, and they had a stepmother. Maybe it was because their new mother's daughter was already dead, she put all her love on Charlotte and took her as her own daughter.

All in all, the whole family doted on Charlotte and coddled her.

Growing up in such a peaceful environment, his sister seldom encountered difficulties, and there wasn't anything she could ask for that she couldn't have. So, she was always confident like a princess.

However, if Savannah was really their stepmother's daughter... He heard that she had lived in an orphanage and was treated harshly by her aunt after she was adopted. Compared to Charlotte, she was really pitiful...

He didn't know what else he could do besides persuade Charlotte out of the idea on Dylan.

His smile faded, and he looked at his sister seriously, "Charlotte, since Dylan's with Savannah now, you should give up. Be good, and don't hurt other people's feelings."

If Savannah was their stepmother's daughter, she would be officially Charlotte's sister. He did not want his two sisters to face the situation of robbing a man.

What's more, he also had a lot of pity for Savannah. He didn't want this poor stepsister to be even more pitiful because of Charlotte.

Charlotte found out that Lionel had been blowing her confidence and didn't want her to think about Dylan. She held her arms and winked, "Lionel, I'm helping you! Schultz will be yours if I'm with Dylan!"

"I'm very serious," Lionel stated earnestly.

Charlotte stared at him with pursed lips, tapping her foot. "Fine, okay. I didn't say I was trying to hurt anybody's feelings."

Just then, a servant came out and said, "Sir, Miss, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe called from Europe."

Although Ethan and his wife were abroad, they made video calls regularly with their son and daughter every few days.

Lionel and Charlotte went back to the living room. They sat down on the couch, and on the coffee table in front of them, a middle-aged couple were on the screen of the notebook.

"Dad, mom, I miss you so much." Charlotte immediately blew her parents on the screen two kisses.

In fact, they had called two days before. Lionel picked up his naughty sister and greeted them with a warm smile. "Dad, mom."

Joanne, the beautiful middle-aged woman on the screen, smiled softly at her cute stepchildren. "The weatherman said that it'd be cold and raining in LA tomorrow. Lionel, put on more clothes these days. Especially your sister, she must avoid catching a cold in a light dress."

"I see," Lionel replied softly. Joanne always cared about Charlotte. And, of course, he would not be jealous as Charlotte's older brother.

When their biological mother died, Charlotte was still in infancy. She lacked maternal love and always wanted a mother in her childhood. He was also happy for his sister when Joanne came into their life. A woman who had just lost her daughter and a young girl who wanted a mother comforted each other and loved each other. They were very close to each other and never had any problems like other stepmothers and stepchildren.

What if their stepmother's daughter was still alive...?

"Mom, I'm not going to underdress for the sake of looking good because I look good anyway." Charlotte pursed her lips.

Joanne grinned from ear to ear. "Yes, sure, my Charlotte is the prettiest little princess."

"Come on, Charlotte, you're already twenty-three and out of college. Stop pouting." Lionel said playfully.

"Mom! Lionel bullied me again! When will you come back with daddy?" Charlotte acted coquettishly.

On the other side of the screen, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe laughed as they saw their son and daughter joking with each other.

"By the way, Lionel, how's everything going in LA?" Ethan asked casually.

"Everything goes well," Lionel said mildly.

"What's dad worried about? Whatever Lionel does, he does it well." Charlotte added sweetly, "he held a party and invited many celebrities from LA to visit our new house tonight. A wonderful party."

"Yeah, Ethan, Lionel's able." Joanne smiled at her husband softly.

"You'll spoil them, Joanne." Ethan shook his head at his wife helplessly, but his tone was full of intimacy.

Ethan had been single for a long time with a son and a daughter since his first wife's death. He married Joanne when his son was a teenager and loved her so much. While Joanne doted on his children, he doted on her as if she was his child too.

Lionel looked at his happy parents on the screen, his mind straying.

What if Joanne knew her daughter was still alive?

For the Rowe family, a peaceful life would surely be broken...

Joanne was unwilling to remarry until she learned that her former husband and daughter had both died in a car accident.

310: Savannah's Biological Mother

If Joanne knew everything was a lie, and actually, her own daughter was suffering a lot while she was enjoying her new life, would she regret it? He did not dare to imagine what would happen to their family at that time.

Lionel tried his best to suppress his inner thoughts. Maybe Savannah was not Joanne's daughter at all. Maybe everything was a coincidence.

The video call ended in a happy and easy atmosphere.

After hanging up, Lionel and Charlotte went upstairs back to their rooms.

Joanne stared at the black screen, and all the laughter gradually went out of her face. She had a happy time talking with her children, but after that, the sad feeling of the gloom came to her again.

Although Ethan and Joanne were halfway couples, Ethan loved Joanne and treated her whole-heartedly these years. He immediately knew what his wife thought when she saw her depressed expression.

She was thinking of her daughter, who was dead and gone very early.

After all these years, she could not forget her own daughter. Though she was happy when spending time with Lionel and Charlotte, she had by no means forgotten her own daughter.

"Joanne, don't think about any unhappy things," Ethan said softly.

Joanne nodded. Yeah, what's the use? Savannah could never appear in front of her again. Although she lost her own daughter, God was kind to her and gave her another son and daughter.

Charlotte was very cute and good at making her laugh, and if Savannah was alive, she must be the same lovely and vivacious as Charlotte...

Every time she looked at Charlotte, she felt as if she saw her own daughter...

Because of this, since she married into the Rowe family, she had placed all her affection on Charlotte and treated her as her own flesh and blood.

Joanne's eyes became a little moist at the thought. Hearing her husband's words, she wiped the sparkle from the corners of her eyes and forced another smile.

* * *

A week later, Royal Villa.

There was an uncomfortable stillness in the house.

Lionel looked at the DNA testing report on the coffee table, overwhelmed by the result. His assistant was standing nervously beside the table, and there was a long silence between them.

The result of the DNA test alleged that his stepmother Joanne was Savannah's biological mother.

His assistant could not react for a long time too.

"Sir..." he hesitated, finding nothing at which to catch.

Lionel turned his mind back and said seriously, "you must not tell anyone about this, including Charlotte."

The assistant understood the decision of his young master immediately. This thing might break the peace of the Rowe family. Besides, the Rowe family was in the upper class and one of the famous, wealthy families in Chicago. The media would make a fuss if they knew Mrs. Rowe had a daughter outside the family.

"I know, Sir." He nodded.

Lionel's gaze fell on Savannah's name on the testing result, his graceful eyes flashing sympathy.

That was to say, as Charlotte was, Savannah was also his sister.

Though the two girls were about the same age, their destinies were quite different.

Savannah lost her father and mother at an early age. She lived under her uncle's roof after spending one year in an orphanage. Now she became Dylan's mistress and was going to have kids for him without any status...

How sad Joanne would be if she knew it!

Even so, he must protect his own family first, and he didn't intend to give Savannah a chance to meet her mother. Thinking of this, he felt a little guilty.

Since he would not make Savannah's existence public in his family, as her brother, he must take the place of his stepmother and take good care of his sister.

He would make up for what she had to suffer...

With that in mind, Lionel looked a little relieved.

Birds were chirping in the garden behind the Sterling's house when Savannah got up. The scent of the flowers was wafted to her by the breeze.

Old Sterling knew that Savannah had been in a bad mood since she returned from Rowe's house that night, so he always asked Savannah to accompany him walking in the garden after breakfast.

In order to make Savannah happy during her pregnancy, he bought lots of beautiful and rare flowers, growing them in the garden; he also raised some costly birds, such as small songbirds resembling larks, canaries, and serins, for Savannah's entertainment. What's more, he had the pavilion repaired and covered all the benches with soft leather cushions for Savannah to rest at any time.

The servants couldn't help but sigh with emotion. Besides Mrs. Sterling, Miss Schultz was the only woman who had enjoyed such a treatment in Sterling's house.

It seemed that their old master not only valued his grandson but also took Miss Schultz, the mother of his grandson, as his future daughter-in-law. Although Miss Schultz had no status yet, it's only a matter of time before she got married into the Sterling family.

The plants had been transplanted for a few days and were accustomed to the soil and water here. They grew very luxuriantly, and the good weather helped to bring the flowers into blossom quickly. The rare birds were fed well by the servants. They looked very lively and beautiful.

Savannah accompanied old Sterling, walking around the garden with a peaceful heart.

The green plants and colorful cute birds soothed and relaxed her, and they temporarily banished all troubles from her mind.

After a while, a servant walked into the garden with quick steps. He stopped in front of old Sterling and said, with hesitation, "Sir, Mr. Rowe's assistant has just been here, and he brought a lot of gifts."

Mr. Rowe?

"You mean Lionel?" asked old Sterling, a little surprised.

"Yes," replied the servant.

"Mr. Rowe is too kind," old Sterling laughed, "he invited Dylan to his house and sent gifts here..."

The servant hesitated for a moment and then glanced at Savannah, "Mr. Rowe's assistant said... today's gifts are for Miss Schultz."

"For Savannah?" old Sterling stared.

Savannah stood there bug-eyed when she heard her name.

"Yes... that man brought lots of expensive supplements for pregnant women," the assistant said.

Old Sterling slightly frowned and remained silent for a while. Lionel sent his assistant to Sterling's house not for the purpose of visiting the master of the house but mostly for Savannah.

Knowing the doubts of old Sterling, Savannah quickly explained, "I had seen Mr. Rowe once in Chicago, and we meet again in Muse Park. It was the third time we saw each other at Royal Villa that night. He knew I'm pregnant...I think it is for the Sterling family's sake that he cares about me so much."