

## Midnight 311

### 311: A Generous Gift

Old Sterling, however, remained curious about Lionel's action. Even if Lionel wanted to close the relationship with the Sterling family, he could show his goodwill to him directly and did not need to please Savannah. After all, Savannah was nothing to the Sterling family on the surface, and she just stayed here temporarily.

Besides, gentlemen like Lionel should know to avoid suspicion. He should not make such a mistake. Thinking of this, old Sterling remembered something and turned to Savannah.

"Savannah, did some problem occur between you and Dylan because of Lionel?" They hadn't spoken to each other since they came back from Royal Villa that night.

Although he was old, he had experienced.

Maybe it was because Lionel had been so nice to Savannah, which made Dylan jealous and did something that annoyed Savannah?

Savannah did not expect that old Sterling would ask this question. She flushed with embarrassment, stammering, "No... no. I've nothing to do with Mr. Rowe."

"Of course, I know you don't have a thing with Lionel. You're not a frivolous girl. But Dylan may have misunderstood you. You are at war these days, aren't you?" Old Sterling asked with a meaningful smile.

Savannah opened her mouth, eager to tell old Sterling that they had a problem, not because of Lionel.

Between them, it was true that there was someone else, but this person definitely was not Lionel, but Dylan's dream lover.

Of course, she couldn't say it to Dylan's father. No one could help. She calmed down and shook her head.

"Don't get me wrong, sir. That's not the case," she said with a rueful smile. Old Sterling was about to ask more when Savannah averted her eyes and gazed at the flowers.

Well, Dylan should handle his own affairs and console his own woman. Old Sterling sighed. It's not good for him to interfere in the problems of young people.

Back to the house, Savannah saw the living room packed with exquisite gift boxes. Two servants were checking and preparing the records. They stopped the work when they saw old Sterling and Savannah back, bowing to them politely.

Lionel was really generous and sent them a lot of gifts. From the delicate and fancy boxes, it was not hard to guess the value of the precious medicines and tonics inside them.

Old Sterling laughed and joked, "Savannah, I benefit from your association this time."

Savannah scarcely flushed. Generally speaking, gifts sent into Sterling's house were all for old Sterling, but this time, the one who visited the house claimed that those gifts were for her, an outsider. She felt that she stole the show in front of the master of the house. For fear that old Sterling was displeased or again doubted her relationship with Lionel, Savannah said nervously, "Sir, I never expected Mr. Rowe to be so kind as to give us so many gifts. Shall we return them to him?"

"They're gifts for you. But after all, the Rowe family's a large family, you may blow the young master's face off if you return his gifts..." Old Sterling shook his head and laughed Savannah's nervousness away, "just keep them."

Savannah nodded and said no more. Since old Sterling suggested she keep them, she had no reason to insist.

Well, indeed it was. If the gifts had all been returned, Lionel might be unhappy or annoyed. He was just very kind.

Unexpectedly, it was just the beginning.

From that day on, Lionel sent flowers or gifts to her every few days. Most of the gifts were maternal products or infant supplies. He even invited a famous obstetrician to visit her, examine her, and a nutritionist to advise her on her daily diet.

Savannah was overwhelmed by his unexpected favor and felt a little troubled. But since old Sterling did not say anything, she could only accept.

Though Lionel gave all the gifts to her, she could not use all of them. She selected the best supplements and tonics for seniors and asked Cooper to give them to old Sterling. Then she picked out some baby products and prepared to give them to Olivia's cousin. Donna's baby was still in her infancy state and also needed them. The rest were kept in the storeroom of the house by the servants.

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Royal Villa.

Lionel's assistant, who had just been back from Sterling's house, got out of the car, and across a spacious court, he walked to the door, where Lionel was standing with his hands behind him.

"She did receive?" Lionel raised his brows.

"Yes, sir." The assistant replied politely.

Lionel looked much relaxed. It made him much better when he learned that Savannah received the gifts.

The assistant had a queer look on his face. He hesitated and asked tentatively, "Sir, did you treat Miss Schultz so well to compensate her?"

Lionel made no reply, his eyes gleaming in the sunset.

In addition to making amends, he had another purpose.

He was to blame, for he couldn't let Savannah and her mother meet as a result of his selfishness. For the peace of his own family, he had to hide the secret of Savannah's story, and he would take care of this poor sister in place of his stepmother.

He did not know what else he could do to make Savannah happy.

What's more, Savannah was pregnant with Dylan's child, unmarried. If she could marry into the Sterling family, her life would be much better. He wanted to help this sister to become Dylan's legal wife, in this way, he might be less guilty.

He had no idea if Dylan really liked Savannah or just kept her for fun. But he might value his relationship with Savannah when other men showed concern for her, right? If Dylan was jealous because of his act, he might realize Savannah's importance and give her a position.

At the thought of this, Lionel turned and entered the villa.

The assistant was about to leave when he saw Charlotte, who had just returned to Royal Villa, walking to the door slowly. He stepped aside to let her pass, "Miss Rowe."

Charlotte stopped in front of him, rolling her eyes, "wait a minute."

"Anything I can do for you, Miss?"

"I heard that you'd sent a lot of gifts to Miss Schultz these days?" Charlotte looked at him.

"Er..." The assistant did not expect her to ask this question.

Charlotte got the answer and smiled with satisfaction. Oh, her brother fooled her! He said he was not interested in Dylan's woman but cared about her so much.

Well, a pregnant woman... Was her brother serious?

Alas, dad and grandma must be mad when they knew it!

Nevertheless, she did not mind. She even expected that Lionel could take Savannah away from Dylan.

She would have more chance when Dylan was single again.

### **312: What The Hell Is This Guy Doing?**

The Sterling group.

In the CEO's office, Dylan leaned back on the leather chair, reading the documents. A pale gleam of the setting sun fell upon his back through the window behind him.

It was the end of the workday, but Dylan was still busy with his work.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Garwood came in.

The CEO's eyes were still fixed on the business plan in his hand.

Garwood sighed and slightly shook his head.

After Mr. Sterling came back from Royal Villa with Miss Schultz that night, old Sterling told him not to disturb Miss Schultz and kicked him out... Then he never went back to Sterling's house or Beverly Hills. Thinking of this, Garwood was tempted to laugh, then supposed he had better not.

Garwood cleaned his throat and said, "Mister Sterling called and asked if you'd like to go back to have dinner together tonight."

"I'm not free tonight." Dylan slightly lifted his head, but his face remained expressionless.

For fear that he might annoy Savannah, his father kept him away from her and asked him not to go back these days. Why did he ask him to go back today?

He was not on call at all time, okay? He still wanted to keep his face!

What's more, the little woman was still angry with him. Even if he went back, she would not listen to him or talk to him and would give him the cold shoulder as she always did.

Maybe it was better for him to see her when she straightened out her thinking.

Garwood laughed in his sleeve. He clearly saw the excitement in Mr. Sterling's eyes. Then he lowered his voice and said mysteriously, "Sir, Mister Sterling said you'd better go today, or... you'll regret it."

"What do you mean?" Dylan finally lifted his handsome face from the pile of papers, frowning.

"Mister Sterling said that Mr. Rowe had sent lots of gifts to Miss Schultz recently. What's more, he'll pay a personal visit to Sterling's house this evening. Probably he means to see Miss Schultz especially." Garwood said with exaggeration.

The business plan slipped out of Dylan's fingers.

What? Lionel has been giving gifts to Savannah these days?

What the hell is this guy doing?

In Royal Villa, he showed great interest in his woman, and now he even chased her to Sterling's house?

Does Lionel completely ignore him, the father of the baby in Savannah? Shit!

"Didn't my father refuse him? How could he allow Savannah to receive gifts from Lionel? Is the Sterling family short of these things?" Dylan's face darkened.

"As Mister Sterling said, these gifts are for Miss Schultz, not for him. He had no right to refuse Mr. Rowe in place of Miss Schultz." Garwood repeated what old Sterling said.

Dylan sneered, "then why not refuse Lionel's visit?"

Didn't his father see Lionel had the intention to Savannah? What did he mean by allowing that guy to come to their house? As his own father, shouldn't he help him to drive away any suspicious man from Savannah?

As Dylan frowned on his father's behavior, Garwood felt a little funny and could guess what old Sterling was thinking about. Lionel was a gentleman, and he was not supposed to really have ill intention on Miss

Schultz. Maybe old Sterling just wanted to end the war between Miss Schultz and Dylan and encourage his son to marry Miss Schultz or at least claim her as his fiancée.

"According to Mister Sterling," Garwood continued, "the Rowe family is a good friend of the Sterling family, and our companies also have connections with each other. Now the young master of the Rowe family takes the initiative to call on him, it's not good to say no."

Holy shit!

Frustrated, Dylan waved his long arm and flipped the document in front of him.

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Night fell. Savannah went downstairs to dinner.

In the living room, she was surprised to see a familiar figure sitting next to old Sterling on the sofa.

Lionel came.

"Miss Schultz, nice to see you again." Lionel smiled his usual gentle smile at Savannah.

Savannah smiled back, a little nervous, "Mr. Rowe, good evening."

"Don't stand there, come over. Time for dinner." Old Sterling stood up and motioned Savannah to come with them.

They slowly walked into the dining-room and sat at the table.

After the servant laid the table and served the sweet soup, old Sterling smiled kindly at Lionel, "Lionel, you should have let me know your arrival two or three days in advance so that we can prepare a bigger meal for you."

"You're so kind, uncle Sterling. I come to see you, not to disturb you." Lionel laughed.

Old Sterling also smiled, half-joking, "see me? Or see Savannah?"

Savannah was sipping the sweet soup when she heard her name. She reacted, choked on the soup, and began to cough. Old Sterling was questioning Lionel's purpose!

However, Lionel looked calm, his smile still perfect, "well, I come to say hello to Savannah, by the way."

Savannah just swallowed the soup and almost coughed again. Lionel did dare to say so...

She was anyway Dylan's woman. He had been sending gifts to her these days, and he still showed great interest in her when he called on old Sterling today.

Even if old Sterling and Dylan had a bad relationship, old Sterling by no way would allow another man to sneak up on his son's woman.

Old Sterling showed no displeasure on his face, but his tone was meaningful, "it seems that you're very concerned about our Savannah. Ah, Dylan's not here. As his father, I would like to say thank you for him."

This declared that Savannah belonged to the Sterling family and warned Lionel not to harbor any thoughts about her.

Lionel, of course, understood the warning from old Sterling's indifferent tone.

"Uncle Sterling, you're most welcome," Lionel smiled and said mildly, "Miss Schultz is Dylan's woman and pregnant with his baby. She's now a part of the Sterling family. The Rowe family has always had a good relationship with your family, so it's natural for me to care about her."

### **313: A Sudden Visit**

He meant to say he was concerned about Savannah for the sake of their families' friendship, and he sent gifts to her only because Savannah was Sterling's woman.

Old Sterling visibly relaxed. He eyed Lionel speculatively for a moment and said, "Your father said that you've been very considerate since you were a child, and sure enough, you are much gentler than Dylan. Lionel, your future wife, must be a lucky woman. I am sure you will cherish the woman that will capture your heart. Oh, you don't have a girlfriend yet, do you? It's hard to believe a bachelor like you have no girlfriend. Would you like me to introduce you to a girl?"

"Thanks for your kindness, uncle, but I don't need it." Lionel chuckled. In order to make sure he had no intention of Savannah, old Sterling even tried to introduce him to a girlfriend.

"Why? Are you afraid they don't deserve you? You may rest assured. I know quite a number of young ladies of fine birth, they're all with beauty and intelligence." Old Sterling laughed.

"If those ladies are so nice, why didn't uncle Sterling introduce them to Dylan? Dylan chose Miss Schultz; does it mean Miss Schultz's much better than any other lady?" Lionel's lips twitched up in a half-smile.

Savannah, holding a mouthful of soup in her mouth, almost coughed it out before she finally swallowed it down.

Old Sterling attacked back softly, slightly frowned. Lionel refused him skillfully and praised Savannah, by the way. How could a little girl stand up to such admiration from a gentleman like Lionel? Ethan's son was really good at hitting girls. Ah, it seemed that Dylan had a powerful competitor this time.

Savannah smiled wryly. She didn't expect to see a battle between men at dinner time. She subconsciously uttered a weak cry to interrupt the conversation between them.

They both stopped and looked at her, "what's wrong, Savannah?"

"No- nothing... The baby kicked me in the tummy." Savannah replied hurriedly.

At the same time, the servant brought in the food.

"The baby must be hungry," said old Sterling, "Lionel, don't stand on ceremony, enjoy the meal."

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief, and they began to eat.

After dinner, Savannah went to the garden to take a walk as usual. Night breeze made her very comfortable, but after a while, she began to feel a bit cool.

"Miss Schultz, I'll go in and get you a coat," Emma said and left first, afraid that Savannah might catch a cold.

Savannah nodded. She sat down on a big stone next to her, waiting for Emma's back. As a cool, strong night wind blew over, she made a sneeze and hugged herself. At this time, someone came over to her and covered a thick suit on her.

Savannah looked up in surprise. Lionel was standing in front of her, and his suit was pulled on her.

"Lionel... Why're you out?" Savannah asked and stood up quickly.

"Well, uncle Sterling went upstairs for medicine. I've nothing to do, so I just come out for a walk. I didn't expect to see you here." Lionel smiled softly.

Old Sterling was in better health than before, but he still needed to take medicine to keep his blood pressure down every day. Savannah nodded and didn't say anything, but she felt a little strange. The garden behind Sterling's house was such a big place. Did Lionel meet her by chance? Or he deliberately looked for her?

When Olivia joked about if Lionel was interested in her last time, she said Olivia had thought too much. But after all the recent things, she was also puzzled about Lionel's intention. Was the young master from the Rowe family really interested in her? Why else would he care so much about her?

If Lionel just wanted to establish a better relationship with the Sterling family, there were too many ways, and he did not need to show too many concerns for her.

But she was already known as Dylan's woman, and she's pregnant. Such a gentleman like Lionel should not have an interest in her at all... Was his taste so strange?

If Lionel treated her so well, not because he liked her, why should he care so much about her, even if he might offend Dylan?

Was Lionel nice to her just because he took her as a friend? No... She did not think such a rich young gentleman lacked friends.

Suspicion and confusion mixed up everything in Savannah's mind. For a moment, she forgot to take Lionel's coat off.

The man's coat was too big for her, and it slid down from her shoulder. Lionel reached out to lift the suit. As soon as he touched her shoulder, she reacted and shrank back. But she now sat on a stone, and she almost fell back to the ground at this movement!

Lionel quickly grabbed her arm and pulled her back with another hand around her waist. Savannah leaned forward and bumped into Lionel's arms. She looked up into his worried eyes.

"Are you okay?" Lionel asked anxiously.

She wanted to ask Lionel why he was so nice to her but hesitated. What if Lionel told her that he really liked her? What should she say in that situation?

"I'm alright, thanks." Savannah recovered herself and then found that they were in a very dubious position. Afraid that Emma would misunderstand them when she got back, Savannah reached out to push him away.

At this moment, quick footsteps sounded, hard and cold, not like Emma's.

Savannah's heartbeat accelerated. Oh, Crap.

Following the movement, she saw a familiar figure striding to them along the garden path.

In Lionel's arms, Savannah hurriedly responded. She pushed Lionel away, stood up, pulled the suit off her shoulder, and cast it in Lionel's hand. Then she took two steps back.

"Dylan," Lionel greeted Dylan with his coat in his hand, still calm.

Dylan's face was as black as his suit. He strode to the front of Savannah and asked in a low voice, "What did he just do to you?"

### **314: Why Are You So Discouraged?**

After so many days, Savannah was still annoyed at Dylan or at herself. She hanged her head and said dryly, "nothing, we met in the garden. He helped me when I tripped."

Dylan frowned. Each time the little woman needed help, Lionel happened to be with her, and then she could enjoy his care as a matter of course.

What a coincidence! Dylan laughed sarcastically. Was that mean they were brought together by fate?

The atmosphere among the three became even tense. Fortunately, at this moment, Emma came back in a hurry with a coat in hand. Seeing that Dylan and Lionel were there, she stopped startled, "Mr. Sterling, Mr. Rowe..."

The two men stood there like two wild beasts ready to attack each other; Mr. Sterling looked madly ferocious and Rowe calm and self-possessed.

Between the two men stood Savannah, the little game between two wild beasts.

The atmosphere became a little relaxed when Emma broke the silence.

"Why did you leave Miss Schultz here all by herself?" asked Dylan coldly.

"I... I went into the house to get Miss Schultz her coat." Emma stammered.

"Miss Schultz's never to be left alone, especially when there are other people in the house," Dylan ordered sharply, ignoring Lionel's face.

Savannah didn't want to face Dylan or involved Emma. She went up to Emma, took her arm, and whispered, "let's go."



Emma took a look at Dylan, swallowed, and draped the coat on Savannah. With Dylan's implicit consent, she helped Savannah leave the garden.

"It's getting late. Please tell uncle Sterling I've to go first. I'll call again sometime." Lionel said dryly as Savannah's back disappeared at the end of the path.

Call again? Dylan stared at Lionel coldly.

Lionel knew that the way he treated Savannah had already pushed Dylan's anger to the limit. If it were not for the contracts of those stars from Zagreb Film, Dylan would have kicked him out of this house. He paused and added, "you know, I don't really have anything to do with Miss Schultz. We've just met a couple of times, and I care about her because I think she's such a nice girl."

Dylan sneered. There are so many nice girls in the world. Why don't you care about them?

He believed that Lionel explained to him because he really had a purpose.

Why else did a man show concern to a woman?

Dylan gave him a cold look of suspicion and said menacingly, "I never knew you're so idle, Mr. Rowe. If you've too much spare time in LA, I don't mind help you to make your life a little busier."

He sounded so threatening. If Lionel kept closing in with Savannah, he would make trouble for him in the business.

Lionel squinted. It seemed that Dylan was really angry. Well, if what he had done could let Dylan pay more attention to Savannah and admit his feelings to her, maybe Dylan would marry her. As long as Savannah could have a better life and be happy, all that he had to face was worthwhile. However, he should not overdo it, lest Dylan would really annoy Savannah and embarrass her.

"Mr. Sterling, you really misunderstood us. It's getting late today, so I'll go first." Lionel said and walked away.

When he walked out of the garden and reached the gate, Dylan called behind him, "just a moment."

Lionel stopped and turned to him.

Dylan made a gesture. Several servants came out of the house carrying bags and boxes.

"These are gifts from you during this period of time. Please take them all back. Savannah has no lack of these things. I'll give her better ones," Dylan said and then waved to the servants, "take them to Mr. Rowe's car."

"Yes, sir." Carrying the bags and boxes in hands, the servants quickly headed for Lionel's car out of the gate.

Lionel looked surprised. Dylan was so possessive of Savannah that he did not even allow her to receive gifts from another man.

Dylan watched as the servants put the boxes in the trunk of Lionel's car. After Lionel got in and drove away, he turned and walked back to the house.

At the doorstep, old Sterling glanced in the direction of Lionel's car and then gave Dylan a meaningful look. Of course, he saw what had just happened between the two young men.

Dylan felt a little annoyed when he saw his father – he should have driven Lionel away for him instead of looking on.

"Oh, you drive your rival away?" Old Sterling asked, his eyes dancing with humor.

"Well," Dylan scoffed, "thanks for inviting him in."

Old Sterling laughed disapprovingly. "I feel confident in my son, so I let him come," he said, "Why are you so discouraged? Are you so afraid Savannah will be seduced by Lionel?"

Dylan tried to walk around his father to enter the house, failing to hide his exasperation.

"You got a minute, Dylan?" Old Sterling suddenly stopped him, and he's all seriousness now.

Dylan paused, looking at his father quietly.

In the moonlight, old Sterling walked slowly down the steps with his hands behind his back, approaching a tall tree in the middle of the yard. He stretched his fingers toward the tree trunk and murmured, "this acacia confusa has grown so big."

Dylan glanced at the tall tree next to his father. Of course, he knew that this acacia confusa was planted by his parents when they were just married. After her mother left them, his father took good care of it as if he projected all his feelings for his wife on it. A few decades had passed, and now it became such a big green tree.

"This acacia tree was still a thin sapling when you were a baby. I was too busy at that time, struggling all day in the business circle. I didn't have much time to take good care of the tree, and your mother always worried that we couldn't grow it. Later, your mother passed away, and then I slowly put off the company and finally had time and energy to nurture the tree. If only your mother were still alive and could see it now."

### **315: You Get Out**

"But you still have a chance, Dylan," said old Sterling with a deep sigh, raising his eye to heaven, "if you really like someone, don't miss her and don't leave yourself any pity."

Dylan clenched his hands, his eyes shining with an unspeakable glare.

Old Sterling looked at him and continued, "in fact, I ask you to marry Savannah not only for the sake of the unborn baby in her but also for the sake of your happiness. After all these years, I can clearly see that you feel relax and happy when you're with this girl. I believe she's the one who can give you happiness."

Dylan did not speak for a long time. Then he strode to the steps and into the villa.

He went straight up to the second floor, to the closed door of Savannah's bedroom. He shook at the knob, but the door was locked.

It seems that the little woman knew he would go upstairs to find her. She had locked the door.

"Open the door." He shouted and started to pound on it.

As expected, he got no answer. It was quiet, as if no one was inside.

"Didn't you hear me? Then don't blame me for being rude." He frightened her.

It seemed to work. After a while, Savannah's helpless voice came, "I'm sorry, I've already gone to bed."

"Is that so? Then get up now. I'd like to have a word with you." He softened his voice.

"I said I'm going to sleep." Savannah reiterated.

"But I said, get up for me!" He did not want to continue like this with her. Since he came today, it was necessary to make clear to her.

The voice of the man outside the door was his usual dominating and overbearing. A rebellious feeling fell upon Savannah. She sat up in bed, biting her teeth, "no! What do you want to do? Just break in if you can!"

If he dared to make a noise, old Sterling would send someone to get him out!

Dylan almost laughed in his exasperation. Oh, with the baby in her tummy, the little woman became so bold under his father's support.

Did she think that he could do nothing with her in this house?

He smiled coolly, without saying anything, turned, and strode down the stairs.

The sound of footsteps faded away outside the door. Savannah listened quietly for a long time and finally sighed with relief. It seemed that the man gave up and left. But before she lay back, she heard the footsteps come close again. Before she knew, the door was unlocked and pushed open heavily. A tall figure strode in like a gust of wind with rapid footsteps, and then he quickly closed the door!

Savannah strained her eyes in the dim light. She trembled slightly at the man who threw the spare key on the woolen carpet and approached her.

"What are you doing? Get out!" She cried weakly.

Instead of going out – of course, Dylan drew nearer and nearer to her. As he reached the big bed, he knelt on one knee on the bed, leaning forward, took her slender arm, and pulled her in his arms gently but firmly.

"Let go of me! Dylan! Don't push me!" Savannah failed to get herself free from his hold after much turning and struggling.

"Look at me." He grasped her chin, trying to turn her face to him, but aroused to anger again when he saw her avert her eyes.

She turned her head obstinately to avoid his eyes. She had submitted to him so many times, and she did not want to give in this time with the last dignity she had left. Maybe in the eyes of a rich man like him, she had no dignity at all.

In the tug-of-war, her white skin became red against his fingers. She began to feel pain, but she did not want to give up.

Dylan squinted at the red mark on her chin, more exasperated. He was angry that she refused to submit; on the other hand, he was annoyed that he was soft-hearted and did not want to hurt her. He steeled himself with a sardonic laugh, forcing her to face him squarely.

Savannah found it impossible to move her head under his tight hold, but she closed her eyes, not to look at him.

"Why don't you want to see me?" Dylan was growing impatient.

"I want to sleep now." She did not open her eyes, but he could feel the quiver in her voice.

He would rather she scold him or even beat him, and after she vented all her anger, he could explain to her. But the frigidity of her manner cast a chill on him. After so many days, she was still so indifferent to him and refused to listen to his explanation.

He was depressed and even frustrated with the little woman, and in his desperation, he set his teeth together and blurted out, "don't you think your attitude to your sugar daddy is too bad? I guess you are not so indifferent to Lionel!"

As soon as the words had escaped his lips, he was sorry he had uttered them. The word "sugar daddy" would only make their relationship even worse, but what was said cannot be withdrawn. It was too late.

Savannah was trembling with anger. She opened her eyes with a sardonic smile.

Well, she should have expected that in his mind, she was just his pet, and he never loved her. "Yes, I can be nice to all men but you, so what?"

With a sudden rush of anger, he gripped both her wrists and pulled her hands behind her back, holding them together in one hand. Then he yanked her up against him, the other hand at her back, holding her to him. Lowering his head, he kissed her hard, forcing her lips apart with his tongue, taking no prisoners. His hand moved to the front, and all of a sudden, he tore open her shirt.

She was exposed to the air in her underwear!

She knew that her words irritated him, and she could guess what would happen next. She looked at him in terror and began to struggle again.

She lifted her foot and kicked him, screaming, "let me go! Let me go! Dylan! You get out!"

However, her resistance sparked Dylan's desire for conquering and possessing.

He pinned her legs under his knee and deepened the kiss. Before she was suffocated by the kiss, his lips moved to her neck and down to her breast. His lips closed around her nipple, and he tugged it. Savannah let out a moan uncontrollably.

Dylan beamed with satisfaction. He raised his handsome face, his voices hoarse, "let you go? Don't you like it?" With that, he buried his head in her soft and continued to enjoy her sweetness.

Savannah stared at him, flushing in shame and anger. She began to struggle with all her strength, trying to push him, but could not move at all.

She finally understood why there were so many rapes in the world. Women were not able to resist in front of men at all.

She wondered if it was a rape, but she found herself completely at the mercy of him.

Coldness gripped her heart, and she only felt fear instead of joy or tenderness. She struggled desperately, wriggling her body and begging for mercy, "Dylan... Let go of me, please..."

### **316: Don't Make Me Hate You**

Her sweet, accompanied by her appealing voice, however, fueled Dylan's desire.

Holy shit.

Whenever the little woman begged for mercy, he felt more excited and was unable to hold himself. He felt that he had been poisoned by her, with the deadly poison.

He wanted to fuck her, now. Without hesitation, he lifted her legs to wrap his waist, ready to pull off her pants. Savannah sensed the coming danger; she gnashed her teeth, her nose twisting.

"Dylan, don't make me hate you!"

Yes, it was the agreement that connected her with him, and she should satisfy all his needs; she even had to give birth to his kid...

But she did not want to be forced to have sex with him! She was mortified that her body responded to his caress, and she felt so uncomfortable because of the shame that she preferred death to be fucked by him in this way.

Savannah shivered with her depression of mind and body, her red eyes full of tears. She looked like the poor deer at the mercy of the vicious hunter.

Dylan paused under her restive eyes, which were the same as the girl who had saved him from the five years before...

He made Savannah his woman and kept her beside him because of the similar eyes at first, but he didn't know when he began to scare her more than the girl he kept looking for.

Savannah noticed his absence. Did he think of another girl again?

Yes, it must be... His expression suddenly softened. He must have thought of his lifesaver, and only that girl could soften him.

Ah! Savannah smiled bitterly. She did not expect that her face could help in this critical moment. But then she felt a qualm in her stomach. Taking a deep breath, she pulled away from her hand as soon as the restraint put on her was released a little, reaching for the bedside bell!

After moving into Sterling's house, old Sterling set this bedside bell for her, just in case she might need help in her room when she was alone, and with the bell, she was able to call someone in time.

She didn't expect she would use it in this case.

The sudden sharp noise brought Dylan to himself. He changed color and immediately grabbed her little hand, but it was too late. Seconds later, there was a brisk rapping at the door, and then Emma and Sophie burst in.

At the same time, Savannah pushed him away, covered a blanket around herself, and got off the bed.

"Miss Schultz, what happened?" Emma and Sophie asked nervously. Then they saw clearly the other man in the room, "Mr. Sterling..."

Dylan was panting as if he had just chased his prey, and his heart beat loud enough, perhaps to be heard. He was crawling on the bed and staring at Savannah with dark eyes.

Savannah stood at the bedside, disheveled, the suspicious red on her exposed arms and neck could tell what had just happened.

Obviously, they arrived in time before Mr. Sterling began to enjoy his prey...

Savannah quickly moved behind them, lowering her head. "Sophie, Emma, I'm not feeling well. Please ask Mr. Sterling out. I want to go to bed," said Savannah dryly, holding her breath.

Emma and Sophie looked at each other and then turned to Dylan, showing the door to him, "sorry, Mr. Sterling, please..."

Now, the child in Miss Schultz's belly was the most important thing. They two would be blamed by old Sterling for any oversight. Even if they would annoy Mr. Sterling, they had to stop him.

Dylan was becoming quite calm and had such a panic fear when his eyes fell on her baby bump. He turned over and jumped out of bed, coming up to her, "I've still something to say to you."

Savannah went behind Emma and took her arm, trembling slightly, "Emma, let him go..."

Dylan's heart was suddenly dull with pain as he saw the hurt expression on her face. She looked like a frightened kitten, her eyes tearful and his nose red. He was about to pull her over when Emma and Sophie blocked his way.

"Mr. Sterling, please leave first, or we can't explain to our master..."

Dylan paused. If his father knew he almost forced Savannah to have sex with him, he might be kicked out of the house and forbidden to see her for some time. He closed his eyes a second and took a deep breath. With another glance at Savannah, he sighed and strode out of the room.

\* \* \*

The Sterling group.

When Garwood came into the CEO's office, he saw Dylan watching the view of the city in his chair near the window. He didn't even notice Garwood's coming.

Garwood sighed. Since Dylan returned from Sterling's house that night, he had always been sitting by himself still without moving for a long time.

A few seconds later, Garwood walked over and put the file on the desk.

Dylan pulled himself together, turned his chair around, and returned to his businesslike appearance.

Before Garwood could say anything, there was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Sterling?" The secretary came in looking very excited, "hi, Garwood!"

"What is it?" Garwood lowered his voice. If the secretary had nothing serious, he's going to take her out in order not to disturb his boss.

"Good news!" The secretary spoke happily, "Mr. Rowe had agreed to transfer the contracts of the stars from Zagreb Film to our group!"

Dylan's stance became defensive – angry, even. This was supposed to be good news, but it was clearly more of a surprise for him.

Lionel had held the contracts of those stars for a long time, he didn't agree immediately even Dylan offered the project of Muse Park in exchange. Why did he suddenly change his idea?

"Really? What's the cost?" asked Garwood in surprise.

"You won't believe it!" The secretary gasped in disbelief, "Mr. Rowe said, since he would expand the business in LA, he still needs the help and support from the Sterling group in the future. He asked for only a million!"

A million?

Those stars were all hot signers or movie stars, and any of them could bring in more than a million dollars profit easily. As soon as they signed those stars, they could make lots of money in a short time.

One million was almost nothing for both groups.

Garwood could guess the reason. He did not say a word but looked up at Dylan.

Dylan, of course, knew what Lionel meant. His face looked gloomier.

Lionel did it for Savannah.

There was no other reason for a shrewd businessman to give up money-opportunity.

### **317: I Love Flowers**

Lionel showed great concern about Savannah. He sent many gifts to her, and now he even did them such a big favor!

How could he have no intention of that little woman when he was so nice to her?

"Get out." He ordered coolly.

The secretary looked perplexed. She had no idea why her boss seemed angry at this good news.

Garwood, of course, knew what Dylan was up to. He winked at the secretary and motioned her to go out first.

As the door closed, Garwood approached his young master.

"Sir, Mr. Rowe's really good to Miss Schultz..." ventured Garwood, after a time, though he might make the man in front of him more irritated.

Knowing Miss Schultz had already a man beside her, and that man was Dylan Sterling, Mr. Rowe didn't hang back but openly paid her attention and sent gifts to please her in front of Dylan.

He was extremely audacious...

Dylan kept silent gravely.

"Sir," continued Garwood with a slight cough, "you'd better do something to vie for Miss Schultz's affections."

Honestly, if he were a girl, he'd have probably been moved by Mr. Rowe's great kindness and care.

After all, Miss Schultz and Mr. Sterling were at war these days, and it's easy for a third party to swoop in.

"Do something?" Dylan leered at Garwood coldly.

"Mr. Rowe's a strong rival, sir," Garwood could not help saying. His young master, though rich and powerful, lacked experience in running after girls. "Mr. Rowe's always gentle, and girls are easily attracted to him. Well, I don't mean to say you're not a pleasing man, but you need to do something to win Miss Schultz's heart back; otherwise, I'm afraid she will sooner or later be seduced by that guy..."

The last sentence obviously irritated Dylan. He knitted his brows and said roughly, "she doesn't want to see me at all. What can I do?"

She didn't even give him a chance to do anything. Every time he wanted to explain to her, she would get into a temper for no reason.

He never tried to pamper a girl. This was the first time he thought about how to make a girl happy. But he found it was even more difficult than solving the tough problems in business!

Garwood was silent. He knew Savannah's attitude to Dylan was a little unfriendly recently, but he didn't understand why.

The cloud of gloom hangs over the two men in the office.

Just then, the phone on the desk rang, interrupting Dylan's thoughts. He answered it with displeasure.

"Hello, Dylan?" It's Charlotte.

After that housewarming dinner in Royal Villa, Charlotte got Dylan's personal phone number from Lionel and called him several times.



Dylan answered every time for the sake of the Rowe group. On the phone, Charlotte asked him about the interesting places in LA or let him introduce some good restaurants to her. She would end the conversation in time when Dylan expressed any impatience.

"What's it?" Dylan answered coolly. Obviously, he was completely not in the mood this time.

"Sorry, are you free now?" Charlotte asked carefully, aware of the gloominess in his tone.

Dylan was about to say "no" when an idea came to him. "Well, yes," he softened his voice.

"Oh, I don't want to be any trouble to you," Charlotte said sweetly,

"Of course not," Dylan smiled, "by the way, Charlotte, what gift do you like?"

Garwood was stunned. Why did Mr. Sterling suddenly ask Miss Rowe this question?

Over the phone, Charlotte stayed for a few seconds and then said quickly, "I love flowers."

"Flower? So simple?" Dylan frowned.

"All girls like flowers, regardless of age. No woman will refuse flowers." Charlotte said decisively.

"Anything else?" It's always good to have more than one solution.

"Hmm..." Charlotte considered a little and said, "girls like to be treated like princesses."

"Well... thanks," Dylan said and was going to hang up.

"Dylan, you busy?" Charlotte bit her lip, not willing to hang up so soon.

"Yeah, I'm overtaken by events now. We'll go some other time." All he was thinking about was another thing now.

Other time? Charlotte could not help smiling. Did Dylan mean he still wanted to talk to her?

She blushed and nodded, "okay."

After hanging up, Dylan mused for a moment and then said to Garwood, "order some flowers and send them to Sterling's house."

"Yes, sir," Garwood realized immediately, "you asked Miss Rowe what she likes... for Miss Schultz?"

"For reference," Dylan said dryly. The best way to learn how to win a girl's heart was to ask another girl of the same age.

\* \* \*

The Sterling's house.

At dinner, Savannah heard from old Sterling that the Sterling group got the contracts of those hot stars from Lionel. It was said the price was very low – virtually free.

Old Sterling looked at her thoughtfully as he mentioned this.

Savannah felt unsettled under his gaze. Did Lionel do this for her? If the answer got to be yes, why?

Why did he treat her so nice and even transfer such a money-opportunity to the Sterling group for her sake? Was she more important than the interests of the Rowe group?

If Lionel really liked her... No, that's impossible.

After all, she and Lionel had only seen each other three times. They were on speaking terms, but they didn't even have a friendship between them.

After dinner, instead of taking a walk in the garden, Savannah planned to go back to her room and have a rest early.

Maybe it's because her belly grew much bigger, she felt tired easily.

She was about to go upstairs when she heard some sound with the footsteps of the servants from outside.

"Miss Schultz, I will go and have a look," Sophie said when she heard the noise outside the door.

After a while, she came back with a surprised look.

"What's the matter?" Savannah frowned.

"Miss Schultz, come with me, and you'll see," replied Sophie cryptically.

Savannah followed Sophie out of the house to the swimming pool in the backyard. As they walked, Savannah could not help but ask, "what's the matter, Sophie?"

### **318: Wake Up, Savannah**

Before she could finish her word, she was stunned by what she saw.

The delightful swimming pool was now full of red roses, which perfumed the air and reddened the dark sky. A breeze wafted the sweet smell to Savannah. Looking down, she found the path beneath her feet to the pool also carpeted with red roses.

The scene was too shocking, gorgeous and extravagant, and romantic.

That was a feast for eyes, and Savannah had never seen anything like this before.

"Miss Schultz, these are fresh roses flown in from Bulgarian. Mr. Sterling arranged everything." Sophie smiled and whispered.

Savannah bent down and picked up a rose at her foot. No girl could refuse such tender and beautiful flowers. She even found her name Savannah on the petal of the rose!

Surprise struck her dumb. But only after a moment, she recovered and smiled sardonically.

He did this for fear that she might hurt the unborn child in a bad mood, or just because he wanted to compete with Lionel.

Or maybe, he just sent flowers to a woman who looked like his dream girl, not the one who was named Savannah.

The thought cooled her down. Her heart began to be hardened again.

"Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling even carved your name on these Bulgarian roses!" Sophie screamed to Savannah excitedly, as if it was herself who received those flowers.

At the edge of the pool, the maids could hardly hide their envy from their eyes. They all gazed at Savannah with admiration.

All the people present were waiting to see the excited or happy expression on Savannah's face. They were confident that this young lady would see this scene with whoops of delight. After all, no girl could stand this kind of romance!

However, Savannah did not speak for a long time. Finally, she let go of her hold of the rose and ordered coldly, "take all these flowers away."

Her voice was low and quiet. The backyard was silent, so everyone heard her clearly.

The maids froze for a moment.

Sophie responded, "Miss Schultz, you mean, take those roses away?"

"Yes, since they are for me, I should be able to dispose of them at will?"

"Yes... Of course... "

"That will do. I'm allergic to pollen. Take those roses if you like. Put them in your room or sell them for money, just as you like." With the concluded word, Savannah turned and went back to the house without looking back at the roses.

Sophie looked after her back and took a deep breath. Other maids rushed up to Sophie, gathering around her, "Sophie, what should we do now? Shall we really take the flowers away?"

"What else?" Sophie sighed, "do as Miss Schultz asked."

All the maids had to go for the roses.

Savannah went straight up the stairs to her room. She closed the door and stood against it for a long time. Looking up, she stepped slowly out upon the balcony unconsciously and looked down to the swimming pool.

The roses had already been cleared by the servants, and the water became still and quiet again in the pool.

It seemed that what she had seen just now was only her fancy.

She bit her lip and wished she weren't so tenderhearted. Now that she had rejected his flowers, why did she feel lost when she saw the flowers gone.

How could her heart be melted by some flowers? She should not forget she was just a substitute!

She didn't think he was nice to her because he loved her. He just wanted to make his dream lover happy.

Wake up, Savannah!

As she thought of it, she took a deep breath and turned into the room.

\* \* \*

The next morning, Savannah woke up a little late.

She didn't sleep well these days. She tossed unrestfully and turned over at night and got up very late in the morning. According to the doctor, it was because of the pregnancy hormone, normal for pregnant women. But Savannah knew it was also because she thought too much.

Of course, old Sterling never woke her up early but let her wake up naturally.

When she finished washing and had her breakfast, it was already ten o'clock. She went into the living room and saw old Sterling reading a magazine on the sofa.

Savannah was a little embarrassed. It seemed that she had already made herself at home in Sterling's house.

"I'm sorry, sir, I got up late." She said sheepishly.

"It doesn't matter." Old Sterling looked up from the magazine with a kind but meaningful smile.

"Anything wrong?" Savannah touched her face in some perplexity.

Old Sterling handed her the magazine and asked her to sit down. "Look at it yourself," he said.

Savannah took the magazine and noticed that it was a fashion and entertainment magazine. Normally, old Sterling only read the financial and business section of the daily newspaper. He never read this kind of magazine.

It was Beauty, the hottest fashion magazine in the country. Only pop stars and international models would appear in this magazine. It was also the fashion magazine all plane models, including Savannah, dreamed of being showed on. However, it was just a dream for those small models, and most of them would never have this chance in their lifetime.

She held her breath and opened the magazine casually. On the exquisite page, she found herself in the shape of Goddess Savannah!

Did JK buy this page for Fairy Land? But how could she happen to find her own promotional photo on the magazine after a careless turning?

Savannah turned the page thoughtfully.

The next page was also printed with her endorsement image in Fairy World!

She continued to turn over the magazine and found her pictures on every page of it unexpectedly!

Savannah gasped.

It was so difficult to be showed in Beauty that even superstars would fight for a page, and the price for one page was really high. For normal brands, it was hard to buy one page for advertising even if they had money. But now she occupied the whole magazine unexpectedly as an unknown model!

Not one or two pages, but the whole magazine!

She got the attention of the world like a princess.

Who else but Dylan would do it?

"Oh, Cooper," old Sterling laughed to his old butler as Savannah was still in a daze, "I didn't expect that Dylan has such means chasing after a girl. As good as I was."

Butler Cooper almost laughed. His old master was really not modest.

### **319: A Substitute**

Old Sterling looked at Savannah as if expecting her to say something. However, Savannah looked away.

If old Sterling was expecting her to be moved, he might be disappointed.

Well, her heart throbbed when she saw her images in the best fashion magazine, the dream of every model. And she even occupied the whole magazine, which made her the attention of the country!

However, she calmed down quickly.

There was a voice in the bottom of her heart that kept telling her that she should master herself. She was not allowed to feel happy with what he did.

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Back in her room, Savannah found several missed calls from Olivia. She called her back.

"Savannah, have you seen it? Your publicity photos for Fairy Land are showed on Beauty! The whole of Beauty! It's all about you in this issue! You know how much the cost for one page of this magazine? Oh my! JK is amazing! How did they do it?" As soon as Olivia answered the phone, she said excitedly over the phone.

"Er..." Savannah hesitated, "it's not JK's publicity."

Olivia paused and became clear suddenly, "oh! Not JK? I should have known it. Mr. Sterling did that?"

"Hmm..." Savannah conceded.

"I see. JK's outstanding in the game industry, but it's hard for JK to make advertisements in such a fashion magazine. Only Mr. Sterling can do it easily..." Olivia heaved a sigh and continued, "Savannah, you're on Beauty, and this issue is all about you! You're well known by the modeling circle this time, and everyone envies you for being shown on Beauty. Nancy and Kitty called me just now and asked me how you are shown on Beauty. Huh, they thought nothing of you before. You're having a good run now, and they remember you. Ridiculous! Do you know Katherine? She even asked me for your number and

wanted you to introduce her to JK! How did she have the face to say such things? She usually treated us like dirt!"

These names out of Olivia were the names of the models who once worked with Savannah and Olivia in the same modeling circle.

Savannah was not that person who liked to form cliques, and she was not good at flattering people. She had no other friends, but Olivia.

She seldom did modeling work after she moved into Beverly Hills. Those models couldn't find her, so they called Olivia to ask for Savannah's contact. They thought Savannah leaned on a good company now and wanted to get her connections.

"Just ignore them. It doesn't pay to be annoyed by these people."

It seemed that Olivia had returned to the young and active Olivia. Savannah was happy to see that her best friend had completely recovered.

"I just can't stand their snobbish attitude. They were even not pleased to look at you when nobody knew you. Now you're in favor, and they all wanted to be your friends! If they saw you stand arm in arm with Mr. Sterling before them, they would all be crazy, wouldn't they?" snapped Olivia.

"Olivia, don't let anyone know the relations between Dylan and me," Savannah quivered slightly at Dylan's name and said.

"Of course, I won't." Olivia knew what Savannah was concerned about. After all, Dylan had not yet made their relationship public. If those small models knew it, they might speak evil of Savannah behind her.

Then she lowered her voice, "Savannah, hasn't Mr. Sterling made any arrangement for you?" She chose her words carefully, afraid that Savannah would be unhappy.

Savannah knew that Olivia was asking if Dylan was going to make their relationship public or planned to marry her before the baby came. She grinned bitterly and said, trying not to make Olivia worry, "no. I didn't think about that either."

Olivia frowned. She noticed that Savannah's relationship with Mr. Sterling seemed to become difficult when she accompanied Savannah to Muse Park last time. However, since that man bought out the whole issue of Beauty to cheer up Savannah, he did care about her.

"What does he want?" Olivia wondered, blurting out, "he kept you at his side and made you pregnant, but still doesn't want you as his girlfriend. Why? He has been very good to you. I really don't understand. What the hell does he take you for?"

Savannah held the phone tightly, her hands trembling. It's lucky that Olivia could not see her painful expression. Her question made her feel ashamed of death.

What does he take her for? A substitute.

Did she have to tell Olivia that she got his favor because she looked like his savior?

He didn't want to marry her because he wanted to preserve the position of his wife for the girl he really liked.

But she could not bring herself to say that.

She didn't want Olivia to worry about her.

"Olivia, I know you care about me, but I'll take care of it myself. Don't worry." Savannah tried to cool herself and said.

Olivia heard the tiredness in her tone and didn't burden her with more questions.

\* \* \*

The Sterling group.

Sitting behind his desk in the CEO's office, Dylan heard from Garwood about Savannah's reaction to the gifts last night.

She gave all the roses to the servants.

She took just one look at the magazine and then went upstairs expressionlessly without a word.

Dylan's brows knitted together. His face was covered by dark clouds. Moments later, he banged his fist on the desk, making the crystal ashtray jarred with terror.

Garwood paused, thinking that Mr. Sterling was angry. Well, it was the first time for Mr. Sterling to please a girl, and he should be frustrated when he received no expected reaction from Miss Schultz. He must be getting impatient.

However, Dylan narrowed his eyes and rang the secretary. In a minute, the secretary knocked on the door and pushed it open. "Mr. Sterling, what can I do for you?"

"Is Mr. Schultz here?" Dylan asked dryly.

"Yes, Mr. Schultz's in the waiting room now. I'll bring him in now." The secretary got his idea, turned, and went out.

Mr. Schultz? Miss Schultz's uncle, Dalton Schultz? Surprised, Garwood stood aside. The door was opened again, and Dalton walked in.

### **320: A Big Deal**

Dalton looked ten years older after Valerie was sent to prison. His hair had gone quite white, became thinner and paler.

This was the first time for Dalton to visit the CEO's office of the Sterling group. He was too nervous to look directly at the man behind the desk.

"M-Mr. Sterling, what do you want to see me about?" He stammered.

Dylan took out the prepared check, passing it along with the desk towards Dalton. "Is it enough to buy Schultz's factory?"

Recovering from his first stupefaction, Dalton took the check from the desk and looked at the figure on it. It was more than enough to buy the factory!

Dalton was quite clear of the value of Schultz's factory. He was not as good at business as his brother, and he was not able to manage the factory well. In fact, since he took over the factory, the profit had been declining. He had long had it in his mind to sell the factory, but there was no buyer who could offer a good price. It was a pleasing surprise for him if Mr. Sterling could buy it at such a good price.

He was about to agree when he suddenly thought of something. Why did Mr. Sterling want to buy his factory? It seemed that he was eager to buy the factory. Was it for Savannah?

Oh, maybe he should look at that girl with new eyes. She just charmed the very soul out of Mr. Sterling, who would even like to buy the Schultz's factory for her!

Well, it was a good chance to sell the factory at a good profit!

"Mr. Sterling, since my daughter went to prison, my wife and I have been counting on this factory for the rest of our lives. We have nothing but this factory now..." He wanted more.

Dylan sneered. He knew Dalton noticed his determination in the factory and deliberately asked for a high price.

There were dozens of ways to let Dalton give the factory to Savannah without costing a dollar, but he didn't want things to get to that point. He would like to buy the factory at a high price not because he was really kind, but because the middle-aged man was Savannah's uncle, and he had brought up Savannah since her parents left. What's more, he didn't want to get into a fight that might involve the little woman. Savannah certainly didn't want to fight with her last family in the court again.

So, he planned to buy the factory with money.

If all the Schultz had to live like beaten dogs, Savannah herself would also be looked down upon by outsiders. Well, just leave the useless uncle for her.

For the sake of the little woman, Dalton's fate would not be too tragic.

"When Savannah's father was still there, the factor ran well," Dylan said, rapping on the desk. "I dare to say, under your management, it'll go bankrupt in five years. Take the money, and you don't need to worry about the rest of your life. Otherwise, I promise you'll end up with nothing."

Dalton waved at this, but he was still unreconciled, "but..."

Dylan did not bother to talk to him. He wrote a number in his checkbook and tore it off, pushing it over, "plus this."

Dalton looked at the figures, taking a breath. Without hesitation, he stuffed the two checks into his pocket. "Done! I'll send the stock certificate and related documents to you soon!"



"From now on, you have nothing to do with this factory. You are not allowed to come back." Dylan said coldly.

"Sure!" Dalton promised at once, turned, and left. With this money, he would not bother to care about the factory anymore.

Garwood looked at Dylan as the door was closed. He thought that Mr. Sterling was getting impatient when Miss Schultz showed no interest in the gifts, but he was wrong.

Mr. Sterling didn't give up. He even bought her father's factory for her.

Just then, there was a knock. The secretary sent Dalton away and returned, "Mr. Sterling."

"As soon as Schultz delivered the deed of factory land and the share certificate, arrange the notarization to transfer the ownership," Dylan commanded.

"Yes, Mr. Sterling."

"How about the house in Green Lake?" Dylan continued.

The house in Green Lake? Garwood was surprised. He knew it was an old residential district. Why did Mr. Sterling mention that district?

The secretary replied, "the owner of that house doesn't want to sell it. I offered three times the price as you told, and the owner finally agreed."

Garwood opened his eyes wide. Mr. Sterling bought the house in that district at three times the price? That was a big deal!

Although Green Lake was situated in very pleasant surroundings, its houses were really old. Was it worth that price?

"Keep after it." Dylan was obviously satisfied.

"Yes." The secretary turned and left.

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The Sterling's house.

In the afternoon, Savannah was eating fruits in the living room when the telephone rang.

A maid answered the phone and then walked to Savannah, "Miss Schultz, Mr. Garwood will pick you up in ten minutes. Please get ready."

Savannah wrinkled her brows, "where to go?"

It must be Dylan's command. What did the man want to do? He had sent her flowers and made her the focus of the modeling circle, and he must be annoyed at her cool response. What did he want to do this time?

"I don't know, but he said that you must go in person. It won't take long." The maid answered politely.

Savannah swallowed her unwillingness. Well, just see what he wanted to do again.

Soon, she heard the car outside the door.

Garwood came to her. "Miss Schultz, please."

Savannah looked out of the window and felt relief when she didn't see Dylan.

"Don't worry, Miss Schultz," Garwood sighed and said, "Mr. Sterling won't go with us."

Savannah did not say a word. She left the house with Garwood and got in the car. Well, she didn't care where they went.

Half an hour later, the car stopped.

"Notary? What are we doing here?" Savannah got off the car and frowned when she saw the building in front of them.

"Just come with me." Garwood led her in.

As soon as Savannah went into the lobby of the notary office, she saw a familiar figure standing at an officer.

That was her uncle.