

Midnight 321

321: Factory Handed Over

Uncle? What on earth is going on? Savannah paused.

The notary officer had already prepared everything. Now the parties were all here, he took out two copies of the notary agreements and handed them to Dalton and Savannah, respectively.

"Please take a look," he handed them two pens and said, "please signed it under signature if no one has any objections. Then the Schultz's factory will be handed over to Miss Schultz."

Savannah stared at her uncle with surprise and quickly looked at the documents.

Dalton transferred Schultz's factory to her, including the shares left by her father, as well as the old workers in the factory. As soon as she signed it, she was the legal owner of Schultz's factory.

Why did the uncle and aunt turn over the factory to her?

In order to get to the factory, Dalton and Norah chose to adopt her after her father's death...

They would never agree to return her father's factory to her, unless...unless Dylan bought the factory and asked them to turn it over to her.

She glanced at Garwood. It was really unexpected that Dylan helped her to get her father's factory back.

This action began to thaw the icicles in her heart...

The man was very clear about what she had most wanted. Now her greatest wish came true, because of him.

Dalton looked at his niece, grunted, bent over, and signed his name.

"Miss Schultz, please sign it," Garwood said quietly when she saw Savannah stand mute a great while.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah finally picked up the pen and signed her name.

When the deed was done, Dalton went up to Savannah and noticed her baby bump. He thought he understood why Dylan had to buy Schultz's factory for her.

"Savannah, you're amazing, much better than Valerie. Now you're the boss of our Schultz's factory. Since you have the ability, don't forget to support your uncle in the future." Dalton said in a flattering tone.

His daughter's future was ruined, and he could not offend his powerful niece. She might really have the chance to marry into the Sterling family. He should keep a good relationship with her so that he could get more in the future.

Savannah turned her head aside. She didn't want to talk with this man at all.

Garwood noticed Savannah's expression. He walked to the front of her and said to Dalton coldly, "you can go now."

Dalton gave a little laugh and left.

"Miss Schultz, please keep them well," said Garwood as he handed Savannah the deed of title, certificate of equity, and business license, "the experienced workers will manage the factory for you temporarily. You're the boss of the factory now, and you can give them the word at any time."

Savannah was silent for a moment and nodded. Holding the license and documents in her hands, she walked out of the notary office with Garwood. Sitting inside the car, she couldn't calm herself down for a long time.

Dad. You may rest assured, Your life's work, the factory, has been taken back. It'll not be managed badly by uncle, or even closed up... I'll keep Schultz's factory going well.

Savannah bit her lip. She refused to admit that it was Dylan who helped her. She should hate him for not promising her the marriage. She should refuse to see him again.

But why did she want to see him right now? Was she still moved by him?

No, she couldn't.

She didn't want to get deeper and deeper in love every minute--particularly when the man didn't really love her.

But why couldn't she stop thinking about him...

Dad, can you teach me what I should do?

Savannah looked out the window, trying to restrain her complicated emotions. Then she found that the car did not go in the direction of Sterling's house.

"Garwood, don't we go back?" She asked, confused.

"Well, Miss Schultz, there's another place we should go first. Then we'll go back." Garwood said with a meaningful smile.

In a short while, the car slowed down. Savannah opened her eyes wide as the scenery outside the window became more and more familiar. She almost struck herself against the window at last, and she was going to lose control of her emotions.

This was Green Lake, where she used to live when she was a child!

She lived here with her parents for the best part of her life!

The car stopped at the door of a two-story villa.

Savannah's heart was beating violently. This was her home! She lived here before her dad died!

The house was the same as it was many years ago. At that time, her family was still rich. Although they could not compare with the Sterling family, she never needed to worry about food or clothing.

At that time, her mother had not disappeared, and her father was still alive, and she was the happiest little princess under the protection of her parents.

Then her life had great changes. Her father died in a car accident, and her mother was nowhere to find. She was adopted by her uncle after living in an orphanage for several months. This old house was mortgaged to the bank for capital turnover, and it was finally sold by Dalton.

She never came here again after that. It was no longer her home, and she didn't want the memories to be recalled by the scene.

Tears began to hang from her eyes. Covering her mouth, she sobbed and cried silently.

Garwood watched as she relieved her feelings, and then he whispered, "Miss Schultz, let's go in."

Go in? But this was no longer her home...

In a muddle headed state, Savannah followed Garwood into the villa. As soon as she stepped into the door, she could hardly contain her excitement again. The decorations of the house were exactly the same as before.

No, that's impossible. The house had changed hands several times since Dalton sold it. How could it be the same as before?

It was put back to its previous appearance.

The lamps and lanterns, the furniture, and the wallpapers were exactly the same as her previous home.

She walked slowly around the house, touching every piece of furniture she passed.

Then she went upstairs to her bedroom.

The door was pushed open. Her bedroom remained the same too.

The walls had been painted pink by her father in person; the flowered sheets and quilts were laid out neatly as if the master of the room would come back at night.

A corner of the room was the place for toys, prepared by her mom and dad especially. Now it was still filled with toys, which looked a little old. The yellowish teddy bear was quite familiar. Savannah was stunned for a while and then moved to pick it up. It was a fluffy bear, and there was a small red patch on its nose!

Savannah looked at the bear with disbelief.

This little teddy bear was her favorite doll when she was a child. She accidentally broke its nose but didn't want to lose it, so her mother cut a red cloth in heart shape and sewed it to the bear's nose.

322: I Don't Want To Force Him

All the toys on the floor in this corner were her toys in her childhood!

They brought tears to her eyes again. She put the doll under her nose; the smell of it brought back those sweet memories. She felt that she came back to her childhood as a little girl; she still lived here, and her parents were still here.

She was always the carefree little princess, loved and protected by her dear mom and dad...

"Savannah!" A familiar old feminine voice called.

Savannah startled. She thought she would never hear this voice again! Turning back, she saw a woman in her fifties stand at the room door. She dressed in plain clothes, and her eyes red.

"Auntie Garcia?!" Savannah sounded shaky. She could not believe her eyes.

Garcia had been her nanny since she was born, and she was the same as Savannah's family. Before Savannah was sent to the orphanage, Garcia wanted to bring her back home to raise her. Regrettably, she did not perfectly well afford to support her, and they were not related by blood.

According to the regulations, Garcia was not qualified to adopt her. She cried when Savannah had to be sent to the orphanage, and after that, she returned to her hometown in a country.

"It's me, Savannah." Garcia ran to hold Savannah into her arms.

Garcia came back! Savannah hugged her back, weeping with emotion.

Garcia knew that Savannah had been adopted by her uncle but was not well treated. She wiped her eyes and said, "I was afraid to ruin your future, so I gave up the idea of taking you to my hometown with me. If I had known that they even didn't allow you to go to college, I would have taken you with me by one means or another!"

"How do you come back, Auntie Garcia?" Savannah repressed her tears and asked.

"Mr. Garwood found me in my hometown and took me back," Garcia answered, glancing at Garwood.

Savannah had expected it was Dylan who arranged everything, but she was still moved.

Garwood smiled at them and said, "Miss Schultz, this is your house from now on. The property has been transferred to you, and the property ownership certificate will be sent to you later. Mr. Sterling said Garcia would stay here to look after the house for you. You can also come back and live here if you missed home."

Dylan bought the house back.

Not only that, but he also returned the house to its original condition as it was when she lived here. He even got her toys back and found her old nanny for her.

All he did was to make her happy.

Although there was still a voice in her heart telling her that it did not mean he loved her, her heart became incredibly soft at this moment.

She clenched her fists. Why? Why did he be so good to her? She got really mixed feelings about him and didn't know how to face him.

"Savannah, who's Mr. Sterling?" Garcia hesitated for a moment and asked. She had seen Savannah's baby bump and was a little worried.

Has Savannah got married?

Who is the father of the baby in Savannah? Mr. Yontz, the man who has been engaged to her?

"Miss Schultz, I'll wait for you downstairs," said Garwood considerately when he noticed Savannah's embarrassment. Then he turned and went downstairs.

Garcia held Savannah's hand and said anxiously, "what's that all about, Savannah? Is Mr. Garwood working for Mr. Sterling? What's your relationship?"

Garcia was the same as Savannah's family, and Savannah did not plan to hide anything from her. She sat her nanny down, taking a deep breath, and told her all the story, including Dylan's status and how Devin and Valerie betrayed her.

Garcia remained silent for a long time. Then she sighed and murmured, "so this Mr. Sterling is Yontz's uncle in the Sterling family...Oh my, how could that guy send you to his uncle's bed! Son of a bitch! He would be punished by God!"

Savannah might be embarrassed when she talked about this before, but now her heart had been numbed by what Devin and Valerie did to her, "Garcia, Devin has been sent abroad by his grandfather. I may never see him again."

"Are you with Mr. Sterling now? When will you get married?" Garcia asked with some anxiety. Her old masters would never allow their dear daughter to get pregnant before the marriage.

"Old Sterling has mentioned the marriage..." Savannah stammered.

Garcia was relieved. The Sterling family was a rich and noble family, and it should be responsible for Savannah. What's more, Mr. Sterling spent lots of money and energy to buy the old house back and redecorate it for Savannah. All he had done meant that he cared about her. Since he treated Savannah well, it was not bad to charge him with Savannah.

"Then marry Mr. Sterling! What are you waiting for?" Garcia slapped her thigh and said eagerly.

Savannah's nose suddenly twisted. She subconsciously clenched her fingers, lowering her head.

"Mr. Sterling disagreed?" Garcia frowned at her expression.

Savannah swallowed and didn't reply.

"What?" Garcia understood immediately, gnashing her teeth, "what does he mean? You're pregnant!

Does he look down upon you because your parents are not here? Isn't he serious to you?"

Savannah didn't know how to reply, and she kept silent.

"Don't worry! I am your family too!" Garcia continued, quite angry, "Take me to Sterling's house, and I'll talk to Mr. Sterling! Anyway, I won't let anyone bully you!"

Garcia was hot-tempered. She could not wait to reason with Mr. Sterling for her old master at once, even if that man was in such a high position.

Moved, Savannah held Garcia's hand and took a deep breath, "No, Garcia."

Garcia thought she didn't dare to offend the Sterling family because it was too powerful. "Don't worry, Savannah. You're also from a good family, and normal men had no chance to see you when your father was still alive. Since old Sterling has already agreed to your marriage, why does that man say no?"

"I don't want to force him. It won't be a happy marriage in that way..." Savannah smiled sardonically. What's the point of marriage if her husband's heart was not on her at all?

323: You Want To Marry Him Don't You?

Savannah did not want to be like Valerie, who married into the Sterling family all because of the baby. Under her glorious appearance, there was no happiness but only a miserable existence.

Garcia hesitated for a moment and then said, "it seems that Mr. Sterling's very nice to you. I heard from Mr. Garwood that Mr. Sterling even bought the Schultz's factory from your uncle and returned it to you... That man spent time and money on you, and he must like you. I don't understand why he isn't willing to marry you."

Savannah clenched her hands, and finally, she told Garcia that Dylan had taken her as a substitute.

Besides her parents, Garcia was the only person in the world who really cared about her, without any aim. She had nothing to hide from her.

A look of apprehension came into Garcia's face as she listened. She looked at the pregnant girl in front of her, and pity welled up in her heart. She found herself completely unable to help her this time.

"It's okay, Garcia, I don't care. It's just an accident," Savannah forced a smile, trying to reassure Garcia.

But Garcia shook her head slowly. If Savannah really didn't care, she wouldn't be so sad.

Garcia's all-seeing eyes made Savannah uneasy. She turned her face aside a little.

"Savannah, you... you want to marry him, don't you?" Garcia got straight to the point.

"No!" Savannah blurted out, tremulously, "I don't," she murmured.

"If you really have no feelings for that man and don't want to have further development with him, how can you be willing to get pregnant for him and give birth to a child for him?" Garcia watched her closely.

At these words, Savannah compressed her lips so tightly that they went white. This could not be refuted. If she did not like that man, even if she was forced to get pregnant, there were many ways to abort the child. Her own choice was the key.

Yes, she got pregnant because of his trick. She tried to have an abortion, but he stopped her in time. She had been telling herself that she had to obey him, for her father's factory, and for the old workers. But now Garcia reminded her, and she finally viewed herself clearly.

She had to confess that she agreed to give birth to his child because she was willing to do that. Deep in her heart, she wanted to be involved in his life, and she had already been willing to have his kids, right?

When this idea presented itself, Savannah was almost persuaded to shake her head. She held her breath and said, "Auntie Garcia, I don't want to talk about that."

Savannah's evasive manner told everything. Garcia sighed helplessly. Although Savannah was forced to stay with Mr. Sterling, it seemed that she had already had a special feeling for that man, but she didn't want to admit it.

"Just tell me what I can do for you, I'm always your family," said Garcia, holding Savannah's cold hand.

Savannah nodded.

After they chatted for a while, Garcia accompanied Savannah down the stairs. Garwood got up from the sofa and walked to them.

Garcia looked at Garwood and said sincerely, "Mr. Garwood, I've been the nanny in this house for more than ten years. Mr. Schultz treated me very well when he was alive, and I also take Savannah as my own child. I don't care who Mr. Sterling is, I just hope you can take care of Savannah, please."

"As you can see, Mr. Sterling never treat Miss Schultz badly," Garwood smiled and turned to Savannah, "Miss Schultz, the owner of this house in Green Bay, didn't want to sell it at first. Mr. Sterling tried every means and paid three times the price to buy it back. In order to restore the furniture and decoration in the house, Mr. Sterling managed to find the old photographs of the house and sent a group of people to find or make the furniture piece by piece. Your old toys were sent to a warehouse after the house was sold, and we got them back after some difficulty. What's more, Mr. Sterling knew that Garcia had watched you grow from childhood, and you must miss her, so he asked me to take her back to you..."

Savannah didn't say a word, but she appeared quite moved, and a bit shook. After a while, she said good-bye to Garcia and slowly walked outside.

Garwood quickly followed her.

Savannah looked out of the window quietly as the car drew slowly away from Green Lake.

Garwood glanced at her in the rear mirror, wondering if she had become a little softened toward Mr. Sterling.

"Mr. Sterling's waiting for you at Bellomont. Miss Schultz, I'll take you there now if you like." He asked tentatively.

"Okay," Savannah blurted out before she could think more.

Perhaps she also wanted to talk to him face to face. The war between them couldn't last forever.

Garwood breathed a sigh of relief. Miss Schultz, at last, thawed slightly. The car picked up speed, and they drove toward Bellomont.

* * *

Royal Villa

Charlotte sat on the sofa, turning the leaves of a fashion magazine open before her, and she stared steadily at the smiling girl on it.

Every page of the magazine had a picture of Savannah Schultz in the image of the goddess in a game. These promotional photos were apparently taken before she got pregnant.

In the photograph, Schultz was wearing a purple dress made of delicate embroidered French lace. Her auburn hair was swept up demurely, and in her hands, she held a bouquet of a delicate blue enchantress. She looked so lovely and fantastic that she could capture every man's heart, including Dylan's...

Charlotte leaned forward and shut the magazine. She didn't want to see that girl anymore, but she couldn't calm down.

That day on the phone, Dylan asked her what gifts girls liked. She was overjoyed and thought Dylan had a gift for her.

In fact, he was preparing gifts to surprise Schultz.

Dylan talked a little more to her all because of another girl...

She said girls wanted to be taken as a princess, so he made Schultz the focus of the country.

Charlotte's face clouded over, and she began to lose faith in herself.

She thought nothing of Schultz at first. Though that girl was pregnant with Dylan's baby, she was at most Dylan's mistress.

If Dylan wanted a wife, the daughter of the Rowe family was undoubtedly much more competitive than an unknown model.

Charlotte knew the rules in those powerful families. Lots of rich young men would have underground lovers before marriage, and some even had illegitimate sons. But they never marry those women of poor backgrounds, and their wives would always be noble ladies like her.

324: She Wanted Him Too

Charlotte thought Dylan was the same. So even Dylan took Savannah to the party together last time, she didn't care much.

But now, she was not so confident.

Dylan had spent so much money and heart to please Savannah. In his mind, Savannah was more than his mistress.

Charlotte began to feel panic and fear. After a long time, she adjusted her mood. A clear and confident smile appeared on her lips again.

She couldn't be defeated. She had a good look, rich family background, and she was well educated. She should fight for her happiness, for the man she had wanted for many years.

The unexpected girl beside Dylan roused her spirit and fighting will.

She could not afford to wait. She decided to tell Dylan that she had a crush on him for years, today!

Thinking of this, she took out her phone and dialed the number in her mind. However, an indifferent female voice was heard, "sorry, the subscriber you dialed is power off."

Frowning, Charlotte called Dylan's secretary. She asked for the number from Dylan recently, in case he was not able to answer the phone in a meeting.

As soon as the call came through, she immediately said, "it's Charlotte, Lionel Rowe's sister."

"May I help you, Miss Rowe?" Knowing it was from the sister of Mr. Sterling's important business partner, the secretary asked politely.

"Oh, I've some business to discuss with Mr. Sterling. I called him, but nobody answered. Is he in the office?"

"Mr. Sterling left the company one hour ago." The secretary replied.

"Where did he go?" Charlotte asked innocently.

Actually, the secretary should not disclose her boss's whereabouts, but she thought that Charlotte was also Dylan's friend, so she didn't hesitate, "Bellomont."

"What did he go there for?" Bellomont? Charlotte heard from her brother that it was a leisure industry owned by the Sterling group. The resort was located in a suburb of the city, and it had a nice view.

"Mr. Sterling didn't say, but he drove there alone. I don't think he's on business. He goes there occasionally for relaxation." The secretary replied.

That's a chance. Charlotte was delighted, "okay, I see. Thank you very much."

She hung up and then called the driver, "Bellomont."

Bellomont

Garwood stopped the car at the entrance of the resort.

"Here we are, Miss Schultz." He got out of the car and opened the door for her.

Savannah lived in the center of the city and had been used to the hard buildings and heavy traffic. As soon as she climbed out of the car, she was caught by the scenery here.

Bellomont was friendly, remote, and debonair. It lay perfectly in tranquility and elegance, facing a large lake. A few years ago, Dylan bought this land and made it into a private resort. It was not open to the public and only used to entertain his friends or important clients.

A thin, middle-aged man was waiting at the gate.

"Hello, Miss Schultz," he came up to them and said politely to Savannah, "I'm Jack Wang, the manager of Bellomont. Mr. Sterling has been expecting you. Come in with me, please."

Savannah followed Jack in. She walked along the path, enjoying the rich and varied vegetation, the pavilions, balustrades, and rockeries.

Though she didn't have much experience, she could see that Dylan had spent a lot of money on the resort.

Jack led her to a pavilion facing a large beautiful lake, and next to them, there was an elegant white villa. "Miss Schultz, please wait here. Mr. Sterling I'll come at once."

The pavilion was made of marble white as polished jade. It glittered when the sun shined. The water of the lake was deep and crystal-clear, smooth as a mirror.

The lake, pavilions, rocks, water, flowers, and trees in this place created a poetic mood for everyone who came here.

The resort was almost a royal garden!

Savannah felt the white marble and wooden tables as she walked into the pavilion. She didn't notice the arrival of the royal man.

Standing outside the pavilion, Dylan looked at Savannah with a teasing smile.

She's just a little girl, and she couldn't restrain her curiosity and pleasant.

Unaware of Dylan's intense eyes, Savannah was completely absorbed in the design engraved on the pillar of this pavilion. She was walking backward slowly when she suddenly missed her step and fell back!

Dylan quickly rushed to her and wrapped around her waist, pulling her into his arms.

Savannah was a little dizzy, panting out in his arms. Several seconds later, she pulled herself together and lowered her head.

"You came," she murmured, pressing her hands against his chest.

But the man was as strong and hard as a rock; she could not move him at all.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah looked up and noticed the amusement in his eyes. Her face turned red, and she bit her lip, "let me go."

Dylan smiled meaningfully.

She had been indifferent to him for so long and gave him the cold shoulder every time he came to see her. Now her attitude finally softened and agreed to see him, how could he let her go?

He had never been treated like that by a woman in his life. Only this little woman dared to have a tantrum in front of him.

"You gave yourself to me." He lowered his head and whispered in her ear.

Then one of his hands traveled down her spine to her waist and down to her behind. His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed gently.

Savannah wriggled slightly in his arms, struggling to free herself but failed. Dylan held her against his hips, and she even felt his erection... Well, he had been forced to remain celibate for a long time. She opened her eyes wide and flushed in shame.

Dylan leaned forward, and his lips glided down her throat, kissing, sucking, and nipping to the small dip at the base of her neck. If it were not for her pregnancy, he might have already taken her here.

Worse, she found that her body also missed this man. She flushed scarlet, everywhere, feeling faint. Her heart was beating violently.

Dylan also noticed the reaction of the little woman, his eyes dark with desire.

She wanted him too.

325: Dylan's Sudden Proposal

Dylan lifted the hem of her skirt. His finger slipped through the fine lace and slowly circled around her. Before Savannah reacted, he thrust his finger inside her, and Savannah moaned out.

She suddenly woke up. He did this to her in broad daylight? Even if they were in his private estate, no one around, he went too far...

Damn!

What made her more shameful was that she almost lost herself beneath his expert fingers. She forgot that she had not made up with him, and her body honestly responded...

How could this happen? She must have been bewitched by him...

Or, as Garcia said, she had special feelings for him and couldn't leave him?

Dylan withdrew his hand. He was about to take her to the pavilion to continue when Savannah pushed him away with all her strength.

She retreated a few steps and quickly regained her composure, saying sarcastically, "did you call me over to do this, Mr. Sterling?"

Dylan smiled ruefully, and he looked vaguely disappointed. Fine, he should take a gradual process. He wanted her badly, but he had been waiting for her for so long that he was in no hurry now.

Well, just let her go. He had more important things to do now.

A serious look came into his heated and lustful eyes. He adjusted his suit and approached her. Afraid she would be frightened again, he stood in front of her and didn't touch her, "still angry?"

She took her breath, controlled her emotion, and looked up at him. "I should thank you for taking the Schultz's factory back for me, and the house in Green Lake, and Garcia. I really appreciate all you've done for me."

She thanked him, but she was too courteous as if he was a stranger.

It was clear that she was still angry at him. She agreed to come here to see him just because he had done too much for her these days, and she would like to give him some face.

"If you want to thank me, do one thing for me." He smiled, looking at her seriously.

Savannah looked at him with a puzzled frown.

Do one thing for him?

She didn't think he lacked in anything. There was not anything he couldn't have in his status.

The baby in her was the only thing she could give him.

Dylan dived into his pocket, and then, with a charming smile, he took out a beautiful brocade jewel case lined with velvet. He opened it, disclosing the content to Savannah.

There was a diamond ring dazzling with brilliancy in the box. It was obviously highly valued for its unique design and the size of the diamond.

Savannah stared at the blinking diamond in surprise for a moment and then stammered, "wh-what, do you mean?"

"Just do one thing for me if you want to thank me. Put on this diamond ring." Dylan said in a soft but fervent voice.

Savannah's heart was in her mouth.

What does that mean? Is he proposing?

Dylan pulled out the diamond ring and lifted her hand. He was about to place the ring on her third finger when she reacted and snatched her hand away.

"No, I don't want it." Savannah looked doubtful at him.

She didn't believe he proposed to her because of love. It must be his father's command that made him compromise, or they wanted to give the baby her legal status.

Or because he couldn't find his savior, he wanted to lawfully confine her in order to put his feelings for that girl on her forever?

No! She didn't want this kind of love.

Then she stumbled down the steps and made her way to the gate.

Dylan laughed with anger. He never thought that he would be turned down. It was his first proposal in his life, and only this little woman would say no to his offer of marriage. She thought he was not serious, or she thought he still took her as a substitute.

Dylan strode down the stairs and yelled at her from behind, "stop, Savannah! Come back!"

She did not stop but quickened her steps as if there was a wolf running after her.

Dylan frowned and began to run to catch her.

He stopped in front of her and blocked her way.

Savannah halted, frowning. The tall man towered over her and also blocked the sunlight.

"I said no!" she shunned him when he tried to put his arm around her shoulders, "what? I know you have a powerful family, but you can't force me into marriage!"

Dylan didn't look angry. He looked at her red face with a smile, as if in a good mood. He put his hand to her trembling chin, "well, if you really don't want to marry me. Just look at me and make an oath of it."

He had been with her for more than one year, and he had been familiar with her temperament. He was very clear what the little woman really thought.

How could she be so angry if she really didn't want to marry him?

She had feelings for him.

Savannah quivered and bit her lip. She looked up into his eyes but could not utter a word under his intent gaze.

She lost the game!

She couldn't say that she really didn't want to marry him. That was not her meaning. But she was also annoyed that he exposed her lie mercilessly. It seemed that he was laughing at her for not being able to leave him.

In a shameful rage, she grabbed the ring from his hand, ran to the edge of the lake, and threw it into the lake without hesitation!

The ring made a ripple on the surface of the lake and immediately disappeared in the crystal-clear lake.

"You know what I mean now?" She turned and cried, "if you still want me to marry you, well, get it back if you can!"

With that, she drew herself up and walked toward the gate again.

Dylan squinted, eyes on the lake. Without much hesitation, he strode over and began to take off the suit and shoes. Then he quickly jumped into the lake!

Savannah heard the movement, startled, and turned around, staring at the figure in the lake with eyes wide!

What's he doing? He's not trying to get the ring back from the lake, is he?

Is he mad?

This was a natural lake. It was not his swimming pool! They didn't know the depth of it at all!

Flustered, she ran back to the lake and cried, "Dylan? Come back!"

Dylan was still in the lake, rising and falling. Though he was good at swimming, the lake was too large for a small ring. Savannah was quite clear that it was impossible for him to find the ring!

"Dylan! Are you crazy? Stop looking for it!" She was all of the sweat on the shore of the lake.

326: I Will Marry You

Dylan turned a deaf ear to her in the lake. Again and again, he rose, took a big chestful of air, and went down.

Savannah did not know what to do. She wanted to ask someone for help, but she didn't dare to leave him in the lake alone.

Dylan ducked his head and sank again. But this time, he didn't rise from the water for a long time. Staring at the lake, Savannah began to be filled with anxiety.

What's going on? Is something wrong?

"Dylan! What's wrong with you? Answer me!" She cried out in a panic.

There was only silence.

Something must have happened! Why else hasn't he come up for so long?! Can a normal person stay underwater for so long without breathing?

Intense panic swept over her body. Tears suddenly came into her eyes!

She was crushed with terror, turned, and began to shout toward the gate, "Jack! Help! Anyone---"

Then she looked back at the lake, crying, "Dylan! If you're still there, come back to the bank, please! I'll say yes without the ring! Come back, and I can promise you anything!"

"Miss Schultz, what's wrong?" Jack heard the noise and ran to her in surprise.

"Jack, Dylan jumped off the lake! Call someone to bring him up! Now!" Savannah said rapidly when she saw Jack coming.

"What? How did Mr. Sterling jump into the lake? I've lived here for years, but no one dares to swim in it. It's bottomless!" Jack was startled.

Savannah, white with fear, could not speak.

Jack could not swim, so he rushed into the villa to get help.

Savannah stared at the still lake blankly, afraid that Dylan would never come back.

Her mind went back to the scene in the hospital when he lay in the bed, insensible after the fire. This time, she watched him jump in a lake in front of her... She couldn't imagine if he had an accident because of her again...

A tear rolled down her cheek. She was a bit shaky on her feet, murmuring, "Dylan, don't scare me, come back, okay? I can promise you anything..."

She shouldn't have thrown the ring into the lake!

Suddenly, some ripples appeared on the lake, and they became more and more obvious.

Savannah's eyes brightened when a familiar figure rose and began to swim to the bank! Strength came back to her. She wiped away her tears excitedly.

He was all right!

Dylan swam to the shore, skillfully and quickly. He jumped to the shore and chucked himself down on the lawn as if he fainted from exhaustion.

Savannah's heart started pumping again. She rushed to him, shaking him up, "Dylan, are you okay? Or are you choking? Jack's gone to call someone. He'll come at once... "

Before she finished, Dylan caught her on the wrist and pulled her into his arms.

"I'm fine," his voice was full of amusement.

Savannah looked perplexed for a moment and then reacted. She burst into tears with rage, hitting him on his back, "bastard! You scared me! You're still laughing!"

Dylan was very pleased with her response. He sat up straight, put his arms around her, and hauled her against his body, squeezing her tightly. Both of his hands were in her hair, grasping each side of her head. His kiss was demanding, his tongue and lips coaxing hers.

Savannah stared wide-eyed at his wet eyebrows. She gave him a soft push subconsciously, but then she moaned, and her tongue tentatively met his.

She could taste the cold lake water in his mouth and be still frightened at the thought of never seeing him again.

He's alive. He's okay. That's enough.

She didn't want to repress her feelings for him any longer, and she admitted the desire she had hidden in the bottom of her heart-- she couldn't afford to lose him.

Before, she was afraid of being hurt, so she refused to face her own heart.

But now, she didn't want to control her emotion.

She wrapped her arms around his neck as he deepened the kiss. The temperature between them rose sensibly.

At the same time, Jack, followed by two servants, rushed out of the villa and ran to the lake. As soon as they came to the edge of the lake, they saw Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz necking and squeezing their bodies together.

The three men blushed. They heard that Mr. Sterling had jumped into the lake and hadn't come up for a long time. But now... What are they doing?

Jack knew immediately they should not interrupt the two people. He led the servants away quietly.

Savannah heard the noise and gently released herself from his arms, panting for fresh air.

She sat up straight, embarrassed, and dared not to look at him. Her cold face heated again after the long kiss.

Dylan took her hand and put a cold and hard thing in her palm.

Savannah took a deep breath. It was the ring she had just thrown into the lake!

He had found it, and he had risked his life to get it back!

How was that possible? How could he find such a small ring in such a big lake so soon? It was nothing less than a miracle!

She stared at him, speechless.

"You promised to marry me as soon as I got this ring back." He fixed his eyes on her as if afraid that she would not keep her word.

However, Savannah knew that she would say yes even if he hadn't found the ring.

For a few minutes, she had tasted what it might be like to lose him!

She couldn't live without him.

Garcia was right. She liked him. She lost the game, which started with an unserious agreement, and finally, she couldn't get away from him.

"Never try to back out!" He murmured as he nibbled at her sensitive ear beads.

She closed her eyes with a sour nose and leaned against his hot chest obediently.

But he did not stop. He raised her chin and watched her eagerly, "answer me. Will you marry me?"

She flushed and nodded, "Yes..."

"Yes?" Dylan was obviously not pleased with the simple word.

Savannah looked at the ring and sighed, "I will marry you."

Dylan smiled with satisfaction. He touched her hair and slowly said, "I never thought I would get married one day. I went blank and didn't prepare when my father suggested our marriage for the first time. Later, I decided to marry you and was ready to tell him. But you suddenly showed and said that you weren't going to marry me."

327: Dylan's Memory Of That Girl

He had already decided to marry her?

Savannah startled, a warm and sweet feeling coming into her heart. Gazing at his handsome face, she finally found her voice, "are you really willing to marry me?"

He knew there was something else bothering her.

"Do you want to hear about that girl?" he asked, his voice soft.

Savannah's heart slammed against her chest. She wanted to know what's in his mind, of course, but she dared not.

She was afraid to know his beautiful memories with another girl.

She always thought that he was too domineering, and he would even be angry when she got a little closer to other men. But now she felt that she was the really sensitive one. She got jealous when he as much as talked about that girl.

When did she become so deep in the entanglement?

Finally, she gathered up her courage and nodded.

"I was in the pavilion alone when the house got a fire that night," Dylan said phlegmatically, "that was the time when I was most depressed, and I refused any communication with the outside world. Like the walking dead, I was sitting in the pavilion and didn't know to avoid the danger. Maybe I didn't want to go on living at that time... Later, I fainted from the smoke. When I opened my eyes, I saw a small figure trying to drag me out of the pavilion. I couldn't see her appearance, and I only knew that she was a little girl younger than I was, not a maid or anyone in the house. Maybe she was just a passerby, I don't know. I struggled and asked her to let go of me, but she didn't. She glared at me, and her eyes seemed to scold me, questioning why I wanted to give up my life. Then she dragged me out from the smoke and fire with all her strength, placing me in a safe place and left."

After a pause, he continued, "Later, my condition gradually improved. I knew it was mostly because of her. We didn't know each other, but she risked her life to save me, and she warned me not to give up my life. Since a stranger cared about my life so much, how can I take myself as trash?"

Dylan's lips twitched up in half a smile at the memory.

Savannah clenched her jaw. She finally understood why Dylan was so concerned about his savior.

The girl not only saved him out from the fire but also from his depression...

Savannah realized she was biting her lip.

No wonder the girl meant so much to him, and he had to find her. The girl was an indelible mark on his mind.

How could she be compared to that girl?

Savannah was disconsolate.

Dylan noticed her emotion and held her closer, as if comforting her, "I did ask my subordinate to look for her in Chicago these years. I think that girl who could come to my place should be a local. At least, she doesn't live too far away. But maybe I'd misjudged. I searched the city but still couldn't find her after all these years. It may be fate. Forget it, I won't look for her again."

Perhaps he should just let the girl who saved him become a shadow in his dream.

"I admit that when I first saw you, I really thought of you like her, and I kept you beside me because your eyes looked like that girl. But I know very well that you are not her." His tone was stern.

Savannah glanced at him. She wanted to ask him, does he want to marry her because he can't find that girl, so he chooses her?

Will he regret the proposal if one day that girl appears?

But she dared not ask...

She should be content when he could be so honest and told her everything.

Though she couldn't be the most important one in his life, it might be as well nice to be with him all the time...

She shouldn't dwell on it. She should pretend not to know even if he really loved that girl and couldn't put her behind him.

Savannah held him the best she could. She didn't want to hear anything about another girl anymore, and what she wanted was only him.

"I'm cold," she murmured.

As long as he wanted her, and she could stay with him, she didn't care about anything else.

He noticed that her clothing had gotten wet by his wet arms. Afraid that she might catch a cold, he quickly lifted her up, walking to the villa, and said, "take a shower and change your clothes."

Without a word, Savannah threw her arms around his neck, pressing her head against his chest, enjoying his indulgence.

Not far away, behind a tree, Charlotte watched as Dylan carried Savannah into the villa. Her sharp nails sank into the rough trunk.

Dylan was waiting for Schultz here.

She saw Dylan proposing to Schultz and watched him jump into the lake regardless of his life in order to ask Schultz to marry him.

She also knew that Dylan chose Schultz because she looked like his savior.

Charlotte stared at Savannah's back with envy.

She had never envied anyone since she was born.

For the first time in her life, she was so envious of a girl who was far inferior to her.

Schultz could get Dylan's love because she looked like the girl in his heart, and now he even offered marriage to her.

No matter why this happened, Charlotte knew she'd lost the chance.

However, she was not willing to give up. She hadn't opened her heart to Dylan yet!

Schultz could win her just because of her good luck.

Charlotte was lost, sad even. She wished that she was the one who looked like Dylan's savior, and then she would be the one who was in Dylan's arms.

After a long time, she bit her lip and went back to Rowe's car.

328: Still Shy, Mrs. Sterling?

"What's the matter, Miss? You looked bad. Why do you come back so soon? Have you met Mr. Sterling?" The driver, seeing Charlotte's pale face, asked with concern.

"No. Go back first." Charlotte didn't want to explain, then she added, "don't tell anyone where I went today."

After a moment of suspense, the driver nodded, "okay, Miss."

Then the car moved away from Bellomont.

* * *

Dylan put Savannah on the big bed in his bedroom and grabbed a towel to clean her up. He called a maid to prepare hot water in the bathroom, and after that, he bent down to pick her up.

Savannah shrank from his arms, murmuring, "I can wash myself."

Dylan stared at the blush on her cheeks, and then his eyes moved to her belly, his voice low and husky, "Still shy, Mrs. Sterling?"

In four or five months, their baby would come to the world, but the little woman was still so bashful that she refused him to bathe her.

He didn't insist this time. After all, she had too many mood swings today, and he did not want her embarrassment to increase her psychological burden, which might affect the baby and her health.

As soon as Dylan withdrew his hands, Savannah jumped out of bed and rushed to the bathroom.

Two minutes later, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in." Dylan replied.

Garwood pushed the door open and came in, he heard the water from the bathroom and then looked at his boss on the sofa. The gloom which had long been on Dylan's face was finally exorcised by that girl.

"I'll probably live here with her for a few days," Dylan said dryly.

"Okay, I'll ask Jack to arrange daily necessities for Miss Schultz." Garwood nodded and said. The relationship between Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz had been strained for a long time. Now they made up, and they should stay together for a few days.

Then he glanced at the diamond ring on the table, taking his breath, and asked curiously, "How did you find it, sir?"

Before he came to the villa, Jack had told him about what happened--- Mr. Sterling jumped into the lake to look for the ring!

Obviously, Mr. Sterling found it. But Garwood knew the water was very deep, and the lake was different from a clear swimming pool. How could Mr. Sterling find the small ring without touching every stone in the lake? It was like fishing for a needle in the ocean!

Dylan leaned back and crossed his knees, half-smiling, "How did I find it?"

Garwood looked at an eager question at his boss.

Dylan smiled mysteriously, "come over."

Garwood hurried over, leaned close to Dylan, waiting for his boss to satisfy his curiosity.

"It's a secret. I won't tell you." Dylan laughed.

Garwood was speechless. Men in love were really boring!

"If you want to know the secret of chasing a girl, go figure it out for yourself. All right, you can leave first." Dylan said lazily.

Garwood got his face under control, turned, and left.

As the door closed, Dylan's gaze fell back on the diamond ring on the table.

How did he do it?

Prepare two identical rings in advance.

He had expected that the proposal would not go well, and according to the little woman's temper, she might throw the ring away. So he prepared one more, just in case. As expected, she threw it in the lake!

He jumped into the lake and took out another identical ring.

For Savannah, it was a miracle; for Dylan, no difficulty could wipe him out.

After taking a bath, Savannah came out in a big towel and saw a clean male shirt on the bed.

"Change it," Dylan was sitting on the couch in a loose robe. While she was in a bath, he took a shower in the next bathroom and changed into clean clothes.

"No dress?" She asked casually, picking up his shirt.

He was almost two heads taller than her, and the shirt was too big for her even if she was pregnant.

While these words were on her lips, she thought this question was a little silly. The resort was his private place, and the servants here were all men. How could they prepare women's clothes in such a short time?

"You want to see women's clothes here?" Dylan teased.

If he took out women's clothes for her, she might leave with rage immediately.

Savannah flushed with embarrassment. She bent her head and turned into the next closet with his shirt.

Two minutes later, Dylan watched her intently when she went out.

His white shirt was too big for her, but it made her unexpectedly sexy. He stared at her plump breasts, at the dark tip of her cleavage that showed through his loose shirt. Below the shirt, her bare legs were slender and white. She stood with bare feet on the carpet, and her cute white toes looked delicious... Her brown hair hung down her shoulders, curling at her breast.

She was a charming witch-baby, and her pregnancy made her more appealing.

His eyes burned. His blood's pumping around his body. Thick desire pooled in his belly.

Savannah was a little embarrassed under his blazing gaze.

"Still cold?" He stood up and walked slowly over.

"No, much better after a bath," Savannah replied softly, her cheek slightly flushed.

"You look hot. Do you have a fever?" Dylan touched her face with his warm fingers.

"No..." Savannah's voice was quieter.

"But I don't think so. Let me check." He breathed, a salacious smile across his face. Then his arms embraced her, pulling her to him, and his hand trailed up from her hip to her waist and up to her breast. He gazed down at her, his expression unreadable, and gently cupped her breast.

"Dylan!" Savannah quivered and gasped.

"Do you love me?" He whispered in her ear and very gently grazed her earlobe with his teeth.

Her heart was beating violently, and his voice seemed to be hypnotic.

"Yes, I do." She breathed.

329: She Was Too Hot

(Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable to read it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

Dylan's eyes blazed at her answer.

"I couldn't wait to have you..." he whispered in her ear, making her blush. Then he started unbuttoning her shirt while he placed feather-like kisses across her jaw, her chin, and the corners of her mouth. Slowly he peeled it off her and let it fall to the floor.

"Bed..." Savannah breathed.

Dylan swept her off her feet and went to the big bed.

He placed her on the bed softly, undid the buttons of his jeans, and slowly pulled his jeans down, his eyes on hers the whole time. He leaned down over her and, grasping each of her ankles, carefully jerked her legs apart and crawled onto the bed between her legs.

Savannah closed her eyes shyly.

He leaned down and kissed the inside of her thigh, trailing kisses up, over the thin lacy material of her panties, kissing her.

"You're so sweet, baby," he murmured, and then he trailed kissed up her belly. Still, he was heading north, kissing her across her torso. Her skin was burning. She was too hot.

"Don't hurt the baby," She protected her belly with her hands when he leaned down and hovered over her.

Dylan grinned wickedly. He turned her over, pushed both her knees up the bed so her behind was in the air, and then he put a soft pillow under her belly.

Savannah knew that he could avoid hitting her belly in this position. She flushed crimson, buried her head in another pillow, and moved her hips up.

"I'm going to be inside you, baby," he breathed. And slowly he eased into her, slowly, slowly, until he was buried in her. Stretching, filling, relentless. Savannah groaned, and he circled his hips and pulled back, paused a bit, and then eased his way back in. He repeated this motion again and again...

Savannah revealed in his possession, his lust slaking hers. She moaned, enjoying every thrust, every push that filled her...

He made that familiar pull deep in her belly, tightening, quickening, and her hot body exploded in an intense, body-shattering orgasm.

"I love you, Savannah!" he cried out as he found his release, holding her in place as he poured himself into her. He collapsed, panting hard beside her, and he pulled her on top of him and buried his face in her hair, holding her close.

Maybe it was because he hadn't had sex with her for a long time, his erection grew again when she lay barely on him. One of his hands still cupped her breast, and another hand lifted her slightly, and very slowly, he eased her onto him.

She groaned as he stretched her open, filling her again.

"Dylan, will you always be so nice to me? Will you love me forever?" Savannah asked breathlessly as he moved.

Dylan paused, and the next moment, he picked up the pace wordlessly, thrusting faster, harder, as if to answer her. Filling all those moments that they're not in a good relationship.

Royal Villa

As night came, Lionel returned from work.

The branch of the Rowe group had just gotten a firm foothold in LA. He was busy with the business these days and came back very late.

He entered the dining room and found the dishes on the table unmoved. "Where's Charlotte? Hasn't she come back yet?"

Charlotte had just graduated from college this year. Lionel asked her to work in the Rowe group, but she had no interest. Lionel doted on his sister, so he didn't push her. He just asked her to have a good rest in LA and found her interest. Their family was so rich and powerful that they could support her for anything she wanted to do.

Maybe she just went out shopping today and didn't come back yet.

"Miss Rowe came back in the afternoon. But she's in the room all the time, and she didn't come out when I called her at dinner time." The servant stammered.

It's almost ten o'clock. Lionel frowned, "what's wrong with her?"

"I don't know. Miss Rowe looked very dismissed when she came back from the outside."

"Where did she go this afternoon?"

"I don't know, she didn't say."

Lionel's brows furrowed. He went upstairs and knocked on Charlotte's door.

Eventually, a muffled voice was heard, "I said I don't want to eat."

Lionel pushed the door open and entered her room. Charlotte was sitting beside the bed. She heard the footsteps and turned.

"Lionel?"

"Is anything wrong? Why don't you eat?" Lionel looked at his sister, worriedly.

He had never seen Charlotte so lost.

From childhood to adulthood, his sister was the pearl in everyone's palm in the family, and she never had worries.

"Nothing... It's hot today, and I've no appetite." Charlotte blinked at him innocently.

"Well, if you don't want to tell me, I'll go ahead and ask the driver." Lionel's tone was stern.

Now their parents were not beside them, and he had the responsibility to take care of his sister.

Charlotte knew that she couldn't conceal anything from her brother if he really wanted to know. She sighed and had to say, "I went to Bellomont to see Dylan this afternoon."

"And then? Did he say anything to you?" Did his sister bare her heart to Dylan and was refused?

Charlotte lowered her eyes and clenched her fingers. "Dylan didn't say anything to me... He didn't even know I came to see him. I saw him...propose to Savannah... and then I left."

Lionel took a breath. Did Dylan propose to Savannah? That's good! Dylan finally decided to give Savannah the place of his legal wife. That's what he wanted to see!

It made him feel better that his other sister, who lived outside the family, could be married into the Sterling family.

It was no wonder Charlotte lost her composure.

She had a strong admiration for Dylan for all these years, and she must be sad to see him propose to another girl.

After a while, Lionel looked at Charlotte and said softly, "I've told you that Dylan already has Savannah, and you should stop thinking about him. Now that he intends to marry Savannah, you should give up."

Though Charlotte liked Dylan, they had not seen each other for so many years, and it was better to cut off her love for him early.

Charlotte felt wronged when she didn't get any encouragement from her brother.

"Lionel! You kept telling me never to give up in front of difficulties. Why do you persuade me to give up Dylan all the time? You know I like him!" She looked at Lionel with a grievance.

330: What Are You Thinking?

"It depends." Lionel didn't have the heart to hurt his sister, but he still said sharply, "now the man you like is about to marry another woman!"

"It's only a proposal, not a marriage! As long as he's not married yet, I still have a chance, don't I?" Charlotte looked at her brother expectantly, hoping that she could gain his support.

Lionel frowned, "Charlotte, you mean you are going to sabotage the relationship between Dylan and Savannah? Don't think about it! The daughter from the Rowe family can never be allowed to become a third party! Mom and dad will scold you if they know. No other good men in the world? Why should you fight with another innocent girl for Dylan?"

"There are many good men in the world, but I like only Dylan!" Charlotte blurted out, annoyed that her brother wasn't on her side, "what's more, I'm not a third party. I said, Dylan and Miss Schultz haven't got married yet, and their relationship isn't steady! Can you call me a third party? Lionel, why do you insult your own sister like that? Why do you always help Savannah?"

Lionel frowned, and his mouth pressed into a thin, hard-line. He closed his eyes momentarily and said without missing a beat, "I'm not helping her. I just want you to know it's not worth it to take another girl's man. You're the daughter of the Rowe family, and there are so many men lined up to please you. Why make yourself so wronged?"

Charlotte gritted her teeth, "no, I don't feel wrong, I'll only be sad when I can't have the man I like! As long as I can be with Dylan, I don't care how tired or painful I have to be."

Lionel's mouth lifted slightly in a wry smile. He didn't expect that Charlotte had so many feelings for Dylan. Actually, she had not seen him for so many years; even if she admired him, the feelings should have faded... But she still thought about Dylan and never put him behind her.

As her brother, he didn't want to see either of his sisters get hurt.

No, he couldn't let that happen.

For the peace and harmony of the Rowe family, he had concealed Savannah's existence from his stepmother selfishly, and now she still didn't know her own daughter was alive in the world.

He would feel guilty if Savannah couldn't live a happy life, and he couldn't see his kind stepmother Joanne sad when she knew her two daughters fought for a man.

Thinking of this, his expression hardened, and he raised his voice, "In other words, you must give up! There are so many good men beside you. Why do you choose Dylan, who has already had a woman? They'll soon get married. As the daughter of the Rowe family, you can never be so humble to take another girl's man! If you dare to steal a man or hurt Miss Schultz, I'll send you back to Chicago to accompany grandma! And I'll never let you come to LA again!"

Charlotte was going to flip out. She felt so distasteful, and her face was flushed with anger. But she knew her brother was serious.

Although Lionel looked elegant, kind, and gentle, he was a man of his word. It was even more difficult to change his mind than her father's. If she did not obey and insist on going against his will, he might really send her back to Chicago, and at that time, she would not be allowed to see Dylan again.

With that in mind, Charlotte swallowed down her unwillingness, rolled her eyes, and murmured, "I'm just unhappy. How can I take another girl's man?"

Lionel softened his voice when he saw his sister look so hurt, "Charlotte, I'm sorry, but I'm just worried about you. I don't want you to be so upset. Promise me that you won't sabotage the relationship between Dylan and Savannah."

Charlotte secretly clenched her fists, but her little face was unmoved as if she had really worked it out. She nodded and promised, "I won't."

Lionel smiled with satisfaction at her attitude. He touched her head and said, "okay, come downstairs for dinner."

His sister was just disappointed in love. He was sure that she would come out from the frustration soon.

"Well, you go and eat first. I'll change my clothes and go downstairs later," Charlotte said.

Lionel nodded and left.

Charlotte's expression darkened as the door closed.

Obviously, her brother was partial to Miss Schultz, fear that his own sister would take Dylan away from her and hurt her.

Why? She really didn't understand! If Lionel liked Miss Schultz, he should be happy if she could break them up!

Why did Lionel care about Miss Schultz so much but want to see her marry another man?

Charlotte was really confused.

* * *

In the early morning, soft sunlight flooded Bellomont and streamed into its biggest suite.

Savannah woke up to a kiss from the man. She opened her sleepy eyes and realized that he had wrapped his arms around her and held her all night long. She felt so safe and so comfortable in his arms. Turning her face into Dylan's chest, she inhaled his unique scent and nuzzled him, but immediately she tensed. His growing erection pressed against her lower belly. Savannah flushed. It was such a turn-on knowing that it was her body, making him feel this way.

"Dylan... Don't..." She wiggled slightly and murmured.

Sometimes she really laughed at herself for being so shy in front of him.

She was not that kind of shy person, but she blushed every time Dylan was too close to her like a little girl met her first love.

First love... Her heart constricted to the words. Who was his first love? The most unforgettable woman in his life would never be her.

But she knew it was a bad time to think of that girl again.

She closed her eyes and tried to pull her thoughts away.

He was with her now, that's enough.

Then she thought selfishly, maybe he'll never meet that girl again.

Even if that memory was beautiful and great, it would eventually fade, and he would forget the girl one day.

"What you are thinking?" His voice was warm and husky like dark melted chocolate fudge caramel, then he kissed her lightly.

"You," Savannah murmured and flushed again.