

Midnight 331

Chapter 331: I Can't Wait To Make You My Wife

Savannah had never been so soft when she was with Devin. She never said she loved him, and she never wanted his kiss or touch. She became his girlfriend only because they had a marriage agreement, but she nodded to become Dylan's wife because she didn't want to leave him because she loved him.

Did he actually propose to her? And she said yes? She still couldn't believe it.

So, in a few days, was she really going to be Mrs. Sterling?

Dylan's other hand trailed up from her waist and up to her breast. Savannah inhaled sharply as his fingers encircled them and started kneading gently.

"I want you now," Dylan whispered in her ear and very gently grazed her earlobe with his teeth.

His phone rang, interrupting the morning sex.

"Shit!" Dylan frowned and answered the phone, his other hand still wrapped Savannah in his arms.

"Where are you, Dylan?" Holy crap, it's old Sterling. He sounded very worried and angry. Savannah glanced at Dylan. Didn't this man tell his father before he took her here?

"What's the matter, dad?" Dylan regretted not to have turned off the phone last night.

"Dylan, where have you taken Savannah to? Why not tell me in advance?" demanded old Sterling crossly.

"Don't worry, we're in Bellomont," Dylan answered lazily.

Old Sterling was relieved but still worried, "are you still there? Why not come back home last night? Bring her back now!"

"What's the hurry? The air and environment are much better at Bellomont. I want her to have a rest here for two more days."

Old Sterling knew that they might have made up with each other. But then he thought of something and asked in alarm, "are you there with her too?"

"Nonsense."

"Dylan, I suggest you be celibate!" old Sterling's voice resounded through the phone, "though the baby's condition is steady at this period of pregnancy, you should be very careful! Pleasure yourself with your hand if you need!"

"I know," Dylan replied as he looked at the naked little woman in his arms, grinning wickedly, his hand deliberately running to her breast, caressing her... pulling her nipples.

Savannah moaned, and then she covered her mouth nervously.

After hanging up the phone, Dylan, however, didn't go on. It seemed that he agreed with his father this time. The little woman had been exhausted last night, and he decided to let her have a good rest for the next two days.

If he really hurt the baby, old Sterling would kill him.

After spending two days in Bellomont, they got up early on the third morning, said goodbye to Clement, and left.

Dylan drove to the county but not in the direction of the Sterling's house or Beverly Hill.

Savannah looked at him in surprise, "where are we going now? Not back?"

Dylan rubbed her cute nose with one hand, "we've something very important to do first, here we go."

Something very important? Savannah's heart missed a beat. She became a little nervous, and she guessed what it might be.

Is this finally going to happen?

Really? Today? Now?

When she lived in Bellomont for the past two days, she kept recalling his proposal by the lake that day. She wondered whether she was dreaming or he just did that on impulse, and it was impossible for him to marry her afterward.

But it was not a dream, and he was not joking.

Savannah was still in a daze when the car stopped in front of a white building.

They came to the local courthouse.

He did bring her to get their marriage license!

"We're here." Dylan unfastened his seatbelt and reached over to unbuckle hers. His face is inches from hers.

Savannah was very nervous at this moment. It was like she had received a present she had expected for a long time, but she dared not to open it now.

Dylan came to the copilot's door and opened it, leading her out. They were about to enter the office when she suddenly stopped.

"Dylan..." she looked up at him and hesitated.

He could feel the sweaty palm of her little hand, and he knew she was nervous.

"I'm here. Don't worry." Dylan tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear and said softly.

"Not today... Let's come some other day, okay?" She blurted out. Then she wished she could be braver. Why did she retreat at this moment?

"I haven't prepared my passport..." She murmured, afraid that the officer would not give them the license for some reason.

Dylan was also the first time he applied for a marriage license, of course, and he was a little nervous too. But he was more worried that the little woman would run away. She might be more disturbed if he showed a little uneasiness.

"You don't need to prepare anything. You're present, that's enough." Dylan muttered as he stood in front of her. He put his hand under her chin and tipped her head back, staring down at her. His eyes are intense, trying to compose her. "Don't try to back out. I can't wait to make you my wife."

Some other day? Did this little cat want to get a marriage license after she gave birth to his kid?

"But today is Saturday! Officers never on duty on weekends, are they? Why not we come again next Monday?" She suddenly remembered.

"I called them in advance, and we'll be received in the office." Dylan chose today to get a marriage license also because he didn't want any media to disturb them on this important day.

He wanted the important moment to be their private time.

Savannah was about to say something again when Dylan bent his head and caught her red lips.

Well, maybe it was the best way to stop her from thinking too much.

Attacked by his dominating kiss, Savannah stared at him blankly. Dylan lightly swept his tongue between her lips, pressing his warm, soft lips to hers. Then he put his tongue inside, curled it around hers, took it out, and nibbled her upper lip.

"Anything else?" He smiled at her.

Chapter 332: You're My Husband, My Beloved

Savannah blushed with shame, and her heart beat like a hummingbird. Looking around, she sighed with relief when she saw nobody in the doorway.

"Why don't you look nervous at all? How many times have you been married?" asked Savannah, her voice muffled.

"Eight times and I'll soon take the ninth," joked Dylan, after thinking a minute or two.

Savannah broke into a snigger, giving a soft hit on his chest jokingly. Then she put her hand in his, walking into the office with him.

When they walked out of the County Clerk office, there was a sheet of paper in each one's hand.

Was she really married? Savannah stood entranced at the door, fixing her eyes at the marriage license.

She was an unmarried girl this morning, and now she has become his wife.

She never thought this day would come for her.

Though Devin was a bustard, Savannah was grateful he had brought Dylan to her. If she had married Devin, maybe she would never have her real happiness, right? With Dylan at her side, she would not be alone in the future.

Her dad didn't have to worry about her anymore.

"Mrs. Sterling," the man's deep voice interrupted her train of thought. She came to her senses and looked up at the second important man in her life, "Mr. Sterling."

"Mr. Sterling?" He rubbed her hair, a little unsatisfied, "tell me, who am I to you?"

Of course, Savannah knew what the man wanted to hear, but she was not used to speaking words of love. She bit her lip, flushing, and finally, she murmured, "You're my husband, my beloved."

Yes, she didn't want to let go of him, even if she was still not sure of his love for her. She would like to face any difficulties ahead of them with him.

She wanted to make him happy, to please him, to replace the girl in his life and in his heart.

Even if it was a little embarrassing, and she had to lower herself, it didn't matter.

Dylan smiled in satisfaction. He liked the way she called her husband, and he enjoyed the way she expressed her love. Her face was flushed with shame, but her eyes were unwavering.

"Now that you've married me, you must be responsible for me," said Savannah sweetly as she hugged him.

Dylan sensed her excitement and joy in her embrace, and he hugged her back, pressing her to his arms.

Savannah heard his heart pounding and closed her eyes with a happy smile.

At the gate of the Sterling's house, Cooper had already been waiting for them.

Dylan unbuttoned Savannah's seatbelt and leaned over, "Ready, Mrs. Sterling?" he whispered in her ear.

Savannah immediately understood what he meant. She was already his wife, and he would tell old Sterling about the marriage. What's more, a wedding ceremony would come soon. She had to face more than before, her heart beating violently again.

She never felt so happy about the marriage. She took it as work she had to do when she was with Devin. But now she was willing to get married because the man was the one she really loved...

"Hm." She smiled at Dylan and nodded.

Dylan quietly pulled the ring from his pocket and slid it upon her finger, then he took her hand and led her out of the car.

Savannah looked at the man in front of her, she felt that she had given the rest of her life to him since she wore the ring.

As soon as they stepped into the living room, old Sterling came forward and looked at Savannah carefully. He was relieved to see that she looked well and rested.

Dylan felt funny at the expression of his father, "come on, dad, you looked as if I had kidnapped Savannah."

Old Sterling stared at Dylan, "why not tell me in advance before you take Savannah away? Do you know how worried I was when Savannah didn't come back that night? I will have a heart attack if I haven't known your whereabouts from Garwood. You two might have gone straight to the ICU to see me next time!"

How could he answer the phone when he had been working so hard on her all that night? Savannah thought and lowered her head in shame.

"If I don't take her out, how can I bring you a daughter-in-law back?" Dylan said with a smile.

Old Sterling and Cooper looked at each other in surprise, and then old Sterling reacted, "what do you mean?"

Dylan held Savannah's right hand up and showed the ring to them.

"Did you propose to Savannah?" Pleasantly surprised, old Sterling stared at the ring and asked in excitement.

Dylan said nothing but put the marriage license between his fingers and showed it to everyone.

They had even applied for the marriage license? Old Sterling's eyes widened in shock.

"Congratulations, sir!" Cooper immediately said.

"We must get ready for a wedding immediately!" Old Sterling clapped his hands together and said in an earnest voice, "time's limited! The wedding dress can still perfectly cover the belly of our beautiful bride now. Cooper, make the arrangement as soon as possible. Get everything prepared in two weeks! The first Sunday in June is a good day for the wedding. We haven't held such a grand ceremony for a long time, and Savannah's only daughter-in-law. Of course, it must be a big wedding!"

In two weeks? Savannah gasped. Even if she had never prepared a wedding, she knew that the process was very complicated. It might take half a year to wait for an available wedding venue, and it would also take a lot of time to design the decoration of the wedding party, the food. What's more, you shall send wedding invitations to your guests at least three months in advance, otherwise, they might not be free at that time...

However, it seemed that the Sterling family had no such worries.

It was amazing that old Sterling decided to hold the wedding in two weeks. On the one hand, it showed that the Sterling family was rich and powerful; on the other hand, it was because of the eagerness of old Sterling.

The next two weeks would be a busy time for all people of the Sterling family.

Chapter **333: She Thought She Had A Chance**

Royal Villa

Lionel received a phone call from Dylan.

The Rowe family and the Sterling family were business partners, and they had been good friends for decades. It was reasonable that Dylan, the young master of the Sterling family, called Lionel in person to invite him to his wedding. Besides, Dylan also wanted to warn Lionel not to have any intention on Savannah any longer. She was his woman, and she had become his legal wife.

Hearing the news, Lionel had a feeling of relief and sighed. "Congratulations, Dylan. I wish you a lifetime of love and happiness. I am looking forward you two have a happy marriage life," said him with a hearty smile.

"I'll send you a wedding invitation later, please come on time." Dylan didn't know if Lionel said that sincerely or not, but he didn't care.

Before hanging up, Lionel paused and said seriously, "Dylan, Savannah's a good girl, be good to her and never make her unhappy."

Dylan frowned in alarm.

It sounded like Savannah was Lionel's family, and he had to give her to him.

Who did Lionel think he was?

Lionel realized that his words sounded defiant as if Savannah had been very close to him. "Don't get me wrong," he added, "my concern for Savannah is really not what's in your mind."

Savannah was a lovely girl. She steeled herself to meet all difficulties life had given her and never blamed fate or other people.

Honestly, he was attracted by the strength of character in her eyes. If Savannah were not his stepmother's daughter, perhaps, he would have a crush on her, too. At that time, even if she had another man besides her, he would fight for her love with that man to the end. He was the same kind of person as Charlotte. Although he seemed to be modest and gentle, he was very persistent in his determination.

However, he learned very early that Savannah was his other younger sister.

The relationship between them would only be sister and brother, mixed with his guilt for her.

Hanging up the phone, Lionel turned and, in a surprise, he saw Charlotte standing at the study door with disbelief, her face pale.

Apparently, she had heard everything when he was talking on the phone.

"Charlotte," Lionel called her softly, walking to her. For several days, Charlotte stayed in her room and didn't go out. He knew she was in a bad mood, so he was still thinking about whether to tell her the news of Dylan's wedding.

But she had heard it.

Charlotte hoped against hope that she had misheard what her brother said to Dylan, "Is Dylan really married to her?"

So soon? How does it happen?

She thought she had a chance.

"You should have known it when Dylan proposed to Savannah," Lionel sighed, "now that Dylan's married, you can just forget him."

"No!" Charlotte rushed forward and grabbed Lionel's sleeve. Her eyes were full of tears. "Stop the wedding! I must stop them! Dylan can't marry another girl!"

"Charlotte, you've promised me you would not damage their relationship, and you forgot so soon? You let me down!"

Charlotte felt lost and blank as she threw her hand away. "I know... But I really, really don't want to lose Dylan. Lionel, help me, please..."

"Charlotte, what do you want me to do? What can I do? You ask me to stop the wedding, to hurt another girl? Come on, you didn't lose Dylan because he never belongs to you. Wake up, Charlotte." Though he might hurt her even more, he had to be unkind this time. He should help his sister out of this hopeless relationship. It's better to have a little loss than a long sorrow.

Charlotte curled her fingers and bit the lip.

"Go back to your room and have a rest. After a while, you'll realize how ridiculous your feelings for Dylan is." Lionel added.

Charlotte was about to say more when there was a knock on the door. Lionel's assistant came in, holding a blue file. Biting her lips, Charlotte tramped angrily out of the study.

As soon as she returned to her own room, she shut the door and rushed to the bed, picked up a pillow, and slammed it on the floor.

After a while, you'll realize how ridiculous your feelings for Dylan is. No! Lionel didn't know how much she loved Dylan.

She was not a child, and she was serious about her feelings for Dylan. She wouldn't give up easily.

Why? Why does her brother always take part with Miss Schultz? Why doesn't he help her?

Is she his sister, or Savannah his sister?

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte calmed herself down. Then she opened the door and decided to talk with Lionel again.

When she went to the study, the assistant was putting some papers in order, and Lionel was not in the room.

"Where's my brother?" she scowled and asked.

"Mr. Rowe got some urgent business to handle and left for the company. Is there anything I can help, Miss Rowe? Do you want me to call Mr. Rowe for you?" asked the assistant, politely.

Charlotte was disappointed and frustrated. "Forget it," she shook her head and said, "I'll wait till he comes back."

Before the assistant left, Charlotte suddenly stopped him, "did Lionel mention Mr. Sterling's wedding just now?"

"Yes. Mr. Rowe asked me to prepare for the wedding present for the couple."

Charlotte tried to keep cool and asked, "what's he going to give them?"

"Mr. Rowe asked me to fly to Chicago to take the Hungarian Moon as a gift for Miss Schultz." The assistant replied.

Charlotte looked at him incredulously. Hungarian Moon? A few years ago, Lionel bought this diamond necklace in an auction in Europe. This necklace was said to be a queen's wedding present and had a history of more than two hundred years. It was kept carefully by Lionel in his room in Chicago. She always thought that he was going to give it to his future wife.

Chapter 334: Vicious Plan

6-8 minutes

Charlotte once asked Lionel to borrow the necklace for her graduation party, but he refused for fear that she might break it.

But now he planned to give his beloved treasure to Miss Schultz as her wedding present?

Charlotte was even more puzzled and jealous. She can't believe that her brother would treasure Savannah over her. She sat on the sofa in confusion, unable to speak for a long time.

"Miss Rowe... Are you okay?" The assistant asked, a little baffled.

"Nothing. Just go about your own business." Charlotte murmured, her voice abstracted.

The assistant nodded and was about to leave. After all, this was Rowe's house, and Charlotte was Lionel's sister. She could stay in any room she liked.

"Please close the door when you leave, Miss. I'll go first." With that, he left the study.

After a while, Charlotte stood up and went to the desk. She decided to call Lionel and asked him why he was so nice to Savannah. Suddenly, a brown paper bag on the tidy desk attracted her attention.

To be more exact, it was the black words on the corner of the bag that stood out well.

DNA Report.

Lionel had tested some people's DNA recently?

Who's that person? Curiosity filled her mind. She wanted to know who's DNA report it was.

Charlotte took a deep breath and put down the phone. Then instinctively, she picked up the brown paper bag, opened it, and pulled out the document inside.

On the report sheet, the names of both sides of the DNA test were showed before Charlotte's eyes. She stared at the names in bewilderment.

Joanne Cavendish and Savannah Schultz!

Why? Why did her brother perform the DNA paternity test for their stepmother and Miss Schultz?

With shaking hands, she looked down to the end impatiently.

The result showed that her stepmother and Savannah were biologically related by blood!

Charlotte gasped in disbelief.

Savannah was Joanne's daughter? How could it be?

Charlotte stared at the report in a daze. She had dimly heard from the servants that her stepmother had a family and a daughter before she married into the Rowe family, and her husband and daughter died in a car accident.

Joanne's daughter did not die?

Lionel had doubted that Savannah was Joanne's daughter, so he collected their samples and performed the DNA paternity test. Though the result disclosed the secret, he decided to hide it for the peace and harmony of the Rowe family.

Finally, Charlotte calmed down and accepted the fact that Savannah was Joanne's daughter.

Oh, so her rival for Dylan's love was actually her sister?

No wonder Lionel always cared about Savannah and treated her so nice. Savannah was their stepmother's daughter, but she could never see Joanne again. Lionel felt guilty about Savannah's fate, so he protected her and even stopped his own sister from hurting her?

But was that fair? Why should Lionel help Savannah because he pitied her? Why should she give her beloved man to Savannah because she was the daughter of their stepmother?

Knowing the secret, Charlotte felt even angrier.

Then a thought popped into her head.

She remembered that the girl who saved Dylan from a fire looked like Savannah.

Savannah was Joanne's daughter.

When connected the two events...Charlotte took a deep breath and had a guess.

Maybe Savannah had come to Chicago to look for her mother in the Rowe's house and saved Dylan when the fire broke out in the house next door?

Otherwise, it couldn't be such a coincidence!

Was it possible that the girl Dylan had been looking for was Savannah?

But... it's impossible to forget such a big thing. Why did Savannah have no recollection at all of that day?

Charlotte could not understand what it was all about, but she had an idea.

Now the only way to stop the wedding was that she became the girl who saved Dylan! A vicious plan flooded her head. She had to act quickly before Dylan married Savannah.

According to what she had overheard that day, the one Dylan most concerned about was the girl who had saved him. He wanted to marry Savannah not because he loved Savannah, but because Savannah looked like that girl.

Savannah would become nothing to him if his savior was finally found.

Charlotte's face lit up with emotion as she thought of this. She took a breath, placed the DNA report back on the desk, and left the study quietly.

* * *

The arrangement for the wedding ceremony had been properly arranged.

Savannah was pregnant at present, so there was only a wedding banquet after the ceremony, and their honeymoon was deferred until after the baby's birth.

The announcement of Dylan Sterling's marriage had been sent to the major media by the public relations of the Sterling group. The good news would be made public at the wedding banquet.

Savannah would be sent to her house in Green Lake the night before the wedding, and the next day, the Sterling family would drive her to the wedding area from Green Bay. In this way, people would not say anything about Savannah's background.

Savannah had no opinion on the arrangement. This was her first marriage, of course, and she had no good ideas about it. When she wanted to help, old Sterling said that all she had to do was to take good care of herself for the wedding.

Dylan was very busy too. He checked the list of guests in person and made sure that all the important business partners of the Sterling group had received the invitations. What's more, the business of the company kept him out late these days, and there was no time left for him to go back to the Sterling's house.

This day was a very fine day. Old Sterling had intended to ask the designer to come to the Sterling's house with the wedding dresses for Savannah to choose, but Savannah wanted to go to the wedding salon with Olivia. She had invited Olivia to be her bridesmaid in the wedding, and they could just choose the dresses together today.

Chapter **335: Who Are You Thinking Now?**

7-8 minutes

The night Savannah got the marriage license, she told her best friend, Olivia, and Auntie Garcia about the good news. Knowing that the wedding would be held so soon, Olivia exclaimed with delight over the phone.

Garcia was finally relieved too.

Savannah didn't know how to tell the news to Kevin. She felt embarrassed and a little cruel to ask him to attend her wedding. Luckily, Dan said that Kevin was on a business trip in England and would be back next month. She had more time to think about how to say to him without hurting his feelings.

This was the first time Olivia met Savannah since she heard about her marriage. As soon as Savannah got off the car, Olivia gave her a big hug. She was very happy that the relationship between Savannah and Dylan could have a good result.

Although marriage was not the most important thing in a relationship, it showed the man's attitude to the woman. If he refused to offer marriage, he was not serious to the woman even if he treated her well.

Savannah looked much better than before, and her face beamed with happy smiles.

"Why didn't Mr. Sterling come with you?" Olivia softly nudged her as she asked.

"I haven't seen him for days." Savannah smiled.

Olivia wondered, "is he so busy?"

"He gave his personal attention to every single thing in the wedding-- the invitations, the flowers, the cake, and the music in the ceremony," Savannah said, her eyes gleaming.

"The wedding of the rich family should not be simple. Why not give everything to the wedding company?" Olivia wondered.

"He wants the wedding to be the unique one," Savannah was a little shy, "he said, it would be the most wonderful memory in our life."

"Wow, Mr. Sterling's a man of romanticism. But you must be very anxious to see him," Olivia said in a quizzical tone.

"Nonsense," Savannah blushed. Did she love him so much that she couldn't support life without him?

Though she didn't want to admit, she really felt uneasy these days. She couldn't sleep well, and she occasionally recalled the time when he was with her in Bellomont.

She would only be a little happier when she received his call at night, and she sometimes beamed in a quietly idiotic manner at his sweet messages. Even Sophie and Emma could sense her mood changes.

Deep in her heart, she was looking forward to the wedding because she could see him every day after that.

"Savannah? Who are you thinking now?" Olivia gave a meaningful smile.

Savannah pulled herself together, blushing, and quickly drew Olivia into the mall.

The wedding company in charge of Dylan Sterling's wedding was the largest multinational wedding company in LA. It had undertaken lots of grand weddings for wealthy families. The wedding salon they were going to was on the 8th floor of the mall, and it was also owned by this wedding company.

The manager and his two assistants were waiting at the door when they knew the young mistress of the Sterling family would come in person.

Two hours later, Savannah and Olivia picked up their wedding dresses and were bowed out of the wedding salon. As soon as they stepped out of the elevator, the adjacent elevator opened at the same time, and a familiar figure walked out of it.

Savannah paused when she saw the figure clearly, "Miss Rowe."

Charlotte didn't expect to meet Savannah. She paused and said with a sweet smile, "Miss Schultz, nice to see you again. How did you come out?"

"Well, I came out to pick my wedding dress today." Savannah smiled primly.

Jealousy touched Charlotte's eyes. She hid it quickly, held out her hand to Savannah, and said, "oh, I forgot to congratulate you. I wish you and Dylan a happy marriage."

Savannah had thought that Charlotte had a special feeling for Dylan when they first met at Royal Villa. The girl's bright eyes were full of affection when she looked at Dylan. When she knew that she was used to chasing after Dylan since she was a little girl, Savannah felt very uncomfortable. She knew that she was absolutely jealous, but she was a little embarrassed when Charlotte congratulated her so gratefully now.

Why did she take every girl beside Dylan as a rival? She should not care so much about that, man! Miss Rowe's blessing sounded very sincere, without any jealousy or irony. Maybe she had misunderstood this Miss Rowe before.

With this thought, Savannah held Charlotte's hand and said, "thank you, Miss Rowe."

Charlotte's bright smile perfectly masked her other emotion. She pulled out her hand and asked casually, "oh, by the way, are you a local here, Miss Schultz? Have you ever been to Chicago before?"

Savannah felt a bit strange but still politely replied, "Well, I'm an LA native. I've only been to Chicago once on a business trip with Mr. Sterling."

"Oh, didn't you go as a kid?"

"No. Why?" Savannah was a little confused by her question.

Charlotte read Savannah's expression carefully but found no trace of lying. Was she mistaken? The girl who saved Dylan in Chicago was not Miss Schultz?

Charlotte shrugged, "nothing, your face seems familiar. I thought we had met before."

Savannah smiled and did not ask much.

"Well, my classmate's waiting for me outside, I've to go first. See you, Miss Schultz." Charlotte waved to her and walked to the gate.

"Bye, Miss Rowe."

When Charlotte left, Olivia looked at her back and wondered, "Savannah, who's that girl?"

"Charlotte Rowe, the daughter of Rowe's family. Lionel's sister." Then Savannah briefly introduced the relationship between the Rowe family and the Sterling family.

Olivia nodded thoughtfully, "Oh, the sister of the gentleman who ran after you in Muse Park?"

"He didn't run after me!" Savannah glanced at Olivia, a little guilty.

She hadn't told Olivia about how Lionel cared about her and that he gave her lots of gifts. If she did, Olivia must feel more doubted about Lionel's intention.

In fact, she also wondered what Lionel wanted when he showed too much kindness to her, but she did not mention it to Olivia.

Chapter 336: I'm Used To Be Alone

Fortunately, Olivia didn't talk too much about Lionel. She nudged Savannah's arm with her elbow softly and said, "well, you looked calm in front of your love rival."

Savannah laughed, "love rival?"

"As you said, Miss Rowe's been Mr. Sterling's admirer since she was young, and then she followed her brother and came to LA? Obviously, she's your rival for the love of Mr. Sterling." Olivia said with certainty.

"At first, I also thought Miss Rowe had a crush on him, but then I realized that I misunderstood her. Mr. Rowe's a good man, and I believe his sister's a good girl too. She just takes Dylan as her brother." Savannah felt funny about Olivia's thoughts.

"That may not be certain," Olivia gave Savannah a knowing wink, "though she looks gentle and innocent, I saw clearly that she was jealous when you mentioned your marriage. She perfectly hid her true feelings in front of you, but I don't think she would give up Mr. Sterling easily. Anyway, you should be more careful. This girl's not simple."

Olivia sighed. Did Savannah forget that her previous fiancé had been taken away by her dear cousin? She should be guarded by any woman who was too close to Mr. Sterling!

Savannah knew Olivia cared about her. "I know," she just smiled and let it go.

Talking and laughing, they walked out of the mall and got into the car. After taking Olivia home first, Savannah went back to Sterling's house.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard familiar voices of a middle-aged man and a woman from the drawing-room.

Uncle and aunt?

Savannah walked in and saw Dalton and Norah sitting on the sofa, fawning over old Sterling.

Although old Sterling did not like the couple very much, they were anyway Savannah's uncle and aunt. He gave them a good reception and asked the servant to serve them with drinks.

Emma told Savannah that the Schultz's came to Sterling's house an hour ago. They both knew that she was going to marry Dylan, and they wanted to attend her wedding as her family.

What's more, Dalton and Norah asked for a high bride price.

Bride price? Savannah smiled sardonically. Did they want to sell her as chattel? The wedding would not cost them a dollar, and now they even dared to ask for a bribe price? They were too greedy!

Yes, some families would ask for a bride price from the bridegroom or his family to ensure that their daughter would be taken care of rather than taken advantage of. But as she knew, this practice was famous in Eastern countries. Maybe for some wealthy families in her country, the bride price was a means for the bridegroom to prove his worthiness as a suitor that he was capable of adequately providing for his bride. But she was neither a princess nor an heiress from a noble family, and Dalton and Norah didn't really care about her. All they wanted was money, not her happiness.

Savannah took a deep breath and went in.

Dalton heard the footsteps, turned his head, and saw his niece coming back. He stood up and smiled with insincere flattery, "Savannah, how are you doing? We miss you a lot!"

Norah got up with her husband, stepping forward, and tried to hold Savannah by the arm.

"Savannah, you'd better not go out in this month of pregnancy. Come in, be careful, and sit down." Norah helped Savannah in as she ordered the servant beside them, "Mrs. Sterling's back. Go and pour her a glass of water! Don't you know how to take care of your young mistress?" She sounded like the lady of the house.

Savannah frowned, pulled her arm out of Norah's hold, and walked to old Sterling. "Sir, I'm back."

A little embarrassed, Norah sat back on the sofa with her husband.

"Savannah, why didn't you tell us about your marriage? You can't show at the wedding with no family! We're discussing your wedding with old Mr. Sterling." Dalton complained, dissatisfied with her indifference.

"Savannah, your aunt and uncle care about your marriage a lot. Sit down and let's talk together." Old Sterling said mildly.

Savannah did not move. She looked at old Sterling and said quietly, "Sir, my aunt and uncle are so busy these days that I'm afraid they don't have time to attend the wedding."

"Why? We're free!" Dalton and Norah both screamed. They didn't expect that they were excluded from the wedding by Savannah.

Butler Cooper and other servants standing by almost laughed out.

Norah walked up to Savannah, grabbed her sleeve, and whispered, "Savannah, your father was already dead, and your mother's not here. You'll be alone if there's no family showed at your wedding. People will laugh at you and call you an orphan girl! If your uncle and I stand for you behind you, no one dares to bully you! Do you understand?"

That sounded like it was a great honor for Savannah that they would come to her wedding.

Savannah looked at Norah in a cool, regardless manner, and then she said in a sarcastic tone, "I think I'm always an orphan when I live in your house, am not I?"

During those years under her uncle's roof, she was always alone, and no one in that house cared about her. They never really took her as their family, then why should they attend her wedding and even asked for the bride price when she married?

If they had ever given her a feeling of warmth, she would not be so indifferent to them today.

The ties of kinship between them had been used up by her uncle and aunt. After so many disappointments, she found it hard to take them as her family now.

"I'm used to being alone. I don't need anyone behind me." Savannah added dryly and then turned to old Sterling, "It's getting late, sir, I'll walk my uncle and aunt out first."

Seeing that Savannah did not want Dalton and Norah to attend the wedding, old Sterling was on her side, of course. He nodded and said no more.

Dalton, however, remembered another thing. He looked at old Sterling with a wrinkled face, "sir... What about the bride price?"

Norah nodded her head beside her husband, "I suggest the bride price be paid before the wedding ceremony. The Sterling family's a large and noble family, and your son won't marry my niece without a bride price, will he? Savannah's even pregnant with your grandson!"

Savannah trembled with anger. She had refused them to attend her wedding, but they still had the nerve to ask for the bride price? Hadn't they got enough from her? The Schultz factory, the house in Green Bay, and then the money from Devin... They had just got a large amount of money from Dylan last week!

Wasn't that enough?

Chapter 337: How Much Do You Want?

"How much do you want?" asked Savannah coldly, in rage and fury.

"We're not one of those greedy people," Dalton said quickly, "a lucky number, seven million."

Now their niece married into the richest family in LA, the request didn't seem unreasonable.

"Seven million? I don't think I'm worth so much," said Savannah sarcastically.

The servants in the room covered their mouths and laughed quietly. Old Sterling almost lost his patience. The couple had asked for four million when Valerie married Devin, and now they wanted to sell their brother's daughter?

"Savannah, how can you say that?" A little embarrassed, Dalton did not bother to talk to his niece. He just looked at old Sterling and waited for his reply.

In fact, old Sterling had been too kind to bear the rudeness of the couple. He didn't need to talk with them in person, and he could refuse them directly. It was all for Savannah's sake that he didn't drive them away.

Now Savannah was obviously annoyed by the couple, it's time to ask them out. Old Sterling was about to ask Cooper to send them away when a familiar footstep was heard at the door.

"Mr. Sterling." The servants greeted the coming man, respectfully.

Savannah turned around and looked toward the doorway, her eyes gleaming with delight. She looked like a helpless bird who finally found the big tree for protection. The tumult within her subsided.

Resisting an impulse to run to him, Savannah looked at him with an expectant face.

The strong emotion in Savannah's eyes pleased Dylan. He smiled at her reassuringly and then turned his eyes to the anxious couple as he walked to them.

"Savannah's good girl, gentle and pretty. Of course, she's above price. I should pay to thank her parents for bringing up such a nice girl, and seven million isn't too much. I'd like to give all my personal property to them if they want." With that, he took out his checkbook and wrote a number on it.

"You're right, Mr. Sterling!" Dalton and Norah nodded with surprise and bright eyes. "We don't ask for too much."

They thought it would be difficult to ask for money from Dylan, so they came to Sterling's house and talked with old Sterling. Well, old Sterling looked much kinder than his son, but they forgot that he was also a merciless businessman when he was young. Anyway, it really surprised them that Dylan agreed immediately! Oh, he's really rich!

Savannah looked anxiously at Dylan and wondered what was in his mind. He was not the kind of person who would comply with such an unreasonable request to keep face.

Yes, the Sterling family was rich, and Dylan had quite a lot of money, but she would prefer to see them do some charity with such a large sum of money rather than give it to the greedy couple.

But before she could stop Dylan, he tore off the check and waved it in front of the Schultz.

Dalton and Norah fixed their eyes at the huge number on the check. They were about to reach for it when Dylan quickly withdrew his hand.

They stared blankly at Dylan, whose smile became hard and cold.

"I'll give the bride price," he said sardonically, "to Savannah's parents, not you. You've just raised her for a few years, and I don't think you're qualified to take the money."

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. He was not going to give the two people the money.

"Savannah's parents are not here, and they would never show again! We're now the only family of Savannah, why can't we accept the bride price for her?" Dalton said worriedly.

Savannah felt so sick that she wanted to throw the couple out immediately.

"Her father's dead, but her mother's still somewhere in the world," Dylan said coldly.

"Her mother's disappeared long ago, as well as dead!" Norah blurted out.

"Yes, Savannah's an orphan, and we're her only family. No one can take the bride price but for us!" Dalton added quickly.

Savannah clenched her fists, and her face became cold and hard. Her uncle's words stabbed her, reminding her that her mother had deserted her for no reason. In order to get the bride's price, they didn't care about her mood at all.

"Her mother must be still alive," said Dylan, coolly.

"But now we can't find her mother! Who else can take the bride price?" Dalton said rapidly.

Dylan didn't answer but put the check into Savannah's hand and curled up her cold fingers. "It belongs to your parents. Keep it for your mother for the time being, and give it to her when you find her."

Savannah looked at him with shock. Was he serious?

Norah and Dalton were crushed ---to be so close to the huge sums of money, and then it was gone. Their face flushed with eagerness. Before they could say something again, old Sterling ordered Cooper impatiently, "it's getting late. Cooper, see Mr. and Mrs. Schultz off."

Cooper immediately walked up to Dalton and his wife, "Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, please."

Dalton and Norah saw the gloominess on the face of old Sterling, knowing that they could not expect good results if they stayed any longer. They looked at each other and finally walked out with a bad grace after Cooper.

Old Sterling was tired too. In Cooper's company, he went upstairs first.

The house became quiet again. Savannah reacted, handed the check back to Dylan.

"Why? Too little?" Dylan didn't take it, frowning.

"I accepted it just now because I don't want my uncle to take advantage of you again. Take the money back, Dylan, I can't take it. I...I don't want the bride price." Savannah stammered, biting her lip.

Most of those women who fought hard to marry a rich guy lusted for wealth only. Like Valerie, she asked four million when she married Devin with a baby in her.

But his woman was a little fool. She even wanted to return such a large sum of money back to him.

Dylan put his hand under her chin and tipped her head back, his grey eyes soft, "you're my wife. It's quite normal for you to accept the bride price. Don't feel embarrassed and don't care about others opinions."

"No... My dad passed away many years ago, and my mother's disappeared. You don't have to give it to me. I...I have no family now." Savannah murmured as she put the check in his hand.

Chapter 338: Keep It

She married him not for money, and she had no interest in the property of the Sterling family.

Dylan laughed. The little woman was so honest. He rubbed her hair softly and put the check to her small hand again.

"Keep it," he said softly, "as your dowry."

Actually, most families had no dowry tradition, but some rich families would prepare money or property as the bride's dowry. It was the wealth a woman brought to her husband as a part of the marriage. Savannah had no family at her side, so no one would arrange the dowry for her.

But it didn't matter, he was her husband now, and he'd like to arrange everything for her.

The bride price became the dowry... Savannah gazed upon him, round-eyes. She understood that he had planned to give her the dowry at the beginning. If he just wanted to refuse her uncle's request, he could have driven them out of the house as soon as he came back.

Of course, dowry was important for a woman when she got married. It was not about money, but about her status in her husband's family.

He was afraid that she might be looked down upon after marrying him, so he gave her a sum of money as her dowry?

A warm feeling came to Savannah's heart. Quite moved, she still insisted, "no, it's too much. You've already given me a diamond necklace, and I have an emerald bracelet from your father too. They're all very expensive... I can't take more money."

Dylan felt a little funny. What was in this little woman's mind? Wasn't it good to have more money in hand? He raised his hand to smooth her hair, his voice gentle, "then keep the money for your mother, and give it to her when she comes back one day. With this money, you can take good care of her and provide her better-living conditions."

He never took back the money he gave, especially when the money was for his wife.

Because of her pregnancy, she stopped working temporarily and had no income. He would like to take charge of her and support her for all her rest life, but he knew Savannah was not that kind of girl who was willing to rely on others. However, he wanted to give her more. Although she didn't need to worry about food and bed in Sterling's house or in Beverly Hills, she should have enough money in hand to buy whatever she liked. What's more, with more money, his wife would not be looked upon because of her background.

Savannah caught the certainty of his voice. She hesitated for a long time and finally nodded with a sigh, "when my mom comes back? No, she'll never come back..."

Her mother would have come back if she'd like to.

Savannah's sorrow was imaged in her face. Dylan narrowed his eyes, knowing she was hurt by Dalton's words. He lowered his voice and said, "it's not too difficult for the Sterling family to find a person."

Savannah bit her lip. She understood what he meant. He wanted to help her find her mother. But after a moment of excitement, she grinned a bitter smile and shook her head calmly.

"No."

She had always wanted to find her mother and ask her why she left her and her father.

She worked as a model mostly because she wanted to be famous one day so that her mother could see her in magazines or on TV and come back to find her.

But after all these years, she knew she might be wrong.

If her mother really wanted to find her, she would have come back long ago.

As long as she still loved her and missed her, she would not have given up on her.

But she never came back.

She didn't show at her husband's funeral, nor did she come back when her daughter was sent to the orphanage.

Since she didn't present in the most difficult time of her life, Savannah knew she would never come back. Maybe she had completely disregarded her daughter and her husband.

Maybe she already had a new life. Why bother her?

Savannah clenched her hands, and her eyes dimmed.

Her heart was torn by conflicting emotions. She missed her mother badly but at the same time, hated her for leaving her. The relationship between Dylan and old Sterling still had gradually improved, while she might have no opportunity to see her mother again.

Dylan didn't push her. Maybe she would change her mind after a time, and he would help her find her mother as long as she wanted.

"You look tired. I'll ask Emma to take you upstairs to your room." Dylan held her small hand and said.

"Are you leaving? Don't you go upstairs with me?" Savannah blurted out.

Dylan looked surprised, his eyes bright with pleasure, "you want me to go up with you?"

A great sense of personal satisfaction came to him. The little woman became much clingier to him. This was the first time she had invited him into her room.

Savannah flushed, realizing that her words seemed to be too fervent. But before she could say more, Dylan had already pulled her into his arms.

The hot embrace made her heart stop beating and then beat fast with delight. Her body was telling herself she was so attached to his embrace that she didn't want to leave.

She really missed him, after so many days without seeing him. She missed his arm and kiss, and his touch... Thinking of this, she blushed even more.

The next moment, Savannah got over her shyness and put her hands around his waist, holding him closer. The hug completed her happiness and put her at her ease.

"Do you want me to take you to your room?" His familiar hot breath fanned across her ear, his voice low and husky.

His seductive voice melted her heart. As a reply, Savannah buried her head against his chest, allowing herself this moment to fully lean on him.

However, Dylan was not satisfied. They had been married, and it was normal for his legal wife to be coquettish in front of him.

"Tell me, baby," his voice sounded seductive.

Her face became even hotter. Finally, she mustered the courage and tiptoed, whispering in his ear, "honey, accompany me to my room."

Dylan was hypnotized by the mellow tone of her voice. Without a word, he picked her up and carried her in his arms, walking to the stairs.

Savannah let out a small cry as she threw her arms around his neck.

"Let me down, I can walk myself," murmured her, a little embarrassed. Her belly was growing bigger, and she gained weight quickly in a good mood these days. Would he think she was too fat now?

Dylan looked at the little woman in his arms, knowing what's in her mind. Women always cared about how they looked. As a model, Savannah took more care of her appearance, afraid that she would be fat in his eyes. Yes, her cheeks had filled out, and she looked a little puffy and mature now. But he thought she was more beautiful and attractive than before.

"I don't like your skinny pieces. Never starve yourself to lose weight, will you?" Dylan ordered softly.

Chapter 339: Why Didn't You Call Me?

Savannah wanted to be the most beautiful girl in his eyes.

She might look fine now, but it would be much different two months later.

Would he mind when she got fatter at that time?

"If I don't go on a diet, it'll be difficult to recover in the future," Savannah said tentatively, "I know a model who gained weight, up from 42 kg to 55 kg, after pregnancy. She tried hard to lose weight after giving birth, but her husband still laughed at her..."

"That model's husband's really unreasonable. You need to fatten up a bit. Eat more, and you'll be sexier." With a sly grin, he carried her upstairs and into her room.

When he learned that Dylan went to Savannah's room, old Sterling sent Cooper to keep an eye on them. It's hard for the newly married couple to be abstinent. Old Sterling knew that, so he must be more careful.

Cooper occasionally knocked on the door, asking if they need fruit or water, or coughed in the doorway. Dylan felt funny but was not angry. He decided to take Savannah back to Beverly Hills after the wedding. No one would disturb them at that time.

An hour later, Dylan stood up and was ready to leave.

"Dylan... Send me a message after returning to Beverly Hills," Savannah took his hand in hers and shook him.

After saying that, she felt her face burning with shame.

When did she become so active?

She seemed to give up hiding her emotions after he proposed to her.

"Sure. Just expect our wedding day," Dylan kissed her forehead.

Savannah nodded, seeing him off. Well, she could see him every day after the wedding. What's the hurry?

She closed the door, turned, and slowly walked to the desk. From the drawer, she took out her wallet and pulled a slightly yellow photo from it.

In the picture, Savannah stood smiling at her father, who was young and handsome.

The photo was taken by her mother in their old house in Green Bay, and it was with her in her most difficult time.

"Dad, can you see? I'm getting married." Savannah placed her marriage license and the ring in front of the picture and murmured to the young man, "you don't have to worry about me anymore. I find another man to take care of me... Although I don't know if he's still thinking about another girl, I don't want to ask more. I like him, and I feel happy with him. Even if he's still thinking about that girl, I don't mind as long as he's with me. Dad, don't laugh at me."

Savannah sighed and continued, "wish me happiness, dad. I believe he's the right man... If only you can attend our wedding..."

With tearful eyes and a smile, Savannah closed her eyes, holding the photo as if her father was in her arms.

* * *

Royal Villa

Lionel got out of the car and went into the villa with tired steps.

He had spent a few days in the company. The Rowe group had just gained a footing in LA, so he must deal with all important affairs and negotiate with those clients in person.

Savannah and Dylan's wedding would be held two days later. After another business dinner, he came back to his house to have a good rest and recover his spirit, in case he might look too bad at the wedding.

"Sir, you're back," the servant came out to greet him.

"Is the wedding gift ready?" He had sent his assistant to Chicago to take the gift, but he was too busy to ask him about the progress.

"Yes, the Hungarian Moon was delivered yesterday, and it had been packaged and put in the safe. Do you want to have a look at it, sir?" The servant asked politely.

"Keep it well and take it out for me on the wedding day," Lionel ordered as he entered the living room. Then he looked upstairs, "how's Charlotte?"

The servant changed his face slightly, stammering, "Miss Rowe..."

"What's wrong?" Lionel frowned at his nervousness.

"Miss Rowe... She went back to Chicago the day before yesterday."

Lionel turned pale. He strode upstairs to Charlotte's room and opened the door.

Her room was empty and clean, as if no one ever lived here.

Lionel crossed the room and opened the wardrobe--- some of her clothes were gone with her suitcase.

He took a deep breath, "she went back alone?"

The servant nodded.

"Why didn't you call me?"

The servant, with a drooping head, replied helplessly, "Miss Rowe urged us not to tell you... She said she didn't want to stay in LA, and she didn't want you to worry about her."

Lionel breathed a sigh of relief. It would be Dylan's wedding in a few days. Maybe Charlotte just wanted to avoid attending the wedding, so she went back to Chicago.

Well, she must feel hurt to see the man she loved marrying another girl.

Just let her be.

* * *

The Sterling's group

Out of the office window, the last streaks of grey was inked out of the sky by the encroaching night. Crowds of people were rushing home from work at this hour.

The man, stuck at the desk, was still revising a business plan.

Garwood knocked on the door of the president's office and walked in.

As the wedding day approached, the whole family was busy planning the wedding. Old Sterling, who would give the wedding speech as Dylan's father, was even more excited and nervous than his son.

But the bridegroom, Mr. Sterling, still kept his businesslike nature and spent every day in the company working on projects.

"Sir," Garwood sighed and walked to the desk, "you're to be married the day after tomorrow. That'll be a busy day. Why not go back to Beverly Hills for a good rest tonight."

Dylan raised his face from the documents and looked at the time. Rubbing his eyebrows, he pushed away from the documents in front of him and nodded.

Chapter 340: Baby, I Want To See You

Was he willing to be a workaholic? Of course not.

His father did not allow him to go to Sterling's house these days for fear that he would be unable to resist the urge and make Savannah too tired. He could only focus on business affairs so that the time would pass quickly.

Well, just one more day.

He picked up the phone and called Savannah.

Knowing that Mr. Sterling wanted to talk with Miss Schultz in private, Garwood smiled and left the room.

"Hello?" Savannah seemed to have just woken up, and her voice was husky and soft through the phone.

She was very somnolent during pregnancy. Sometimes she took a nap after lunch but didn't wake up until the evening.

"Another afternoon of sleep, piggy?" Dylan's voice was playfully soft.

"I'm not a piggy," she pouted, "you're!"

Dylan could imagine how Savannah looked over the phone--- even sleepy she must look gamine and gorgeous in a thin lacy nightdress, and her red pouty lips waiting for his kiss...

The mere thought of the scene made him breathing with compelling need.

He could see her after one day, but now he felt that every minute of the remaining thirty more hours was hard for him.

On the other end of the wire, Savannah struggled up onto her knees when she heard his ragged breath, "Dylan?"

"Baby, I want to see you," He ordered gently, "Video chat."

He wanted to see her, and he couldn't wait.

"Ah?" Savannah was puzzled for a second, "We saw each other yesterday..."

"I miss you, let me see you," his voice was soft, cajoling.

The little woman hesitated, "But I'm wearing a nightdress, and I haven't combed my hair."

She still cared about her image in front of him...

"I'm your husband, baby, just do what you're told." Dylan continued.

Finally, Savannah bit her teeth and answered the video chat.

On the screen, her delicate outline appeared, lighting his eyes.

As he had expected, she wore a thin strapless nightdress. Her long seaweed thick hair fell in soft waves to her breasts and down her white shoulders.

What made him more excited was her position now-- she was kneeling on the bed, holding the phone in both hands, ready to fix the phone on the shelf. He could see her full breasts through her dress, and her nipples... Of course, she didn't wear a bra when she slept.

This position made him almost burst.

Savannah adjusted the camera of the mobile phone, backing off a little, and then she saw the salacious smile on his face. Blushing, she rolled her eyes at him and put a cardigan on.

"The day after tomorrow," Dylan said softly, "Are you nervous?"

Savannah nodded, "A little."

Not a little. In fact, she was very, very nervous.

The closer she was to the wedding day, the more she feared. She feared that happiness was just a dream.

Did she really deserve to have such happiness, deserve to have this man?

Those who chased after him were all rich young ladies like Miss White and Miss Rowe.

What was she?

She had no powerful family behind her, poorly educated, and she was even an orphan.

What's more, she was not like her cousin Valerie, who had the ambition to fight for her own happiness.

Dylan, sensing her unease, leaned closer to the screen and said, "I'll tell you a secret." An enigmatic smile crossed the man's handsome face.

"What is it?" Savannah forgot her nervousness and asked in curiosity.

"I'm a little nervous too," he tried to keep his tone serious so as not to be laughed at by her.

He was not going to say it, but seeing her unsettling, he wanted to share his feeling with her and put her at ease.

Savannah took a breath, and then she plucked up the courage to ask him the question in her heart, "Dylan, are you really sure?"

He raised his eyebrows and looked at her.

"I mean... Are you sure you want to marry me? I'm not as good as the ladies from those good families. My father's just a businessman when he was still alive, and the Schultz family is not as rich as your family. Now I have nothing. I've no parents, no family background, no property, and I'm not even graduated from a famous university like other girls. I'm completely unhelpful to your future and career. If you regret it... it's not too late." She bit her lip to articulate her faults.

The more she said, the less confident she was.

She was almost nothing to the man.

Though she knew her low position before, she had never thought lightly of herself or looked down upon herself.

But she was so self-abased in front of him that she couldn't believe he would really marry her.

Was it because she liked him too much, so she was swayed by considerations of gain and loss?

And she was always afraid that she did not deserve him.

"I didn't marry a career helper or a business partner." After a long pause, Dylan said softly over the screen. The worried look on her made his heart constricting. "What's more, don't say you have nothing. You own the house in Green Bay, and you're also the boss of Schultz's factory. Do you know how hard it's for a young girl to own a house in LA? Are you so contemptuous of yourself as a little hostess?"

Savannah's nose suddenly stung. All she had were given to him.

His voice continued to come through the phone, "by the way, how do you like UCLA?"

"UCLA?" The most famous university in LA? Savannah stopped breathing, "what do you mean?"

"I suggest you think about which major you want to take earlier. There're lots of choices, and you'd better choose one before the school opens." "He said with a cool smile.

"I... can I go to UCLA?" Savannah's voice shook with emotion.

After her graduation from high school, Dalton and Norah prohibited her from going to college, saying that they could only afford Valerie's tuition fee due to the financial burden and would not allow her to continue her study. She cried secretly for several days. Now, was there really a chance for her to go to UCLA?