

Midnight 341

Chapter 341: Come To Chicago At Once

She had done well at school, he knew. Had Dalton and his wife not been so selfish and spent all their money on their own daughter, Savannah would have been an undergraduate too. It was her biggest regret that she had never gone to college.

Savannah's heart was thumping with excitement. She still couldn't believe it, murmuring, "UCLA is the best university in LA. Do they really want me?" She did not attend the entrance examination or selection process like other students. UCLA could not be so easy for common people to enter. What's more, could she choose any major she liked?! That was incredible.

Quite satisfied with her reaction, Dylan didn't explain much. Old Sterling had a great relationship with the president of UCLA. They invited each other to their house for a cup of tea occasionally, and they were both connoisseurs who appreciated genuine antiques. What's more, the Sterling family had invested in the expansion of library buildings at UCLA. Now old Sterling also had status in the school board, and it was not hard for him to enroll a student directly.

Dylan smiled and added, "of course, you're required to conform to the rules."

"Rules?" Holding her breath, she knew it wasn't going so well.

"First, you're not allowed to live on campus." Dylan raised a forefinger.

Students should remain in residence during the term. If she lived in the dorms, he could only see his wife at the weekend. How could he bear that?

She breathed a sigh of relief and nodded, "yes, I know."

"Second," Dylan continued, and his voice was low and stern, "don't get too close to any young man in school."

There were too many love stories on campus. His little woman had always held a fascination for men. He sent her to continue her study, and he didn't want more rivals. Well, Kevin and Lionel were enough.

Savannah almost burst out laughing. Seeing the serious expression on his face, she could only contain herself from laughing and nodded, "okay. Well, I've decided the major."

"So soon?" Dylan looked a little surprised, "Which major?"

"Fashion design." Savannah took a deep breath and said decisively.

UCLA offered this new major, which had been in hot demand in recent years, and it attracted many students. Valerie also majored in this major.

However, the reason that she picked fashion design was not that the major was very hot. She didn't mean to follow the trend. Actually, she had been drawing and interested in art since a child. After she was sent to the orphanage, she met Kevin, who was good at drawing, and he taught her a lot.

After graduating from high school, she became a plane model. When she wore the clothes from other designers in the advertisement shooting, she hoped that one day she could wear the clothes designed

by herself. Sometimes, she would design clothes on paper and spend hours sketching fashionable garments.

However, the principal reason for her choice was that the main industry of Schultz's factory was garment-making. If she could learn the major well, it would also be helpful for her father's factory.

Dylan didn't ask much, his eyes soft. "I'll speak to the president about this after the wedding. Is there anything else you want to say to me?"

Savannah did not know what to say. It seemed strange to say thank-you... Being too polite might make him unhappy. After all, she was going to marry him soon.

Finally, she stammered in a low voice, "Dylan... Come and pick me up earlier that day, will you?"

So she could see him earlier.

Dylan knew that she would be sent back to the house in Green Bay tomorrow evening. She wanted him to pick her up early on the wedding day.

With a gleam in his eyes, he smiled and said, "I won't let you wait too long."

Savannah's face became flushed.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. "Miss Schultz, are you awake? It's time to go downstairs for dinner." Sophie's voice was heard.

"Oh -" Savannah replied, glancing at the door.

"Before you hang up," Dylan smiled meaningfully, "give me a kiss, baby."

A sudden feeling of loss came to Savannah, and she felt as if she would not see him for a long time. Looking at the charming man in the video, she tried to dismiss from her mind the strange thought. Without further hesitation, she leaned forward and blew him a kiss. Then she hung up.

Dylan still held the phone. Although it was only a kiss through the phone, it seemed to be alive and printed on his heart.

His lips curled into a smile, and then he called to Garwood, who was standing outside the door, "Garwood, get the car."

He really needed to go back to Beverly Hills early today to get a good rest and conserve his strength. He should pick up her beautiful bride in great form thirty hours later.

The door opened, and Garwood came in, smiling, "all right, Mr. Sterling."

Suddenly, the phone in Dylan's hand rang.

Dylan took a look at the caller's name on his cell phone, and his eyebrows knitted slightly.

Erik was calling from Chicago.

That was strange. Erik rarely called him, and this was not the time to report.

"Hello?" Dylan answered the phone, a little impatient.

Through the phone came Erik's slightly excited voice, "Mr. Sterling, the girl you asked me to keep looking for, has been found! Something's happened to her, please come to Chicago at once!"

* * * *

The spoon slipped out of Savannah's hand and broke into two on the marble floor.

Sophie quickly stepped forward to clean the pieces away, so they would not hurt her. Emma handed her a new spoon.

"Savannah, is everything alright? How do you look a little absent-minded?" asked old Sterling thoughtfully across the table.

Savannah shook her head. She didn't know why but felt a little restless tonight.

Was it because of the video chat? Maybe she was too excited to know she had a chance to go to college soon? Or she was just a little nervous when the wedding day was coming?

Thinking of this, she smiled reassuringly at old Sterling, "nothing. I'm thinking about the wedding.

Chapter **342: Pretended To Be That Woman**

"The bride's nervous." Sophie laughed.

"It's all right," old Sterling raised his eyebrows and smiled, "Dylan will deal with everything, and we're there too. Don't be nervous."

Emma grinned and said playfully, "Miss Schultz, you're not just nervous about the ceremony, you're also thinking about Mr. Sterling, aren't you? Take it easy, and you'll see him the day after tomorrow."

Savannah blushed, "I'm not thinking about him!"

She said no, but the look on her face betrayed everything. Old Sterling could also see that Savannah's heart had gone out to Dylan. He nodded and smiled.

Besides Devin's wedding not long ago, the Sterling family did not plan any festivity for many years. What's more, this was his son's wedding, and of course, old Sterling expected it more. He was no less exciting than the new couple.

Savannah was not a lady from a rich and influential family. Her father died early, and she had lived in an orphanage. But who cared?

The Sterling family was rich and powerful, and his son could run the group well without other family's help. Savannah had good conduct, and she was smart and sensible. In fact, he was quite satisfied with this daughter-in-law.

Just then, Cooper hurried in and walked over to old Sterling. He bent down and said something quietly in his ear.

Savannah noticed that Cooper's face was a bit pale. As he spoke to old Sterling, he glanced at her unconsciously.

Then old Sterling changed color and stood up. He took a breath and tried to look calm, "Savannah, help yourself. I've something to discuss with Cooper, and we'll go upstairs first."

"What's the matter, sir?" Savannah was a little uneasy.

"Nothing," said old Sterling, forcing a laugh, "just a little detail about the preparations for the wedding."

With that, he went upstairs with Cooper.

Looking at their backs, Savannah felt a gloomy foreboding that something was going to go wrong.

Whatever happened, Cooper would not interrupt their dinner-- unless it was really important.

What's more, even if something went wrong with the wedding preparations, they didn't have to discuss it behind her back.

After a few bites, Savannah had no appetite anymore.

Old Sterling still didn't come down.

The air of the dining-room became dull and gloomy. Finally, Savannah was impatient. When a maid filled a bowl with food and was about to send it upstairs, Savannah stopped her, "I'll do it."

The maid gave her the tray obediently.

Savannah, carrying the tray, went to the second floor. She moved silently to the door of the study where the voice of old Sterling floated up...

In the study.

"Call Dylan now! Get him back! Does he know that the day after tomorrow is his wedding day? How could he run to Chicago for another woman at this time! Is he mad? What will Savannah think when she hears this? If Savannah gets angry and the baby in her is affected by her mood, I won't forgive him!" Old Sterling bellowed.

Savannah's hands shook, and the tray almost slid out.

Dylan...went to Chicago...for another woman?

Could it be...

The girl who saved him was found?

That's right, nothing else could make him rush to Chicago in spite of everything on the eve of the wedding day...

Her heart tightened painfully.

"I've called, and Mr. Sterling said he would try to get back before the wedding," Cooper's voice came helplessly out, "but then his phone's off..."

"How dare he turn the phone off?" Old Sterling said angrily, "who on earth is that woman? What's her relationship with Dylan? Why did Dylan go to Chicago in such a hurry?"

He never heard that Dylan had an affair outside.

Cooper hesitated and said, "I just called Erik in Chicago. He said that the young master has been looking for a girl since he returned home. Sir, do you still remember that your house in Chicago had caught fire long ago?"

Old Sterling frowned and nodded.

Of course, he remembered the fire. Dylan was sent to his mother's house in Chicago to recuperate. The house caught fire on a summer night, and the old butler in that house went blind in that fire. Fortunately, Dylan was fine and not hurt. After that fire, he dared not leave his son alone in Chicago and got him back to LA hurriedly.

"Do you remember the young master was saved by a young girl when the fire broke out?" Cooper continued.

Old Sterling scowled in thought. Yes, he had learned it from the servants there. Dylan was alone in a pavilion when the fire broke out. A girl helped him out and saved his life. He didn't think much at that time and forgot it later.

"You mean, Dylan's been looking for the girl who saved him and finally found her? So, he went to see that girl today?" Old Sterling came wide awake.

"Yes." Cooper nodded.

Old Sterling took a deep breath.

Dylan went to Chicago as soon as his savior was found. Over the years, he had become estranged from his son, and he never knew that Dylan had always remembered the girl who had saved his life.

That girl must have an important place in Dylan's mind.

After a pause, old Sterling asked, "who's that girl?"

Cooper swallowed, "very coincidentally, the girl who saved the young master is the young lady from the Rowe family, Miss Rowe."

At the door, Savannah's heart stopped beating for a moment.

Charlotte Rowe.

The girl Dylan has been looking for is Miss Rowe?

Well, it might be the truth. The Rowe's house was next to Dylan's mother's house in Chicago. The two families were neighbors and very close to each other.

It was not surprising that Charlotte saved Dylan from the fire.

So, Miss Rowe was the real one Dylan put in his mind, and she was Charlotte's replacement.

Savannah turned pale.

Old Sterling nodded and was not surprised that the girl was Charlotte, but his head ached as he thought of Savannah.

It was really a thorny problem.

How did Dylan find that girl on the eve of the wedding?

Chapter 343: Your Father Will Come To Pick Us Up Soon

The girl was his savior, not his lover. Anyway, he shouldn't stay at another girl's side without regard for his wife's feelings and the status of his unborn baby.

Old Sterling calmed down and said in a stern voice, "Cooper, keep calling and urge Dylan to come back as soon as possible. If necessary, go to take him back yourself. Don't let Savannah know."

"Yes," said Cooper, bowing his head.

Before their conversation ended, Savannah reacted and quickly turned, going downstairs quietly. She went back to the dining-room and found the maid cleaning the table.

"Miss Schultz? Didn't you deliver the food to Mr. old Sterling?" The maid took the tray from her hand and asked.

"I didn't see him. Forget it. Serve it later." Savannah's voice was a little abstracted.

The servant took the tray and left.

Savannah walked downstairs like a somnambulist, with an absent gaze, and went back to her own room. She shut the door and leaned her back against it, her legs shaking, and her cold face was streaming wet with tears.

When did she cry?

Fortunately, the maid didn't notice it, or the tears didn't run down until she went upstairs...

She ran a hand over her face, trying to wipe away her tears, but the tears would not cease.

She yielded to the overflow.

Just an hour ago, he was talking with her on the phone, telling her he was also nervous; he said he would send her to UCLA and discussed with her about the major, and he looked at her with fervent eyes, asking for a kiss from her...

But now, he left her and the unborn baby before the wedding and went to another city to see another girl...

He built a heaven for her by promising her the marriage, but then he made hell of heaven all of a sudden...

She was afraid, afraid that he would not come back, that he would regret their engagement even if he came back.

These days, she had been telling herself not to think about that girl. As long as he was at her side, she believed that he would forget that girl one day...

But the girl appeared so soon.

Was it all a dream?

She stumbled towards the bed and pulled out her cell phone. It almost slipped from her trembling hand several times. Finally, she tried to calm down and dialed his number.

The person you have called is unavailable right now. Please try again later.

His phone was turned off.

Maybe he had flown to Chicago and was with that girl now.

They must have much to say to each other that he had no time to listen to her phone call, right?

Her heart wrenched.

Just then, a knock came at the door, and Cooper's voice was heard, "Miss Schultz."

Savannah pulled herself back, wiped the tears from her face, and bestirred herself. Taking a deep breath, she moved to the door and pulled it open, forcing a smile, "Cooper, what's up?"

For pride or something, she didn't want them to find out that she had known it.

Cooper looked at her with pity in his eyes, his voice soft, "Miss Schultz, we're going to send you back to your house in Green Bay tomorrow noon, please prepare yourself.

Savannah held back her tears with difficulty and nodded. "Yes, I know."

Could the wedding still be held as scheduled?

The groom might not even be able to come back.

* * *

About noon the next day, the driver was in the car waiting for Savannah in the courtyard.

Old Sterling personally sent Savannah out of the door. "Take care of Savannah," he said to Sophie, who was going with Savannah. Then he looked at her and said kindly, "Savannah, have a good rest for one night. Dylan will pick you up the next morning."

"All right." Savannah gave old Sterling a weak smile and nodded.

All through lunch, old Sterling behaved as usual and did not mention that Dylan had flown to Chicago last night.

Everything was quiet in the house as if nothing had happened, and the wedding would take place as scheduled.

She knew that old Sterling didn't want her to be worried and upset, so she just let it go.

She climbed into the car with Sophie. As the car pulled out of the gate, old Sterling's face tightened again. He turned to Cooper and asked in anxiety, "where's Dylan now? Have you connected with him?"

Cooper immediately came forward and whispered, "Yes, I got through to the young master just now."

"Did you tell him to come back soon? He's going to pick up the bride tomorrow morning! Come back today, or he'll be late!"

"I told him, and he said he knows what to do."

Old Sterling was not satisfied with his reply, but his son always knew the distance. "Call him again and urge him to come back within today!"

"Yes, sir."

* * *

Green Bay.

When she returned to her old home, Savannah didn't have to keep up the pretense any longer. She locked herself into her room without a word.

Garcia sensed that something was wrong. Savannah's wedding was going to be held tomorrow, and she should be very happy. Even if she felt nervous, her behavior was too strange.

However, Sophie, from the Sterling family, didn't know what happened, and Garcia could only let Savannah alone.

It was a hard night.

Savannah didn't know how she spent the night. She tossed on the bed and woke up many times from nightmares.

When she finally fell asleep again, she was awakened by the fetal movement and could not sleep anymore. It was about five in the morning.

The baby seemed more restless than ever. Was the baby also aware of her emotions?

She took a deep breath and touched her belly, forcing a smile, "be good, baby, your father will come to pick us up in a few hours. We can see him soon."

She kept whispering to the baby and to herself.

Chapter 344: I'll Wait Right Here

Just before dawn, Savannah finally recovered herself. She was tired, but not sleepy any longer. She put on a coat, quietly left the room, and went downstairs.

The house had a small front yard. There were perennials, shrubs, and vines growing in the yard when her parents were still here. The mild summer tinted it an even richer green. When Dylan bought the house back for her, he planted the same green plants as before, and he also brought more attractive pot flowers.

The air was filled with a sweet scent.

Taking a deep breath of the air, Savannah walked to the swing in the yard and sat on it. From this angle, she would see Dylan for the first time when he came to pick her up.

She looked down at her belly and touched it slowly, murmuring, "baby, let's wait for your dad to come to pick us up, okay?"

The baby kicked her slightly bulged belly as if in response.

The first light of the early morning peeked through the clouds and flooded the earth. Garcia drew aside the window-curtain and found Savannah sitting on the swing in the yard. She didn't think much but continued cleaning the room. Maybe Savannah just got up early and was waiting for Mr. Sterling outside.

On the swing, Savannah fixed her eyes on the front gate.

According to the wedding procedure, he should come to Green Bay to pick her up at about six a.m.

It must be almost six o'clock...

He hadn't turned up yet.

It doesn't matter, Savannah said to herself, traffic jams are very normal. Maybe he had delayed because of something urgent...

She soothed herself in this way, her eyes vacant, and her hand clutched her skirt.

Finally, from the outside came the sound of a car. Savannah stood up with hope, only found that it was the makeup artist who came with the wedding dress.

She sat back on the swing, a look of disappointment passing over her face.

Sophie and Garcia sensed that something was wrong. They stood at the door for a while, but the expected man still did not show.

Sophie went in and made a call. A few minutes later, she came out with a pale face.

Garcia took a peek at Savannah, pulled Sophie aside, and asked, "Did Mr. Sterling start out? He's not stuck in traffic, is he? There should be no traffic jams at this hour!"

Sophie's face was frozen with uncertainty. "Cooper said... Mr. Sterling hasn't returned..." she stammered.

"What did you mean?" Garcia was stunned.

"Mr. Sterling went to Chicago last night and hasn't come back yet... But we've called to urge him. I think he'll come and pick up Miss Schultz as soon as possible. Don't shout it out, or Miss Schultz will hear you..."

Garcia gasped. The groom left LA yesterday before the wedding? And he hadn't come back yet? Didn't Mr. Sterling know that today was his wedding day?

What did he think of Savannah?

No wonder Savannah looked so unhappy when she was sent here yesterday. Did she already know?

Garcia controlled her temper and walked to Savannah, forcing a placating smile to her lips. "Savannah, the makeup artist's here. Please come in to change clothes and put on makeup. When Mr. Sterling comes, he can take you to the ceremony directly."

Savannah turned her gaze and slowly nodded. Yes, she should change her clothes before he came and not make him wait.

Garcia bit her teeth, helped Savannah in, and went upstairs with the makeup artist.

After cleaning up, Savannah changed into the wedding dress and sat in front of the dressing mirror.

The makeup artist opened her makeup box and began her work.

Half an hour later, the makeup artist combed Savannah's hair into an elegant upsweep and fished the make-up.

"You're so beautiful!" Sophie took a breath and praised her sincerely.

Garcia felt her own eyes smarting. If only Savannah's father was still alive and could attend Savannah's wedding ceremony!

Savannah looked at herself in the mirror. She looked like a real princess in a white wedding dress. Her lips were ripe as cherries, and her brow was white and lofty, but her large and brown eyes were so melancholy.

Today was her wedding ceremony with him, she should not be unhappy.

She held her emotions and stood up, walking downstairs with Garcia and Sophie. Then she walked out of the house and sat on the swing in the front yard.

The sky became brighter as the sun slowly rose.

Garcia and Sophie were more and more anxious. Why hasn't Mr. Sterling come yet?

On the swing, Savannah holds her dress firmly, silent, staring straight at the front gate.

The sunshine touched her hair and shone brightly onto her white wedding dress. It should be a beautiful scene, but the girl in the scene looks so lonely, so sad.

Garcia finally opened her mouth, "Savannah, the morning sun's too strong. Let's go inside the house..."

"No. I'll wait right here," Savannah said calmly, but her palms were all cold and sweating.

Garcia and Sophie looked at each other and sighed.

Sophie rushed into the house to call again.

Savannah sat quite still. Her heart was beating quietly but violently while she was waiting for the result from Sophie. A few minutes later, Sophie came out with a pale face.

"What's the matter? Where's Mr. Sterling now? Why so late?" Garcia took a few steps, grabbed Sophie's sleeve, and asked in a low voice

Sophie didn't reply, she walked to Savannah slowly, swallowed, and finally said, "Miss Schultz, the driver will take you back to Sterling's house first... Mr. Sterling, he..." She didn't know how to explain to Savannah.

That words took Garcia's breath away.

Savannah seemed to have expected the answer. She stood up silently and walked towards the house without asking for more.

Her calm but sad face broke Garcia's heart. "Savannah, let me help you change the dress, and I'll go with you."

Chapter 345: What Exactly Is He Doing?

"That's all right. I can help myself." Savannah paused and said, softly.

Garcia could only see her slender figure walking upstairs alone.

Back in the room, Savannah closed the door and stood in front of the mirror.

The bright white wedding gown looked so ironic now.

She grabbed off her veil and slowly took off her wedding dress, her tears streaming down silently. Then she put on the clothes she wore at home, slumping feebly on the carpet against the wall. She could not repress a sob.

He didn't come back.

He was still in another city with another girl.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

She opened her tearful eyes, stood up, and grabbed the phone on the dressing table. Dylan's name was on the screen.

There were several missed calls. She was sitting outside in the yard, waiting for him when he called.

Shouldn't she be angry at him? But her eyes brightened when he called as if she saw the hope. She stopped crying and dried her eyes before she answered the phone.

She didn't want him to know she was crying for fear that he would be tired of her.

"Hello," she tried to control all her emotions.

"Savannah," Dylan's voice was tired and hoarse over the phone, "I'm sorry, I can't be back for the wedding today."

He called her name so gently, but she was not happy at all. Her heart twitches violently. Before she answered the phone, she was still hoping that he would tell her that he was on his way back. But he killed her hopes.

After a long time pause, she murmured with trembling lips, "you... you found her, right? You don't need me again, do you?"

"Nonsense. Don't think too much. I'll be back as soon as I can," Dylan said in a low voice.

"Why don't you come back now?" She held the phone firmly.

Dylan was about to speak when a soft, hurt voice called over the phone, "Dylan..."

There came a sound like vomiting and a groan of pain, and then footsteps shuffled.

"What's wrong..." Savannah did not know what happened, but she could hear that the woman's voice was Charlotte's.

"Savannah, I'll explain when I --" the call was shut short before he finished. She didn't know if he hung up or someone else knocked the phone down.

For a long time, Savannah held the phone and did not return. Her heart was filled with disappointment and loneliness.

He spent the whole day with Charlotte.

Charlotte was the one who saved his life.

Now he put off the wedding for Charlotte.

There were a few knocks on the door, and out of her trance, she answered.

Garcia walked in with a worried look on her face. She was afraid that Savannah would be too upset. She looked at her but didn't know how to comfort her, "Savannah... Mr. old Sterling sent the driver to take you back. You can go back to Sterling's house first. Everything will be fine. Mr. Sterling may just have been delayed for business affairs. He'll rearrange the wedding ceremony with you when he comes back."

This comfort was so weak.

The groom didn't show up on the wedding day. What a blow to the bride!

No matter what happened, Mr. Sterling should not be absent and left her wife alone on their wedding day!

Nothing could give Savannah consolation if he was not back.

Garcia would rather Savannah cried and scolded the man instead of being so quiet with a pale face. Savannah lifted her eyes and said weakly, "Garcia, please ask Sophie to tell old Sterling, I won't go back to Sterling's house now."

"Why?" Garcia was surprised.

"He said he'd be back. I'll wait for him." She would be waiting for him here, waiting for him to take her to finish the unfinished wedding ceremony as his bride.

Since he said he would be back as soon as he could, she believed him.

With that, she sat down on the bed, leaning on the bedhead. Her face was tired, and she looked ill. "I'm a little tired. I want to sleep," Savannah said as she closed her eyes.

Garcia knew Savannah's temper. Though Savannah always looked gentle and light, she was a girl of an unbending character.

Fine. She would not be at ease if Savannah was taken to Sterling's house in this condition. At least she could take care of her in Green Bay. With that in mind, Garcia said softly, "okay, you get some rest first." Then she closed the door quietly and went downstairs.

Sophie called old Sterling and told him that Savannah wanted to stay. Over the phone, old Sterling sighed deeply and didn't insist. After all, he felt guilty about her.

Maybe Savannah had known everything, so she didn't even ask anything when Dylan didn't pick her up in time. "You can just stay with Savannah in Green Bay these days and take good care of her. Tell her that I'll make Dylan hurry back. All in all, I don't want my grandson to have any problem."

"Yes, sir," Sophie replied.

After Sophie hung up the phone, Garcia went over to her and gnashed her teeth. "For goodness' sake, what's going on? Why did Mr. Sterling go to another city on the wedding day? Is he so busy? What exactly is he doing?"

Garcia had been dissatisfied with the relationship between Savannah and Dylan. After all, Dylan was Savannah's ex-fiancé's uncle. Savannah, who should have married his nephew, now married him. Their relationship would certainly be scolded by people. However, as long as Mr. Sterling really loved Savannah and treated her well, it would be all right. But now it seemed that Mr. Sterling didn't take their marriage seriously at all! If he were here at this moment, Garcia might have torn him apart!

Sophie sighed and knew she could not hide the fact for long. She just heard about it from Cooper this morning, and she was still shocked.

She told Garcia about Dylan's flying to Chicago in a low voice.

Garcia's face darkened. "What the fucking hell? Do you mean that Mr. Sterling has already had a first love and has been sending people to look for her? Now the girl's found, so he went to see her and forgot his wedding with Savannah?"

Sophie covered Garcia's mouth with a wry smile, "don't let Miss Schultz hear you."

Chapter 346: A Fake Diary

Garcia, quite annoyed, pushed Sophie's hand away. Now she hated Mr. Sterling, and even the servant of the Sterling family looked like her enemy.

"Miss Rowe's not his lover," Sophie was helpless, "she once saved Mr. Sterling when he was sick and needed help most... I think Mr. Sterling's just kept his savior in his mind. Miss Rowe's important for him, but it doesn't mean he has feelings for her. After all, he was still young at that time and didn't know anything about romantic things."

Garcia reluctantly suppressed her anger but was still very angry. The girl was Mr. Sterling's lifesaver and meant so much to him? Then what about Savannah? She was his wife! How could he let his wife wait on their wedding day?

But she was afraid that Savannah would hear it, so she shut her mouth.

* * *

A private hospital, Chicago

In the ward, Charlotte lay quietly on the bed, her face pale and haggard. She looked much thinner after two days, and her dry lips moved slightly from time to time, "Dylan... Don't leave me..."

Dylan, sitting on the sofa, gazed at Charlotte, his expression unfathomable. His mouth pressed into a hard line.

The night before yesterday, Erik called and told him that the girl who had saved him was found.

She was Charlotte.

What's more, Charlotte sneaked into his mother's house in Chicago and committed suicide by taking poison in the garden, where the fire broke out.

In her hand, there was a suicide note, on which she left nothing but a request.

She asked Dylan to take a last look at her.

Luckily, when Erik called, Charlotte was found by the servants in his house and taken to the hospital for gastric lavage. However, she hadn't gone through the danger and was still in a state of half unconsciousness. On the bed, she suffered convulsions and vomiting from time to time.

So, Dylan had been in the hospital for the last two days.

The knocks on the door pulled him out of his reverie. Erik walked in and took a look at Charlotte on the bed.

Dylan stood up and motioned to Erik to ask him to go out with him.

They closed the door and stood in the doorway.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Rowe's suicide is still kept as a secret. I didn't even tell Mr. old Sterling. I've arranged everything, and the doctors and nurses in the hospital will keep their mouths shut. Don't worry." Erik said in a low voice.

Charlotte was the lady of the Rowe family. If it was known by the media that she committed suicide in Sterling's house in Chicago, there would be no end to the scandal. What's more, the stock price of the Sterling group would also be influenced.

Dylan nodded. He looked deep in thought, completely distracted.

Erik continued, "the doctor said that Miss Rowe's not yet recovered, and her mood's not stable. He suggested that she should be accompanied by her relatives or friends, in case she should be depressed or hurt herself again."

Dylan knew that Erik suggested he stay and wait for Charlotte to recover.

Since Charlotte went wrong in Sterling's house in Chicago, he could not remain indifferent anyway.

What's more, she was his savior he had been looking for.

"The girl's Miss Rowe... You sure?" Dylan narrowed his eyes.

Erik hung his head and answered with certainty, "Yes, Mr. Sterling. I'm sure that the girl you've been looking for is Miss Rowe."

"Why couldn't you find her before?" Although he found the person that he wanted, he was not as happy as he thought. He didn't lose his head in excitement, and his tone was unusually calm and stern.

"It's my fault. Maybe it's because Miss Rowe lives next door to your house in Chicago, and I never thought the delicate girl from a good family has the courage to run into a fire in that case... Miss Rowe lived abroad these years with her parents, and she went to college in another place then. Moreover, she's different from the appearance described by you, so I never expected that the girl would be her..." Erik lowered his head apologetically.

"Charlotte's really different from the person I remember." That was also his doubt.

Unfortunately, he was unconscious that night and didn't see her very clearly. The only thing he remembered was her eyes. She turned her head for a moment, which was etched into his mind.

Her eyes looked like Savannah's, but not like Charlotte's at all.

"The little girl who saved you was in her teens, and it's normal for a girl to change her appearance after so many years," Erik explained quietly.

That seemed to be the right explanation.

Maybe he was so obsessed with her eyes that he forgot the girl was also growing up, and her appearance was going through the changes of time. She wouldn't always be the little girl in his memory.

Seeing that Dylan did not speak for a long time, Erik knew that he had accepted the fact. Then Erik took out some notebooks and handed them to Dylan. "They're the diaries of Miss Rowe. It seems that she has had the habit of keeping a diary since she was young. She took these dairies with her when she did that stupid thing the night before... Mr. Sterling, you can have a look at them. These diaries should also be one evidence that Miss Rowe's your savior."

Dylan glanced at the diaries in his hands. They had pink or yellow covers, attached by some cartoon stickers.

Some books were a little yellowed by age, and the edges were slightly worn.

He picked up the one that looked oldest and began to turn the pages. Suddenly his hand stopped, and his eye fell upon one of the pages, on which the letters were obviously hand-written by a girl.

March 21st Sunny

Something terrible happened last night. A fire broke out in the house next door. Dylan seemed to be unhappy after he came to Chicago this time, and he didn't go out or see any outsiders. I wanted to see him so much that I slipped into his house after the servants were asleep. I did not expect to see the fire when I found him in the pavilion. I even risked my life to save him out from the pavilion. I dragged him to a safe place and then left... After coming home, I pretended that nothing had happened, but my heart was still beating heavily. My fingers were burnt, but I didn't feel pain at all.

Looking back, I might get hurt or even die in the fire if I was not too careful. But I knew I would do it again – I would like to die for Dylan if I can save him.

Chapter **347: How Do You Plan To Arrange Her**

Charlotte's diary continued.

This afternoon, I heard dad mentioned the fire at Sterling's house next door. Everyone was okay except grandpa Curtis, who was overcome by fumes. I felt relieved when I knew that Dylan was also safe.

I would like to say proudly that I saved Dylan myself, but I dared not. Mom and grandma love me so much. They would blame my nanny for not taking care of me when I just caught a cold. Dad is always stern and rules me rigidly. If he knows that I sneaked into Sterling's house and almost hurt myself in the fire, he will scold me and never let me go out again! And grandma, she would probably be scared! What's more, Dylan will laugh at me if he knew that I sneaked into his house like a thief to see him...

March 28 Cloudy

I was looking for an opportunity to tell Dylan about the night when the servant said that he had gone back to LA.

The news made my mood cloudy as today's weather.

I know that Dylan's father would not let him stay alone at the house after such a terrible fire, but why did I feel a sort of incredible pain?

I don't know when I can see Dylan again.

Dylan, when will you come to Chicago again? I will be waiting for you.

Dylan continued to flip through the diary. He left Chicago and didn't see Charlotte after that.

However, Charlotte had never forgotten him. In her diary, besides some daily trifles, she missed him all the time.

February 14th Sunny

Dylan, today is Valentine's Day. Who is at your side now?

When can I see you again?"

Then Dylan picked up the newest book. It should be the latest dairy.

October 5th Cloudy

After all these years, I finally met Dylan again.

Brother Lionel came to LA to develop the business of the Rowe group, so I came with him after I graduated from college.

God knows I just want to be nearer to Dylan.

Finally, my chance came. Lionel invited Dylan to the housewarming party.

I was ecstatic when I saw Dylan in Royal Villa. There was even a moment when I wanted to hug him and tell him the secret in my deep heart, but...

But I noticed that there was a girl beside him. The girl is even pregnant with Dylan's baby.

I know, we're not kids anymore. It's normal for him to have women around. I'm not in any position to ask him to remain single... But why was my mind not silent, and my heart was made bitter?

Dylan's eyes kept falling on that girl all night, even when he danced with me.

I could feel how much Dylan cared about her.

Later, the girl seemed to feel ill, and Lionel took her upstairs to rest. But Dylan's face changed at that scene, and he left me to go upstairs without hesitation.

At that moment, I was left in the middle of the dance floor, and I felt very sad. It was not because I lost face, but I realized that there is already another girl in Dylan's heart.

In fact, I wanted to ask him, if I had been brave enough to let him know that I saved him in that fire, would our relationship be different now?

Will he be nicer to me?

Will I have a chance?

October 20th Cloudy

My brother told me that Dylan and Miss Schultz were getting married. The news was like a bolt from the blue sky.

I cried for a long time, but I didn't dare to tell anyone.

I know. He is really not mine anymore. He never belongs to me.

It was so distasteful. Maybe I could be with him if I have told him about my feelings?

I wanted to call him several times and tell him that I saved his life that year... But I dared not, I am afraid that he will suspect my motive, that he will think I am lying. Why didn't I tell him the fact that year?

I am afraid of being questioned and despised by him...

What's more, Dylan and Miss Schultz are going to get married. I don't want to ruin his wedding by being the other woman.

In the evening, I took out the fairy tale book and read the little mermaid's fairytale again. This is my favorite fairy tale, but I feel very sad when I read it now.

I feel I am that little mermaid. I obviously saved the prince and have a chance to be with the prince. But the prince put his feelings on the wrong girl and missed the little mermaid.

The mermaid finally ended up like foam on the sea, accompanying the prince.

What can I do to let Dylan at least have me in his mind and never forget me?

Dylan flipped through the diary, his expression unreadable. Then he turned to the latest dairy, which was written on the day Charlotte flew back to Chicago.

I am now on the plane back to Chicago. Looking at the clouds outside the plane window, I finally recovered from my weeping and calmed down.

Dylan's wedding will be held the day after tomorrow.

I don't want to stay in LA to watch the ceremony.

I don't blame anyone but myself for not telling him about my heart in time. I have loved him since childhood. It was I who saved him from the fire.

All in all, it is my fault.

I will not disturb his wedding, and I just want to quietly return to Chicago, to the place where I saved him.

It is the only way to let him never forget me...

In this way, I will not suffer anymore.

Dad, mom, brother, I'm sorry.

I really can't stand losing Dylan. I will be your good daughter next life.

That was the end of the diary.

Dylan closed the diary without a word.

Erik had apparently checked Charlotte's diary. "I never thought Miss Rowe would be so affectionate to you, Mr. Sterling," Erik sighed, "Now you finally found the girl you want. How do you plan to arrange her?"

Dylan turned his head to look at Charlotte through the small window of the ward. However, Savannah's restrained and nervous voice rang in his ear.

Chapter **348: I'll Stay**

The little woman asked him if he didn't need her anymore.

Even though the phone, he could sense her trembling and panic.

"Buy the ticket to LA for this evening," said Dylan with determination.

Surprised, Erik hesitated, "Mr. Sterling, don't you stay here with Miss Rowe? She cannot be left alone here like that."

"Call Lionel. I'll explain to him and account for what Charlotte had done in my house." He felt guilty for Charlotte, but the most important thing now was to return to LA.

As the case was urgent, he left Savannah and went to another city, and spent two days outside. He could imagine how sad and unhappy the little woman was when he didn't show up on their wedding day.

Erik understood that Mr. Sterling still cared about his bride in LA. He could not help but say, "but Miss Rowe's not completely recovered..."

Dylan frowned and was about to say something when there was a noise in the ward. With a bang, someone fell to the ground, and then the instrument alarm sounded.

Erik hurriedly pushed the door in. Charlotte fell off the bed, and the oxygen tube was broken away from her nose. Bleeding was oozing from her mouth.

"Dylan..." She was awake, murmuring with a weak and sad smile on the corners of her mouth.

"Call the doctor," Dylan told Erik, then he crouched down and picked her up to the hospital bed. As she lay dying in his arms, she whispered weakly, "Dylan, please, don't tell anyone about it. I don't want people to laugh at me... Don't tell my brother or my parents... They love me so much, and I don't want them to worry about me... My grandma's too old to stand the blow..."

"It's not a small thing," Dylan said drily, "you needn't conceal it from your family." He would not let the outside person know about Charlotte's suicide event, but she was the daughter of the Rowe family, and he should inform them.

Charlotte's pale face became even whiter. She grabbed the collar of the man with all her strength and said plaintively, "Dylan... I beg you... That's all I ask..."

Finally, Dylan did not say anything. She was the one who had saved his life and almost lost her own life because of him this time. He had no reason to refuse this request.

Charlotte seemed to be exhausted and fell into a coma in his arms again, but she was still murmuring unconsciously, "Dylan... Don't go, don't leave me alone, please..."

Just then, Erik rushed in with a doctor and nurses. The doctor examined Charlotte and set up the medical equipment. When Charlotte's vital signs were stable, the doctor came out of the ward with Dylan.

"How's Miss Rowe?" Dylan frowned.

"There's still some harmful residue in Miss Rowe's stomach. We'll pump her stomach several times to completely clear the intragastric residue in the following days. What's more, she had just attempted suicide, and she's not emotionally stable now. I suggest you give her close observation and care in the recent period, in case she might lose the desire to live and hurt herself again," said the doctor bluntly.

"When will the intragastric residue be completely cleared?" Dylan asked.

"It'll take about seven days," the doctor adjusted his glasses and said, "it depends on the patient's physical condition."

After the doctor and the nurses left, Erik stepped in front and heaved a sigh, "Mr. Sterling, in any case, Miss Rowe's so seriously ill because of you. It's hard to explain to the Rowe family if we don't take care of her now."

Dylan was silent for a long time. Then he said quietly, "I'll stay."

* * *

The Sterling's house, LA

"What does Dylan mean? Hasn't he come back? Does he still want to get married? What the hell is he doing with Charlotte in Chicago?" cried old Sterling, sharply and very angrily.

He slammed his fork on the table, and all the servants on the spot lowered their heads and caught their breath. At dinner, old Sterling asked Cooper to call Dylan and urge him to go back immediately. But Dylan refused.

Cooper said helplessly, "the young master said that he would be delayed for a few days. I asked the servants there, but they said that Mr. Sterling didn't stay in his house these days, and they did not know where he went. I guess the young master has ordered them not to reveal his whereabouts."

Old Sterling hummed. The Sterling's house in Chicago was actually the ancestral property of Dylan's mother. The servants there had always listened to Dylan and regarded Dylan as the real master. They had fully obeyed everything Dylan commanded them.

After a minute, the worry showed on old Sterling's face. "How is Savannah?" he asked.

Now the wedding was postponed. He could pressure the media and the guests and asked them not to make it public, but he had no idea how to comfort the bride. According to Sophie, Savannah already knew about Dylan's trip to Chicago to meet Charlotte.

"Sophie said Miss Schultz did not cry or ask more..." Cooper said.

Old Sterling gave a deep sigh. It would be better if Savannah came back, cried, and blamed him. Though she looked calm, she harbored all the grievances and distress herself, and it was not good for her body.

How could it be okay for a woman when her husband went to see another woman on their wedding day?

"Call Savannah again. If she doesn't want to come back, I'll pick her up myself." He was still worried about her and the baby in her. He feared that the tragedy of Valerie would happen to Savannah.

Cooper, however, shook his head, "Sir, Miss Schultz was supposed to be taken to the wedding ceremony from her parent's house in Green Bay. If she's sent back here before the ceremony, people will have some bad guesses. I'm afraid Miss Schultz will be looked down upon at that time. Besides, Miss Schultz said she would like to wait for the young master to come back and finish their wedding. I think it's better to follow her own will."

Old Sterling listened and sighed, "all right. Tell Sophie to take care of Savannah. Call Dr. Joe if she feels sick."

* * *

Green Bay

Savannah went quietly upstairs after dinner.

Garcia looked worriedly at the plates on the table. Savannah again took only a few bites. She followed Savannah up the stairs and stopped at the door, "Savannah? Do you need my accompanying?"

"No, thank you, Garcia. Don't worry about me. I'm just a little tired. Let me be" Savannah held her six-month belly and smiled weakly. Then she wanted to close the door.

"Savannah!" Garcia tried to say something to comfort her, "Maybe Mr. Sterling's delayed, not all because of Miss Rowe..."

Chapter 349: Don't You Want To Marry Savannah?

Garcia was at a loss for words.

They all knew that Mr. Sterling flew to Chicago to see his savior. What else could delay him if not Miss Rowe? She saved Mr. Sterling's life, and she was quite important to him. So long as she asked him to stay, with some tricks, he would listen to her. But was Miss Rowe more important than his own wife?

Garcia sighed, "Savannah... Why don't you call Mr. Sterling again?"

Savannah's eyelashes fluttered, and she shook her head. "He must be very busy now. I don't want to bother him."

The day before yesterday, Dylan made another phone call to her. Her heart beat thick when she heard his voice, but he didn't say when he would go back. His voice was low and hoarse and more tired than when he first called.

She wanted to ask him when he would return and what he was doing in Chicago, but she dared not. She didn't even dare to ask if he was with Charlotte, for fear that he would tell her what she did not want to hear.

It was probably nice that he called her. How could she ask more?

She had an inferiority complex about herself, and she felt that she was not in the position to interfere in his personal business. Though she had married him, they didn't finish the ceremony, and she was still not his real wife to outsiders. Charlotte, however, was the most important girl in his life now. Without Charlotte, he would have died long ago.

Maybe she and the baby in her were his responsibilities, but he would take Charlotte as his responsibility too.

In fact, Charlotte appeared in his life earlier than she did and got involved with him earlier.

Charlotte meant more to him, didn't she? In the worst time of his life, it was Charlotte who helped him and gave him hope.

Savannah bit her mouth. As his wife, she never helped him but was always taken care of by him.

Maybe she was the other woman...

"Well," Garcia sighed, looking at Savannah in sympathy, "take a good rest. Call me when you need me." Then she closed the door quietly and went downstairs.

* * *

Another week passed.

In the evening, flight 337 from Chicago landed at LA airport.

Charlotte, looking weak and pale, followed Dylan down the ladder with the help of a nursing assistant.

She had basically recovered. The doctor said she just needed to go home for a good rest and take medicine on time, and she would get well soon.

Garwood was waiting outside the airport with another bodyguard beside two cars. He was also surprised when he knew the girl Mr. Sterling had been looking for turned out to be Miss Rowe.

What was more unexpected was that Miss Rowe had been deeply attached to Mr. Sterling, and she even attempted suicide when Mr. Sterling was going to marry Miss Schultz. Deliberately or not, she stopped the wedding ceremony just in time.

Charlotte was walking alongside Mr. Sterling as they came out of the airport terminal. Now and then, she cast her eyes at the man next to her tenderly.

Dylan glanced around as Garwood came to them.

"Don't worry, sir," Garwood knew what Dylan meant, "no pressman will see us."

"Send Miss Rowe back to Royal Villa," Dylan ordered, and then he mentioned the nursing assistant to help Charlotte get in the car.

"Yes, sir," Garwood opened the car door for them.

Charlotte adopted a look of suffering martyrdom as she looked at Dylan, tears in her eyes, "Dylan, will you still marry Miss Schultz? Will you never speak to me again?"

These days with him were the most precious days she could ever imagine.

She'd rather she hadn't recovered yet so that he would stay with her in the hospital a little longer.

Before she finished her words, she was choked by a fit of coughing. The nursing assistant hurriedly patted her back, "Miss Rowe, the doctor said you could not be too excited. You're not fully recovered."

"Don't think too much," Dylan didn't want to say anything to hurt her, "go home and get well first."

Charlotte looked at him eagerly and said in a weak voice, "I know you're too busy to visit me, but can you call me every day? Dylan..."

Dylan paused and nodded.

"I'll take care of myself at home and wait for your call," Charlotte smiled sweetly and got in the car.

As the car ran off, Dylan got into another car.

"Green Bay." although he did not show, he was impatient.

The car had just been started when Dylan's cell phone began to ring. He looked at the screen, frowning, and answered it.

On the other end of the phone came the nervous voice of Butler Cooper, "Mr. Sterling, did you get off the plane? Please come back first."

* * *

The Sterling's house, LA

As Dylan stepped onto the porch, he was greeted by old Sterling with a good slap!

He took two steps backward, not surprised, and his face was stinging. A faint smile twitched the corners of his mouth as he looked up at the angry old man in front of him.

"That's why you call me back? Can I leave now?" asked Dylan sarcastically.

"You left your wife and flew to Chicago the day before the wedding, and even put off the ceremony! What were you doing in Chicago these days? You have to give me a lucid explanation!" Old Sterling shouted, purple with rage.

Cooper rushed over to support old Sterling and tried to cool him down, "don't get angry, sir, Mr. Sterling has come back..."

Old Sterling took a breath, "I don't care if Charlotte is your savior or your first lover. No matter what you were doing with her these days, the past is the past. Now that you came back, I'll contact the guests and the media, and you should complete the wedding ceremony soon!"

"The wedding..." To his surprise, Dylan shook his head, "no hurry, I'll arrange it."

Old Sterling stood stunned for a moment and reacted, "what do you mean? Do you want to postpone the wedding again? Don't you want to marry Savannah?"

Chapter 350: The Wedding Won't Be Canceled

"Savannah's my wife. Anyway, I know what I'm doing. I'll inform you in advance before it's time for the wedding." Dylan looked a little impatient, and he didn't want to talk more.

"You've got troubles? What happened to you in Chicago?" Though angry, old Sterling felt strange. Since Dylan came back and still wanted to marry Savannah, why not hold the ceremony at once? Why put it off again? Maybe he had some secret sorrow?

"Nothing. The wedding won't be canceled. It's just going to be late. I don't think it's a problem." Dylan said dryly.

"Shouldn't you explain?" Seeing that Dylan was reluctant to say more, old Sterling lost his temper.

"The one who needs my explanation is not here." With that, Dylan turned around and walked out of the villa.

Old Sterling blazed with anger. He was about to rush out to stop Dylan when Cooper held him back. "Sir, you know Mr. Sterling's temper. Even if he's in pain or something, you can't force his mouth open when he doesn't want to say it. Anyway, Mr. Sterling said the wedding wouldn't be canceled, and he still wants to marry Miss Schultz. Don't worry, everything will be fine..."

The relationship between the father and the son was much better because of Miss Schultz, and Cooper didn't want to see the two people quarrel again.

Old Sterling nodded with a bitter smile. He knew Cooper was right. Watching Dylan driving off, old Sterling sighed heavily.

* * *

At the same time, Charlotte was helped out of the car by the nursing assistant and went into the house in Royal Villa.

Several servants were standing silently at the gate, waiting for her.

The butler ran down, greeting Charlotte with a complicated and nervous smile. "Miss Rowe, Mr. Rowe's waiting for you in the living room..."

Charlotte nodded. Supported by the nursing assistant, she stepped into the living room slowly.

In the living room, the atmosphere was cold and stressful. Lionel sat on the sofa in the middle, but not in his usual gentle way. Instead of greeting his sister lovingly, Lionel smiled sarcastically, "you're back, eh? I thought I was going to Chicago to bury your body."

An hour ago, he received the phone call from Dylan, who told him what his sister did in Chicago a week ago. He was frightened out of sense when he knew that Charlotte's life had been once in danger. Fortunately, she almost recovered after one-week of hospitalization. Dylan said he would send her back to Royal Villa, so he had been sitting at home, waiting for Charlotte.

Charlotte had prepared herself for being scolded by her brother. She clenched her jaw and replied in a weak voice, "I'm sorry, Lionel."

"Sorry?" Lionel sneered and stood up, "do you know what you did? Attempted suicide for a man? Oh, good! How brave you are! Did you think about mom and dad, and your brother?"

"Do they know?" Charlotte asked with apprehension.

"Dare I tell them? Grandma's very old, her heart attack will kill her if she knows it! Dad, of course, will be so mad at you!" Lionel looked at his sister's pale, thin face, angry but distressed. If he had not known that she had been within a hairbreadth of death, he would have scolded her louder.

"Sorry, Lionel," Charlotte sighed with relief and bit her lip, "I thought I could forget Dylan, and time would heal everything, but... I still felt so hurt and heartbroken when I heard that he was going to get married. I went back to Chicago to avoid attending the wedding, but I couldn't restrain my emotion. I thought I could only stop thinking about him when I'm dead..."

Her thin body was shaken, and she looked as if she would faint the next moment. The nursing assistant held her in time and patted her back softly.

Seeing her sick appearance, Lionel could not scold her anymore, but his face was still dark. He asked a servant to pour a glass of hot water for her and made her sit down on the opposite sofa. After a long time, her face became better.

"Did you really save Dylan when Sterling's house in Chicago caught fire long ago?" Dylan mentioned it on the phone. That's why Dylan put off his wedding and went to Chicago.

He said Charlotte was his savior and the one he had been looking for.

Charlotte had saved Dylan? Lionel had never heard about it.

Charlotte knew his brother still suspected the truth of the matter. She forced her lips into a sad smile and said, "Are you doubting your own sister now? Lionel, you always spoiled me and trusted me, but since you knew Savannah, your attention seemed to be taken away by her. You protect her in everything, care about her. You're afraid that I might hurt her, so you let me give Dylan to her. Now you even don't believe your own sister's words?"

Charlotte knew how to soften her brother's heart. Sure enough, Lionel paused. He thought that maybe he had paid too much attention to his stepmother's daughter and ignored Charlotte. Thinking of this, he moderated his tone, "I didn't mean it. I just never heard you talk about this before. Since you're the one Dylan was looking for, why didn't you tell him?"

"I dared not," Charlotte bent her pale lips slightly, her eyes full of enduring grievance. "I knew it was not a small thing after I saved him that night. You know how strict my father was with me. I was timid and afraid of being scolded by grandma and dad. They would never let me out again if they knew I risked my life to save Dylan. Later, Dylan returned to LA, and I had no chance to tell him. After all these years, when I saw him again, there was already another woman at his side. What's more, you kept warning me not to hurt Miss Schultz... I'm afraid that you will blame me and scold me for taking Savannah's man. My last opportunity was wasted."

Lionel was silent for a while. Charlotte's every word was full of complaints.