

Midnight 37

Debited To His Account

HIMO was an industry owned by the Sterling Group.

A man in suit and tie and a pair of rimless glasses came over to them, "You must be Miss Schultz. Come in, please."

Savannah paused.

"This is the general manager of the HIMO VIP service department, whose last name is Green." Garwood said, resting a palm on Mr. Green's shoulder. "Miss Schultz, you can call Mr. Green for help at any time during your shopping."

She took a deep breath, well, it seemed that she was not going shopping, but took whatever she liked from HIMO--Dylan's big wardrobe. Accompanied by Garwood and Mr. Green, Savannah walked into HIMO.

Mr. Green took Savannah to the women's wear department and stopped at MiuMiu's counter. He smiled kindly, "Mr. Sterling said that this brand is quite suitable for Miss Schultz."

Savannah nodded, "I'll go by myself. You must be very busy, and I don't want to bother you." Then she turned to Garwood, "You too. I can do it myself."

"Mr. Sterling told us to wait on you, Miss Schultz." Garwood raised his eyebrows.

"I will call you if necessary." She grinned. Was she waiting? She was not the Princess, and it made her uncomfortable having two men shadowing her.

Garwood paused for a moment before nodding. "Okay, we'll wait for you here. Just select the ones you like and ask the clerk to wrap them up. The bill will be debited to Mr. Sterling's account."

Savannah nodded and went to the counter alone.

"Welcome." Two shop assistants greeted her courteously. This brand was an Italian high fashion women's clothing one and a fully owned subsidiary of Prada, the style of which was young and elegant, popular among the more vivacious ladies, and of course, very expensive. Savannah had never thought about it before. She gasped at the price of an organza dress and quickly put it back.

She used to buy cheap clothes from the supermarket, and the thought of spending over a year's salary on one dress seemed ridiculous to her. Instinctively, she sought out the cheapest dress, an ugly brown thing that she didn't like too much, but at least only six months' salary.

The clerk's smile froze on her face when she saw Savannah had the cheapest clothes in the shop. She gave Savannah a contemptuous look, pointing the dressing room to her casually, "That way."

When Savannah went into the dressing room with the dress in her arms, she heard the two clerks whispering outside.

Is she a regular? I haven't seen her here before. I think she's in the wrong shop." Laughed one of them.

"Mr. Green seemed to be nice to her, though. And if he's nice, it must come from the top."

"You mean -- Mr. Sterling?"

"Of course, or else?"

"You don't think she's one of Mr. Sterling's... escorts? Oh! By the way, Mr. Sterling attended a business dinner the other day with a woman, right? Is she the same girl?"

"Who knows? In a word, this girl must be on very familiar terms with Mr. Sterling."

"Oh, my god, did this woman do drugs, Mr. Sterling? You see what she just looked like. I don't think she has ever been to HIMO before. She was surprised when she saw the price tag for these clothes and chose the cheapest one. I really doubt why Mr. Sterling takes a fancy to her."

"She's not of good stock, I bet. Just his mistress and Mr. Sterling are playing around."

To Savannah's surprise, these remarks didn't sting, and rather, they bounced off of her like balled up paper. She frowned, paused, and pushed the door open without changing the dress.

The two clerks immediately stopped talking and spun around to face her, finding her still wearing her own clothes. "Isn't the dress the right size, miss?"

Savannah's eyes fell upon a treasure in the middle of the store. It was a small, white lace dress with a silk lily on the collar, and on the hemline were woven pearls. She remembered reading about this dress in one of Valerie's magazines, something about it being handmade by the chief designer and only three pieces were available worldwide. The only one in America was here in HIMO. Hers.

She pointed to the dress, "I checked, I think... that one is more suitable. If you could pass it to me."

The two clerks looked at Savannah in disbelief. "It was the only one in America, and many guests called to inquiry... would you like to try it on?"

"I don't need to try it on." Savannah said simply, "Just wrap it up for me."

The two clerks glanced at each other, raised brows.

Savannah raised her eyebrows, "What? Can't I?"

"Yes, of course!" One of them rapidly replied, reached for the dress, and wrapped it up, carefully.

Savannah threw away her shyness and began walking around the store. She stopped after several steps, glancing at the clerks who were still staring at her. "I'm choosing clothes, shouldn't you be with me at all times?" This time, Savannah did not look at the price anymore, and selected an expensive jacket, throwing it directly in the clerk's hand, "Wrap it up."

After selecting several more clothes, Savannah sat down on the sofa after and then gave a glance at the clerks. "The service just isn't very good, considering the price the store is asking."

The clerk immediately understood what she wanted. She rushed to pour out a cup of coffee, and respectfully gave it to her, "Miss, please have a drink."

Meanwhile, the other shop assistant came up to her and said, "All the clothes are ready. I'll send them to your car right away."

Savannah sighed. Sometimes you couldn't be too polite, and the more courteous you were, the more they took it for granted.

She took a few sips of coffee before leaving the store under their respectful eyes and then walked into a shoe store two along.

Now she started to feel ease in shopping, after what she had just gone through. When she was walking around in the shoe store, a respectful voice of a shop assistant called out from the door, "Miss Schultz, please come in. Some new models have just arrived."

With a strange feeling, Savannah looked over and found the "Miss Schultz" was no one else but her cousin Valerie.

Valerie had on a fancy outfit with an LV handbag. She paused near the entrance, surprised to see Savannah. Then she sneered, "What a small world. Shopping here?"

Savannah frowned. How can she afford to blow money here? Dalton's in debt and Valerie doesn't work, but she's a regular?

The puzzles were ever more puzzling.