

Midnight 371

Chapter 371: His Flesh And Blood

Robert's bodyguard had never seen anyone dare to act so violently to the governor. He growled out a warning, threatening Dylan with his guns. However, Robert glanced at him and signaled him to step back.

"If you don't believe me, you can have your men search the whole place. You can also search for all my properties. If Miss Schultz was still in LA, you would have found her sooner or later. I didn't lie to you. She had really gone and of her own free will. Kevin didn't force her." Robert said slowly under Dylan's icy stare.

Dylan held his breath. She went away with another man of her own will?

In the car on his way to Balfour Sanatorium, he found lots of excuses for her. Maybe she was just angry at him for delaying the wedding, so she intentionally went out with Kevin for a few days in order to let him feel the same as she did. He thought she would go back to him in the end anyway...

However, his thought seemed so ridiculous now.

She left the country with Kevin together.

"Where are they?" Dylan grabbed Robert by the collar, yanking him up.

It must be Robert who secretly helped them to leave the country.

He had arranged for people looking for Savannah at all the airports, railway stations, and ports in LA, and he would be informed if Savannah bought a ticket with her passport. She could not leave the country through normal procedures.

Only Robert could do it.

Her departure had been well arranged.

Robert kept calm in the face of his anger. "What are you going to do? Go find her and bring her back? You can get her body back but not her heart! If you really love her, you won't force her, will you? As I said, Miss Schultz went abroad with Kevin of her own will. There's no coercion. You know nobody can force her to do anything she doesn't want to do."

A feeling of sharp psychological pain came to Dylan, but he was immovable. "I prefer violence. Just tell me where she's gone, or—" Dylan sneered and threatened him coldly, like a red-eyes beast, "you don't want to serve another term as governor."

Although the Smith family was a political family, many factors influenced his reelection. Besides the help from its in-laws in the political circle, there was also the financial support from huge financial groups like the Sterling group. If the Sterling family really wanted to have a fight with the Smith family, there was a good chance.

Robert's bodyguard had never seen his master be treated like this. He was about to separate them when Robert took out a mobile phone and indicated the bodyguard to hold it.

The bodyguard understood immediately. He took the phone, tapped the screen, and then handed it to Dylan.

"Since you don't believe me, please watch this video first. If you insist on getting Miss Schultz back after that, I'll let you know," said Robert, looking at the madman before him.

Dylan narrowed his eyes, and after a moment, he freed one hand to take the phone. The video had been selected. He pressed the play icon, and the video got started.

A familiar girl's voice caught Dylan's attention.

"Kevin, come here! Look, irises here! Are they the same as those in our orphanage?"

On the lawn outside Balfour Sanatorium, Savannah, wearing a baggy white gown, laughed and waved to the phone camera.

Apparently, it was Kevin behind the phone.

Savannah picked an iris in the meadow, ran to Kevin, and put it on his ear. As Kevin laughed and dodged, the camera moved, and the video picture distorted.

Of a sudden, Dylan's heart wrenched.

She smiled so happily, not a bit sad or constrained.

Even if she had decided to leave him and divorce him, at least she should be a little distressed and lost, right?

But she was clearly relaxed and happy these days at Balfour Sanatorium, much brighter than when she was at his side.

Her smile was so pure and hearty as if she didn't even remember him.

When Dylan's grasp relaxed, Robert stepped back and straightened his collar. Then he looked at Dylan.

This video was taken yesterday.

Savannah felt much better and wanted to get some fresh air, so Kevin took her for a walk on the lawn.

Robert was a man. He understood that the video was a lethal blow to the proud man, much more useful than his words.

A moment later, Robert took a deep breath and said, "Miss Schultz left one thing for you."

Dylan stared sullenly at Robert.

Robert gestured to the bodyguard, who got the message and walked quickly into the building. After a while, he came out with something in his arms.

Garwood startled when he saw clearly what was in the guard's arms. It was a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes!

By the gate light, all the people present stared at the new-born baby in silent wonder. The small baby was sucking its thumb and sleeping soundly, not knowing what was happening to the two powerful men.

Though he closed his eyes, the line of his nose and the shape of his small mouth was obviously the living image of Mr. Sterling!

Was the baby just given birth by Miss Schultz? It should be Mr. Sterling's baby that Savannah had given birth to.

Dylan's face changed suddenly.

His attention was engaged by the bright smile on her face when he watched the video. Then he remembered that her belly had been flat under her loose gown!

"The baby's prematurely born. Luckily he's very healthy." Robert looked at him.

That was what she left for him? What did this mean? A parting gift?

Or was she afraid the baby would affect her future happiness with Kevin?

In order to get a clean break with him, she even gave the baby back to him! Clenching his fist, Dylan's gaze gradually flew at the tiny baby that was his flesh and blood.

Chapter **372: Three Years Later**

The baby was another blow for him. Anger and jealousy made him wild.

Savannah, how cruel you are!

After a long silence, he went up to the guard, took a look at the small baby in his arms, and picked it up.

It was his first time holding a newborn baby, and he was not very skillful. He had to be very careful in case he might hurt him, his gaze fixed on the baby in the swaddling clothes.

The baby was the same soft and sweet as his mother, who had abandoned them.

Finally, with a black and dismal look, Dylan turned and strode away. The baby muttered in his dreams, not awakened.

* * *

In the meantime, a private jet was on its way to Milan, Italy.

The sky outside the window gradually became brighter and brighter.

Savannah, who was traveling abroad for the first time, sat by the window and looked out at the marshmallow clouds.

Did she really leave home?

In fact, there was nothing for her to miss in LA. She was at ease with Kevin. But why did she feel lost as the familiar land disappeared from her sight? There seemed to be a voice asking her to stay.

She was interrupted from her thought by a cup of hot milk from Kevin.

"It'll be long to get to Italy. Drink some milk and get some sleep first. I'll call you when we get there." Kevin's voice was warm, like a spring breeze. He was in an unusual light-hearted mood after the plane took off.

They were going to Lecco, a small city in Italy. The lake and the mountains made it look like a super nice place, good for her physical and mental health. What's more, Robert had a three-story villa in Lecco, and they could stay there for a while.

"Thank you, Kevin." Savannah looked up and smiled.

"There's a famous lake, Como, next to the town. We can stroll along the shoreline of Lake Como for breathtaking views of the lake and have a picnic on the mountain every weekend. You'll love it."

Savannah listened as Kevin described his plans for the future, her eyes bright with interest. Her good spirit soon returned. "Really?" she asked, like a little girl.

"Yes. What's more, there are quite a few colleges and world-famous universities in Milan. We'll live in a place within an hour's drive from Milan. You can study there if you like." Kevin continued to plan her new life.

Savannah was young, and most girls at her age had not yet graduated from college.

Going to school could enrich her life, and she would have no time to give her lost memory more thought.

Savannah's eyes shined, and her heart pumped.

Did someone ever say the same thing to her? Otherwise, why did the scene strike a chord of remembrance, as if someone had discussed with her about her future college life before?

Who was the speaker? She was completely unimpressed.

"Savannah?" Kevin noticed the faraway look in her eyes.

"Nothing," Savannah replied and blurted out, "I... I'd like to study design."

"You've decided your major so soon?" Kevin laughed.

Yeah, why did she decide what to study so quickly?

As if... she had decided it long ago.

She sipped the warm milk and said nothing more. Having emptied her glass of milk, she leaned back on the pillow and closed her eyes.

Outside the window, the plane crossed the sunline, and it was a new day.

Three years later.

A five-star hotel, LA.

In the dressing room of a suite deluxe, a beautiful young woman with exquisite makeup was sitting in front of the mirror on the single red sofa, playing on the mobile phone with a proud face.

"Abby, put on the dress, please! The manufacturer and the reporters are waiting outside the hotel!" Abby had just finished an advertising shoot today. As the advertising endorser, she was going to the luncheon held by the manufacturer today. However, she refused to wear the dress prepared by her assistant now.

"I said, No! Amy had worn a dress in the same style at an awards ceremony last month. Now you ask me to wear the same dress, after her? I still want to keep my face, okay?" Abby mumbled, without even glancing up from her phone.

Amy was a popular singer and actor in the USA, and she was her biggest competitor in the entertainment industry.

They always fought for resources and fans, and they were at daggers drawn over every trivial thing.

The agent was as restless as ants on a hot pan. He knew that Abby was always competitive, and it was impossible for her to wear the same dress her competitor had worn. He picked up the blue dress, rushing out of the dressing room, and threw the dress to the assistants to vent his anger.

"You fools! Didn't you pay more attention when you prepared the dress for Abby? What should I do now? The luncheon will begin in ten minutes, but Abby refused to change the dress! The manufacturer must be very annoyed if Abby does not show today!"

"Sorry!" Several assistants lowered their heads nervously. One of them asked tentatively, "shall we go and find another dress as soon as possible?"

"How can you choose a better dress in ten minutes? By magic? Don't you know how picky Abby is? She won't dress another new one if she doesn't like it!"

The assistants held the breath and dared not say more.

Burning with anxiety, the agent didn't get any good suggestions from his assistants and was ready to be scolded by the manufacturer and even his boss.

Just then, a clear voice came from the opened door, "excuse me... Can you show me that dress?"

Looking up, the agent and those assistants saw a young woman standing not far away at the door.

The young woman was in her 20s, as a graduate just out of college. She was beautiful and elegant as a model, bright-eyed, and had delicate features. Her long brown hair curled up a little. She was wearing a tight white shirt, sleeves rolled up. Her blue jeans with a brown belt displayed her slender figure.

Chapter 373: She Come Back To LA

The agent reacted. He thought the girl was Abby's fan who sneaked in. With a wrinkled brow, he shouted at the assistants again, "how did an unrelated person find here? Tell her to leave. Where're the guards?"

The girl took a deep breath and said, "I think I can persuade Abby to put on this dress."

The agent stayed for a moment and then laughed with anger, "Miss, please don't make the mess worse. We have no time joking with you!"

"Anyway, you have no other way now, why don't you let me try?" The girl knew that the agent did not believe in herself. She folded her arms and said slowly.

Maybe the agent was shocked by the girl's determination or really desperate; he paused and asked, "how can you do it?"

The girl glanced at the blue dress held by an assistant, walked to the assistant, and took the dress from her. Then she took out a pair of Gingher designer scissors, squatted down, and began cutting.

The agent and his assistants almost cried out but swallowed their voice by her professional action.

Forget it! The girl might really be something. They could only make every possible effort now.

The girl trimmed several inches off the hem of the dress and then flexibly cut some special flowers. After that, she took out a sewing kit from the tool bag and sewed a frill on the bottom of the dress. In the end, she tied a big bow at the waist with a ribbon.

"Good. Take it to Abby." The girl rose and shook the dress, handing it to the stupefied assistant.

Everyone stood silent and stared in amazement.

"Hey. It's getting late." The girl cocked her head to one side and pointed to the clock on the wall.

The agent reacted and took the dress from the girl, rushing to Abby in the inner room.

"Abby, try it again..."

Abby impatiently slapped down her phone, "I told you, I won't wear the same dress Amy had dressed! Are you deaf or stupid?" She stopped here abruptly as she turned and looked up.

The blue dress in the agent's arms was obviously different from the one before.

The dress was shortened several inches, and the style became much more fashionable. It looked much younger, very unique!

As a hot star, Abby had tried all kinds of clothes in different brands, and she had been numbed after changing new clothes every day. But this modified dress still interested her.

The agent also noticed the shine in Abby's eyes. "Abby, go try it first," he urged.

Abby didn't say no again. She picked up the dress and went into the locker room.

After a while, Abby came out. The agent and his assistants looked over and widened their eyes in surprise.

The shortened dress set off Abby's figure perfectly!

The previous style of the dress was not bad, but too common, nothing new.

After the girl's improvement, the dress seemed to come alive and full of vitality.

Abby would get more attention by wearing this dress.

"Abby, this looks great on you! Really!" The agent exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, Abby, you don't repeat Amy's style, but look better than her. Even if the reporters make a contrast between you two, you'll certainly win! I'm sure Amy will be more than angry," flattered one of the assistants.

Obviously, Abby also liked the dress and knew it was a perfect foil to her beauty. She curled up her red lips with satisfaction and flipped back her hair. "Well, let's go."

With that, she walked out of the suite and went to the banqueting hall, followed by her assistant.

The agent wiped the sweat off his head and breathed a sigh of relief as Abby left. It was lucky that a girl came to save the day.

"Oh, yes. Who's that girl?" He turned to another assistant next to him and asked.

The assistant went out for a look, came back, and shook her head, "I don't know, she's left."

The agent frowned and didn't ask more.

Anyway, that girl saved him from the trouble! Otherwise, he would be scolded by the manufacturer and also complained about by Abby. His big boss, of course, would blame him for making such a mistake!

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The girl, who had just done good work, stepped out of the elevator on the first floor of the hotel and answered her phone.

"Savannah, where have you gone?" Kevin's stern voice came over the phone.

"Er... The weather's good today, so I come out for a walk. I'll be right back." Savannah said with a sly grin.

Maybe it was because she was not good at lying, or Kevin was so familiar with her nature that he immediately saw through her lie. "Really? Then why did you bring your tool bag and resume with you?"

Savannah chuckled, "ah, what did you say? Sorry, the signal's bad... I'll be right back. Bye!" Then she hung up quickly.

Kevin went to see Dan for JK's business, so she slipped out. She did not expect Kevin to go back so soon and found her absence.

She hurried out of the hotel and stopped a taxi.

Half an hour later, the taxi stopped at the gate of a garden-style community in the east of the town.

Savannah entered the community and returned to the house where she lived. As soon as she opened the door with the key, she saw a handsome young man standing at the window near the balcony, his hands behind his back.

Kevin turned around at the sound.

"You're back." His tone didn't mean to blame her, but full of care and indulgence.

Savannah put down her bag and said, "didn't you go to see Dan today? Why are you back so early?"

Kevin lived with her in Italy for three years. In the past three years, he asked Dan to help manage JK in LA, while he devoted himself to researching new games and programs in Italy and carried out remote control management thousands of miles away.

"Don't sidetrack me," Kevin said helplessly, walking to her, "I told you not to go out alone. You didn't listen to me again."

Three years had passed.

He had thought that they would continue to live peacefully in the Italian town until last week Savannah saw a message from an online forum.

The domestic design competition, a four-yearly event, would be held in LA this year. She felt excited and wanted to go back to participate in it.

After they settled down in Italy, she applied for Istituto Marangoni and became one of the best students that year in design major. She was highly praised by her teacher, and it turned out that she was indeed very talented in design.

Chapter 374: He Wish They Would Not Meet

After studying design for three years, the top domestic design contest was the best touchstone to prove her ability. If she could get a prize, her position in the design circles would rise in the future.

Kevin didn't want to discourage her, so he agreed to accompany her back home to participate in the competition.

Though he agreed, he was still worried, afraid that she might meet her old friends, and brought up old memories. He could not imagine what would happen if the Sterling family knew that she was back. So, he rented a small apartment far from the city downtown.

After they came back, he met Dan several times to discuss JK's business. Because he didn't want Dylan to know that he was back, he met Dan privately in his apartment or a café every time.

However, Savannah became a little restless and always went out alone before the competition.

"I know you want to protect me," played Savannah as she shook his hand, "don't worry. It's been three years, and I still don't remember the past, but I'm perfectly well now."

She always felt lost and uncomfortable when they had just arrived in Milan, thinking about how to find the lost memory.

But as time went by, she felt that the lost memory might not be so important.

Now, she had a full life and studied her favorite major in a good college, and Kevin's brother was with her. She should not ask for anything more.

Kevin could never be angry at her. He sighed, "if really bored, you can go out for a walk. But are you sure you want to find a job? You come back to participate in the design competition, and you just need to wait."

Needless to say, the girl went out to look for a job today.

"There's still half a month till the competition begins. The whole process will last more than three months. It's really boring staying at home for such a long time." Savannah made a face and said, "If I can find a part-time job in a design-related field, I can gain more experience, and it'll help in the competition. I've learned design for so many years, and I also want to try my skills."

After a pause, Savannah looked at Kevin and continued, "besides, you've been taking care of me for so long. I should learn to make my way through my own efforts. I can't rely on you forever."

Kevin stared at Savannah, who was determined and more beautiful than she was three years ago. She had grown up.

In the past three years, she had been studying design in Milan, and her academic performance was excellent. It was normal that she wanted to apply what she had learned to practice. At this moment, her confidence should not be discouraged.

Finally, he sighed and said softly, "then promise me, tell me when you find a job. Don't make any decision alone."

"Yes, of course!" Savannah nodded excitedly.

After they talked about how to find a proper job for a while, Savannah looked at the clock and said, "are you hungry? I'm going to cook."

She studied cooking in Italy these years so that they didn't have to always go to the restaurant.

"No. I've some unfinished business with Dan. I'll go first." Kevin smiled gently at Savannah.

He was afraid that Dylan would know his return and find Savannah from his tracks, so he lived a little far away from Savannah's apartment.

These three years in Italy, although they lived in the same villa prepared by Robert, he lived on the first floor, while Savannah lived on the second floor. They kept a certain distance.

Then she went to study design in Istituto Marangoni and lived on campus, returning to the town only once a week.

He did not want to make it a purposeful thing to accompany her abroad. He would not force her to do anything until she agreed to be his wife.

In fact, a few months ago, he had thought about it and wanted to confess his love to her.

Three years, enough, right? It was long enough for her to forget those people and things, enough for her to understand his feelings for her. But then the domestic design competition began, and Savannah asked to return to the USA to participate in the competition. He decided to talk about it with her after they went back to Italy. It had been three years, and he didn't mind waiting for her for another three months.

"Okay, I'll leave some soup for you. Come to have it when you finish your work." Savannah nodded and said sweetly.

Kevin smiled quietly and left.

He had been telling himself that everything would be fine this time. After all, the city was so big, and Savannah would not stay for too long. It was hard for two people to meet in the boundless huge crowd.

But he still had a bad foreboding that something would happen.

He just hoped that the trip back home was peaceful, and Savannah would not meet anyone she shouldn't meet.

After the design competition, he would take her back to Italy as soon as possible.

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The tall and imposing office building glowed under the bright sunshine. It's clear colorless glass windows decorated the busy city.

At the moment, the air was tense and quiet in the CEO's office.

Behind the broad mahogany desk, a tall figure sank gracefully into the white leather chair, facing the French window.

"Now she dares to snub our cooperative partner? Cancel her recent advertising endorsements. She should learn her lesson," snapped the man in the chair unpleasantly, and his tone was stern.

"Yes, Mr. Sterling," the advertising executive and another two managers stood in front of the desk with their heads deeply bowed.

The Sterling group bought Zagreb Film three years ago. Abby, one of the signed artists of the film company, was always proud and arrogant.

Since she was popular and could earn money for the company, Dylan didn't bother to care about her behavior. But this time, for a dress, she ignored the company's interest and almost offended the major manufacturer of the company. She went too far.

Chapter 375: Find That Girl And Give Her Reward

Fortunately, the matter was settled, or they would have had more troubles.

The chief executive of Zagreb Film wiped the cold sweat on his head and nodded.

Dylan swiveled his chair around. Though he didn't lose his temper or shout at them, his cold eyes and the hard line of his lips showed that he was furious.

"You said a girl altered the dress, so Abby agreed to wear it?"

"Yes." The executive nodded hastily.

"Is she from our design department?"

"No, according to Abby's agent... She's a young woman we don't know, maybe a fan." The executive hesitated and said.

Dylan slightly knitted his brows. There was tight security at the hotel, and it was hard for unrelated people or fans to sneak in. But anyway, they should thank the girl who solved the problem and helped Zagreb Film off trouble.

"Find that girl and give her a reward," Dylan commanded Garwood as he cast a sardonic glance at the leaders of Zagreb Film as if to laugh at them for their uselessness.

Garwood immediately nodded and left the office.

"Don't be too free with your people," Be said accusingly and then asked them to leave.

Twenty minutes later, Garwood came back with his laptop in a great hurry.

"I just got the surveillance video from the hotel and saw clearly the woman who helped to alter the dress... Here it is," said Garwood in a rapid way as he placed his laptop on the desk and turned the screen toward Dylan.

Why so excited? Dylan glanced suspiciously at the screen, and suddenly something on the screen held him still.

In the video, a slim young woman in her white shirt and blue jeans, with a canvas bag across her shoulder, was walking in the corridor. Her attention seemed to be caught by the noise from Abby's suite, and she stopped at the door and walked in.

Dylan's sharp eyes were riveted on the screen. Although the surveillance camera had limited pixels and the images were not very clear, he knew that the figure on the screen was that little woman.

She looked in good spirits, more attractive than she had been three years ago, and a little more confident.

She was back. An indefinable overmastering passion came to Dylan's eyes.

"I've checked with Abby's agent, and the woman is... Miss Schultz." The two words seemed to come with difficulty from Garwood's mouth.

No one in the Sterling family dared to mention this name in front of Dylan in these three years.

Dylan's face remained expressionless, and a storm of emotion surged through him. It has been three years that the little had left, and now she returned.

He grew crueller and more calloused as a businessman, and the Sterling group had grown rapidly in these three years. Its competitors trembled with fear on hearing Dylan Sterling's name. If he was a business talent before, now he was more like a pitiless tyrant in the business world. But in fact, Dylan devoted himself to business and remained indifferent to anything else in order to not think of the little woman.

But he could hardly keep calm today.

"Go check it out," snapped Dylan when Savannah walked out of the room and disappeared in the video.

Garwood knew exactly what he wanted. He left the office immediately.

An atmosphere of tension filled the room. Only a clock and the man's heavy breathing could be heard.

Every minute had been as long as a century. Dylan replayed the video and paused it when Savannah appeared. He stared at her image on the screen with an intent gaze, his palms hot and sweating.

How long had it been since his emotion got out of control?

He was always calm and composed, and nothing could affect his emotions these three years.

Maybe he was so focused that he didn't even notice the knock on the door. Only when it was pushed open did he heard the noise and raise his head.

A beautiful woman in a loud dress swayed her hips as she walked in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sterling. I've knocked on the door, but nobody answered..." She said coyly.

The woman was Abby.

Dylan frowned when he saw the coming one was not Garwood. He sat up straight and closed the laptop lid.

"What's up?"

"I heard that you canceled my next advertising endorsement. What did I do wrong?" Abby puffed her red lips and said in a pathetic voice, moving to the desk.

As soon as the manager of Zagreb Film left the CEO's office, he called and told Abby Dylan's decision.

Then Abby came to the big boss immediately.

She bypassed the desk and went up to the man, stopped in front of him. Dylan stared at her with cold eyes, as if he would drive her out immediately if she dared to move nearer.

Abby had been in showbiz for many years, and she had dealt with all kinds of handsome actors or male models, but the man in front of her was still the most attractive man she had ever seen. He was not only handsome but also powerful and rich. He was the goal of every woman.

In fact, she had planned to hook up with him after the Sterling group took over Zagreb Film and Dylan became her big boss, but she never found a good chance. She never heard he had any scandal or affairs, and people even guessed whether he liked men.

Three years ago, news came out that Mr. Sterling got married. However, the wedding was not held as planned, and it seemed to be canceled without any reason. The Sterling family passed the thing off quietly, and there was no news or report about it. After a while, this matter became only a hazy memory, and Mr. Sterling's love life became more mysterious.

"Why? You don't know why?" Dylan was rigid and impressive.

Abby was not stupid. She immediately knew that her behavior had really annoyed him. After all, she had read too many men, and she knew clearly that mature men preferred sensible and wise women.

Chapter 376: Dylan's Son Came

"I know I was wrong. But I really don't want to wear the same dress Amy had worn... Oh, don't be so mean." Abby said, twisting her shoulder in a horrible parody of coquetry.

Dylan hated women whining, especially when they've done something wrong but still impenitent.

He was easily aroused today, so he had no patience to talk with her. He just wanted her to go away as soon as possible.

"Shut up and get out of here." Dylan waved a dismissal to her with a frown.

Abby trembled at the ice in his words.

"If you want to play big, your role in the film directed by James Cameron will be canceled too. Too many people want to be popular. I don't mind replacing you with another female star." Dylan said. It was a flat statement, unconcerned.

Abby stood riveted to the ground. This was the first time she was scolded by the boss like that. It seemed that he was in a very bad mood today. It was not time to say more.

Thinking of this, Abby clenched her fists and jerked her chin, walking to the door unwillingly. Just as she reached the door, a limp black thing flew to her, falling on her V-neck. She looked down and shrieked.

"Ahhh!"

It was a black mouse!

The little mouse was crawling up and down on Abby's chest.

"Help! I hate the mouse! Get it away from me!" Abby was screaming and kicking, trying to shake it down. As a fragile, pretty female star, Abby had never had such close contact with this kind of creepy thing. Her delicate face twisted, and her dress messed up.

The secretary at the door and the security guard nearby heard the screams, rushing in to take Abby to the restroom.

After they left, Dylan's gaze shifted on a small figure behind the door, and his lip twisted in amusement. "Kaiden, come in!"

The small figure took two small paces into the door. That was a beautiful small boy.

The boy was about three. Though he was small, he had large, blue, expressive eyes and a round face. He simply was the spitting image of Dylan, a small Dylan.

"Daddy," he mumbled in his little boy's voice as he rolled to Dylan with his short legs. Coming up behind him was a tall, strong young bodyguard in a suit.

Dylan got up, walked around the desk, and caught the little boy who threw himself into his arms.

"Why not play with your grandpa at home? Did you come here to play pranks with your new toys?" asked Dylan, smiling indulgently.

His son had been spoilt by old Sterling and was always playfully mischievous.

Since the little guy was taken back to the Sterling family three years ago, he had become the apple of old Sterling's eye. Dylan never doubted that his father could even have the moon in the sky for Kaiden.

The bodyguard smiled silently. He could see the favor in Mr. Sterling's eyes. Though he was always strict with Kaiden, he didn't blame him for scaring Abby away.

"It's just an electric mouse, not real. The bad aunt is too timid!" Kaiden made a face in Dylan's arms.

"Bad aunt? Dylan narrowed his eyes and glanced back at the bodyguard behind his son.

The bodyguard said with a wry smile, "Mr. Sterling, I never say anything like that to the young master."

Although Kaiden was only three years old, he was sensible and began to know the world. He knew that Abby had some mischief up her sleeve, so he deliberately persecuted her.

Kaiden pressed his round face against Dylan's chest, pursed up his mouth as he grumbled, "bad aunt."

Whoever wanted to take mommy's place was a bad aunt.

He didn't like any other aunt; he only wanted his own mommy.

Although his mommy was not with him now, he believed that she would come back one day.

However, he did not dare to mention mommy in front of his dad. When he asked where mommy was or wanted to look for her, his dad's face would be clouded. He even lost his temper for some time.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door of the office. Garwood rushed in hurriedly but swallowed his words when he saw Kaiden.

Dylan knew that Garwood had a detailed result. An inexplicable mood caught him.

"Take the young master back." He ordered the bodyguard.

Kaiden was a little dissatisfied. He didn't have enough fun yet. Even if his dad was busy, he would take time to accompany him every time he came. He would leave him in the office when he had a meeting and came back to play with him after that.

What happened today? What was more important than him?

Kaiden looked at Garwood curiously and nodded obediently. Led by the bodyguard, he walked slowly out of the office.

As soon as the door closed, Dylan could not restrain his inner ups and downs and looked at Garwood.

Garwood took a deep breath and said, "I just found out that Kevin was back from Italy last week, but he didn't appear in public. He only had private meetings with Dan for company affairs occasionally. No one else knows about his return."

Dylan smiled ironically. Kevin even didn't dare to show in JK because he was afraid that he might get the news and found Savannah from his track.

The little woman had been in Italy with Kevin for the last three years?

In fact, even if Kevin had taken Savannah away under the help of the Smith family, Dylan was still able to track them down.

But his pride stopped him.

Since she had chosen to abandon her husband and the child and was living a happy life with her childhood sweetheart, why should he show too much passion when she gave him cold shoulders all the way?

He still remembered that night in Balfour Sanatorium three years ago. He looked for her like a madman but only got the message that she had run away with Kevin. Her carefree smile in the video gave him the final blow. After that day, he never asked about her again.

Chapter 377: He Didn't Forget That She Abandoned Them

Dylan did not expect that the heartless little woman had returned.

"Over the past three years, Mr. Wills and Miss Schultz lived in Lecco, a small town near Milan, Italy. Mr. Smith provided a villa for them there. Miss Schultz studied fashion design in Marangoni, and it's said that she's outstanding in her studies. This time, she came back to participate in the domestic designer competition held in LA. It'll take about three months, so Kevin accompanied her back home. Now Miss Schultz lives in an apartment in the east town rented by Kevin."

Garwood noticed the change of Mr. Sterling's expression and immediately added, "she lives alone. Mr. Wills lives somewhere else."

Dylan's face relaxed a little, but then he smiled ironically.

So what? Even if they didn't live together, they had been with each other for three years. How could he expect that nothing had happened between them?

He didn't forget that she had abandoned their kid and ran away with Kevin three years ago!

Thinking of this, Dylan clenched his fists; his eyes darkened, and his anger sank to sullenness. He gave no other answer than a gruff.

Garwood continued, "now Miss Schultz's looking for a job related to her major. Yesterday, she went to the hotel where Abby was because she heard that there was a garment manufacturer there."

"She's looking for a job?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

"Yes... I guess it's because the competition takes too long, and Miss Schultz wants to find a part-time job or an internship so that she can kill time and accumulate more experience."

After a moment's pause, Dylan said, "Isn't Zagreb Film recruiting new staff?"

"Zagreb Film's recruiting people now, but it doesn't need designers..." Garwood hesitated.

"It needs a designer now." Dylan asserted.

Garwood understood, nodding, "yeah, I'll talk to the personnel manager of Zagreb Film and ask them to add a new position in the design department."

At the same time, Kaiden, stuck to the door outside, gestured to his bodyguard when the conversation in the office came to an end. The bodyguard picked him up skillfully, walking toward the elevator.

When they got off the elevator and walked into the lobby, Kaiden jumped out of his bodyguard's arms and shouted excitedly, "Louis, do you hear that? Are daddy and uncle Garwood talking about my mommy? Is mommy back?"

"That's possible." Louis nodded.

When he was hired to take care of Kaiden, Kaiden's mother was no longer in Sterling's family. Although he did not know about what had happened between the woman and Mr. Sterling, he did know that the woman surnamed Schultz.

Wasn't the woman Garwood mentioned in the office, Miss Schultz? And it sounded like she had been away for three years... The young master was also three years old now. So, Miss Schultz was probably Kaiden's biological mother.

"Possible? It's absolutely!" Kaiden shook his head at Louis. Mommy really came back!

Ever since he began to know the world, no one in the family had dared to mention his mommy.

His daddy flamed up every time he asked about mommy.

But now, it seemed that daddy was also happy to see mommy's back. He even asked uncle Garwood to provide a job for her!

Kaiden doubled his fist. Anyway, he should keep an eye on his mommy, in case she should run away again!

* * *

It was hot, so hot everywhere.

Savannah felt the man clamber over her. His lips ran down her neck and throat, kissing, sucking, while his fingers relentlessly teased her nipples, traveling down to her thighs, hips... She wanted to move, to writhe...to escape, but she couldn't pull her arms... her legs were stuck... she was held very firmly in place... She could only groan under his expert touch.

"You won't get out of my hands." The man bit her ear gently as he breathed.

Then, he slammed into her!

"Ahhh..."

Savannah sat up, and the sheet pooled at her waist. Looking around, she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw clear where she was. She wiped away the sweat on her forehead but couldn't wipe away the shyness-heat.

It was again the dream that had haunted her for three years.

She dreamed of the same scene once in a while. The dream content was exactly the same, but she had never seen clearly the man in her dream.

As the dream went on, she began to suspect if it had happened before. It felt so real.

The sound of the alarm pulled her thoughts back. She took a breath and put the sex dream behind her. It was seven in the morning.

Although Savannah didn't need to go to work, she still kept the habit of getting up early every morning.

She jumped out of bed, went to the bathroom, and took a shower. When she finished, it was already seven-thirty. She poured a glass of milk for herself and took bread as breakfast. Then she sat at the desk and began to check her email.

After returning home, she had sent her resume to many local companies, but she seldom received a reply.

Fashion design demanded great skill and ability. Employees were required to have great experience and enough good work. As a student who had not completely graduated, Savannah was just a newcomer and could hardly satisfy the requirement of big companies.

She was also very honest. When she obtained an interview, she would tell the interviewer directly that she had not finished her studies, and she just wanted a three months practice chance. Of course, few companies would hire her in this situation.

Savannah went through her mailbox and sighed.

There was no new email in the inbox today.

If it went on like this, she might have to wait for the competition to start at home.

The cell phone began to ring at this moment. Savannah answered it listlessly.

"Hello, is that Miss Schultz?" Over the phone came a sweet, professional voice.

"Oh, yes." Savannah sat up straight.

"This is Shaw calling from Zagreb Film. Your application for the Design Assistant position stood out to us. I would like to invite you for an interview at our office. Is 2 p.m. this afternoon convenient for you?"

Chapter 378: Her Job Interview

Savannah was shocked and a little bit confused by the interview call. Zagreb Film? Had she ever sent her resume to this company? Why didn't she remember?

"Miss Schultz? Please tell me if the time slot does not work for you."

"Yes, that's a convenient time. Thank you." Savannah didn't give it much thought. Maybe she had sent the resume to too many companies, and she couldn't remember all their names. Anyway, it sounded like a production company, much better than garment manufacturers.

"Good. I'll send you an email to confirm our appointment and tell you directions to our office." The HR said politely.

Savannah was still in a state of excitement after hanging up the phone. It took her a long time to recover, and then she began to prepare for the interview. From the email sent by the HR, she knew that

she would have an interview with the human resources director and the design director. After she searched for the company and its background on the Internet, she knew it was once a production company and then developed into a large entertainment company these years. There were a lot of signed artists in Zagreb Film, including Abby.

After lunch, Savannah changed into a white button-down shirt and a conservative dress and went out early. She arrived at Zagreb Film ahead of time in case she might be late.

Zagreb Film's office was in a 60-story tower. It occupied 40 stories of the building from the 20th floor.

No wonder so many popular stars signed at this company. Savannah sighed, a little excited. There must be a lot of famous designers in the design department of this company. If she could work here, she would learn many practical skills from those able people.

The elevator stopped on the thirtieth floor, where the interview was taking place. When Savannah walked out of the elevator, a young woman with curved hair greeted her warmly.

"Hello, Miss Schultz?"

"Hi, yes," Savannah didn't expect that someone would wait for her at the door.

"I'm Shaw from the personnel department. Please come with me to the interview."

Under Shaw's hearty reception, Savannah became less nervous. She was favorably impressed by the kindness of the company. Generally, she should check-in at the front desk first and then wait until it was her turn. This was the first time she was welcomed at the door and led to the interview by the HR in person.

Big companies were much nicer and more polite to people.

Shaw led her to a meeting room and opened the door for her. Two men were already sitting behind the large desk in the room.

From Shaw's introduction, Savannah knew that the left elderly gentleman was the human resources director, Thomson, and the thin man with black-framed spectacles next to him was Tony, the design director.

Savannah was applying for the design assistant position in the design department, so Tony would be her direct supervisor if she was accepted.

Shaw left first. After a polite greeting, Savannah began to introduce herself. She had gone through several interviews and was quite confident this time.

She didn't notice that there was a mini camera facing her on the wall corner.

In the next office, Dylan, wearing a Bluetooth headset, sat in front of a computer with his eyes fixed upon the real-time video on the screen. He hadn't moved his gaze from the screen since the first, second Savannah walked into the meeting room.

The camera was in HD mode, which made the images much clearer than the supervision video Garwood took from the hotel.

This was the time he was able to see her clearly after three years.

Time didn't change the little woman. She was still young, vital, and attractive. In order to present herself more professionally and conscientiously, she wore formal clothes. Her hair was tied up with a fillet headband, and the radiant smile on her face emphasized she was freshly out of school. The slightly tight shirt betrayed the outline of her form. She looked full-blown now.

She really had a good time in Italy these three years. Otherwise, she wouldn't have such a good spirit.

Dylan's eyes turned cold again.

She looked like she didn't need him at all.

After several common questions, Thomson seemed to be quite satisfied, but Tony was looking at Savannah gravely, frowning. The girl was too young. Though she studied design in one of the best schools in Milan, she hadn't finished her studies and had no good works or achievements yet. Tony wanted to interrupt Savannah several times but was suppressed by Thomson.

"Miss Schultz, we're very interested in your design study in Milan. Could you please show us?" Thomson said at the end of the interview.

"Sure," Savannah took out some papers and handed them to the two interviewers.

"Good," Thomson turned over her works and said as a conclusion, "you're very talented in design. If possible, we hope you can report for work in the design department as soon as possible."

Is this an offer? Savannah could not believe her ears. After a long silence, she knew that she was really accepted. She nodded excitedly, "okay, Director Thomson, I can come to work at any time." Then she hesitated, "but... I have something to tell you in advance."

"Go ahead."

"As a matter of fact, I come back to LA this time to participate in the domestic designer competition. During the competition, I may often take time off. What's more, I haven't graduated yet, can I come to work as an intern first?" Savannah mustered up the courage and said. Knowing that saying this may cause the interviewer to change his mind, Savannah didn't want to lie.

As expected, Tony looked annoyed, and his voice hardened, "so you might take a lot of time off from work in the future? Our company's very busy, and the design department is the busiest team. Sometimes there's even no time for our team members to eat! How can you ask for time off before you start your work?"

Chapter 379: A Strange Feeling

"I'm sorry... If I'm not suitable for your company, forget it..." Savannah pursed her lips. She was ready to be rejected.

Thomson didn't know what to say in this case; then a man's voice called through the Bluetooth headset, "promise her."

"It doesn't matter," Thomson said quickly when he received the instruction of his superior.

Tony stared at Thomson with puzzlement. He really didn't understand why he insisted on employing this girl. Thomson continued before Tony could question, "It's very responsible of you to explain your difficulties in advance. If you can win the prize in the design competition, it's also the glory of our company. That's okay. Just tell me in advance when you want to ask for leave."

Tony gasped. He was trying to say no, but Thomson stepped on his foot under the table and stopped him again.

Savannah was extremely surprised to find such a thoughtful company. So lucky! She rose quickly and bowed.

"Thank you."

"Good, see you tomorrow. You can go back first." Thomson said gently.

After Savannah left the meeting room, Tony could not keep silent again.

"Thomson, what the hell are you doing? Now I don't need an assistant at all. Even if you have to recruit a designer, why choose such a newbie? This girl has no experience at all, what a rookie! What can she do? Besides, didn't you hear what she said? She came back home to participate in the competition. What if she often asks for leave? Isn't it a waste of the position?"

Thomson turned off his Bluetooth headset and stood up, glancing at Tony's sullen face.

"It's the command from the superior. What can I do? I was asked to provide the position of designer assistant for this girl. Can I say No? Anyway, that's it. The girl will come to work tomorrow. Take care of her."

These words choked Tony's complaints back. The command from the superior? Maybe the girl was the relative or friend of a manager?

Whose relative was the girl?

For designers, talent and experience were more important than relations! What could a newbie coming by the back door do?

But since Thomson said so, Tony had to accept her. He left the meeting room with a groan.

Savannah left the building in a good mood. She found a job so soon! That really cheered her.

The only thing she wanted to do now was to share the good news with Kevin.

Just then, not far away across the road, a small boy pressed himself against the window in the luxury car, staring at the gate of the opposite building. He seemed to have been waiting for a long time. When Savannah came out, his big eyes brightened. "Mommy!"

Kaiden knew that his mommy would come to Zagreb Film for an interview, so he asked Louis to find out the time and place. He arrived here when the interview began.

He had seen a picture of Savannah.

In fact, he had heard the servants in Sterling's house talking about his mommy secretly. His mommy was a model before and had a lot of photos. But he failed to find a single picture of his mommy in Beverly Hills. It seemed that daddy had taken them away.

A few months ago, when Kaiden had dinner with old Sterling in Sterling's house, he accidentally found a picture of his mommy and grandpa in an album. It was taken when his mommy lived with grandpa three years ago.

Kaiden took the only survived picture back to Beverly Hills and looked at it every day. Now the image of Savannah had been engraved in his mind.

He finally met his mommy! Kaiden gazed at the slim figure with excitement. She was even more beautiful than the photograph, like an elder sister!

"Louis, do you think my mommy is better looking than popular stars?" Kaiden asked in a proud manner.

"Miss Schultz is really beautiful." In the driver's seat, Louis nodded favorably.

At the roadside, Savannah seemed to be ready to take a taxi to leave.

"Open the door!" Kaiden cried hurriedly.

"You can't get off the car alone," said Louis in alarm.

"I want mommy. Open the door!" Kaiden was unwilling to let the opportunity go.

"I should call Mr. Sterling first..." Louis took out his phone helplessly. He had already been prepared to be scolded when Mr. Sterling knew that he took Kaiden out to see Miss Schultz today.

"Are you daddy's man, or mine? It's my order!" Kaiden was more worried when a taxi approached Savannah.

Louis smiled wryly and unlocked the door.

Kaiden quickly unfastened his seat belt. With a push, the door opened, and he jumped out of the car.

Louis gasped, opened his seat belt, and got out of the car in a hurry. "Don't run so fast! Mind the car!"

Just then, a car was speeding towards Kaiden, who was running across the road. He showed with suddenness, and the driver had no time to react.

On the opposite side of the street, Savannah gave a scream when she saw a car running towards a little boy. Before she could think more, she quickly ran to the boy and picked him up, stepping back towards the roadside. At the same time, the speeding car just passed them by inches!

Louis was so frightened that his heart almost stopped. He was about to run to them when he saw his young master winking at him on Miss Schultz's shoulder.

Don't come. Kaiden waved his little hand quietly. He wanted to seize the opportunity that her mommy was holding him.

Savannah held Kaiden to the flower bed at the roadside.

"Are you okay, little boy?" She asked anxiously.

Kaiden wound his arms around Savannah's neck and said softly, "I'm all right."

Mommy smells so sweet. Kaiden put his head in Savannah's hair and didn't want to go.

Relieved, Savannah wanted to put Kaiden down, but the little guy was still holding on to herself. A strange feeling came flooding to her. She couldn't explain where it was coming from.

Chapter 380: Accidentally Meet Her Son

"I'm dizzy..." Kaiden murmured, burying his face in Savannah's arms.

Maybe he just got scared? He's so small. Savannah took the little boy in her arms, looking around.

"Sweetie-Pie, why do you cross the road alone? Where are your parents?"

How could the boy's parents let such a small child wander alone on the road? He almost had an accident! Savannah frowned.

"My father's around. Could you wait for my father with me?" Kaiden mumbled in Savannah's arms.

Savannah could not leave such a little boy alone, of course, so she nodded.

Across the street, Louis was struck dumb at Kaiden, who clasped Miss Schultz passionately. They met each other the first time but didn't look like strangers at all. It seems the young master so indulged himself passionately with his mom.

"I'm Kaiden, what's your name?" Kaiden asked politely.

Savannah laughed and said, "my name is Savannah Schultz."

"Sis Savannah, you look like my mom! You are so beautiful." Kaiden said sweetly.

"Really?" Savannah smiled and stroked Kaiden's cheek softly. "You're so sweet,"

"My mom left me when I was born. I miss her a lot." Kaiden lowered his head and adopted a sweet look of suffering lovesickness.

Savannah didn't know why the boy said this to her, but she felt a little upset at his words. Did she really look like the little boy's mom? She liked his approach and wanted to stay longer with him. Oh, maybe the boy was too cute, or maybe all women had a maternal instinct.

"Sis Savannah, what's the matter with you?" Kaiden cocked his head.

"Nothing..." She shook her head, momentarily.

"May I have your phone number?" Kaiden continued.

"Huh?" Savannah was a little speechless.

"Well, you're my lifesaver, and I want to thank you."

The boy was really interesting. Savannah laughed, "forget it."

Kaiden protruded his lips when his request was refused. He looked at Savannah with his dewy eyes, "can't I have your number?"

"Okay, okay." Savannah was amused by him. She doesn't have a cold heart to upset this cute little boy. She found herself mesmerized by his charm and her maternal instinct drawn closer to him.

Kaiden immediately took out his kid's smartphone and handed it to her.

Savannah typed her number into his cell phone and dialed it. When she heard her cell phone ring, she hung up and then gave the phone back to Kaiden.

Kaiden took it with satisfaction. "Can I call you at any time?"

Savannah hesitated for a moment. It was hard to refuse such a cute boy under his yearning eyes.

"Okay." She smiled.

"Yeah!" Kaiden jumped up.

After a while, Savannah still didn't see Kaiden's father.

"Kaiden, do you know where your father is? Why don't you call and have him pick you up?"

Kaiden wanted to spend more time alone with Savannah. His face buried itself in her soft shirt, and he mumbled, "daddy must be very busy. Please stay and keep me company for a while."

Savannah saw the little boy's intention. He didn't seem to wait for his father but only wanted to stay with her. Was it because he had quarreled with his father and missed his mother?

"If you don't call your father to pick you up, I'll take you to the police station and ask the police to take you home," she said deliberately.

Kaiden didn't want to enter the police station. With a little sham sigh, he slowly took out his mobile phone, dialed Dylan's number, "it's me, daddy..."

"What's the matter, Kaiden?" A man's voice came through the phone.

"I'm downstairs. I was almost hit by a car. Come and pick me up," said Kaiden in an unhappy voice. As soon as his dad came, he would take him away from mommy.

"Hit by a car? What's going on! Where's Louis?" Dylan's voice came in, and it was obviously anxious.

Savannah could hear the man's anxious voice. She took the phone from Kaiden quickly, "is that Kaiden's dad? Kaiden's not hurt. I'm with him. Please come and get him as soon as possible. We're sitting on a flower-bed by the roadside, near the office building of Zagreb Film."

The man held his breath when he heard Savannah's voice.

It was the little woman's voice. It couldn't be wrong. He would never forget her voice. The world suddenly seemed to stop moving and time went off. A mixture of sadness and longing ran through Dylan's mind.

"Sir? did you hear that? Hello, can you hear me?" Savannah received no reply and thought it was because of the bad signal.

"Who are you?" Finally, the man on the line asked; his voice mixed slightly trembled.

"I'm just a passer-by."

"Passers-by?" Didn't she recognize his voice? Or did she only pretend, still wanting to hide herself from him? What a cruel woman. Dylan wanted to scream at her, yet he controls the urge to do it.

"Well, I'm with your son anyway. Please come here first." Savannah frowned. What's wrong with this man? His son was almost hit by a car, but he still had time to question her identity?

A few minutes later, she heard footsteps behind her. Kaiden's father was coming? She stood up and put Kaiden down, turning around.

The man in front of her was a fair few inches taller than her. He dressed in a black suit. He had tousled dark brown hair, which was thick and lustrous. He was muscular and charming, with an almost perfectly symmetrical face, his features molded from granite. He had dark eyebrows and blue eyes, which sloped downwards in a serious expression. Was he a model or male star from Zagreb Film?

"Daddy," Kaiden's small voice broke into Savannah's thought. She blushed when herself found staring at a strange man, her heart pumping.

A strange feeling began to stir in her as if she had known the man in front of her for a long time. Even if she was a boy crazy, he was Kaiden's father! How could she be enchanted with a married man!