

## Midnight 381

### Chapter 381: You Saved My Son

Savannah picked up Kaiden again, walking over to the man. "Hello, are you Kaiden's father?"

Dylan narrowed his eyes. What did she mean?

Why was this little woman treating him as a stranger?

Well, she had decided to break off their ties. Maybe she just deliberately pretended not to know him in order to avoid embarrassment. She didn't want to have any entanglement with him now. Being strangers was her last wish.

She didn't know who Kaiden was just now, otherwise, it would be impossible for her to wait for him with Kaiden.

The little woman had been a model before, and she was always good at acting. No wonder she can act normally as if they are strangers to each other.

Dylan's handsome face clouded at this thought.

Kaiden also sensed something was wrong. He looked at Savannah and then at his dad. Why does it seem that mommy doesn't know daddy?

"Are you Kaiden's Father?" Savannah asked again, frowning. Is such a good-looking man deaf?

"You saved my son?" Dylan regained his composure, looking at Savannah with cold eyes.

Since she pretended not to know him, well, he knew how to act too. He wanted to see how far this woman could go.

"Well. Kaiden is fine. He may have been frightened. Be more careful next time!" Savannah said as she put Kaiden into the man's arms; her tone held reproach.

Oh, how dare this little woman blame him for not taking care of Kaiden? Didn't she remember she had left their kid as soon as she gave birth to him?

Dylan's expressionless face became colder.

Savannah didn't notice his hard face. She slung her bag over her shoulder and waved to Kaiden, "I'll go first. Don't run in the street again."

Kaiden was reluctant to see Savannah leave. He pushed Dylan's chest and leaned towards her, "Sis Savannah, kiss me before you go."

Dylan's face darkened slightly. He hadn't had a chance to touch her for three years! But his son dared to ask the little woman.

Kaiden, however, did not feel ashamed at all. He put his little round face quite close to Savannah, begging for kisses and caresses.

Savannah smiled helplessly at Kaiden's expectant eyes. She glanced at Dylan before she leaned in awkwardly and kissed Kaiden on the cheek.

The moment the little woman leaned over, Dylan smelled the faint fragrance from her. As she kissed Kaiden's cheek, a tuft of her hair touched his forearm.

He took a deep breath, sorely tempted.

Savannah straightened up again, looking up into the blazed eyes of the man. She flushed and took two steps back as if she was afraid of being eaten by him.

"I go first," Savannah murmured, turned, and hurriedly stopped a taxi.

Dylan stood at the roadside with Kaiden in his arms, watching the taxi run out of sight.

Kaiden was still touching his small face that Savannah had kissed, triumph in his eyes.

Dylan lowered his head, narrowing his eyes, "who gave you permission to see her alone?"

Needless to say, this guy already knew who Savannah was.

He seemed to have learned that Savannah would come here for an interview, so he deliberately came here to meet Savannah.

Kaiden summoned up his courage and said, "if you can see her, why can't I? Besides, if it hadn't been for my help, you two wouldn't have seen each other."

Spoiled by his grandpa, Kaiden even dared to talk back.

Then Dylan heard Kaiden ask curiously, "why doesn't mommy know you?"

Dylan got gloomy when Kaiden mentioned this. His tone was matter-of-fact, "she is such a woman."

Kaiden blinked and understood. Mommy must have quarreled with daddy before she left them. She must be very angry, so she pretended not to know daddy, right?

Just then, Louis ran over to them.

"Mr. Sterling, are you all right?"

Dylan was not in the mood to blame him. He handed Kaiden to him and said, "take Kaiden home."

Kaiden knew he'd better keep silent now. He leaned his head on Louis's shoulder and was taken into the car. Inside the car, Kaiden asked Louis again, "Mommy love me, didn't she?" sadness added to his tiny voice. Louis was stunned, couldn't find the right words to say, then nodded.

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Savannah called Kevin as soon as she got back to her apartment. She wanted to invite Kevin and Dan to have dinner together and told them about the good news about her new job.

"Savannah?" Kevin answered the phone quickly.

"Hi, Kevin. Are you and Dan free tonight? Come and have dinner together." Then she could ask for suggestions from Kevin before she decided if she should go to work at Zagreb Film tomorrow.

"Sorry, Savannah, I can't come today. I just want to call you. A major client of JK in England has a problem with our game program. I must go to solve it in person." Kevin said in a low voice.

"Oh, it's fine. Kevin, your business's more important. Don't worry about me," said Savannah quickly.

Kevin was still worried. It was a thorny problem. Remote assistance could not help, and the client asked him to fly there as soon as possible. He hesitated and said, "Savannah, I want to hire an hourly worker to come to your apartment every day and take care of you..."

"No," Savannah laughed. "Kevin, I'm twenty-three, not three. I can take care of myself."

Kevin was on the way to the airport, so he didn't say more. After a few more words with Savannah, he hung up.

Savannah didn't have a chance to talk about the interview. She sighed as she put down her phone. It would be fine to tell Kevin when he came back.

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In the CEO's office of the Sterling group, a tall man was standing at the French window with his hands on his back, gazing at the busy street. The man's rugged features were alluring. His raven black hair, which glistened in the moonlight illuminating from the window, was combed back and his face carefully structured. The cold gray eyes of the man were full of indifference. No one knew what he was thinking.

"Mr. Sterling." There was a knock on the door, and Garwood came in.

#### Chapter 382: He Finally Sent Kevin Away

Dylan turned to Garwood.

"I've called one of JK's big clients in England," Garwood reported quickly, "he showed great respect to you and agreed to do us a favor. He would ask Mr. Wills to go to England in-person to solve a program error, and Mr. Wills is supposed to stay there for at least two weeks."

Dylan nodded in satisfaction, and his face relaxed.

He finally sent Kevin away.

At least these days, he couldn't get involved in that little woman's life.

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It was Savannah's first day on the job in the design department at Zagreb Film. However, Tony, her direct superior, showed no kindness to her at all. If it were not for Director Thomson, maybe Tony would not have agreed to hire her in the interview. Now even if she had been employed, Tony never asked her to do any design related work but only arranged small and unimportant tasks for her.

After three days in the design department, Savannah felt that she was not a designer assistant but a go for.

Although she was not tired, her work now was contrary to what she wanted.

She applied for the job to gain some design experience, not to laze away.

But she was only a newcomer, and she couldn't say anything.

This morning, Savannah was typing papers idly when Tony's secretary, Sunny, asked all members of the department to have a meeting.

The company was going to shoot a new web series, and the design department was responsible for the costume. Now they should decide on the clothes for leading roles in advance.

Savannah was very excited about this opportunity. She could learn a lot by participating in the costume design of this online drama. Picking up her notebook, she stood up and went to the meeting room.

"Hey, hey, what are you doing?" Tony frowned and stopped Savannah at the door.

"Can I join this project?" Savannah plucked up her courage and asked.

Tony crossed his arms and snorted, "have you finished your other work?"

Her work? Did he mean typing, copying, serving tea and water? Savannah tried to be polite, "director, I applied for a job as a design assistant, not a receptionist or clerk."

"Are you still picky? Do you expect me to give you the most important things when you're new here? Everyone starts from little things!" Tony raised his voice, which made other colleagues of the design department look at them.

It was all a deliberate distortion of her meaning! Savannah's anger almost suffocated her, but she could not go against her boss in front of so many colleagues.

"I didn't mean it," Savannah was able to hold back her anger, "I just want to do my own work as a designer. Since all the designers and designer assistants can participate in the new project, why can't I? Isn't it a little unfair?"

Being heckled by Savannah, Tony looked slightly awkward. He gritted his teeth, "I'm your boss. I think you're too new to join the new project or any design-related work. If you don't agree, complain about me or quit, and I won't stop you!"

Even if she was hired through the back door, she was still his subordinate! As long as she worked in his department, she had to follow his orders!

What's more, Tony didn't think this girl had a strong backing, otherwise, her backing would have asked him to take care of her in advance.

With a sneer, Tony came into the meeting room with a group of designers.

Savannah bit her lips. Obviously, only she was unacceptable. There were several designer assistants the same new as her. Why could they participate in the project? Tony disliked her, so he shut her out deliberately.

"Savannah, are you okay?" A young woman asked anxiously.

Savannah turned and saw Fiona, from the planning department next door, standing behind her.

Fiona entered Zagreb Film a few months earlier than her. On Savannah's first day at work, she met Fiona at lunch break in the staff restaurant. Maybe because of their similar age and interests, and they were all new, they got familiar with each other soon.

Fiona just came over to the design department to send documents. When she passed by and happened to see this scene, she hurriedly came over to Savannah.

"Nothing." Savannah shook her head.

Fiona glanced at the closed door of the meeting room and whispered consolingly, "don't haggle with Tony. He's a stingy man and acts like a snob."

"I didn't haggle with him. I just feel pity that I can't join the project I like."

"Ah, yes. you are a designer assistant, but he only asked you to do chores. Isn't he forcing you to resign? Why don't you complain to the superiors?" Fiona was also angry for Savannah.

Complaint? To whom? Tony was her immediate supervisor. Who else did she know?

Although she didn't have much work experience, she knew that it was impossible for leaders of other departments to interfere with the complaints in the design department. Complaint to Tony's boss? Who cares for a new employee?

What's more, offending Tony would only make her life more difficult.

Forget it. Maybe Tony would change his mind and give her a chance one day.

Not far away, at the entrance of the design department, Garwood was standing behind the wall. Today, he came to Zagreb Film with Dylan and especially came to see how Miss Schultz was doing in the design department.

He heard the conversation, pondering for a while. Then he turned and got on the elevator to the top floor.

The office room on the top floor was large and sumptuous. In front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, there was a huge modern mahogany desk that six people could comfortably sit around. It matched the coffee table by the couch. On the walls, there were paintings. A shimmering chandelier was hanging from the ceiling.

Compared to those offices bustled with people and activity downstairs, it was quiet and placid here.

This was Dylan's exclusive office at Zagreb Film.

Owned by the Sterling group, Zagreb Film was managed well by its general manager. Dylan, its largest shareholder, didn't usually come, so his office was a little cheerless and empty.

### Chapter 383: These Designs Are Worth Nothing

The Sterling group bought Zagreb Film three years ago and didn't make it public.

Most employees of Zagreb Film had never seen their top leader, and many new employees even didn't know that Dylan Sterling was the chairman of the company.

Now Dylan was sitting gratefully on the sofa, legs crossed, staring out the window at the view of the city. As Garwood said what he had heard in the design apartment, Dylan slightly narrowed his eyes.

Garwood noticed and paused, "shall I go and talk to the director of the department?"

If Tony knew Miss Schultz was Mr. Sterling's woman, how dare he neglect Miss Schultz again?

However, Dylan shook his head after a short silence. "No."

It was easy for him to help her. Just a word was enough. But would that little woman appreciate it?

No, she even pretended not to know him.

He would only help her when she asked for it herself.

After a pause, he turned to Garwood and said something.

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It was already noon when the department meeting was over. The meeting room door opened, and Tony came out first. Looking up, he saw a tall man standing in the doorway, accompanied by a receptionist respectfully. Tony recognized the man instantly. He let other designers go back to their seats and walked over to Garwood with an ingratiating smile.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Garwood. Is Mr. Sterling here?"

Everyone knew that Garwood was Mr. Sterling's right-hand man, where Mr. Sterling was, where Garwood must be.

Tony also felt a little surprised. Mr. Sterling didn't usually come to Zagreb Film for inspection. Why did Garwood come here today?

"Mr. Sterling knows that the company's going to make a web series, and you're responsible for its costume designing. He wonders how's the designing team work going. Please take the design drawings upstairs, and Mr. Sterling wants to have a look." Garwood said.

Since Zagreb Film was taken over by the Sterling group, Tony had only seen Mr. Sterling in two meetings and had never seen him alone. Now it was a good chance for him to build a good relationship with this big boss!

"Okay, I'll be right there!" Tony nodded quickly.

Garwood glanced around, his gaze falling on Savannah, who was typing not far away.

"Let that girl take the design drawings and go upstairs now," Garwood said, pointing to Savannah, and then turned and left.

Tony was stunned. Why did Garwood pick the newcomer? What if she said the wrong thing and made him lose face in front of the big boss? But before he could say anything, Garwood had already left.

Tony had to walk to Savannah. Oh, the newcomer was really lucky to have the opportunity to see the boss so soon.

"Stop what you're doing, take the design drawings, and go upstairs with me."

Savannah was a little surprised that Tony would ask her to go to see the big boss together. She held the design drawings in her arms and walked to the elevator with Tony.

"Don't talk in front of the boss, don't make a move, don't embarrass me, you understand?" Tony said in a low voice as they got out of the elevator and went to the big boss's office.

"Oh, I see," Savannah muttered. She was not ready to say anything in front of the big boss at all. She finally had a chance to be involved in designing work for the new project.

When they reached the top floor, Tony knocked on the office door, and a man's calm voice came from inside,

"Come in."

Savannah paused. Why did it sound familiar? Following Tony in, Savannah walked on the soft carpet and looked around, a little shocked at the large office room.

When Tony stopped, Savannah looked up and froze for a moment.

The man on the sofa wore a loose black silk shirt and black trousers. He had strong, arched brows and eyelashes so thick, he looks intimidating. His lips were red and thin, and his nose slender and rounded.

Wasn't he Kaiden's father? Was he the boss of Zagreb Film?

Oh, she remembered, Kaiden said that his father was working nearby, and when he came over to pick Kaiden that day, he went out from the office building... She didn't think too much at that time, but she never thought he would be her boss!

She was a little abstracted and slightly loosened her grip, and the sample papers in her arms almost slipped off. Tony noticed her absence, frowned, and glared at her.

Dylan's impassive face hardened, but his tone was calm, "Tony, show me your designs."

Tony did not know he had already angered the big boss. He nodded and gave Savannah another fierce look, "be careful!"

Savannah quickly walked forward and handed the design papers to the man on the sofa.

After the department meeting today, Tony had some preliminary designs for the clothing. He was very confident about his designs. However, his boss frowned as he turned over the papers.

When Dylan finished the last paper, he slammed the entire stack of papers onto the coffee table. Some papers were even spread about onto the carpet.

Tony turned pale and forced a smile, "Mr. Sterling... Is there anything wrong?"

"Are those your final work? The designs are almost the same as the clothing for the last web series on the same topic. The styles can't highlight the identities or characters of the roles. Are those copies? Or

you don't bother to make an effort? I guess a designer assistant can do better than you." Dylan snapped without mercy.

Tony, who had been working for Zagreb Film for so many years, had never been reprimanded like this before. Now his face was red and white, and the cold sweat came out in a fine dew on his forehead.

Savannah took a few glances at the design papers. They were not great designs, but not so bad.

Maybe the boss asked too much from the design department, or he was in a bad mood.

He wrecked his bad temper on Tony on purpose.

"These designs are worth nothing. All rubbish. If you don't want to do your job, there are plenty of people who can take your place." Dylan continued, not giving his old man any face.

Tony's face was aflame with embarrassment. Today he had planned to show talent to the boss to gain his good impression, but he did not expect that he was even about to lose his job now.

#### Chapter 384: Was She Still Acting?

"I'm sorry, I'll go right back to revise it!" Nervousness toned Tony's voice.

In Savannah's impression, Tony was always giving himself airs and looking down his nose at everybody. It was the first time that he was so scared and humble. It really worked off her anger to see Tony being scolded like this.

Tony looked down on her, but there was someone who could sort him out!

"Revise it?" Dylan sneered, "What are you going to do? Tell me about your plans now."

Tony didn't have any plans now. In fact, he was very confident about the design plans and didn't think he would be required to have them revised or redone.

Dylan smiled ironically. Then he turned to Savannah, "what do you think?"

"Me?" Savannah pointed to herself, surprised.

"Mr. Sterling, she's just the new assistant designer in our department, not qualified to participate in the design yet..." Tony said nervously.

"What do you think?" Dylan repeated, looking at the little woman through Tony.

Savannah picked up several papers on the table, went through them, and pondered for a while before she started.

"As I know, our new web show is focused on city life. The actors are young, and most of them have just graduated from the school in the show. The leading lady's style should be reflective of her positive personality on the show-- think bright colors and mismatched patterns reminiscent of our school days. Her friend, the lawyer, should usually wear patterned blazers over black dresses or preppy cardigans. The costumes for the other characters..."



Like the waters of a brook, Savannah's speech flowed on unhurriedly. Dylan listened carefully, occasionally tapping his fingers rhythmically on the armrest. When she finished, he turned to Tony and said, "follow her advice."

Tony was shocked. What? Follow this new comer's advice? She didn't even have any experience as a TV show consume designer!

Savannah was also shocked.

"Any problem?" Dylan scowled at Tony.

"No, no. I'll do as you said, sir," said Tony in a hurried tone.

"Why are you still wasting your time here?"

Tony quickly turned away with a blue face.

Savannah was about to follow him outside when the man behind her said dryly, "pick up the trash before you leave."

Looking back, Savannah saw Dylan pointing at the scattered drawings on the carpet. She sighed and turned back, crouching down to pick up the scattered papers.

On the sofa, Dylan watched the little woman cleaning up on the floor, a shadow of anger darkening his eyes.

She still pretended not to know him.

He noticed the slight surprise in her eyes when she came in. Maybe she just didn't expect he was also the head of Zagreb Film.

But when he scolded Tony and asked Tony to revise the design according to her words, she showed no gratitude at all. Didn't she know who he did that for?

She didn't even bother to say thank you before she was ready to go.

What a tough little wildcat!

Well, he should have known that she was heartless. Otherwise, how could she leave their newborn baby and run away with her old lover three years ago?

The more he thought of it, the angrier he grew.

He stared at her, and from his view on the sofa, he could perfectly enjoy her good shape. Her breasts were covered with a tight white shirt, and the short black dress stretched tight over her wide hips, which were like gifts wrapping for him. Her body now rounded into womanhood.

Admittedly, the little woman was more graceful and more beautiful than she was three years ago. She was more attractive to him now.

After picking up the last design paper, Savannah let out her breath and straightened up. As she turned around, she bumped into the man who just stood behind her.

"Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry," Savannah said hurriedly and wanted to push him away but was pressed against him by his warm hand on her waist. She looked at him in horror as she struggled slightly. What does he want to do?

Mr. Sterling? Dylan narrowed his eyes. Oh. He really doubted if the little woman had been an actor these three years, otherwise, how could her acting ability be so perfect? Within such a close distance, she still regarded him as a stranger?

"You don't know me?" He didn't let go. Instead, he caught her hand on the wrist and pulled her closer.

"I know... You're Kaiden's father." Savannah took a deep breath and looked up at him.

Was this man upset because she didn't recognize him?

Dylan's eyes lit up at her first sentence but clouded again.

"I didn't know you are the big boss of Zagreb Film... I couldn't say hello to you when we were talking about business just now. I'm sorry," Savannah tried to break the tension in the air and pulled away from her hand carefully, "by the way, did you bring Kaiden to a hospital to check that day? Is everything alright?"

"Nothing." Dylan creaked a weak smile and finally let her go.

"Oh, that's good." Savannah had been a little bit concerned about the sweet little boy, for fear he might have been frightened. She was relieved to know he was all right.

Dylan stared at her. Was she still acting? He wondered how far she could go!

"You're working in Zagreb Film?" Dylan sat back on the sofa and asked.

"Yeah." Savannah stood in front of the sofa with the design drawings in her arms and didn't dare to go.

"Tony's your boss?"

"Yes. I'm a designer assistant in the design department."

"How do you like your work so far?" asked Dylan, rather absently.

Savannah tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. She paused and said, "Everything's fine."

"Really?" Dylan looked her in the eyes.

Tony didn't even let her participate in the web show consume design. It was a good opportunity, but she didn't plan to complain to him.

Savannah bit her lips. Mr. Sterling could scold Tony for not treating her fairly, but Tony would give her a harder life after Mr. Sterling left. After all, the big boss could not protect her all the time.

### Chapter 385: Seeing Her Clumsiness

At this point, Savannah nodded, "well, everything is fine."

Dylan's expression became cooler when he saw she refused to ask him for help.

"You can go now," he ordered coldly.

Relieved, Savannah turned and left the office in a hurry. She could still feel the man staring at her back as she walked away.

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After that day, Savannah clearly felt that Tony's hostility towards her hardened.

Before, he just set her idle and did not give her any important work, but now he was constantly getting at her.

That was understandable. He was scolded by the big boss in front of his assistant and was asked to revise his design according to the newcomer's words. How could he be reconciled? Savannah was not surprised that he would make things harder for her.

Since Mr. Sterling was not satisfied with the designs, Tony asked every designer and assistant to work overtime to redesign the clothing.

Of course, it was none of Savannah's business.

She was still ordered to do clerical work as before.

When all the other colleagues were busy working, Savannah slightly regretted it.

She should have told the truth when Mr. Sterling asked her how her work was.

At the very least, she would be able to take part in the web show consume design if he ordered Tony.

But she didn't want to ask the big boss for help. Even if she had saved his son, she didn't like to trouble others.

What's more, she didn't know why she dared not face him alone.

Every time she saw the man, she felt her heart beat so thick that it was ready to jump from her body at any moment.

She wondered if she was just attracted by this charming man, but she also felt like a frightened rabbit in front of him, as if she could never escape from his control. That was really a strange feeling.

Anyway, she couldn't take him only as her boss.

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This morning, as usual, Tony gave Savannah a pile of papers to make copies.

It was near noon when she went through with the copying work. She stretched herself from the copies and went back to her seat. Tony and his secretary hurried past her and went into the elevator.

"All the department managers are called to a meeting on the top floor." the designer assistant next to her seat turned and whispered, "I heard that the big boss is there today."

The big boss? Mr. Sterling? Did he come again?

Savannah stared for a moment and then buried her head into another pile of papers to continue her unfinished work. But her mind switched off, and she made a lot of typing errors.

After a moment, someone drummed her table with fingertips.

"Savannah, please take the web show to consume designs for Tony now. He'll show them to the big boss and other department heads at the meeting. Oh, the design drawings are in a blue folder on his desk. Be quick!"

Savannah looked up. It was Sunny, Tony's secretary, who went upstairs just now.

Tony didn't even allow her to touch anything on his desk. Why did he entrust her with the important consume designs and even ask her to take them to such an important meeting?

"Sunny, are you sure the director wants me to take the designs up?" asked Savannah, a little confused. Since Sunny had been here, why didn't she take the designs to Tony herself?

Looking around, Sunny said impatiently, "it's almost noon. Everyone's out for dinner. Who else can help? If I had nothing else to do, I would have taken it up myself. Hurry up, the big boss and the heads from other departments are waiting to see the designs." At this, she went upstairs.

Savannah took a deep breath. Maybe they just didn't want her to have lunch on time? She thought of how Tony annoyed the boss that day, and she did not want to repeat Tony's mistake.

She put down her work and went to Tony's office quickly. On the desk, there was a blue folder, as Sunny mentioned. Savannah took the folder in her arm and hurried to the elevator.

The largest meeting room on the top floor was spacious and handsome with large transparent walls. When Savannah got to within ten steps of the room, she could see clearly the people in it.

Mr. Sterling, the most attractive man in the room, sat at the head of the lengthy horseshoe-shaped meeting table. The light coming from the windows behind him made his hair shine to a shade of melting milk chocolate, and his slightly tanned skin glowed, making his stubble covered chin seem darker. Those sitting around the meeting table were supposed to be the managers from other departments. Savannah never had a chance to see most of them.

Tony, as the director of the design department, also sat in it.

Savannah was a little nervous about meeting that man again or seeing so many leaders of the company. She walked to the door and knocked on it, holding the folder tightly. The door was opened, and she walked in.

"Excuse me. I'm from the design department. Here're the new web show consume designs." Savannah said carefully.

The quiet voice of the young woman interrupted the ongoing meeting.

Dylan looked up, and his eyes fell on the little woman at the door.

She was wearing a skirt suit today, looking lovely and charming. Maybe she came in a hurry, Dylan noticed a slight redness in her cheeks. Her voice was so soft that he remembered how she groaned on his bed.

Dylan's eyes darkened. He leaned back on the back of the leather chair and then took the coffee at hand. Fortunately, it was cold. He sipped it a few times to lower the heat that came up in him every time he saw her.

"What are you still standing for? Show the drawings to Mr. Sterling and the managers of other departments." Tony frowned and whispered to Savannah.

Savannah held the folder in her arms and handed the papers to the other people in the meeting room. "Mr. Sterling." When she reached Dylan, she slightly lowered her head and handed the papers to him respectfully.

Dylan stretched out his hand and accidentally touched her fingers. Savannah raised her head and found him staring deep into her eyes. The heat in his gaze sparked her. Stunned, she drew her hands back quickly before he held the papers steady. The papers fell from her hand and shattered on the ground.

Seeing her clumsiness, Tony snorted, "you cannot take care of even such a trivial matter."

Everyone looked at Savannah.

Dylan's expression hardened.

#### Chapter 386: See Why You're Fired?

The little woman squatted down to pick up the papers in a hurry. The skirt covered her hips tightly, and her neckline sat low on her chest and had a subtle V-shape.

Dylan swallowed quietly. He wanted to pull her in his arms and press the soft, fresh, and hard nipple under her shirt. But then he found that there were so many people fixing their gaze at her.

"Get up," ordered Dylan as he yanked her to her feet. His face darkened.

"It's okay..." Savannah got more nervous and wanted to squat down again. Dylan frowned, stooped down, and picked the rest papers quickly.

A little embarrassed, Savannah thanked him and was about to leave when a surprised voice from behind her said, "what's wrong with the design?"

"What's that? It's a mess." said another voice.

Savannah hurried over to the two men to see the design papers. They were blotted with some brown spots.

A few more managers complained too. They turned over the smudged pages and frowned.

"Like coffee? Someone spilled coffee all over the design papers?"

"Tony, what's wrong with your department? Why are you so careless to show Mr. Sterling this rubbish in such a serious meeting?"

Tony glared at Savannah and shouted, "what's the problem with you? Don't you know how important the designs are? You spilled coffee on it? Many of these design drawings are hand-drawn original copies, and it's difficult to recover them!"

Savannah bit her lips in silence. She wondered why Sunny asked her to take such important documents to the meeting. She didn't even have time to check them.

"I have no idea why they are stained by coffee," Savannah explained calmly, "I didn't spill coffee on them. I don't know how it got smudged."

"Why don't you just admit your mistake? Who else could do it but you?" Tony announced angrily and then turned to Dylan, "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry, but it's my department's fault, and I'll handle it."

"What are you going to do?" Dylan looked at Tony with a stony air. His voice was toneless.

"This designer assistant is still on her three-month probation. She's so careless and messed up the important meeting! I've decided to dismiss her immediately and never hire her again!"

Even if they decided to dismiss her, Savannah would not leave after being wronged. She looked at Tony and articulated her words clearly, "Director, as I said, I didn't do it. I only brought them up to you from your office at your command. I didn't dirty them."

"Are you still quibbling? These design drawings were kept in my office. Didn't you go to my office just now? Didn't you touch them and take them out? If not you, who else?" Tony snorted coldly.

He was right. The director's office was not easily accessible... If she had not been allowed to go in today, she would not have a chance to touch the design drawings. She couldn't help but look at Sunny beside Tony.

Could it be her?

But it was hard to defend herself without proof...

"Nothing further to say? Get out of here, now! Put her down, Sunny," said Tony with a sinister laugh, and a wicked light flamed in his eyes.

Sunny got up and walked to Savannah. "Please leave the meeting room now."

"I didn't do it. I can't accept being fired like this!" Savannah threw off Sunny's hand on her arm, looking Tony in the eye. It was a matter of reputation, and she couldn't back down.

Tony snorted impatience. "We don't have time for this. As I said, you're fired. Fine, Sunny, get the guard!"

"Yes, you're fired." Dylan opened his mouth before Sunny could call the guard. He looked away from the PC screen and looked at Tony coldly. "Not her. I mean, you and your secretary are fired."

Everyone gasped!

Tony and Sunny all changed their faces. "Mr. Sterling... What do you mean? Why?"

Savannah looked at Dylan and froze for a moment.

Dylan didn't explain but turned the PC towards Tony. Everyone in the room could clearly see the screen.

On the screen, it was the security monitor video for Tony's office. Dylan got it from the control room when Tony accused Savannah just now.

He clicked Replay with his long finger.

In the monitoring video, Tony's office door opened, and Sunny went in, ready to pick up the design drawings, but she accidentally knocked over a cup of unfinished coffee on the desk.

The coffee spilled all over the design drawings. In a panic, Sunny got a tissue to clean them but found that the papers had already been stained by coffee. She had to take out her mobile phone and dial it.

She called Tony. It could be clearly seen that Sunny was severely scolded by Tony on the phone. Her eyes turned red, and she kept apologizing.

Tony seemed to have an idea over the phone. Sunny's face relaxed a lot after he said something. She nodded, hung up, and packed up the design drawings quickly. Then she walked out of the office as if nothing had happened.

Dylan switched the window and opened another video.

On the screen, Sunny walked out of Tony's office to Savannah's cubicle. After a few words, Savannah nodded and headed for Tony's office.

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"See why you're fired?" Dylan paused the monitor and said with a startlingly cold voice.

Everyone in the room whispered to each other.

Savannah understood what had happened.

Sunny went downstairs for the design drawings but accidentally spilled the coffee all over the papers. She called Tony, who was angry but decided to frame Savannah with it. In this way, he could free his people from punishment and drive away from the one he hated at the same time.

But nobody expected that the big boss would fire Tony and Sunny because Savannah was wronged by them.

Savannah took a deep breath. It must be because she had saved his son last time.

Tony did not believe the big boss would investigate the truth for a probationer. He swallowed in a pale face. Was the newcomer so important?

Before Tony and Sunny could defend themselves, the security guard came in and took them out.

### **Chapter 387: How Dare You To Slap Me?**

The director of the design department was fired. People in the meeting room dared not speak for a long time.

After Zagreb Film was acquired, the head of the Sterling group had never changed the leadership. Today, for the first time, he fired a department director for only a minor mistake... Well, Tony just wronged a new assistant in order to protect his secretary... Was it necessary to fire him?

Although everyone had a doubt, nobody dared to say it out. They buried their heads and waited for their boss's next command.

"Since the design drawings are dirty, get them repaired first. That's all for today's meeting." Dylan said coldly.

The managers stood up with their secretaries and left the meeting room one by one.

Savannah followed at the back and was ready to walk out when the man's cold voice stopped her, "Miss Schultz, please stay."

She glowered inwardly, stopped, and turned.

"Close the door," he ordered, his voice forceful.

Her heart beat harder, but she could only close the door of the meeting room as her boss ordered. Then, she slowly walked up to him and opened her mouth, "thank you, Mr. Sterling, for helping me."

Dylan's lips curved in a sadistic smile. Oh, she knew how to say thank you?

If he didn't stop her, she would have run away again, right?

He was not a man who expected favors from others. But he was filled with anger when this little woman ignored his deliberate protection once and once again.

"I helped you not because I'm easy on new people. If you do wrong, you deserve punishment," said Dylan drily. His eyes hooded and speculative, his mouth a hard impassive line.

"Mr. Sterling, do you mean I did something wrong?" Savannah asked in amazement.

"Even though Tony's secretary did wrong and wanted you to take the fall, you, at the very least, should have checked the design papers before you sent it here. Always check what you are going to deliver to your boss in case of any mistake, and don't waste anyone's time. It's a basic principle for people in the workplace. If you were more careful, this would not have happened today." Dylan said in a tone of quiet business confidence.

"I came up in a hurry and did not have time to check... Well, it was partly my fault. I will pay attention next time." Savannah bit her lip and replied in a perfunctory tone.

She looked depressed, and her attitude towards him was exactly the same stubborn as three years ago. A dumb and grumbling anger swelled Dylan's bosom.

"Is that all?" He stared at her.

"What do you want?" Savannah had a bad foreboding. As these words fell from her lips, she was pulled into his lap and cradled by his arms. She gave a little exclamation and subconsciously threw her arms around his neck, but in the next second, she reacted and released her arms, trying to jump down, but was pulled back.



"I said, I would punish anyone who did wrong," as he said, his hand trailed down from her waist to her backside, softly fondling her. Then he leaned forward and tentatively ran his hot lips across her red ear.

Savannah shivered slightly when his lips touched the fine hairs on her ear. Suddenly a feeling of extreme familiarity and closeness came to her. It felt like the dream she had been having for three years... And the man in front of her was just like the mysterious man who made her blush in a heartbeat again and again in her dreams...

Instinctively, her body failed to refuse him, as if it had a natural attraction and affinity with him, and her legs became weak without any reason. She could not struggle. Her body didn't want to break free at all. It felt good to indulge in his arms...

The thought made her blush terribly. What was she thinking?

The man in front of her was not only her big boss but also a married man with a son and a family!

And how could this man – well-dressed and well-bred – flirt with his subordinate in the office?

Was this what he called punishment '?

Did he punish every female subordinate when she made a mistake?

Dylan could feel the subtle reactions of her body, a chill smile playing on his lips.

Though the little woman pretended to be a stranger to him, her body's reaction could not deceive anyone.

His hand squeezed her hip, and his fingers moved into the hem of her skirt, stretching in...

Savannah suddenly woke up in astonishment, thrusting him from her, and she fell down on the carpet fiercely. A little cry of pain wrung out her.

Dylan's face changed. He started up from his seat and leaned over to see if she was hurt. However, seeing his movement, Savannah thought he wanted to take a further step, and she subconsciously raised her hand and wanted to slap him in the face.

Dylan took her wrist sharply, a hard and cold look coming into his eyes. "How dare you slap me!"

"So what? You... you can't do whatever you want because you're the big boss! This is sexual harassment! I... I'll call the police! Let me go!"

Instead of letting go, he sneered and took her wrist, yanking her towards him. "Sexual harassment? Then why didn't you push me away? Why didn't you scream for help for the first time? You seemed to be enjoying it. What? Are you thinking about every night we've had before?"

Her face flushed, not knowing what he meant.

Every night we've had before?

But he was right about one thing -- she didn't push him away in time, and she didn't even call for help.

Was she really enjoying it?

No! Impossible.

"Nonsense! Let me go! I don't know what you are talking about. I don't even know you! Let me go!" She continued to struggle.

"You really don't know me?" Dylan looked at her with a sickly smile. "My patience is not inexhaustible. I'll give you one more chance."

Is this man out of his mind?

Savannah glared at him in horror. "I really don't know you! Let me go, or I'll cry! Don't blame me for losing your face in the company!"

She still pretended not to know him!

Dylan became increasingly irritated. His firm grip on her wrist tightened.

#### Chapter 388: Did She Really Know This Mr. Sterling

Savannah began to feel a dull pain in her wrist, and it seemed to be getting worse. Fortunately, at that moment, there was a knock on the door.

When he was not noticing, Savannah quickly kned him in the groin and then ran to the door.

She opened the door and saw a young man staring at her in surprise. Before he could say anything, she ran to the elevator.

No one came out to chase her. She took the elevator down to the design department and went back to her seat, gasping for breath for a long time before she calmed down. Then she awoke to what happened just now.

She struck the boss in the groin!

Before she ran away, she could see his handsome face distorted with pain.

She hoped that his balls were not seriously damaged.

Surely, she would be fired this time.

Well, she didn't care. Let it be! She also couldn't bear to work in a company with a boss who flirted with female subordinates! She didn't want to be on the lookout for sexual assault all the time!

However, the man's words were still whirling, lingered in her ears.

Are you thinking of every night we had before? Are you sure you don't know me?

But why? Why did he say that?

She remembered that he looked surprised and unhappy when she greeted him for the first time they met as if she should have known him. His eyes disconcertingly keen as he watched her when they met again in his office.

But she didn't really know this man.

Could it be... he was someone she knew before she suffered a loss of memory three years ago?

She has been plagued by memory loss.

Although her normal life was not affected by the blank in part of her memory, she always felt that she had lost something very important in her life.

In the past three years, she had continued treatment in Italy, including taking medicine, psychological counseling, and even electric therapy, but all the efforts were of no effect. She couldn't recollect what she had lost.

Later, she got over it. She gave up searching for the lost memory. Maybe there was nothing too important in that part of memory.

Did she really know the big boss?

She didn't know anything about him except that his family name was Sterling.

"Savannah." Fiona came running from the planning department and whispered, "I heard that the director of your department and his secretary have just been dismissed by the big boss?"

"Well, yes," Savannah nodded.

Fiona hesitated and asked curiously, "Savannah, I heard that... the big boss fired Tony and Sunny because of you. You... What's your relationship?"

Savannah had no idea why the news spread to others in the company so quickly. Shaking her head, she said, "oh, I don't know him. Just good luck. The boss had a bad mood today."

"So it is." Fiona nodded in relief.

"What's up? Are our colleagues guessing the relationship between the boss and me?" Although Savannah knew she might not be working here for long, she did not want the gossip about her and the man to be circulated in the workplace.

"Hmm... After all, you're just a designer assistant. Tony's the director of the design department, an old man of the company. But Mr. Sterling fired him in public just because he wronged you." Fiona said honestly.

"Fiona, would you please explain to your colleagues that I have nothing to do with Mr. Sterling? I even... I don't even know his name," Savannah said busily.

Fiona patted her hands gently, "don't worry, you can count on me. We have this kind of gossip in the company every day. People will forget it in a few days."

Savannah sighed and smiled.

Fiona laughed again, "I really don't understand why you're in a hurry to distance yourself from the big boss. Ah, some of the female colleagues will deliberately pretend to have a relationship with him if it happens to them. But you just want to run away, as if you're afraid of having anything to do with our boss!"

Savannah pursed her lip. Fiona didn't know that her big boss had assaulted her sexually. She would never want to be associated with a man like that!

"Well, Fiona, do you know who the hell is our big boss?" Savannah asked in a low voice. Fiona came to Zagreb Film several months earlier than her, and she should know the man better than her.

"You don't know? You have never asked about Mr. Sterling since you came in?" Fiona was a little surprised. How could she have no interest in the biggest boss of the company?

Savannah shook her head. Why should she ask about that man? She worked here just to learn more.

"Zagreb Film was purchased by the Sterling group three years ago. You may have heard of the Sterling group, which is the property of the Sterling family in LA. Mr. Sterling, the master of the Sterling family, is the former CEO and President of the Sterling group." Fiona was so enthusiastic when she talked about that man.

"The Sterling family?" Savannah had a shock that made her heart beat when Fiona mentioned the Sterling family and the Sterling group.

That was Devin's grandpa's family?

Mr. Sterling was the young master of the Sterling family. He was Devin's uncle?

So, this man almost became her uncle...

No wonder the glance from the man was so strange as if he had known her for a long time. Did she really know this, Mr. Sterling?

As he was the uncle of her ex-betrothed, it was not surprising that she knew him.

But how did she know him?

"Yes, Zagreb Film is owned by the Sterling family now. What's wrong?" Fiona noticed the changes in Savannah's face.

"Nothing," Savannah looked back and shook her head.

After Fiona left, Savannah was still in a trance.

She was working in a company owned by her former fiancé's uncle.

And this uncle had apparently known her...

She couldn't remember anything about him. She didn't know how they knew each other and what kind of relationship she had with this uncle.

### Chapter 389: The Man In Her Nightmare

As Savannah thought, her head ached as if it would split. She rubbed her temples and stopped thinking.

Maybe she did know Dylan Sterling before, but it wasn't that much of a relationship...

After all, he was her ex-boyfriend's uncle.

As for the strange feeling of intimacy for him when she approached him, it should be just an illusion.

\* \* \*

The man's hot, heavy breathing enveloped Savannah.

In the gloom, she knew that, as usual, she had once again entered the wet dream.

The man placed his hand on her delicate skin and very softly caressed her naked body. His fingers encircled her breast and started kneading gently. He lay down on her, and she could feel his warm skin against hers. She groaned...

At this time, a flash of light from somewhere lay on the man's face. She opened her glazed eyes wide and stared at his face.

His short hair was midnight black with sweat, and his eyes were dark grey, framed by graceful brows. He had prominent cheekbones and a well-defined chin and nose. Large drops of perspiration rolled from his heated brow.

As if sensing that she had seen him clearly, he looked at her, a sexy smile hovering about his lips. Then he leaned to nibble her ear and whispered, "don't try to run away again..."

"Ahhh -" Savannah screamed in her dream!

She awoke and opened her eyes, covered in sweat. Her heart was pounding.

It was the first time she had seen the man's face clearly in the dream.

The man turned out to be her big boss!

It couldn't be him... How could the man be him?

Was it because she was scared by that man in his office today? So she dreamed of who she met in the daytime...

If only Kevin were here, she could ask him about this big boss. Maybe Kevin knew if she was familiar with Mr. Sterling before?

She wanted to call Kevin. But when she picked up her phone, she hesitated.

Kevin must be busy handling JK's business. She didn't want to trouble him with such a trifle.

She might wait till he got back.

Passing her hand across her brow, moist with perspiration, Savannah sighed and looked at the alarm clock at the head of the bed.

It was ten to twelve in the midnight. After the dream, it was impossible to fall asleep for a while.

She picked up the phone and played on it. Just at this moment, her phone started ringing, which was very harsh on a quiet night.

After she returned to LA, no one had ever called her, and her colleagues in Zagreb Film were not yet very familiar with her. At this time, could it be Kevin calling from England?

"Hello?"

"Sis Savannah, it's me." Over the phone came a cute soft voice.

After a few seconds of amazement, Savannah guessed who it was. "Kaiden?"

"Yes," Kaiden was very happy that Savannah recognized his voice. "Are you asleep?"

"Oh, no... What's the matter, Kaiden?" Savannah didn't expect that the boy would call her.

Although the little boy's father didn't seem to be a good guy... the kid was innocent, so she was still kind to Kaiden.

"I can't sleep. No one accompanies me." Kaiden whimpered.

"Your mother?" She was tempted.

There was a long silence until Savannah thought the wire had been disconnected, and Kaiden's voice came quietly, "I don't have a mommy."

Savannah was not surprised, but she didn't know why she felt uncomfortable when Kaiden said that in a painful voice. Today when Fiona talked about the big boss, she did not mention his wife at all. The only possibility was that there was no woman around him.

Was this big boss, a single dad? Had he gotten a divorce? Or was he not married at all?

She didn't ask Kaiden more questions on the phone. Anyway, it was none of her business.

"Your father?" She didn't want to talk about that man, either. But she cared about Kaiden, the man's son.

"Dad wasn't feeling well today. He went back to his bedroom as soon as he got home and ignored me." Kaiden said angrily as if he was complaining to his mommy.

"He wasn't feeling well?" Ur...Savannah was a little guilty.

"Well, dad's been holding his stomach ever since he got home, with a pale face."

Savannah couldn't help giving a little chuckle. Sure enough, she was responsible for that.

It seemed that she kicked him too hard...

"Kaiden, it's getting late. You should go to bed first, otherwise, you would grow slowly."

"Sis Savannah, will you promise me one thing?" Kaiden's pleading voice said at the right moment.

"Huh?" Savannah smiled. Kaiden was really a smart little boy.

"This Sunday is the parent-child day in my kindergarten. I have no mommy. Will you join the activity with me?" Kaiden sounded hopeful.

Savannah hesitated. What qualifications did she have to take part in the parent-child activities in place of Kaiden's mommy? Besides, the big boss, her ex-fiancé's uncle, might be there too.

"Kaiden, go find someone else. I may not be convenient." She took a deep breath, and politely declined.

"Everybody else will be accompanied by their mommy as an escort, except me..." Kaiden said in a pathetic voice.

Savannah was so soft-hearted that she almost agreed at once. But the thought that she might meet the man stopped her.

"Sis Savannah, my dad won't go with me that day. He's going to see a client on Sunday. You'll go with me alone." Kaiden added.

"Really?"

"Yeah." Kaiden nodded. It seemed that mommy didn't want to meet daddy very much.

Savannah hesitated and asked, "will your family agree?"

"Hum, I call the shots on my parent-child day." Kaiden's soft tone was overbearing.

Savannah laughed and nodded, "well, I'll try to get there, then."

"I will send the address of my kindergarten and time to your mobile phone later." Kaiden was excited.

After a few more words, Kaiden hung up the phone reluctantly. As soon as he hung up, he heard footsteps coming from the door.

#### Chapter 390: Who Did You Call?

Kaiden hurriedly put his mobile phone down and rolled himself into the quilt.

But it was still too late. The man strode in, plunged in his hand and drew the little boy up. "It's so late. Who did you call?"

"Lisa, in my kindergarten."

"Lisa?" Dylan frowned, "you played with Abbey a few days ago."

"Abbey is a thing of the past! We had a quarrel!" Kaiden struggled to cover himself up.

Seeing this, Dylan knew that this guy was lying. He didn't bother to ask more but picked up his son's phone and slid on it.

He laughed when he saw who Kaiden called just now.

"You guy called her?" This boy must have asked the little woman for her number before he went to pick him that day.

She really lacked vigilance! How could she give her number to a stranger? What if she was harassed by another man?

Although this man was only a little boy, her own son, he was still very unhappy!

Kaiden grabbed his phone back and put it under the pillow, and mumbled, "if I didn't call, how can I help you get her out?"

Dylan raised his eyebrows, "what do you mean?"

"Mommy agreed to accompany me to the parent-child activity in my kindergarten this Sunday! If it were not for me, I wonder when mommy will come back!" Kaiden looked troubled, his soft pink hands on his hips.

Dylan's mouth twitched. "What do you mean by that? Question my ability? Don't forget, I'm your father!"

"Anyway, Mommy's going to my kindergarten this Sunday. Don't forget, and don't be late!" Kaiden did not forget to remind Dylan when he was tucked back into bed.

"I have no time!" Dylan went to turn out the lights and didn't look back. Then he strode out of the bedroom.

\* \* \*

The day after Tony was fired, the deputy director of the design department temporarily took the position of the director.

Savannah didn't get the dismissal letter that she had been expected.

Taylor, the newly appointed director of the new design department, was much more friendly towards Savannah. Probably because he saw the big boss fire the former director because of Savannah, he was slightly in awe of Savannah, and he started to let her participate in the new design work.

It was certainly good for Savannah that she finally had access to a real design project.

Actually, she was considering if she should resign. She felt very awkward when she knew he was Devin's uncle and embarrassed after being treated like that in the meeting room that day.

But since she was now involved in the real design work, she was a little reluctant to quit.

It was really not easy to find a good job for her, and she was not willing to give up the job because of the man's brazen insolence.

After much thought, she finally set her teeth and decided to stay.

Forget it. Anyway, the guy didn't come to Zagreb Film every day.

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Soon, Sunday came.

Savannah got up early in the morning.

For convenience in the activities in the kindergarten, she wore a yellow T-shirt and casual pants.

As soon as she walked out of the community, the mobile phone rang.

"Sis Savannah, I'm not far in front. Could you see me? Get in the car." A familiar happy voice came from the other side of the phone.

Savannah looked ahead and saw a black Mercedes parking in the distance. Kaiden, leaning over the window, was waving to her.



Two young men, a driver, and a bodyguard was standing out of the car. They came to greet Savannah when they saw her coming.

"Miss Schultz, the young master, has been waiting for you for a while, please get in."

The house she lived in was not in a rich neighborhood. The limited-edition luxurious car, as well as the two men in suits next to it, were particularly eye-catching.

Kaiden asked her for her address that night. She told him but didn't expect that the little boy would come to pick her up.

Savannah climbed into the car and looked at Kaiden. The tennis outfit, which must be very expensive, looked great on him. The shoes on his feet were Nike signature shoes, limited edition.

"Actually, you don't have to come to pick me up. I can go to your kindergarten by bus or taxi." Savannah smiled.

"I asked you out. Of course, I should come to pick you. That's the way a gentleman should be." Kaiden declared.

Well, he was a gentler man than his father. Savannah fastened the seat belts for Kaiden and herself. The driver settled into the driver's seat, and the bodyguard in the front passenger seat.

Then the car started, heading for the kindergarten.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside Kaiden's kindergarten.

Savannah then knew why Kaiden had come to pick her up. He was studying at Royal Saint Laurent international kindergarten, which was the best noble nursery school in LA. Its surroundings were beautiful, but it was also far from downtown. The kids studying here were all from rich or noble families. Everyone came here by car. Savannah didn't think she could take a bus or taxi here easily.

Outside the red-and-white European-style building of the kindergarten, a lot of cars were parking at the gate. It seemed that many parents had arrived ahead of time.

"Kaiden, is this your kindergarten? It's like a castle. So beautiful." Savannah sighed.

"Daddy didn't want me to go to kindergarten at first. He planned to have some teachers teach me at home. But grandpa was afraid that I would be too lonely. He said it's better to go to kindergarten so that I can make friends. So I came here."

Kaiden's grandpa was right. Even if the Sterling family was rich and powerful, the little boy needed a normal childhood. Kaiden seemed to have everything, but he had no mother, and his father was so busy.

After getting out of the car, Kaiden took her hand and walked to the gate. Then he stopped and looked around.

"Why not go in?" Savannah asked, lowering her head curiously.