

## Midnight 391

### Chapter 391: Stop Looking Me In That Way

"Wait a minute," Kaiden said mysteriously.

Er... What are they waiting for?

Savannah got a bad feeling. She was about to ask about it when she saw a gray-blue Lamborghini creaking to a halt in front of the gate of the kindergarten. The car door opened, and a familiar tall figure stepped out.

"Daddy!" Kaiden quickly ran over to the man and grabbed his hand.

Savannah gasped when she saw that man clearly. How could this little guy not keep his word? Didn't he say his father would not come?

"Sister Savannah, my dad is suddenly free today. You won't mind, will you?" Kaiden mumbled in a soft voice, too cute to be blamed.

He was already here. Even if she minded, what could she do?

"Miss Schultz," Dylan stopped in front of her, his voice warm and husky.

Savannah immediately stepped back.

It was still awkward to remember that day in the meeting room. What's more, she felt uncomfortable after she knew he was Devin's uncle.

But obviously, Dylan didn't feel embarrassed at all. He was in brown slacks and a white linen shirt. Though he was not in his expensive suits, his young and handsome face and perfect physique attracted the admiration from a lot of female parents.

The parents present were all of high social standing. However, this man, in both appearance and innate nobility, stood out among them.

Dylan smiled in a charming way when he found her fixing her eyes on him. "Stop looking at me in that way, or I'll kiss you here. It's time to go in."

Savannah blushed. Before she could explain, he had already led Kaiden into the kindergarten. She had to follow them.

The main task today was to take part in the activities with Kaiden. She should put other things aside.

"I didn't expect that you would come today," Dylan said as he walked.

"I thought that you would have fired me." Savannah felt funny when she recalled his painful expression in the meeting room that day.

Dylan leered at her, "there are many ways to punish someone. I don't have to fire you."

She frowned. Was this man trying to get revenge on her in some other way? What did he want? Before she could ask more, they arrived at the sports center of the kindergarten.

The parent-child activity would be held here.

"Kaiden!" A sweet girl's voice called when they entered the sports center.

Savannah looked over and saw a little girl in a pink princess dress, just Kaiden's age, running towards them.

Kaiden's eyes brightened. He pulled away from his father's hand and went to that girl. "Daddy, the games haven't yet begun. I'm going to play with Lisa first."

"You asked Savannah to come, but now leave her for another girl?" Dylan snorted, holding his arms.

"You can keep sis Savannah company. You and Savannah, Lisa and I. That's good." Kaiden made a face and quickly ran away with Lisa.

Savannah was about to follow them when the man's cool voice came behind her.

"Let the children play themselves. What do you go for?"

Savannah paused and turned with a sigh.

"Let's sit down to rest our arms and legs first. You'll be very tired later." Dylan said as he walked to the open-air steps. Apparently, he had attended the parent-child activities several times and was very familiar with the process.

Savannah followed him to the steps and sat down at a distance from him. Subconsciously she didn't dare to be too close to him, afraid that he might do something strange again.

Even though they were in his son's kindergarten and there were so many people around, this man was bold enough to do anything!

"Are you sure you want to sit this far?"

The man's voice came from the left side. Savannah acted not able to hear him.

Nonsense! She didn't want to sit on his lap again!

She picked up the bottle of mineral water given by the kindergarten and was about to open it.

Playing deaf? Dylan glared at her, reaching out his arm to pull her close to him. Bumping into his chest, Savannah blushed and hurriedly sat straight. Luckily, there were not many people around, and no one noticed them.

"Mr. Sterling, if you act like that again, I'll immediately go!" She bit her lip. For the sake of Kaiden's mood, she didn't leave as soon as she saw him at the gate.

"We're here today for the parent-child activity," Dylan said with a note of innocence. "if we sit so far away, the teacher will wonder if I can bring a maid."

Her face went redder as the man's fresh smell came to her nose. But before she moved away, the man wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her tightly.

"If you don't mind being so close to me in public. Just go on."

As he threatened her, his hands skimmed her behind, as if she were just a plaything in his hand.

She pressed her lips so tightly that they went white. "Well. Let go, I'll just sit still here."

Satisfied, he let go of his hold of her waist. The moment he withdrew his hand, he squeezed her backside gently.

A strange current ran through her and made her blush. She was sure her erratic breathing must be audible.

Damn it. He took advantage of her again!

She tried to unscrew the bottle, but the water bottle seemed to go against her. She couldn't open it with all her strength.

But of course, she did not ask him for help. She was about to put the bottle of water aside when he took the bottle out of her hand and opened it easily.

"My pleasure," he smiled as he passed the water bottle back to her.

Not far away, two well-dressed wealthy women saw the scene. Low exclamations of surprise and admiration escaped from their mouth, "what a handsome man!"

"Is that girl his wife? She's so lucky to have such a handsome husband!"

Holy crap. He just unscrewed a bottle cap. Handsome? What's wrong with those women?

Savannah pursed her lips and took a mouthful of water.

Fortunately, she could avoid the embarrassment of sitting so close to him soon.

## Chapter 392: Stop Pawing Me

When the activity started, Savannah knew why Dylan had asked her to save energy.

Balloon game, Candy hunt, Three-legged race... Every game required great physical effort. Parents or guardians should cooperate with their kids to finish all the games.

It was noon when all the activities ended. Savannah had not done so much exercise for a long time and was almost exhausted. Kaiden was still recalling the games, very energetic. He took Savannah's hand, skipping out of the kindergarten. Dylan walked behind them.

As they walked out of the gate, a bodyguard came forward to them. He was about to ask Savannah and Kaiden to get in the car when he saw the warning in Dylan's eyes. He immediately understood and withdrew respectively.

Dylan went to the Lamborghini, opened the back door, and picked Kaiden in. Then he went to the front passenger's door and pulled it open, looking at Savannah.

"Get in," he said simply.

"No... I can just take the car that took me here." Savannah murmured. She didn't want to stay with him in the enclosed space on her way back.

"They're gone. This is the only car." He gave her no choice.

Savannah looked over at the straight road ahead and hesitated. There was no taxi around, and it was impossible to walk back to her apartment...

"Sis Savannah, hop in! Daddy and I will take you home." On the back seat, Kaiden yelled.

Well, she would get home in only half an hour, and Kaiden was still there. What could he do? Savannah gnawed her lip and climbed in.

Dylan went around and got into the driver's seat. However, the car didn't start for a while. Savannah turned and saw him staring at her with blazing eyes.

"Mr. Sterling, why don't we go?"

Dylan didn't say anything. He leaned toward her abruptly and wrapped his arm around her, his hand searching something at her waist.

"Stop pawing me!" Savannah screamed!

Was this man out of his mind? Kaiden was still in the back!

She knew she shouldn't have been in his car!

"What? Don't you know how to wear your seatbelt?" The man's disagreeable voice said as he quickly fastened her seatbelt before he sat back down.

Relieved, Savannah gave him a stare.

She forgot to wear the seatbelt, but couldn't he just tell her to do it herself? He looked as if he just wanted to take the opportunity to touch her up!

She began to seriously regret that she had gotten into this man's car. But it was impossible to get down now, for the car finally started.

On the way, Savannah tried to talk to Kaiden in order to break the awkwardness in the car and avoid any communication with Dylan. After a while, Kaiden was so tired that he slept like a piggy and began to snore slightly.

Once Kaiden fell asleep, the atmosphere in the car immediately became quiet.

Her nerves were on edge. She hoped Kaiden could wake up soon, but she only heard his snore louder and louder.

Finally, Dylan broke the silence.

"You studied design in Italy."

Savannah was amazed at first but then relieved. He was her boss, and from her resume, he could easily know her background. "Yes." She nodded.

A casual chat was not bad. At least, it could make the atmosphere less awkward.

"You alone there?" He asked in a casual tone

After a pause, she replied, "I have a friend at my side."

A cool shadow came to Dylan's beautiful face. Oh, she didn't try to hide this from him, maybe she just knew that she couldn't hush a thing like that up.

At this point, he was really curious. How did this little woman's actions become so marvelous? She looked as if she had never entangled with him in her life. How could she really take him as a complete stranger now?

If he wasn't one hundred percent sure that she was the one who abandoned him and their son three years ago, he might doubt whether he really got the wrong person.

"What kind of friend?" he continued.

A little frown came quickly between Savannah's eyes. Even if he was her big boss, he was not in the position to ask about her personal life.

"Just a friend who takes care of me," said Savannah drily.

"A man?" He didn't stop.

Savannah held back her annoyance. "Yes."

A hard look came into his eyes, but he tried to master himself. "Your boyfriend?"

"No. Just a friend."

"Oh." He snorted.

Savannah was a little uncomfortable when she sensed the sarcasm in his tone. She knew she didn't have to explain to him, but she blurted out. "He's not my boyfriend, just a brother who always takes care of me."

"Brother? Are you related by blood? I don't think so. If a man gave up his domestic business and accompanied you to study and live abroad, how could he just treat you as a sister?" Dylan said coldly.

She gritted her teeth and replied with a sardonic smile, "I don't know Zagreb Film doesn't allow its employees to date."

It might be well to let him think she had a boyfriend. Perhaps then he wouldn't be so interested in her. At least, he would have scruples before harassing her again.

Dylan's face froze. Did she admit she was with Kevin now!?

He stepped on the gas and accelerated the car.

Savannah could feel he was trying to keep his temper. She grabbed the handrail tightly. Her heart fluttered with fear.

"Where do you live?" When he stopped at a red light at an intersection, his cold voice came again.

She calmed down, knowing that he was going to send her back. She wanted to get off here, but she dared not mention it when she saw his hard and impassive expression. Finally, she told him her address.

Even if she didn't tell him where she lived, he could ask the HR department to show him her resume.

However, Dylan's face became gloomier when he heard her address.

The environment of that community was good, but its location was quite remote. Kevin must be afraid that they would meet, so he hid her in that place. Maybe he wanted to accompany her back to Italy as soon as the design competition ended.

Of course, Kevin didn't expect that she would find a job and was working in his company now.

### Chapter 393: She Was Not On Her Guard

"You live alone?" He asked coldly.

Although Garwood had told him that she didn't live with Kevin, he wanted to confirm it once more.

"Yes," Savannah was speechless.

"Don't you live with your boyfriend?" Dylan was still suspicious.

"No. He lives somewhere else." With that, Savannah shut up and decided not to answer any other question.

She felt a little strange. Why did she say so much to this man? What's more, why did this man know her friend returned to LA with her? Maybe he just spoke at random and didn't think too much?

Dylan's face softened when she said that with certainty. He didn't ask more and focused on driving.

When they stopped at the entrance of the apartment Savannah lived in, Dylan turned and found the little woman on the passenger side fell asleep too.

Her facial features were stunning. Her eyelashes were long, and it formed an oval shadow on her eye bags that made her look like a doll. Her lips were pinkish and juicy, which made everyone want to kiss them and leave their distinct mark on them.

The air in the car heated.

He took a breath and tried to calm the turbulence in his breast.

In the three years, it was the first time he looked at her at such a close distance. She was as quiet as a little kitten as if she still belonged to him.

He did not wake her but leaned forward to catch her soft red lips. She was not aware even when he began to suck and nibble her lips, and she was still sleeping tightly. She had probably seen something interesting as she suddenly smiled in her dream. The dimples on her face looked very lovely.

Dylan gently parted her lips and began to explore her sweet mouth with his tongue. This intimate action finally woke Savannah. She opened her eyes and realized what he was doing to her, pushing him away by force with a red face.

She was asleep in his car? Holy crap! She was not on her guard!

Before she could speak, he covered her mouth with his big hand and said in a low voice, "you don't want to wake Kaiden up, do you?"

She swallowed her voice and glanced back at Kaiden, who was still sleeping soundly in the child seat behind her. If Kaiden noticed that, she would be really embarrassed.

She stared at the man in front of her and wanted to get off, but he held her slender waist and locked the door!

"What do you want, Mr. Sterling? Your son is in the car!" Savannah lowered her voice in a cold sweat.

Was this man a real rascal?! She could forget what he did in the meeting room that day. But now... Kaiden was still in the car!

"Are you still pretending not to know me?" He gazed at her as he moved closer to her.

"I don't understand what you said! Of course, I know you, you are my superior and the boss of Zagreb Film! Enough? Please let me go!" Savannah bit her lip.

Dylan snorted as he took her chin in between his thumb and forefinger.

"I'll give you one more chance. Tell me, do you know me?" As he said, he thrust his hand down her jeans and began to unzip them.

They were not in the meeting room this time. She couldn't run away so easily!

She gasped, realizing he wasn't joking, and busily said, "I know... You are Devin's uncle! My ex-fiancé's uncle!"

Did she admit it? But just Devin's uncle?

Dissatisfied, he continued to unzip her jeans. "That's all? Are you sure?"

Who else could this man be? She did not understand, but she was more ashamed of his reckless action.

"I don't know what you mean! I just learned about your relationship with Devin. If you think the previous relationship between Devin and me is not suitable for working in the company owned by the Sterling group, you can tell me directly. I will resign, or you can just fire me!"

The woman still refused to admit that they had a relationship three years ago? Or she had no feeling for him, and all she wanted was Kevin now? Dylan's face became darker from anger. His anger and jealousy erupted.

"You forgot about our relationship? Good, I can help you to remember!" With that, he lifted her butt and pulled down her unzipped jeans.

Her pants also slipped down at her knee!

The next moment he climbed over her and pinned her down, like a hungry beast, and he touched her breasts as he kissed her passionately.

Savannah could feel his erection against her. She struggled in horror but couldn't move him at all. When he began to kiss her neck, and his other hand traveled down, she opened her mouth and sank her teeth into his shoulder!

Dylan grunted in pain, but her resistance aroused his anger. He unbuckled his pants and positioned himself at her front. He was about to slam in when Kaiden mumbled from the back of the car.

"Daddy?"

Shocked, Savannah pushed him away hard. She hurriedly put on her trousers and unlocked the door. Before Dylan could stop her, she opened the door and jumped out. Like a frightened deer being chased by a hunter, she ran away without looking back.

At the same time, Kaiden woke up at the noise. Rubbing his eyes, he saw Savannah running away in a hurry. Then he looked at his father, who had a strange expression on his flushed face.

"Daddy, what happened to mommy? Did you bully her?"

Dylan sat back, avoiding his son's innocent eyes. He quickly arranged his clothes and pants. "Go back to sleep!"

Was this really his son? If he hadn't woken up when he shouldn't, he would have eaten his kitten!

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At home, Savannah gasped for a long time before she finally managed to calm down. She ran to the balcony and looked out.

From her balcony, she could see the gate of the community clearly.

The Lamborghini was gone.

She breathed a sigh of relief and slowly walked back to her room. At the pier-glass, she stopped and could see clearly her image in the mirror.

She was half-dressed, and her jeans were not completely fastened. Her lacy underwear was half exposed. Her hair was messy, and her lips were red and slight swelling. Her cheeks flamed as if she was drunk.

#### Chapter 394: I'll Wait 'Till You Get Back

Fortunately, she didn't meet security guards or neighbors on the way in. Otherwise, people would think she was sexually assaulted.

That was too humiliating!

But it was true. She was almost sexually assaulted by that man!

She bit her lip and squeezed her fist.

If Kaiden didn't wake up in time, she might really be taken advantage of by him!

Damn it. If she had to work in his company, she should try to avoid any contact with that man.



Her mobile phone rang, pulling her thoughts back. She picked up the phone and glanced at the screen. It was from England. It must be Kevin!

She adjusted her mood and answered it.

"Hi, Kevin?"

"Savannah, how are you these days?" Kevin's concerned voice was heard over the phone.

He was working late every evening for the client these days and seldom called her.

Savannah wanted to ask Kevin about Dylan Sterling but hesitated. It was about seven o'clock in the evening in England. Kevin must have just finished his work, so he took his dinner time to call her.

He was busy enough at the moment. How could she bother him with the trifling affair?

If she told Kevin what that man said and did to her, Kevin must be worried about her and came back immediately. She didn't want him to delay his work for her again.

"I'm fine, Kevin. Don't worry," Savannah murmured, "I wasn't born yesterday. I'll stay home to prepare for the competition and wait for you."

She felt a little guilty when she said that. She did not stay at home every day but had found a job.

Well, she should just wait until Kevin got back.

"That's good. I'll be back as soon as I finish my work." Kevin was in a much better mood.

"Kevin, you should also take care of yourself and have more rest. Don't make yourself too busy to eat." Savannah could sense Kevin's weariness over the phone.

Kevin was warm with delight. The thought that she was waiting for his return drove all his tiredness away. As long as she cared for him, he was happy no matter how tired he was.

After a pause, Kevin said, "Savannah, when I returned, I have something to say to you."

Savannah's heart was pumping very fast in his words. He could tell her anything now. If he must talk in front of her, it must be very important.

In fact, she could guess what he wanted to say. She knew his feelings for her when they lived in Italy for the past three years.

However, since he never expressed his feelings to her, she just took him as a brother.

She once had special feelings for Kevin, but she didn't know when and why, she couldn't imagine being his girlfriend, as if she would betray someone if she accepted Kevin.

Shaking her head, she didn't want to think more. Well, that day would arrive sooner or later.

She collected herself and mumbled, "well... I'll wait till you get back."

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Savannah prepared a letter of resignation when she went to work on Monday.

How could she stay in his company after what happened in the car?

As soon as she got to work, she sent her resignation letter to the director.

"What? You're quitting? Didn't you do a good job? Is there something wrong?" Jenkins, the new director, asked in surprise.

"Well, I'm sorry. I must leave for some personal reasons." Savannah was also reluctant to give up the job. After all, it was not easy for her to find a better design job.

"Why not think it over?"

"I've thought it over."

Seeing her firm determination, Jenkins sighed and let her leave. The door was closed, and his eyes fell on the resignation letter. He hesitated for a while, looking embarrassed. Finally, he picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Hi, Mr. Sterling, it's Neil Jenkins from the design department."

"Yes?" Dylan slightly scowled. The new director never called him directly. The only possibility was he had something about that little woman to tell him.

Jenkins said carefully, "I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Sterling. I thought I'd better report one thing to you... Miss Schulz, the designer assistant in our department, just handed in her resignation."

Director Jenkins was much more experienced than Tony, and he was fully alive to the whole thing.

Mr. Sterling dismissed Tony and his secretary in the previous meeting. Most people in the company thought that it was because Tony offended Mr. Sterling. In fact, it was clear to Jenkins that Mr. Sterling fired them for the sake of the little designer assistant, Savannah Shultz.

Jenkins didn't know what the relationship was between this little designer assistant and the big boss, but anyway, he couldn't repeat Tony's mistake. So he was very friendly to Savannah after taking office. Now Savannah offered to resign, and of course, he should report to Mr. Sterling first.

After a short silence, the man said coldly over the phone, "stop her first."

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It was noon. When Savannah was busy doing her work, Fiona from the planning department came to call her to eat together.

"You're working really hard, Savannah. Let's go to lunch first."

"I have to hurry to work now." Savannah smiled.

"Ah? Why?"

"I have presented my resignation to Jenkins. I'll leave the company when I finish the work in my hand," Savannah said honestly.

"Huh? Why do you quit all of a sudden?" Fiona was amazed.

"Nothing. I told you that I came back to participate in the design competition. Now the competition is about to start, so I want to resign and prepare for the competition..." stammered Savannah.

Fiona was a little puzzled, "it's not easy for you to get this job, and you are going to be involved in more design work after Tony left. What a pity to leave now! What's more, working here is helpful to you during the competition. And I heard that our company has a good relationship with the judges in that competition."

Savannah also knew that the job had not been easy for her. She began to doubt if she was too impetuous.

### Chapter 395: I Won't Agree With Your Resignation

She was a little regretted about her impulsive decision.

But she couldn't take the letter of resignation back, could she?

The letter might be lying on the desk in the personnel manager's office by now.

Savannah forced a laugh and said, "why don't you go eat first? I'll find you in the staff canteen when I'm finished."

Fiona nodded and left first.

Savannah was about to continue her work in the quiet office when a secretary came up to her. "Savannah, Mr. Sterling asked you to come to his office."

That man... came here again? Savannah shook with unspeakable fear.

What did he come to do? It was not about her quitting, was it?

She wanted to refuse. She really did not want to stay with him alone in the same room, but one day she did not resign, she was still his subordinate, the smallest and insignificant employee... It was hard to say no to the big boss. And she wanted to quit, not because she did something wrong. There was nothing to hide. Finally, she got up and headed for the elevator.

The elevator reached the top floor quickly.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah stepped out of the elevator unflinchingly and came to the most luxurious office she had ever seen. She knocked on the door quietly.

"Come in." A deep man's voice came from the office.

Savannah pushed the door in.

Dylan, in a grey suit, was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window with his hands behind his back. He slowly turned and looked at her.

Different from his gentle appearance in the kindergarten, the man had regained his kinglike overbearing looking in the company.

"Mr. Sterling, what do you want to see me for?" Savannah calmed herself and asked.

Dylan picked up a letter from his desk, strode to her, and threw it on the coffee table in front of her.

"Take it back."

Savannah glanced at the cover of the letter, and sure enough, it was the resignation letter that she had handed to Jenkins in the morning.

"Mr. Sterling, do you have to have a finger in the resignation of a small employee?" she chuckled dryly.

He could hear the disapproval and sarcasm in her voice, but he was not annoyed.

"The company is mine. You are mine, too. I can have a finger in everything about the company, including you."

You are mine, too. These words made Savannah blushed. She thought of what he did in his car yesterday, and her decision to quit was more confirmed.

"What if I have to resign?"

Even if he was powerful, he could not decide whether his employees were going to leave or stay.

Besides, she was still on probation. It was easier to go.

"Give me your reasons." Dylan fixed his eyes at the little woman. Did she want to leave him again? It was not that easy.

The reason? She was too shy to say!

Savannah bit her lip and found an excuse.

"My ex-fiancé, Devin, is your nephew. It's too embarrassing if my colleagues know our relations later. So I decided to resign."

"I don't think it's a reason." He didn't buy her lame excuse.

"Why?" Her eyes widened.

"Didn't you just say that? He's an ex-fiancé. Your relationship with my nephew no longer exists. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. What's more, I have so many companies under the Sterling group, it's normal to have a few relatives and friends in them. Nothing to worry about." Dylan said coldly.

Savannah was speechless with anger.

Seeing her face turning red, he added, "go down and continue your work. I won't agree with your resignation unless you give me a reasonable reason."

Savannah gritted her teeth and blurted, "are you sure you want a reason? Okay. Sexual harassment, is that a reasonable reason to resign?"

She was forced to be so blunt!

There was a sudden stillness.

Dylan's eyes darkened.

Sexual harassment? She had even given birth to a child for him, and now she told him that she was sexually harassed?

At this stage, she still pretended not to know him, as if she had never seen him before as if she had nothing to do with him.

He slowly walked over to her, so close to her that she could even feel the heat from his body. Her heart beat fast, and she began to regret being so candid. But before she reacted, she was caught on the arm and pulled into his arms.

"Sexual harassment? Like this?" As his low, playful voice came into her ears, his hand traveled down her spine to her waist and down to her behind. His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed gently.

"Or like this, hmm?" His voice was husky and sexy.

Savannah's face became rosy with shame. She pushed him away, raised her hand, and was about to slap him but was caught in the air by her wrist, and once again, she was pulled to his chest!

"How dare you beat your boss?" He held her in position in his arms and said coldly.

"Let me go!" Savannah cried, angry and helpless.

"Still quit?" He didn't let go.

She did not reply, still struggling. His hand moved to her waistband, skimming her...

"I won't resign, okay?" She blurted out hurriedly.

Satisfied, Dylan let go of his hold. As soon as she was free, she gave him a sudden push and stepped back.

His cool face darkened again. He was about to give her another good lesson when the office door was knocked, and a charming female voice called "Mr. Sterling?"

Savannah adjusted her hair and clothes quickly and stood aside.

"Come in." Dylan glanced impatiently at the door, stepped back to the sofa, and sat down.

Abby swayed in as the door opened.

She was in the studio in the company today. Her agent told her that Mr. Sterling came, so she came at once.

It was a good chance to foster good relations with the big boss.

She didn't expect that there was another woman in the room. She stopped short and looked at Savannah in amazement.

Then she smiled again, "I hope I didn't bother you, Mr. Sterling. Are you talking about business?"

Instead of driving Abby away immediately, Dylan glanced at Savannah and deliberately softened his voice.

"No."

Surprisingly pleased, Abby took two steps forward. Since she annoyed the big boss last time and canceled two ads, she had been thinking about how to win his favor back. Now it seemed that he had forgiven her?

#### Chapter 396: Do You Know Her?

Abby turned a brilliant smile to Dylan, teetering to him.

"I was afraid to disturb you, Mr. Sterling. Why are you still talking business at lunchtime? Take care of your health..." said Abby in an unctuous voice.

Savannah took a peek at Abby.

It was the first time she had seen a star up close.

Abby was hot in the last two years. She appeared in a lot of TV shows and movies, and she was featured on dozens of ads on TV.

Savannah heard the name of Abby in Italy. Although she was not internationally famous, she had a lot of fans in the United States.

She knew that Abby was an artist who worked in Zebra Film only recently.

Abby's image in her TV shows was always a cute and ingenious young woman, who would flush crimson with shame when being kissed by a man. But unexpectedly, Abby was good at flirting with men in private.

What if her fans knew that their goddess was actually such a coquettish gamine?

It was interesting to work in an entertainment company. You could see the other side of those stars.

Dylan noticed that Savannah was looking Abby up and down quietly.

Was this little woman jealous?

"Well, the business we are talking about also has something to do with you. Do you know her?" Dylan smiled slightly.

Abby looked at Savannah, standing at the side, shaking her head. "No."

There were so many employees in different departments in Zebra Films, how could she know who this girl was?

"When you refused to wear the dress that day, someone changed the dress so that you didn't stub the luncheon. It's her, Savannah Schultz. She did a big help." Dylan said blandly.

Savannah looked at him in surprise. She didn't expect that he would know about this matter.

Abby was amazed too. She thought it was an experienced designer who made the adjustment, but it turned out to be a downy-haired lassie!

"Oh, thank you," she forced a smile to Savannah.

"You're welcome," Savannah replied.

Then Abby turned to Dylan again, saying with a coquettish smile, "Mr. Sterling, are you still angry with me for that? I know I was wrong, and I won't make any difficulty for you next time..." As she said, she draped her arm around his shoulders tentatively.

Dylan was still staring at Savannah out of the corner of his eye. He didn't pull Abby away.

Abby, overjoyed at Dylan's acquiescence, excises a bolder action that she even sat down on Dylan's lap.

"Mr. Sterling, no matter how much business you have to do, you should take care of your health. I know a French restaurant nearby. Why don't we eat there?"

When Abby pressed herself closer against Dylan, Savannah smiled coldly and opened her mouth, "pardon me for interrupting you. I'll go first." Then she turned and headed for the door.

Dylan's face darkened as the little woman opened the door, but then she paused and turned.

Before Dylan's expression relaxed, Savannah asked sincerely, "would you like me to lock the door for you, Mr. Sterling?"

Dylan's face went completely black!

Savannah didn't wait for his reply. She went out and closed the door quickly from the outside.

As her footsteps disappeared, Dylan greeted his teeth, and his face turned an unnatural shade of purple.

He wanted to catch at least some jealousy or unhappiness on the little woman's face by being intimate with Abby.

But he saw nothing but indifference in her face.

Abby did not notice the man's bad expression. After Savannah left, she acted more boldly. Just as she began to touch his thigh, Dylan stood up abruptly and thrust her away with an impatient gesture.

Unexpectedly, Abby fell awkwardly on the carpet. Looking up, she saw the indignant contempt on his face.

"Get out." His voice was cold and hard.

"Mr. Sterling..." Abby was stunned. Just the moment before, the big boss had accepted her advances. Why did he ask her out like driving a fly away this moment?

But the chill in the man's eyes told her that she'd better go immediately. Though ashamed, she rose quickly and rubbed her arms, rushing out.

She stopped at the elevator and kicked the wall to vent her anger.

In the hallway, Abby's agent walked up to her hurriedly. Seeing her angry face, the agent thought she was scolded by the big boss again.

"Come on, Abby, let's come to see Mr. Sterling later."

Abby didn't speak, a sullen gloomy light in her eyes. After a pause, she asked, grinding her teeth, "did you see a girl coming out just now?"

The agent nodded, "well, yes, that girl is the one who altered your dress last time. She's been recruited to work as a design assistant in the design department. She's just taken the elevator down. What's the matter?"

"The girl was in Mr. Sterling's office just now." Abby squinted.

The agent felt strange too. Common employees would never have a chance to talk business with the big boss in his office on the top floor. How did she have the qualification?

Abby lowered her voice, "you suspect something too, don't you?"

"You mean... The girl has some special relationship with Mr. Sterling?" The agent hesitated.

Or else? Why did the girl, a small assistant, come to Mr. Sterling's office? What's more, Mr. Sterling changed his face as soon as she left, as if he cared about her a lot.

Abby was a woman. She was sensitive to affairs.

That girl was not as simple as she looked. She must be a woman of means, otherwise, how did she be so close to the big boss in a short time after she entered the company?

Because of that girl, the big boss even lost his temper and almost hurt her!

Abby bit her teeth but didn't say more. The elevator door opened, and they walked in.

\* \* \*

After getting back her resignation letter that noon, Savannah did not dare to ask to quit again.

Jenkins also seemed to have never received a resignation letter from her.

Two days later, Jenkins walked up to Savannah's desk, smiling.

"Savannah, from today, you're officially a member of the consume design team for My Girl. You can attend all the meetings and discussions about this show, and your suggestions are welcome at any time."

#### **Chapter 397: I'll Try My Best To Do My Job Well**

My Girl was the web TV show in which Abby enacted the leading lady, and it was also the web series the company was going to produce.

"Really?" Savannah froze in surprise.

"Really."

"So my name is going to be on the cast at the end of the show?"

"Of course."

Savannah's face broke into a delighted smile. The day finally came!

Then she slowly contained herself and began to think it over. Was it ordered by Mr. Sterling?

It must be him... Because of this arrangement, she would be even more reluctant to resign.



Jenkins had just left when the phone rang.

It was a strange number on the screen.

"Hello, who's calling?" Savannah answered the phone.

"Did Jenkins talk to you?" The voice of the man on the other end of the line startled Savannah. She almost threw the phone out.

"How do you know my phone number?"

Oh, it was a stupid question. He was the big boss, and he could know everything.

"Kaiden told me."

A little speechless, Savannah paused and could not help asking, "Mr. Jenkins said I could join the design team in our new web show. Is that your command?"

"Well, there're many ways to punish you. I would rather have you work for me than dismiss you." Dylan said with a smile. The little woman sounded quite excited at his arrangement.

Savannah didn't speak. Did the man mean to punish her by making her responsible for the design work of the new show?

But why did she feel that it was more like a present? Or he just wanted to lure her to stay?

"What? You don't have the confidence to do it well?" Dylan teased when he received no reply from her, "if you say you can't do it..."

"Yes, I can," she took a deep breath and said firmly, "don't worry about it, Mr. Sterling. I'm working for Zagreb Film, and I'll try my best to do my job well. But I would like to ask you to do me a favor."

"What's that?" Dylan raised his eyebrows, a little surprised that she had something to ask him for help.

"Mr. Sterling, you're the uncle of my ex-fiancé. To avoid embarrassment, I hope we can keep a safe distance in the company. If not necessary, we don't have to meet or talk, even for business. If...if you continue to molest me, I'll resign without hesitation!" With that, Savannah hung up immediately.

Holding the cell phone, she thought for a while and put his number into the blacklist to prevent him from calling her again. Then she sighed with relief.

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In the black Mercedes, Dylan almost laughed in anger.

He should not meet her or even talk to her if not necessary? They'd better keep a safe distance from each other?

And she even threatened to resign?

He must be the first boss who kept silent after being required like that by his staff.

In the driver's seat, Garwood glanced at his boss in the car mirror and asked carefully, "Miss Schultz won't ask to leave again, will she?"

"At least not for the moment," Dylan put his arms up behind his head.

\* \* \*

After joining the design team of the new show, Savannah had a hectic but fulfilling work life.

In the team in charge of the costume designs, Jenkins was the team leader, and other team members were all experienced designers who had participated in many costume designs for different TV series.

At first, Savannah was worried about being looked down upon by other designers. After all, she was only an assistant designer, and it was her first time taking part in the costume design for a TV show.

However, everyone was kind to her. Some experienced designers treated her like a little sister. They gave her very useful instructions and also listened to her suggestions and opinions.

After the main costumes for the leading roles were decided, they turned to the costumes for supporting actors and actresses.

In the late afternoon, Savannah lifted her head from the design drawings on the desk and did several stretches.

Although she had been working hard these days, they were the richest and most comfortable days for her since she entered Zagreb Film. She learned a lot after working with other designers.

What's more, she was really relieved that she hadn't seen that man for a few days.

Well, Zagreb Film was just one of the companies he owned. How could a busy leader like him come around every day?

Maybe he would forget her a few days later, and she would be free from his harassment in the future.

That was great!

Savannah felt so good at this thought. She stood up to do some exercise before she sat down and continued her work.

The main costumes of the leading roles of My Girl had been decided, and now she was working on the costumes of one important supporting role, the bestie of the leading lady.

Although this bestie was only a supporting role, she had a prominent part in the show. She was the heroine's best friend and then became her competitor, her enemy. This role was enacted by a popular actress who was almost the same famous as Abby, so her modeling style in the show must be treated seriously too.

Knowing that Savannah was interested in the costume designs for the supporting role, Jenkins asked her to take charge of the work alone.

Savannah was so surprised that the director trusted her with such an important task.

In fact, almost all the costume designs for different roles in the play were completed by several designers, and no one could decide the modeling of a character independently.

Now she would be in charge of role modeling herself! She must work harder and could not abuse the director's trust.

Jenkins laughed at her excitement. He could see she was really gifted in design, and she had made a lot of progress these days. It should not be difficult to complete the role modeling independently for her.

"Savannah, working overtime again?" Jenkins walked out of his office and saw the girl burying her head in the design papers again.

#### Chapter 398: Good To See You Here

Savannah rose quickly. "Yes, Mr. Jenkins. I want to get the modeling of the supporting actress done as soon as possible."

Jenkins looked at the girl in front of him with an appreciative smile.

In the beginning, he cared for her in the company because he guessed she had some special relationship with the big boss. But slowly, he began to appreciate her hard work and talents in design. She had a good understanding and original views toward her work, and more importantly, she was neither conceited nor rash, and she studied hard to make improvements.

Nowadays, a girl of this kind of temperament was really appreciated, so he would like to give her more chances.

He also got more curious about her relationship with the big boss.

Mr. Sterling had never ordered anyone to give her special treatment. And every time he came to the company, he hardly saw her or talked with her.

But if they didn't know each other, why did Mr. Sterling fire Tony who had served Zagreb Film for years for Savannah? He also specially sent Garwood to tell him to make sure Savannah would participate in the designing work for My Girl.

Of course, as an experienced executive, Jenkins knew that whether or not Mr. Sterling knew Savannah and whatever their relationship was, it was a personal matter for Mr. Sterling. To avoid any mistake, Jenkins never asked unnecessary questions.

Savannah was the same age as Jenkins's niece, who had just graduated from college, so Jenkins just took her as a go-ahead junior.

"If only we have more people like you in the design department," Jenkins said sincerely.

"Actually, other colleagues work very hard too," Savannah said, a bit embarrassed.

Jenkins smiled, "by the way, the company's going to hold a big party before the new TV series starts. The cast and the crew will be there. We'll go together."

"Can I go too?"

"Yes. Don't forget to dress yourself up." Jenkins said kindly.

Savannah thought of something and asked casually, "will the leadership of the company all be there?"

In order to make it a big scene and attract more reporters, the company would usually hold a party before a new TV play's production and would invite many big shots to come.

Dylan was the largest shareholder and the boss of Zagreb Film. Would he be there?

If he would go there too, she might as well excuse herself from going, so as not to meet him.

She'd better avoid any connections with him.

"Well, some of the top people are going, but not all of them."

"Who will go?" Savannah tempted.

"Most management of the company," said Jenkins. He just thought she was curious.

"Is Mr. Sterling going to be there?" Savannah's heart flew to her mouth.

"Mr. Sterling is very busy. He never appeared at such a party. I don't think he'll be there." Jenkins laughed. So the girl just cared about the big boss?

Savannah nodded in relief. Well, the man was the president and CEO of a big group, and all the companies under the group held such business dinners now and then. How could the big boss have time to attend the party for an ordinary TV show?

"Thank you, I'll be there in time," she said briskly.

"Okay, I'll send you the time and place later," Jenkins said and left first.

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On Saturday evening, Savannah changed into a dress and went out early.

The big party was not a simple dinner in a hotel, but a special party held on a luxury cruise ship in the harbor of LA.

When Savannah arrived there by taxi, she saw the whole luxury cruise at the harbor ablaze with light. People passed in and out in a continual stream. The harbor was blocked by luxury cars. In order to make the occasion grand, the company had invited many celebrities and superstars.

Standing at the bottom of the cruise ship, Savannah was dazzled by the magnificence of the scene. She took a deep breath, picked up her dress, and came aboard.

She wore a black one-piece dress and a silver necklace tonight.

The latest dresses in big brands were too expensive for her to afford, but she couldn't lose the company's face on this occasion, so she chose a late fashion from a famous international brand. The price was relatively low.

Although the dress was not the newest, its simple style was appropriate for most formal occasions.

In fact, Kevin left a bank card before he left on a business trip, but she did not use it. She had spent a lot of money in the past three years. He paid everything from daily necessities to her tuition for her. Now that she found a job, she didn't want to spend his money anymore if not necessary.

Onboard, the party had not yet officially started. Savannah took a glass of fruit juice and walked around.

As night fell, stars could be seen as points of light in the dark sky. Savannah leaned on the railing, looking to the sea, to the sky. The congenial sea breeze was blowing and very comfortable.

As Savannah was enjoying the pleasant moonlight, a colleague from the design department saw her and came to her.

"Savannah! Good to see you here. Abby's going to make the opening speech. We're rather short-handed at the moment, could you come to help?"

Savannah immediately put down her glass and followed her colleague to the cabin below deck.

Abby's dressing room was in the cabin below the deck.

When Savannah went in, she saw Abby sitting on a red sofa, playing on her mobile phone. Two professional dressers standing next to her were doing her long curls and giving her make-up.

On the couch next to them, two young ladies were talking with Abby with an obsequious smile on their faces. They were resplendent in their beautiful dresses.

Savannah had seen the two women in the company before. The one in a red dress was Donna, and the tall woman with short blond was Annie. They were the artists signed by Zagreb Film, but not so famous as Abby.

Today, as usual, the two female artists were around Abby.

#### Chapter 399: I Want To Correct Both Of You

"Abby's dresses for tonight are right there. Please get them ironed and help Abby on." The colleague said to Savannah as she pointed to the hangers for temporarily holding clothes. Then she went to another room to continue her own work.

Abby noticed them and looked up.

"Hi, Abby." Savannah greeted Abby with a polite smile.

"Oh, Miss Schultz. I know you. You altered my dress last time," said Abby absently as she glanced at Savannah with an unfriendly look in her brown eyes.

Savannah could sense Abby's latent hostility towards her. Though she had helped Abby to avoid trouble in the hotel that day, Abby seemed not grateful at all.

"Yeah, it's me. Just call me Savannah." Savannah kept grinning.

"You're working for Zagreb Film now, right?"

"Yes," Savannah replied patiently, standing in place. She just wanted to hurry up to iron the clothes, but Abby was still talking, and she couldn't leave.

"That's amazing. It's a bit difficult to get into Zagreb Film's design department. Your performance in the hotel that day was also very outstanding. I thought you're an experienced dress designer before I met

you! But the dress you're wearing today... looks a bit low-class." Abby eyed her from head to foot, harshly and defiantly.

Savannah took a look at herself in the large pier-glass not far away. It was true that the dress was not as expensive as what the three female artists wore in front of her.

Their dresses were obviously from international brands in the latest fashion.

The blue dress in Abby was even a limited edition.

Though Savannah's black dress was a little old-fashioned, it was okay.

Had she done anything to offend this big star?

Before Savannah could figure it out, Abby continued. "Is it because our assistant designer was underpaid? Can't you afford a better dress? Did your boss tell you that you should dress well for this occasion? Anyway, you can let me know next time if you have nothing to wear. I'll give you a better one."

Her tone was soft and gentle, but there was mockery in every word she said.

Annie and Donna looked at each other and immediately knew that Abby didn't like this assistant designer.

"Since you're a member of Zagreb Film now, you should not have dressed so poorly on this occasion. You'll humiliate the company." Donna said in a casual voice.

"Are you the main designer responsible for My Girl? If you even can't dress well, I wonder if you're quantified in your job... You know, My Girl is the most expected new series this year." Annie was even more ruthless.

Abby didn't stop them but looked at Savannah with an indifferent smile.

"Let me just interrupt you a minute," Savannah blurted out, frowning at their scornful words.

"I want to correct both of you. Costly clothes are not necessarily good. Even if your dresses cost more than ten thousand dollars, they look cheap when they don't suit you. Besides, the relatively cheap dress of a small brand sometimes is not a bad choice for the girl with class. I mean, it's a person's temperament that matters more so than the price of her dress."

Donna and Annie did not expect the young assistant designer would answer back. They stared at Savannah with disbelief.

Was she saying that they lacked class, so the dresses on them look cheap even if they were expensive?

"What do you mean? You want to teach us how to wear it?" Annie rose to her feet, angrily, her voice shrill.

"I don't mean it." Savannah shrugged dryly.

At this moment, the door was knocked, and a man's voice temporarily broke the awkwardness.

"Hey, Abby, you're having fun here."

Turning, Savannah saw a tall, elegantly dressed man coming in. From his white custom suit and pleasant appearance, he should be a noble young master from a wealthy family. But there was a kind of flirtatious evil in his manner which alarmed Savannah.

Abby's eyes lit up when she saw the young man. She rose with a charming smile, "Andrey, nice to see you. You look cool today."

"Hi, Andrey. Why don't you enjoy yourself on the deck?" Annie and Donna immediately got up to greet the coming man. They seemed to have forgotten they were arguing with Savannah, and their faces beamed with a dusky blush.

Savannah had heard the name of the man. Andrey Murray, a handsome, cynical waster, was the youngest son in the Murray family, which had made a considerable sum of money from real estate deal. His family was one of the richest families in LA, and many young ladies and female stars kept throwing themselves at this rich young man. Andrey, of course, never let them down. He was good at flirting with different women and lavish in spending money for them. It was said that he changed her girlfriend every week. Rumors of a love affair between Andrey and Abby had been circulating for a long time.

Today, obviously, Andrey came here for Abby.

Savannah didn't really care about gossips in the entertainment circle. She just heard her colleagues talking about Andrey and Abby these days.

It was no wonder Abby and the two female stars paid court to Andrey when they saw him.

Even if they couldn't marry the rich young man, they could be given more chances or benefited from his connections when they got his attention.

"It's too boring on the deck, so I come down and look for you," Andrey said as he sat down beside Abby, but his eyes fell on Savannah in front of him.

Abby noticed his absence and gritted her teeth. Mr. Sterling lost his temper to her because of this small assistant, and now her lover was attracted to this little bitch too?

Andrey looked at Savannah and asked Abby with a smile, "oh, your company signed a new artist?"

"Andrey, she's just an assistant designer who comes to iron Abby's clothes, not an artist," said Annie at once.

"Really?" Andrey sized Savannah up viciously. "It's a proper pity such a beautiful and clever girl should be an assistant designer. As long as she's given a chance, she'll definitely be popular!"

#### Chapter 400: Jealous And Angry

Abby got more annoyed. What did he mean? Did he want to give this bitch a chance?

She was eyeing Savannah jealously. But of course, she dared not question Andrey.

Savannah felt uncomfortable under Andrey's scorching eyes. She lowered her head and whispered, "I'm going to iron the clothes first."

Then she went behind the hanger, picked up the iron, and began ironing.

Abby handed Andrey a glass of wine and began to talk with him. However, the man listened with distraction, and his hot eyes kept searching for Savannah, who was ironing.

Abby gritted her teeth and pulled up Andrey.

"Andrey, it's still half an hour to the party. I drank too much red wine, and I began to feel dizzy. Could you help me with the back suite to have a rest?"

Andrey, addicted to flirting with Abby, would agree immediately before. But today, he hesitated for half a while before he reluctantly nodded and left for the suite not far away from the dressing room.

It was one of the most luxurious seascape bedrooms on the cruise ship. There was a queen-size bed covered by a rosy bedspread in the middle of the large suite. The crystal lamp next to the bed gave a soft glow. Through the opened window, you could see the deep blue sea and the beautiful star sky.

As soon as the door closed, Abby fell into Andrey's arms but was pushed away immediately. She stumbled and regained her balance, looking at him with astonishment.

"Andrey?"

Andrey never refused her sexual advances. But now, he seemed not in his mind.

Andrey smoothed his collar and sat down on the couch beside the bed, smiling evilly. "Abby, get that assistant designer here later."

Abby was stunned. Andrey was still thinking about Savannah. She clenched her hands, jealous and angry.

Andrey's girlfriends were mostly beautiful actresses or sexy stars. Maybe he had enjoyed too much meat and wanted to try some vegetables now.

Abby was unhappy, but she couldn't say no.

They had an affair, but Andrey was not her boyfriend. Besides the resources of Zagreb Film, it was also Andrey's money that helped her to reach her present position. He was the investor of many films and TV plays, and his words weighed heavily with the casting directors.

In fact, more than three female artists had been fighting for the leading role in *My Girl*, and she finally got the character because Andrey invested a lot of money in the play.

Now he wanted to play with another woman, what could she say?

"Oh, dear, you have a crush on the assistant designer? You want me to send the beauty to your bed? Don't you know I'm jealous? I'm really heartbroken!" Abby pushed out her red lips.

Andrey laughed and pinched Abby's ass.

"Honey, I love you too. As long as you help me get that chick, I'll try to make you the heroine in the film directed by DeMille next year."

"Really?" Abby was surprisingly pleased and forgot her bad mood, "that's a deal."

After giving Andrey a long kiss, she wriggled her hips and left the suite.



Her smile disappeared when she closed the door of the suite.

Andrey came here tonight especially for her, but now the little assistant had caught his fancy! She really couldn't let it go. Taking a deep breath to suppress her anger, Abby began to think about how to lead Savannah to the suite where Andrey was.

In the dressing room, Savannah buried her head in those dresses and was quietly ironing.

Annie and Donna were still sitting on the couch, staring at Savannah.

Though they were not as popular as Abby, they also had a lot of fans. How could they tolerate being satirized by a small assistant designer!

Well, since this little assistant didn't know how to behave herself, they would like to give her a lesson!

"Hey, we're out of drinks. Won't you take more for us?" Donna shouted to Savannah.

Savannah paused, looking up. She knew they were purposely creating difficulties, and she thought it was useless to be too polite to them.

"Can't you see I'm busy now? Would you like me to ask a waiter in?"

"Don't talk to me like that! What do you think you are? Just an assistant designer!" Donna sneered.

Annie folded her arms and snapped, "oh, assistant designer? I thought she's a superstar."

"As both of you know, I'm an assistant designer, you should know I'm responsible for Abby's dress," Savannah said, "sorry I can't help you with the drink, otherwise Abby's work might be delayed by you."

"Are you fucking threatening me?" Annie went over to Savannah in rage, her face contorted with heavy makeup.

The makeup artist next to them busily said with a conciliatory tone, "oh, forget it. Let me get two drinks for you..."

Annie and Donna always queened it over the ordinary members in the company, though they looked gentle in front of Abby and Andrey. Once Annie's assistant was five minutes late, Annie slapped her ten more times to vent her anger. The assistant closed herself in her home with a swollen face and dared not go out for a whole week.

The makeup didn't want to make it big, and she repeatedly winked at Savannah to let her apologize.

"None of your business! Get out!" Annie shouted.

However angry the two stars were, Savannah continued her work and completely ignored them.

Shaking with anger, Annie raised her hand to slap Savannah, but Savannah had expected her action and caught her hand in midair before she made contact.

Next moment Annie has pushed away and almost fell down.

Enraged from embarrassment, Annie shouted, "you bitch! How dare you hit me?"

Savannah almost laughed with anger. She who first offended first complained?

She just fought back in self-defense!

Did these two female stars think that everyone should take them as goddesses?

Donna, squinting her eyes, asked the make-up artist to leave first. When there were only three of them in the dressing room, she rushed to Savannah and took the hot iron which was still on, raising it!