

## Midnight 421

### Chapter 421: She Didn't Want To Let Kaiden Down

When Kaiden disappeared behind the stairhead, Dylan picked up her bag and said, "I'll take you out."

"No, I mean, I can go myself. Why don't you just go to take care of Kaiden?" Savannah said quickly.

Dylan glanced upstairs from the corner of his eye.

Following his eyes, Savannah looked up and saw Kaiden hiding behind the corner wall on the second floor, watching them.

Was he really a three-year boy? Surprised and amused, Savannah had to let Dylan send her out, otherwise, the little guy would probably make a scene again.

She didn't want to let Kaiden down. After all, her son had nothing to do with the conflict between her and Dylan.

Outside the door, she stopped and turned, "Thanks, I can go back myself."

"It's late. There's no stopping here." Dylan leaned closer, imperceptibly, and his dark eyes were riveted on her face.

Savannah took two steps back as her heartbeat quickened, but she accidentally hit the potted plants behind her and stumbled backward! Dylan threw an arm around her waist and pulled her into his arms!

By accident or by design, his hand slipped down a few inches, her waist, and fell right on her hip. Savannah looked up with startling eyes, her cheeks burning. Hurriedly she pushed him away and stepped aside.

Dylan clenched his hand with seeming reluctance. His expression remained unchanged as if nothing happened, and with a swallow, he asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm all right. I gotta run." She couldn't stay with this man any longer. She never knew what would happen in the next minute. She's aware of his physical appearance that brought her a strong sense of attraction, whether she accepts it or not.

"If you don't want to go with me, I can ask the driver to take you back." He looked at her hurriedly.

"No, thanks," she turned and bit her lip. "Someone has come to pick me up. I guess he's arrived."

Just now, when she was playing with Kaiden, Kevin messaged her and asked why she had not returned home yet. She replied and asked him to come to pick her up.

Dylan's eyes turned gloomy. It must be Kevin.

How could he forget? She had an escort by her side now.

Savannah didn't wait for Dylan's reply and ran away quickly. She stopped at the street where Kevin's car was parked.

She got into the front passenger's seat and said, "sorry for bothering you, Kevin. Have you had your supper?"

Kevin said nothing but looked at her.

Savannah knew what he wanted to ask.

"It was old Sterling who sent someone to take me here. He wanted to see me and said Kaiden was waiting for me. I thought that man wasn't here, so I came. But... I didn't expect to see him."

"Did he do anything to you?" Kevin frowned at her rosy face.

"No. He came to pick up Kaiden, and he didn't know I came. He never showed up in front of me these days, and he's been polite tonight. I think he'll keep his promise and stop pestering me."

Kevin nodded, paused, and asked, "Did you mention that to him?"

Savannah understood he was asking about the divorce. She hesitated for a few seconds and said, "I talked about it with him today. But... Kaiden was strongly opposed to our divorce. I'm sorry, Kevin. I can't show indifference to Kaiden's feelings."

She was not a good mother. Not so long ago, she didn't even know she was a mother.

She had so much guilt about Kaiden.

Now she just wanted to make up for that boy. At least she couldn't let him upset.

"Of course, it was just a temporary choice. Kaiden will understand and accept it later, and then I will bring up the divorce with Dylan." She added, "It won't be too long."

There was a lost look on Kevin's face, but he did not say anything. Finally, he lifted his hand to caress her hair, "All right, Kaiden's a sweet boy."

Savannah smiled.

Not far away, a tall figure stood on the other side of the road, watching them.

Dylan didn't know why he followed her out. He knew he would only see what he didn't want to see, but he still couldn't help it.

Inside the car, Savannah smiled at Kevin as he caressed her hair softly. Their intimate movement was rankling his mind.

He didn't go back to the house until the car disappeared into the night.

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After that night, Dylan didn't show up in the company, and old Sterling didn't send anyone to pick her up to Sterling's house again.

As the Design competition approached, she became more and more nervous.

Fortunately, Jenkins knew that the main purpose of her return to LA was to participate in the design competition, and he asked other colleagues to share a lot of her work before the competition. What's more, she was allowed to ask for leave at any time during the competition.

Savannah was greatly pleased and thanked him again and again. Jenkins just patted her on the shoulder and laughed, saying that as long as she won a position in the competition, it would be a credit to the company, and the company would certainly support her.

The day before the event, Savannah came to the director's office and took a month off from Jenkins.

"No problem," Jenkins agreed and encouraged her, "rest assured, the design work for My Girl is pretty much done. You don't have to worry about it, just concentrate on the game! I'll call you in case we need you."

Savannah came out of the office and saw Fiona coming over from the planning department.

Fiona knew that she would participate in the competition tomorrow, and specially came to cheer her up.

"Is everything alright? Did Jenkins give you, okay?" She asked in concern.

"Yeah. He gave me a month's paid leave. He said if it's not enough, he will give me a few more days off." Savannah was extremely grateful to Jenkins. What more could she ask for from such a thoughtful boss?

#### **Chapter 422: I Have Nothing To Do With Your Father**

Fiona's eyes popped in surprise, and her mouth widely opened.

"Wow, Jenkins's so kind to you. Savannah, what exactly is your relationship with Jenkins? Are you his daughter? Tell me how you persuade him, so I can learn from you!"

Savannah pinched Fiona's cheek and laughed, "Come on. Jenkins said that if I could win a prize in the competition, it will also be glorious for the company. That's why he supports me."

"But it's a month's paid leave! You know, our company's very busy. Last time, Lucy was sick and wanted to ask for three days off, but was refused by her boss. You're not the first one who took part in this competition. Some designers had taken part in similar events before, but the company never gave them such a favor at that time. Your previous director said that it was only a personal matter which had nothing to do with the company! How does the company support you now? Come on, how on earth did you get your boss to give you such a convenience?" Fiona twittered.

Savannah remained tongue-tied for a long time. There seemed to be something in what Fiona said.

If there has ever been a guy who supported her and allowed her to take time off from work at any time, it would not be Jenkins, but Jenkin's boss.

That man should have spoken to Jenkins so she could get her to leave and the company's full support.

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The third Fashion Designer Awards Competition officially started.

The contest was divided into three stages.

Stage 1 - An open audition. Every competitor of the competition should present five works in the form of color magazine drawings in the A4 format. The works would be evaluated by the contest jury, and only 15 competitors out of them would pass to the semi-final.

Stage 2- Semi-final.

Stage 3- Final.

As soon as Savannah got the reply that she survived the audition, she called Kevin and told him the good news. Kevin was happy to hear that and said he would make a reservation at a fancy French restaurant so that they could eat together to celebrate the first victory.

She had just hung up the phone when it rang again. Savannah thought it was still Kevin who had something else to add.

"Yeah, Kevin?" She answered it quickly.

"Mommy, it's me." On the other side of the phone came a familiar sweet voice.

"Kaiden?"

"Yeah. Was mommy on the phone with someone else?" Kaiden twitched his eyebrows warily.

"Er, what's up, Kaiden?" Savannah changed the subject, smiling helplessly. The little guy was almost the same as his bossy father.

"I heard that mommy passed the first round of the competition, so I want to take mommy to lunch."

"Well," Savannah laughed, "it's only the first round. Just wait till I win a prize."

"I just want to have a meal with you, can't I?" Kaiden replied with a bitter tone.

Savannah couldn't refuse him when he pretended to be poor. What's more, she was busy with the competition these days and didn't see him for a long time. She also missed the boy a lot.

She hesitated and asked, "You alone?"

"Yeah, just the two of us."

Relieved, Savannah nodded. "Okay."

Then she called Kevin again. "Kevin, I'm sorry... Kaiden called and asked me out for lunch to celebrate."

"This little guy took you from me again. Ha! No problem, go ahead." Kevin smiled and said graciously. Kaiden was her son, and he understood.

In a good mood, Savannah hung up the phone and took a taxi to the agreed restaurant.

She got out of the taxi and saw a black Mercedes parked at the roadside. Louis, who was waiting for her not far away, came over to her, respectfully, "Miss Schultz, the young master's waiting for you in the restaurant.

Savannah had seen Louis several times and knew that he was the personal bodyguard hired by the Sterling family for Kaiden. Since Kaiden was born, he had always followed him outside.

Savannah thanked him politely and walked into the restaurant.

It was lunchtime, but the whole restaurant was empty. Apparently, it had been reserved in advance.

As Savannah went in, she heard the little boy's voice came from the inside window seat. "Here, Mommy!"

Kaiden, dressed like a little gentleman in a small black tuxedo, was sitting in a chair, waving to her.

She let out a laugh and walked over to him.

"You don't have to reserve the whole restaurant."

"This is my first date with you. Of course, I should." Kaiden straightened his bow tie and jumped off the chair to draw a chair out for Savannah.

Savannah felt surprisingly funny. This little guy would surely become a girl-killer when he grew up.

They talked as the dishes were served.

"Mommy, you had a call with Uncle Rival this afternoon, didn't you?" Kaiden raised his baby face, which was smeared with spaghetti sauce.

Savannah almost choked on her spaghetti, "what uncle?"

"Uncle Rival, the uncle accompanies you back from abroad. He's daddy's rival in love, so he's called Uncle Rival." Kaiden mumbled as he had a bite of cheesecake.

This little guy was too precocious! Savannah nodded helplessly, "well, I was talking to the uncle on the phone. When you called, I thought it was him."

"Did Uncle Rival ask you out for lunch too?" Kaiden had an amazing understanding.

"Yeah..." What could she hide from such a little boy?

"So I took you away from Uncle Rival?"

"Hmm, right." Savannah laughed.

Kaiden sighed with relief. Fortunately, he insisted on having lunch with mommy together, or mommy would be coaxed out by that uncle again!

Savannah thought about it and then explained, "Well, Kaiden, my relationship with that uncle is not what you think."

"So, mommy still likes daddy better?"

"No!" Savannah immediately shook her head, "I have nothing to do with your father now."

Kaiden opened his eyes wide and said hopefully, "since mommy's not with that uncle, why not move to live with dad and me? Other kids' parents are all living together. You're not divorced, why live separately? I want to live with you."

"No." Savannah wiped Kaiden's mouth as she said firmly.

In order to take care of Kaiden's feelings, she wouldn't file for divorce for the time being.

But move to live with that man? No way.

"Why?" Kaiden's red under-lip pushed out, ready to cry.

#### Chapter 423: Meet Garcia Again

Savannah didn't know how to explain. Though Kaiden was a little man, he couldn't understand the feelings of adults.

But she had to be straightforward on this topic.

"I haven't divorced your father because of you, but now in my eyes, he's only a stranger. How can I live together with a stranger? It's gonna be awkward and painful. Will you marry someone you don't know well when you grow up?"

"No." Kaiden shook his head vaguely.

"That's right." Savannah smiled.

Kaiden hung his head despondently but then clenched his fist to buoy himself up.

As long as mommy doesn't divorce daddy, there's still hope.

He blinked and asked again, "If you had to choose one, daddy or Uncle Rival, who would mommy choose?"

"I choose you! All right?" Savannah pinched his chubby cheek and said sourly.

Kaiden glanced at the open kitchen not far from their seat secretly and didn't persist.

Then he began to report to Savannah about Dylan's latest situation as he cut the beef on his plate.

"Mommy, daddy has behaved well lately. No bad aunt came near him."

"Bad aunt?" Savannah paused.

"Anyone who wants to take mommy's place is a bad aunt. Don't worry, I'm here, no bad aunt dare come near dad." Kaiden asserted eloquently.

Savannah chuckled. Then she thought of Charlotte, the woman who indirectly separated her from Dylan three years ago.

In fact, she couldn't remember anything about Charlotte.

According to Kevin, she knew that Charlotte was the girl Dylan had been looking for. Three years ago, Dylan left her before the wedding for Charlotte. Everyone could see that Charlotte's position in Dylan's mind should be very important.

She was a little curious about the relationship between that woman and Dylan now. They should have been together after she left, right?

But as far as she knew, Dylan had no woman at his side. So, where was Charlotte?

Savannah wanted to ask Kaiden, but then she forced her question down.

Who cares? It's none of her business.

"In fact, daddy doesn't have time to deal with those bad aunts. Daddy works hard and spends all days at the office. Sometimes I have to ask Louis to take me to the company to see him." Kaiden continued to talk about Dylan.

Savannah began to imagine a lonely figure sitting in the office. She hurriedly shook her head to drive the strange picture out of her mind.

"Didn't your father have time to accompany you?" she felt sorry for Kaiden. His father was so busy while his mother was not by his side. The little guy must be very lonely.

"I'm all right. There are lots of people playing with me, including grandpa. Daddy is much more miserable than I am. He's always alone." Kaiden tried to get Savannah's sympathy for Dylan.

Savannah didn't say more but changed the subject, "don't you want to have the apple pie before it turns cold?"

At the end of lunch, Kaiden walked Savannah out of the restaurant and stopped a taxi for her.

After the taxi left, Dylan walked out of the restaurant and looked at the direction the taxi disappeared.

Kaiden looked at his dad in sympathy. It was his dad who let him ask mommy out for lunch today.

His dad didn't dare to be seen because he was afraid that mommy would leave if she saw him. So, all he could do was staying in the open kitchen and secretly watch them.

"Don't worry. As you've heard, mommy's not yet gone steady with that uncle. You still have a chance. But of course, mommy loves me most." Kaiden comforted his daddy in his way.

Dylan glanced at the expression of complacency on Kaiden's face and then picked him up, walking to the car.

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All the way home, Savannah was in the clouds as she looked out of the window. She kept thinking about Kaiden's words at lunch, wondering if Dylan and Charlotte had been together, and then she thought about the lonely figure in the company.

Suddenly, the ringing of the mobile phone pulled back her thoughts.

That little guy brainwashed her successfully! He kept talking about that man during lunch, which made her think about him now.

She must warn Kaiden not to talk about that man anymore.

Taking a breath, she answered the phone, "Hello?"

"Savannah?" came a familiar old woman's voice.

Savannah was shocked for a long time and exclaimed excitedly, "Garcia!"

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Green Lake

Savannah sat on the sofa with Garcia in the living room after looking around the old house.

Garcia just knew that Savannah was back.

She had been sorry for Savannah's disappearance for the last three years, and she still regretted that if she had not let Savannah go out to see Kevin alone, it would not have happened.

Today, she finally learned that three years ago, Savannah had had a threatened miscarriage on the way to see Kevin and was sent to the hospital for a cesarean operation.

After the operation, Savannah lost her memory and went to Italy with Kevin.

Through Garcia, Savannah learned that Dylan bought the old house in Green Lake three years ago and gave it back to her. Due to his help, Garcia was found and came back to LA.

She could feel Garcia's excitement to see her. After a long talk, Garcia finally calmed down.

"Garcia, how are you these years? Have you been living here?" Savannah held the old woman's hand and asked.

"Yeah," Garcia wiped her tears and sighed. "I was very guilty of losing you and had no face to stay. I wanted to return to the countryside, but Mr. Sterling was so kind that he hired me as the housekeeper to take care of the house and paid me every month. I live a good life now, much better than when I was in the countryside. What's more, Mr. Garwood would take me to the hospital for a regular physical examination. When I was sick, he would even send the family doctor to see me..."

#### Chapter 424: I'll Take Mommy Back

Garcia paused, looking at Savannah, and added sentimentally, "Mr. Sterling treats me so nicely for nothing but you. He knows that I'm your last family in the world."

Savannah's eyes sparkled with an unspeakable light.

"Not only me. He's been nice to the old workers in Schultz's factory. Savannah, do you remember that Mr. Sterling bought the Schultz factory from your uncle three years ago and gave it to you? You've been gone for three years, and the Schultz's factory had no one to manage. Mr. Sterling hired a professional manager to manage the small factory. He also took good care of the old workers left by your father... Your uncle Chuck, you remember? He was ill last year, and if it were not for Mr. Sterling, who helped with money and introduced a doctor, he would not survive..." Garcia choked out through tears.

Savannah listened in silence as Garcia told her what happened to them in the last three years.

She never thought that Dylan silently helped Garcia and those who she cared about with their difficulties...

Garcia's words brought a wave of sympathy to her heart. She clenched her fists to restrain the strange feeling.

No, she could not be easily moved.

Whatever had happened to her and that man three years ago, no matter how much he had doted on her, it was over...

She couldn't remember him. Everything between them was behind them now, so just forget it.

Besides, the one he really liked was not her but his savior, for whom he had abandoned her before their wedding three years ago.

After talking with Garcia for a whole afternoon, Savannah was still reluctant to leave.

In fact, the house in Green Lake was hers now, and she could stay here and live in it with Garcia... However, she felt a little uncomfortable at the thought that Dylan bought the house and gave it to her. If she lived here, it meant that she accepted his gift and accepted him, right?

At last, Savannah told Garcia that she would visit her every week and left.

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The semi-final event of the Fashion Designer Awards Competition began. This morning, Kevin drove Savannah to the largest exhibition center where the competition was held. The square in front of the exhibition center was crowded with traffic and people by adhering to the open and just principle, the competition was accessible to the public. So, in addition to the participants and jury, friends and families of the participants were also welcomed to watch the contest. Kevin wanted to stay here to cheer for Savannah. But Savannah knew that he still had a lot of business in JK, especially that some big customers would come to JK for the new game program today. Kevin didn't come back for three years, and there were too many things for him to deal with in person.

She didn't want to delay him. "I can go to JK later. Dan will handle the business first, and I want to accompany you here." Kevin hesitated. Most of the participants brought their friends or relatives to cheer them. Savannah, however, had just returned to LA and didn't have made lots of friends yet. Her colleagues had been working overtime every day, and she didn't want to bother them to come.

So he was the only one who could accompany her. "Don't worry about me," Savannah smiled as she pushed Kevin into the car, "it's not the final round, and I might be nervous if you're here. Just go with your business, JK needs you more."

"But... Mommy!" A sweet cry came from behind, interrupting their conversation.

Savannah turned and saw a small boy who jumped from the back of a car and ran towards her. Surprised, she crouched down and held him in her arms.

"Kaiden, why are you here?" "I asked Louis to bring me to cheer you on!" Kaiden said with dignity as he glanced at Kevin. Kevin felt funny and smiled at the little guy. This was the first time he met Kaiden after he returned to LA. He could still remember that night when he handed the little baby back to Dylan three years ago. Thinking of this, he felt a little guilty about the boy. After all, it was he who separated the kid from his mother. Now that little baby grew up into a clever, pretty boy. Obviously, Dylan had taken care of him. "Good boy." Savannah smiled brightly as she touched Kaiden's head. Then she looked

up at Kevin. "Kevin, Kaiden has come to cheer me up. You can just go back to JK to handle your work." Kaiden held Savannah's hand and looked up truculently at Kevin.

"Well, mommy will be fine with me." Kevin noticed his latent hostility towards him. He smiled and nodded.

"All right, call me after the game, and I'll pick you up."

"No! I'll take mommy back," Kaiden said immediately. Savannah laughed and gave Kevin a wink. Kevin smiled and drove away. The contest would start soon. Kaiden would be waiting for her under Louis's company in the audience section while Savannah was preparing backstage.

"Come on, mommy, you're the best!" Kaiden, sitting on Louis' shoulder, clenched his small fist to cheer Savannah. Savannah looked into the little boy's expectant bright eyes, nodded, and left for the backstage.

Only 15 participants advanced to the semi-final events, nine men and six women. Most of them were young designers or graduated students in design major. The average age of them was 25 years old. The competition was aimed at discovering and promoting gifted young people keen on fashion. Now the fifteen semi-finalists were standing in front of the jury, listening to the rules of the second round. The semi-final event was different from the first round. This time, the competitors were provided with a large number of clothes of different styles and seasons, and what they should do was to dress themselves up with those clothes and create their unique styles. After that, they would show themselves before the jury, allowing the jury to select the competitors who could advance to the final round.

Today's event was to test the participants' fashion taste and the ability to show their fascination in a limited choice or in an emergency situation, which was a very important ability for designers. In order to become a good costume designer, you should not only know how to design but should also be highly sensitive to beauty.

Competitors could only choose the clothing prepared by the sponsor, however, accessories, such as necklaces, earrings, and headgears, should be prepared by themselves.

#### Chapter 425: Is This Yours?

After entering the backstage, the fifteen competitors took out their accessories and began to select the clothes on the coat racks.

Savannah opened her minaudière and fetched out the accessories she prepared. They were only simple hairpins and headbands, and she didn't even wear earrings. She didn't buy any expensive jewelry for the competition. What's more, she didn't want the jewelry to rob the place of the dress.

Just then, she heard a cry of surprise.

"Wow, Katrina, your necklace is so beautiful!"

Looking over, Savannah saw two girls standing in front of a dressing table, on which there was a glistening necklace in an opened silk jewel box.

"Is it a sapphire? It's so big and amazing! The style looks new!" Another competitor said admiringly.

In a moment, most of the competitors put down the clothes or accessories in their hands and gathered around the beautiful tall girl, Katrina Kaif.

"Oh my god, it's definitely a plus to have something so beautiful and eye-catching to go with your dress! Rest assured, you will certainly get through to the final!"

"Katrina comes from a family of designers. Her parents and sister are all famous designers. To the final? She's sure to win!" Another girl said.

Though Savannah didn't have any expensive jewelry like that, as a designer, she was familiar with the latest trend, and she saw that the necklace was the latest style of a European brand.

It seemed to be subject to availability, difficult to buy for common people.

With such a dazzling necklace as an accessory, it was really easy to get the jury's attention and added her chances of winning the prize.

However, such brilliant jewelry was so attractive that judges might focus on it rather than the coordination of the clothes. It was not necessarily a good thing.

All competitors knew it well, but no one mentioned this point in front of Katrina. Probably because of her family background, no one dared to offend her while they were jealous of her.

Katrina was used to people's praise and admiration. With a satisfied smile, she tossed her head haughtily.

Then her gaze fell on Savannah, one of the few who didn't pay attention to her.

"You flatter me," Katrina smiled softly, "it's a costume design competition, and what we should focus on is the gowns, not jewelry. What's more, we have so many great competitors in the semi-final round that I might not even get into the top three."

Following her gaze, those gathered around her looked over and saw Savannah. The organizer had made public the participants' key information, including graduated school and experience. The young woman called Savannah Schultz had been learning design in Italy, and she returned home to participate in the design competition. Though she had not graduated from college, it was said that her school displays were favorably reviewed by the local designers. Many of the competitors had seen the drawings Savannah submitted in the open auditions. The costumes she designed were unique in pattern and style, following the current trend in design.

It was said that she was working in the design department of Zagreb Film, a professional production company in LA, and had participated in the costume design work of My Girl, a new web series. She did not lack experience.

What's more, she used to be a still model. That was to say, compared with ordinary designers, she was more outstanding in terms of figure, manner, and temperament and knew how to show herself with the dress she chose.

This girl was a real dark horse, and she was, in truth, a strong competitor to Katrina. There must be a hard fight between them for the first place.

The organizer had prepared hundreds and thousands of clothes for them to choose from. After a while, everyone made their choices and successively entered the fitting rooms on both sides of the large dressing room backstage.

Savannah chose a white and black halter dress, picked out a scarf, and walked into a fitting room. When she got dressed, she walked out, bypassed the crowd, and stopped at the furthest mirror to arrange her hair.

"Ah! Where's my necklace?" Someone gave a little exclamation.

Savannah looked over and saw Katrina, who had changed into a glamorous dress, stood there with a pale face.

"What's the matter?" A field staff walked over.

Several competitors came up and gathered around her.

Katrina's eyes turned red as she pointed to the opened empty silk jewel box on the dressing table in front of her.

"I left my necklace here before I went to choose my dress. When I went back, my necklace was missing!"

"Ah? How could that expensive necklace be missing? You didn't slip anywhere, did you?" A male competitor asked in concern.

Katrina shook her head as tears gathered in her eyes. "I just put it in the box and left."

"Is it... stolen?" A female competitor screamed in a low voice and immediately covered her mouth.

"Who's the thief? No... Who would do such a thing?" The others began to whisper in surprise. But that necklace couldn't just disappear by itself. There must be someone who took it away.

All the competitors were busy with preparation just now, and no one noticed who had touched Katrina's necklace. People were moving busily in and out. Anyone passing by had a chance to take the necklace away.

For privacy protection, there were no monitoring cameras in the large dressing room. Two security staff came and signaled for quiet.

"Miss Kaif's jewelry is expensive. Somebody's suspect of theft, so we have to have a search." One of the security staff said flatly.

Though amazed and humiliated, all the competitors lined up as required, waiting for their searching, and nobody dared to say no.

Savannah stood there quietly too.

More security staff came and began searching each competitor's handbags, their changed clothes, and used fitting rooms.

Suddenly, a staff shouted as he lifted the curtain of a fitting room holding a glittering necklace. "Is this yours?"

Katrina turned about and ran over, took it, and exclaimed with joy, "Yeah! It's mine!"

Savannah immediately knitted her brows. The fitting room from which the security staff walked out was the one she had used!

Why was Katrina's necklace found in it?

Instantly, all people's eyes full of suspicion and conjecture fell on Savannah!

#### Chapter 426: My Boss Wants To See You

"Oh my god, did she take Katrina's sapphire necklace?"

"No, she stole it!" Katrina earnestly said it without batting an eyelid.

"That's hard to swallow. She doesn't seem the type!"

"Not for money, I guess. Maybe she feared that Katrina would impress the jury with her necklace. If Katrina doesn't do well in the second round, she might have a higher chance of winning first place in the final."

Silence reigned throughout the rest of the dressing room except for the whispering voices of those competitors.

Katrina, holding the necklace, frowned at Savannah.

Savannah's heart sank within her. Before she could explain it, a staff approached her and said coolly, "Miss Schultz, we found this necklace under the carpet in your fitting room. Please explain."

"I never laid a finger on that necklace. I've been set up," said Savannah, trying to quieten herself down. Somebody had tried to set her up, compromise her!

The staff discussed it, and then one went out first to report this matter with the jury. In a short while, a man and a woman came in.

They were both well-known people in the domestic fashion industry and served as the jury of the contest. The middle-aged man in a plaid suit and brown-framed glasses was Professor Bowden from a celebrated university in LA.

The woman in her 40s, wearing a sexy red dress with a soft belt around her waist, was a famous fashion designer, Serena Elliott, who was also known as Fashion Queen.

The two, of course, had a say in this matter.

A surprise that they were unable to hide registered on their faces. Professor Bowden was more shocked when he saw that Savannah was the suspect. He noticed Savannah's talent in her works in the first round and liked her design style very much.

"There must be a mistake somewhere," he said immediately.

"A mistake? I don't think so," Elliott frowned, glancing at Katrina again, "do you want to call the police?"

Katrina bit her lip and shook her head, "No... Forget it. I don't want to trouble you or affect the contest. I don't want to make a scene.

Elliott folded her arms and turned to Savannah.

"Since Katrina's not going to press the case, we won't send you to the police. But you're disqualified now. Please leave at once."

Professor Bowden glanced at Elliott. She had a good relationship with Katrina's parents, and of course, she was at the side of Katrina.

Savannah didn't move. If she was driven out as the suspected thief today, her reputation would definitely be defiled by malicious gossips.

"Ms. Elliott, I didn't do it. I also wonder why the necklace was found in my fitting room." Savannah said calmly.

"It's not reasonable to disqualify her without evidence that she's guilty. Savannah's a potential competitor, and we'd better make a further investigation before deciding how to solve the matter," said Professor Bowden, who didn't believe Savannah would do something like that.

"Professor Bowden, I don't think it's necessary to spend more time on a thief. Lying and stealing are immoral! If audiences know that there's a thief in the contest, I'm afraid no one would like to take part in it next year. She's going to ruin our reputation!" Elliott's voice sounded shrill.

Meanwhile, out of the dressing room, a tiny figure crouched behind the door, watching the scene quietly, and then slipped out.

"Where have you been, my young master? Did you slip in to see Miss Schultz?" Louis, who had been looking for Kaiden all the way, breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the boy coming out from the backstage. Kaiden could not sit still, and Louis failed to stop him from running into the backstage just now.

Kaiden, with a stern look, didn't reply to him.

"What's wrong?" Louis noticed his strange expression.

Kaiden clenched his fist, and then he took out his small mobile phone and made a call.

"Daddy, mommy's been bullied!"

\*\*\*

There was still a deadlock in the backstage.

Savannah refused to quit. While Professor Bowden was at Savannah's side, Elliott could not drive her out.

Katrina and other competitors stood at one side, holding their breath.

"What are you waiting for? I advise you to take the initiative to withdraw from the competition so that you can maintain your reputation. If it comes to the police station, you will be in trouble!"

"If the police can find out the truth and prove my innocence, I don't mind you calling the police," replied Savannah calmly.

"Good! Since you are not afraid of losing face or making a big scene, call the police!" growled Elliott.

However, Katrina darted to Elliott and stopped her, "Come on, it's not worth it for a necklace."

"Don't be afraid. In order to win the first, she would rather turn to the theft regardless of decency and integrity. Why are you still concerned about her face? You're too softhearted!" Elliott showed to everyone that she backed Katrina up.

"Well... I just don't want to affect the contest. It will be on the bad news if we call the police..." Katrina insisted.

Elliott nodded reluctantly. Then she stared at Savannah.

"You refuse to leave? What a nerve! I give you ten minutes to clean up things and get out of here. I don't want to see you again. If you're still here ten minutes later, don't blame me for calling the security! It's not a nice thing to be pulled out by the security!"

With that, she left the dressing room.

Professor Bowden sighed and followed her out.

They had just moved on a dozen paces when they saw a young man in a suit standing in front of them.

He walked to them in an imposing manner and said politely, "Ms. Elliott, Professor Bowden, my boss wants to see you."

\* \* \*

Elliott and Professor Bowden followed the young man into the lounge. A tall man was standing at the window, with his hands behind his back. He turned at the sound of their footsteps.

#### **Chapter 427: Did You Have Any Proof That She Stole?**

The man's face was strong and defined. His hair was midnight black, and his eyes were deep and gray, framed by graceful brows. He had prominent cheekbones and a well-defined chin and nose.

Elliott and Professor Bowden held their breath at the handsome man's noble disposition in front of them. Though they didn't know who he was, they knew immediately that he was not ordinary people.

"This is Mr. Sterling." Garwood introduced them.

Mr. Sterling? The current leader of the Sterling group?

Elliott and Professor Bowden exchanged a surprised glance with each other. Mr. Sterling, who usually kept a low profile but was famous in the business, had nothing to do with the design or fashion industry. He wasn't one of the sponsors, was he? Why did he come here all of a sudden? Did he start being interested in costume design?

Professor Bowden reacted first and said politely, "We are grateful to Mr. Sterling for honoring this contest with a visit. Why not give us an advance notice? So that we can prepare for it in advance."

"You're welcome. I came here today to ask you for a favor." Dylan said slowly.

Professor Bowden and Elliott looked at him wonderingly. What could make Mr. Sterling come in person? He could have called them or sent someone to deal with the matter.

"Sure, sir. Go ahead," said Elliott with a polite smile.

"I heard that you have a competitor called Savannah Schultz who has just been disqualified from the contest," He said blandly, but Professor Bowden noticed latent anger in his tone.

"Yes..."

"Please take back what you said."

The two people were stunned. Was Mr. Sterling here to intercede with them for Savannah? What was that girl have to do with Mr. Sterling?

"Mr. Sterling, now that you know Savannah's been disqualified, you must know why. How could someone like her stay here after she did morally wrong? It's a complete humiliation for the other competitors!" Elliott frowned.

Dylan raised his thin lips with scorn.

"Do you have any proof that she stole?" He asked coolly.

"Proof? The necklace was found in the fitting room she had just used. Isn't that proof?"

"Oh, so there's no monitoring camera. It's so easy for someone to get into the fitting room to plant stolen on her," snapped Dylan.

"Mr. Sterling, you have no proof that she's wronged, do you?" Elliott was not convinced.

"Then tell me, if she really wanted to beat her opponent by stealing her necklace, why didn't she just throw it away instead of keeping it in her fitting room? To let you find it?" Dylan stared at Elliott coldly.

Professor Bowden nodded in agreement.

"That was merely a guess of yours!" Elliott gritted her teeth,

"Ms. Elliott, I wonder why you push new people so hard. Do you insist on driving her out for justice only? Or something else?" Dylan narrowed his eyes.

"What did you mean? What else could I do it for?" Elliott's face changed.

"Savannah's said to have done so well among the competitors that she won praise from most of the jury in the first round. She's even likely to be the winner. Is that why you're so biased against her?" Dylan looked fixedly at her.

Professor Bowden looked at Elliott, frowning. Elliott was a fine designer, but it was said that she used to ride excellent new designers.

"What do you want to say? Do you think I'm jealous of a little new designer? I disqualified her because I want to suppress her? That's ridiculous! Is it worthwhile?" Elliott shouted.

"Don't explain it to me. You know it yourself." Dylan said drily.

"Anyway, the necklace was found in her place, and everyone saw it. No one would agree to compete with a thief! Besides, I had just let the security guard take her away, how can I change my words and ask a thief to stay now?" Elliott was quite annoyed.

"Are you sure you want to disqualify her from the competition?" Dylan asked coldly, and there was no mistaking the menace in his voice.

"Yes," Elliott said with decision, though shivering under the chill in his eyes.

She knew this man was powerful in business, but he could not have a hand in the designer competition!

As the chief jury in this contest, she had the right to disqualify a competitor!

He couldn't force her if she didn't want to do as he was told.

"Ms. Elliott, I heard that you'd created a new clothing brand recently and are preparing to enter the Europe market, right?" Dylan changed the subject and gave her a quiet glance.

"So what?" Elliott was restless again.

"Europe has strict import inspection systems. It's difficult for a new brand to develop smoothly in local markets. However, it's easy to keep a new brand down or make it disappear completely in the foreign market if something goes wrong with the new brand." Dylan said slowly so that Elliott could hear clearly.

Elliott's face went white.

What did this man mean?

Was this a threat?

If she insisted on disqualifying Savannah, would he end her new brand in Europe?!

"Take back your words or ruin your brand, it's up to you." His voice was quiet monotone.

Elliott gasped.

She knew he was not joking, and after a long silence, she bit her teeth and said bitterly, "I... I will keep Savannah in the contest."

"Rest assured, Mr. Sterling," Professor Bowden breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Savannah showed promise in fashion design, and I'm sure she will go very far. The theft of the necklace must be a misunderstanding. We won't disqualify her."

Dylan nodded, satisfied, and then glanced at Elliott, who looked a bit pale.

"Besides, I don't want this incident to go out. Savannah Schultz is not a thief. I don't want to hear any prejudiced criticism towards her. Remember what I said."

Even if that little woman continued to compete, other participants would take her as a thief if the jury didn't speak for her.

**Chapter 428: I Didn't Do Anything Wrong**

He needed them to clear her name. He knew Savannah would not steal anything from other people because she does not lack material things.

Elliott felt her blood boiling in her head. She had been the head designer in the fashion industry in LA for so many years, and she was used to being respected by others. She never expected that she would be threatened to lower her head to a youngster.

Dylan's voice came again, "Are we clear now? I don't want to repeat my words, take back what you've said,"

"Don't worry, we'll get this taken care of. The competitor's reputation is also about the reputation of the contest, and we won't let any gossip go out." Professor Bowden said quickly.

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At the same time, the atmosphere was strained in the backstage dressing room.

Ten minutes passed, and Savannah was still standing there, refusing to leave.

"Miss Schultz, I'm sorry. Ms. Elliott said if you don't leave in ten minutes, we have to force you to leave." A security staff member said sharply.

"I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I quit? I'm not leaving until I'm cleared." Savannah looked at him with restive eyes.

The competitors gathered around Katrina were staring at Savannah and muttering.

"Elliott has disqualified her, but she still has the nerve to stay?"

"No wonder she has the nerve to steal."

"She doesn't look like such a girl..."

"My conclusion, she feared to accept defeat,"

\*\*\*

Rumors spread to the ears of Savannah, making her heart sink.

The security staff, at last, couldn't wait. They checked the time and then walked to her, ready to drag her out.

The rest of the participants gloated over their competitor's misfortune. But just at that moment, there came the click of high-heeled shoes and footsteps at the door, and then Elliott and Professor Bowden appeared again.

Everyone was surprised to see them back, more surprised to hear what they said.

"All right, you can leave first," Professor Bowden said to the security staff.

Elliott, with a cloudy expression on her face, looked coldly at Savannah, then around the surrounding people, raising her voice.

"Keep quiet. The whole thing is a mistake. Savannah will stay here and play on. Nobody's allowed to spread any rumors outside."

Her remark pulled Savannah up short. She was shocked when hearing what Elliott had said.

"Ms. Elliott, why? How could it be a mistake? Didn't you find my necklace in Savannah's fitting room just now?" Katrina said busily.

"We didn't see Savannah take your necklace. With so many people coming and going, anyone could sneak into that fitting room to plant the necklace. Do you have evidence that Savannah took it?" Elliott looked at Katrina, frowning.

"We're very clear about Savannah's temperament, and we don't think she would do anything that would ruin her career." Professor Bowden added.

"But Elliott, you just said that..." Katrina looked anxious.

"Enough! Just now, I was too impulsive. I've talked about it with Professor Bowden and made the decision. We can't lose a good designer. Katrina, about your necklace... Could it be that you carelessly dropped it in the wrong place?" Elliott said impatiently.

Katrina stood there in amazement. Obviously, Elliott didn't want to pursue the matter.

She gritted her teeth and said nothing more.

"Do you understand?" Elliott cast another serious look at the crowd. "Say no more about it. If anyone dares to bring this up again, I'll disqualify him or her immediately and never allow that person to participate in the competition in the future! Another thing, it's not good to spread lies during the competition, I look forward to everyone's professional way of competing,"

"Yes, Ms. Elliott," all the competitors gasped and nodded rapidly.

After that, Elliott and Professor Bowden left.

Savannah did not move for a long time, still not fully recovered.

Elliott, who was determined to disqualify her from the contest ten minutes ago, suddenly changed her attitude and even tried to protect her reputation from being hurt.

That was unbelievable!

Savannah had no time to consider it carefully. The semi-finals were going to start. She hurriedly adjusted her dress and hair before going out.

Anyway, it was lucky to dodge a bullet!

\*\*\*

After the semi-finals, as expected, Savannah advanced to the finals. She walked out of the exhibition center with a jumping pulse. She was too happy to think about the recent chaos inside backstage.

Kaiden was waiting for her at the door.

"Mommy! Congratulations!" He ran across and jumped to flung his arms around her neck.

At the sight of Kaiden, Savannah's bad mood disappeared immediately. She didn't turn down his kind offer of sending her home. She felt energized seeing her little boy patiently waiting for her. She runs her fingers through his hair and cheerfully said, "You must be tired waiting for me,"

"No, Mommy! I didn't felt tired nor bored," A sweet smile drew to Kaiden's tiny face.

Louis got into the driver's seat and started the car.

"Mommy, I'm really happy for you! I'm sure you're going to win the first prize in the final!" Kaiden cried excitingly in Savannah's arms.

"Why do you have so much confidence in me?" Savannah smiled as she embraced him to her bosom.

"Because you're my mommy!" Kaiden replied proudly.

Savannah laughed. Then she thought of something.

"Kaiden, I got a question for you."

"What?"

"Has your father been here just now? Or did he call you or ask you anything?" Savannah was still wondering why Elliott let go of her for no reason. Besides Dylan, she didn't know who else would help her in this matter.

Dylan knew about her disqualification and talked with Elliott?

"No. Daddy didn't come. He didn't call me," said Kaiden casually, rubbing his ears.

"Really?" asked Savannah incredulously.

"Miss Schultz, Kaiden didn't lie. Mr. Sterling was in a meeting in the company this morning." Louis turned around at the right time and winked at Kaiden.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe she just thought too much.

She was afraid of his secret help. She didn't want to owe him more.

#### **Chapter 429: Charlotte Plan To Go Back**

Kaiden reluctantly sat back in the car after his mommy got off and left.

"Why not tell Miss Schultz that your dad did help?" Louis looked back.

"Daddy said, I can't tell mommy, or I'm not allowed to see mommy for a month." Kaiden pouted helplessly. He didn't know what his daddy was thinking.

What a good chance! Why didn't daddy let mommy know he was the one who helped her? In this way, mommy would certainly be moved and left Uncle Rival!

\* \* \*

Katrina took out her cell phone and dialed a number as she stepped down the steps in front of the exhibition center.

"Hello? Katrina?" A soft female voice answered.

"Charlotte, I'm sorry, that bitch advanced to the finals," Katrina said heavily.

The girl on the other side of the phone was Charlotte.

Katrina and Charlotte were college alumni. Although they were not in the same major, they were close friends.

Katrina knew that her best friend had a crush on Dylan Sterling, and she also knew that Sterling had had another woman called Savannah beside him.

She didn't expect to meet her best friend's rival in love in the competition. When she learned that Savannah Schultz, who was highly rated by the jury, was exactly the same woman who grabbed her best friend's man, she immediately told Charlotte.

Charlotte was speechless for a long time when she learned that Savannah showed again.

Katrina volunteered that she would try to drive Savannah out, both for Charlotte's sake and, more or less, for her own sake. Savannah's work was highly praised by the jury. If she could get rid of her, she would have a better chance of winning the first.

Today, in the backstage dressing room, she slipped her sapphire necklace into Savannah's used fitting room after Savannah left it.

A thief would surely be treated with contempt, and by Elliott's close relationship with her family, she believed that Elliott would stand by her side and disqualify Savannah from the contest.

Unexpectedly, it failed.

When Charlotte heard what had happened in the contest today, she didn't speak for a long time.

Katrina could tell that her best friend was disappointed.

"Elliott and Professor Bowden had already decided to remove that bitch from the competition... I don't know what happened, but Elliott changed her attitude and corrected herself, saying that it was just a mistake and warning us not to talk about it. Charlotte, I'm sorry... I wanted to give that bitch a lesson, but I didn't succeed."

"How could the jury suddenly change her mind?" asked Charlotte, frowning.

"God knows. Elliott was clearly angry and determined to disqualify the bitch... As you know, Elliott is the chief of the jury who has absolute power in this contest. If she decided, no one could stop her. I don't know why, but she changed her mind at last." Katrina sounded upset.

"Did Elliott meet anyone after she decided to disqualify Savannah?"

"You mean... Dylan Sterling heard about what happened in the dressing room and called Elliott?" Katrina immediately understood. But she didn't know Mr. Sterling had actually come to talk with the jury in person.

"Besides that, I can't think of another reason for the sudden change of the jury's attitude." Charlotte narrowed her eyes.

Katrina gasped. As far as she knew, Savannah disappeared three years ago, but Dylan Sterling was still paying so much attention to her when she came back after three years, and that he even helped her out personally when she was in trouble.

"I don't think Mr. Sterling has anything to do with that bitch..." Katrina noticed Charlotte's silence and tried to comfort her. "She disappeared three years ago. If Mr. Sterling wanted to find her, he would have found her very early, but he did not send anyone to look for her."

However, that was not a comfort to Charlotte.

Dylan hadn't seen Savannah for three years. But he never gave up on her. Once she came back, he cared about her and protected her as much as possible.

After the phone call with Katrina, Charlotte sat on the sofa and thought for a long time.

Finally, she seemed to make up her mind.

"Pack my bags and book the fastest flight to LA!" She stood up and ordered the maid beside her.

The maid nodded and was about to start packing when there came a knock on the opened door, and Lionel came in.

"Lionel..." Charlotte took a breath when she saw her brother coming.

"You're going to LA? For Dylan?" Lionel stared at his sister with a frown.

"I..." Charlotte bit her lip, "Savannah came back. I couldn't stand to see her be with Dylan again... I can't help it. I must go to LA..."

Lionel's eyes twinkled slightly when he heard that Savannah, who had been missing for three years, had returned.

"For what? For a man who's not into you? Charlotte, wake up. Did you forget how Dylan treated you these years? Dylan didn't accept you even though Savannah disappeared three years ago. How could he accept you after she came back again?" Lionel didn't want to hurt his sister, but he couldn't see her make any more mistakes.

Three years ago, Dylan found Savannah gone and searched for her for three whole days, bustling and irritable.

It was said that Dylan brought a baby back at last, but Savannah was not with them.

After Savannah disappeared, Charlotte got closer to Dylan. She tried to avail herself of the opportunity to become Dylan's woman, but Dylan didn't respond to her.

Seeing that his sister lost all grace dangling round a man, Lionel finally couldn't stand it and forced Charlotte back to Chicago. For this, he had to hold up the developing business of the Rowe group.

Charlotte had been half-confined to her room in their home in Chicago for the last three years.

However, he didn't expect that his sister's mind was still on Dylan. When she heard that Savannah had returned, she couldn't hold back and wanted to rush to LA for fear that Dylan would be taken away.

Charlotte's face paled at her brother's words; her lips clamped stubbornly. But she also knew, if she insisted on going, Lionel would stop her again.

"I see. ... I'm not going." She said in a low voice.

#### Chapter 430: Do Me A Favor

Charlotte turned and went out of her room silently.

Lionel looked after his sister and sighed, wishing she had really put an end to it.

\* \* \*

Five days after the semi-finals, Savannah received an invitation to the third round, the final.

During the final, every one of the five finalists would present two final gowns qualified by the jury for the competition final.

The contest jury would evaluate the contest works at every one of the contest stages through the evaluation criteria such as consistency with the theme, workmanship, originality, usability.

Out of five finalists chosen by the jury, the first place in the Fashion Design Awards Competition would go to the designer of the collection, which would be evaluated highest by the competition jury.

The winners would receive a large amount of pecuniary award.

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It was only three days from the final.

This morning, Savannah got up early and went to the city library to borrow some books about color principals.

After spending a whole morning in the reading room, she went out of the library with an armful of books. As she walked down the stairs, the book on the top slid down from her arms and dropped on the ground.

She squatted down and was about to pick it up when a slender arm was reached out ahead of her.

Savannah looked up and saw a young woman about the same age as her hand the book over.

"Thank you." Savannah took the book and rose with a smile.

Charlotte paused in surprise.

Why did Savannah look as if she had never seen her? Did she pretend not to know her with intention?

"What's the matter, Miss?" Savannah asked tentatively when she saw the young woman in front of her looking at her in surprise.

"No, nothing..." Charlotte took a deep breath. Savannah didn't know her? How could it be?

Savannah didn't say more. She nodded politely and left first.

Charlotte looked after Savannah for a long time before taking out her cell phone.

"Edmond? Do me a favor, will you?"

\*\*\*

Charlotte sat opposite a young man in a commodious and light office, still in shock.

According to her college classmate, Edmond, a private investigator, Savannah had really suffered a memory loss.

To be exact, she lost part of her memory.

She forgot everything about her relationship with Dylan.

No wonder that she looked as if she didn't know her when they met in the library yesterday.

In addition to that, Edmond also found out that Savannah had been living in Italy with her childhood friend for three years and had just returned home for the Fashion Design Awards Competition held in LA this year.

After returning, Savannah did not go back to the Sterling family but lived alone in an apartment. However, she now worked for Zagreb Film, a film and television company under the Sterling group.

Because of her amnesia, Dylan didn't force her to come back to him.

Charlotte didn't speak for a long time after learning the results of the survey.

Although she was upset to learn of Savannah's returning, she sighed with relief at her memory loss. She had to say it was a good thing for her.

At least, now there was a barrier between Savannah and Dylan, and they would not be together as before.

Edmond continued, "Anyway, Savannah and Dylan are not very close at the moment, and the two seem to be keeping a distance. Savannah avoids any contact with Dylan, and Dylan's not going to push too hard. However, he's still keeping an eye on her."

Charlotte bit her lips and listened quietly.

"Not long ago, the young master of the Murray family, Andrey, was thrown into the sea by Dylan and almost lost his life. You know why? Savannah was also there that night, and Andrey assaulted her sexually. Last Sunday, Savannah had already been disqualified from the competition by Elliott, but Dylan went to take care of it in person and helped her out."

Charlotte scowled.

As expected, Savannah survived all the troubles because of Dylan.

Even though she didn't remember Dylan, he still had feelings for her and was concerned about her.

"Charlotte, why not just give up that man," Edmond said in a soft but fervent voice.

Charlotte looked up and caught the young man's blazing eyes.

Three years ago, it was Edmond who investigated Eric and found his embezzlement so that she could threaten Eric to help her.

Besides that, Edmond also helped her create those historical "diaries" as evidence that she was Dylan's lifesaver, the girl he had been looking for.

She knew, of course, that Edmond did this for her not because they were old classmates, but that he had a crush on her for many years since they were in school.

The man in front of her was handsome, energetic with strong career-ambition, and he had his private detective company in LA at an early age. In fact, he was not a bad choice for marriage.

But no matter how successful he was, he could never compare with Dylan.

"Edmond, you should know that I'll never give up on Dylan." She avoided Edmond's eyes.

"Why? Charlotte, why put your mind on a man who's not into you? You know that he had married that girl and they even had a son... Why don't you look around at other people who love and care about you..." Edmond looked disappointed, his voice low but full of tenderness.

He knew how crazy Charlotte was for Dylan over the years.

She left no stone unturned in her desire to gain Dylan's love. This time, she went to LA secretly for that man again.

Edmond knew she only took him as a friend, but he felt happy that he could help her so much. She served his need to be needed, and he had no regrets and was willing to do anything for her as long as she required.

"So what?" Charlotte stood up and interrupted him, "even if they get married, they can get divorced! Who cares that Savannah had given him a son? I could have kids for him, too! Edmond, I don't want to talk about anything else today. If you do that again, I'll never look for you."

"Sorry, Charlotte," Edmond said immediately.

"Never mind. Anyway, just keep an eye on Savannah, and let me know if anything happens. Thank you, Edmond. You're always the first one I can trust." Charlotte said softly, her voice sweet as honey. She knew well how to apply the carrot after the stick.

"Trust me," Edmond blushed and nodded vigorously.

Charlotte looked at Edmond, who was completely hypnotized by her, a contemptuous smile flitting across her beautiful face.