

Midnight 431

Chapter 431: Mommy I Believe You Will Win

Edmond adored her as a goddess, and she knew it well.

This man could do a lot for her if she made good use of him. He often showed his affection to her, yet Charlotte's heart belongs to Dylan. She dreams to become Dylan's wife no matter what way she'll take.

* * *

On the day of the final, Savannah was having her breakfast when she received a text message from Kaiden.

"Come on, mommy! I believe you will win first! I've booked a restaurant for you to celebrate!"

His cute words cheered Savannah up. She can't help not to smile. Her young boy resembled his father. She knew Dylan has been doing his best to become a great example of their son.

After breakfast, she dressed, took a satchel on her back, and went out.

At the gate of the community, Kevin was waiting for her in the car.

Savannah greeted him with a smile and got in.

When they arrived at the exhibition center, Savannah got off and waved goodbye to Kevin.

"I'm gonna go, Kevin. I'll call you after the contest."

"Do you want me to wait for you here?" Kevin smiled.

"No. I'll be nervous. I got through the second round alone, right?" Savannah laughed. She didn't mention what happened in the semi-finals to Kevin because she didn't want him to worry.

Not far away, Charlotte and Katrina stood by a red Toyota Highlander, watching their talking.

Charlotte squinted as Kevin drove away. The man who sent Savannah here must be Kevin Wills, the man who took her away and lived with her in Italy for three years.

Kevin and Savannah were really close.

"Oh, this bitch never stops flirting with other men while she haunts your man," Katrina said acidly.

Without a word, Charlotte just beckoned her best friend to catch up with Savannah.

Savannah slowed down after she entered the exhibition hall.

"Miss Schultz!"

Footsteps resounded presently upon the marble pavement of the hall within.

Savannah paused, looked back, and saw Katrina walking to her.

Surprised, Savannah didn't answer her. After the theft incident, it was somewhat embarrassing to see her.

"Um, Miss Schultz, you're not still mad at me for that, are you? Elliott said it was just a misunderstanding. Oh, I forgot to congratulate you for advancing to the final." Katrina smiled.

"Congratulations to you too, Miss Kaif. You're early." Savannah said drily.

"Well, my best friend came to LA to see me. Knowing that I have a contest this morning, she came early and sent me here. Let me introduce her to you, and perhaps we can be friends in the future." Katrina smiled as she took Charlotte's arm.

Savannah then noticed that the girl next to Katrina looked familiar.

She seemed to have seen her somewhere.

Oh, yes, she met this girl the other day when she went to the library.

"This is Charlotte Rowe. Oh, she's from the Rowe family. Do you know the Rowe group? It's well known in Chicago." Katrina said slowly as she studied Savannah's expression.

Savannah was stunned for a moment.

Charlotte? The heiress of the Rowe group?

Wasn't she the girl Dylan had been looking for?

It was for this girl that Dylan abandoned her before their wedding day?

She couldn't remember who Charlotte was. Today, she finally saw her.

Different from what she had imagined, Charlotte didn't look much like her.

Since she used to be Charlotte's replacement, she thought she and Charlotte would look alike, but now it seemed that they didn't have much in common.

Charlotte was fair-skinned, beautiful, and sweet, with clear, big eyes, like an innocent and pure princess who was well protected by her family.

She didn't know that Charlotte was Katrina's best friend.

"Charlotte's well-bred and beautiful, and she's been pursued by many men." Katrina glanced at Savannah and continued, "but she refused them all. Only the top man is worthy of her."

Savannah understood immediately. A faint smile played on her lips.

She wondered why Katrina suddenly stopped her and even introduced her best friend to her.

Obviously, Katrina knew that she was Charlotte's rival in love, and she praised Charlotte in front of her deliberately.

The real purpose of Charlotte, who accompanied Katrina to the finals today, was to see her, right?

"Oh, I see. Miss Rowe does look great." Savannah gave Charlotte a gentle look.

Katrina frowned. She was about to say something to irritate Savannah when Charlotte signaled her with a wink.

"Katrina, I want to talk to Miss Schultz alone."

Katrina nodded and went in first.

Charlotte looked at Savannah, and then she smiled.

"Miss Schultz, I think you already know who I am."

"You come to me today." Savannah nodded and said quietly.

"Yeah. I learned from Katrina that Miss Schultz took part in this designer competition, and then I knew you're back. So, I come from Chicago to see you."

From Chicago? Was Charlotte not in LA these years?

She thought Dylan would have been with Charlotte after she went to Italy.

"You just want to see me? Or you're afraid that I'm getting too close to Dylan?" Savannah was frank in her questions.

Charlotte was surprised at Savannah's straightforward way. But since she was so frank, she could be frank with her too.

"Miss Schultz, are you back for the competition only?"

"You're right," Savannah replied calmly, "The only reason I came back was to participate in the competition. I'll leave when the contest was over. You can rest assured. No matter what happened to Dylan and me three years ago, we're strangers now."

It was obvious what Charlotte was up to. She was just nervous that she was gonna get back together with Dylan, wasn't she?

It seemed that Charlotte had not been with Dylan these three years, but she never gave him up and was still obsessed with him.

Charlotte took her as her love rival and worried that she would make it up with Dylan. But in fact, she didn't want to get into the love triangle, which might hurt her again.

Chapter **432: Did He Come In Person?**

Charlotte, surprised at her outspokenness, was stunned and relieved. It seemed that Savannah really had no interest in Dylan.

"Are you done? Can I go now?" Savannah turned to leave without staying for an answer.

"Wait a minute," Charlotte called her again.

Savannah turned back and looked at her, a little impatient.

"Even if you don't like Dylan, he never gives you up." Charlotte bit her lips.

Savannah felt funny and annoyed. She was only able to keep her distance from that man, but she couldn't decide how Dylan treated her.

What did Charlotte really want?

"Miss Rowe, we haven't seen each other for quite a while. Dylan isn't that into me as you thought." Savannah said slowly.

"If Dylan has given you up, how could he condescend to come here to help you out when knowing that you were going to be disqualified? Now you know why you are in the final? He threatened Elliott with his connections!" Charlotte's voice was shaky with emotion.

Savannah was quiet for a moment.

Elliott changed her attitude and did not disqualify her because of Dylan? Did he come in person?

Charlotte paid close attention to Dylan, and she would not make a mistake. Maybe that was the main reason she came to her today.

These days, Dylan kept his promise and never showed up. But it turned out that he still paid attention to her secretly.

"So, Dylan doesn't seem to let you go." Charlotte continued, unaware of the slight change in her expression.

"What do you want to say?" Savannah asked calmly.

"Miss Schultz, if you really don't have feelings for Dylan and wants to break up with him, please don't accept his help and let him know your decision. What's more, I also hope that you'll keep your promise and immediately leave after the contest. Don't come back again."

That was really an unreadable demand. But Savannah just felt sorry for Charlotte, who was so humble in the relationship with Dylan.

"You should have talked with Dylan, not me," Savannah said, with no expression, "I also hope you can keep Dylan's mind on you and don't bother me anymore."

Yes, she would distance herself from Dylan, but that's what she wanted to do, not following any command from others.

Charlotte's sweet, commanding voice made her uncomfortable.

"I'm gonna go." Savannah turned around and did not look back.

Savannah went to the backstage with mixed feelings after the conversation with Charlotte.

She felt like being watched by a pair of burning eyes secretly all the time. That was not a comfortable feeling.

Without that man, she would have been disqualified in the second round and would now be notorious for theft.

She didn't know how he convinced Elliott. According to his connections and power, it was not difficult for him to do anything.

No wonder there was panic on Elliott's face after she returned to the backstage that day. Dylan must have threatened her with something she feared.

Maybe it was also because of Dylan that she got through to the final?

Savannah walked onto the stage with other competitors with an unsettled mind.

The final round officially began.

It was divided into two parts. The first part was a review of their submissions after the semi-final. The second round was on-site production.

As expected, Savannah got the highest score in the first part. She would win first if she did a good job in the second part.

After a short break, the second part started.

Now each of the five finalists stood in front of a long table on which there was the clothing material decided by lot.

What Savannah got was cotton fabric. The theme for the final tonight was "Youth."

Although the cotton fabric was soft and comfortable, it was so soft and lack of hardness that it was difficult to make the design work fashion with this material.

Savannah took a breath and put all her mind into the design on the spot.

After a tight and closely-contested process, she finished the creation two minutes before the arrival of time.

In front of a panel of judges, Savannah took a breath and put all her mind into the tight competition. She concentrated on the garment making and finished it two minutes before the arrival of time.

After the other four finalists introduced their original design, it was Savannah's turn.

"Miss Schultz, show us about your design." Profession Bowden said kindly.

Savannah's unique design and fluent cutting way just now impressed him a lot.

She graciously picked up her latest work after a polite bow.

It's a cotton jumpsuit with a lapel collar, V-neck, and short sleeves. A tonal matching belt encircled the waist.

She handed the jumpsuit to an assistant staff who helped to put it on the plastic model in front of a panel of judges.

The shoulder of the jumpsuit was padded by cardboard, which made up for the soft nature of the cotton fabric, while the lower smart trousers gave peculiar elegance.

Several judges nodded approvingly.

Elliott, who sat in the middle, still kept a straight face. But she knew that Savannah was the best among the five finalists today. Even though she was the chief judge of the competition, she could not blindfold others.

After a short discussion, the jury put their votes in the ballot box.

The assistant staff checked the ticket and looked at the five competitors with a smile. Then he announced the result.

"According to the comprehensive evaluation of our competitors, the winner of the Fashion Design Awards Competition this year is – Savannah Schultz! Congratulations!"

Savannah's heartbeat thick when she heard her name. Although she was confident, she didn't believe she really took first place.

Then the second and third prize winner was announced.

Katrina finished second. She clapped together with the rest of the competitors, but her smile was obviously reluctant.

"Savannah, congratulations. Later, we have a formal award ceremony. The first prize for the competition will be officially announced." Professor Bowden, as the representative of the jury, walked to Savannah and gave her his hand.

Chapter 433: Why Did You Quit?

Savannah stretched out to shake hands with Professor Bowden.

"Sorry, Professor Bowden," she took a deep breath and said, "but I've decided to withdraw from the competition."

Her words astonished all.

What did she mean? She just won the first prize. Why did she suddenly give up the upcoming glory?

Elliott came round first, frowning, "why?" What happened?"

"Sorry I have my own reasons. I'm sorry that I failed to live up to your expectations. Anyway, I've decided to quit." Savannah made a deep curtsy. Hanging her head, she turned and ran out of the hall.

On the road, she stopped a taxi and asked the driver to drive around the city before going back to her apartment.

When she went upstairs and opened the door, she saw Kevin sitting on the sofa.

Seeing her back, Kevin stood up and looked at her with a complicated expression.

He must have known what she did in the competition today.

Savannah felt a little guilty. Kevin accompanied her back to LA to participate in the contest, hoping that she could enjoy the progress and gain something. However, just when she got the award, she chose to withdraw from the competition.

"Why?" Kevin asked with a sigh.

Savannah kept nothing from Kevin. After a short pause, she told him that Dylan had helped her in the second round.

"The jury of the competition now all know that I have something to do with Dylan Sterling. This competition lost its meaning for me. If I won the prize, it would be unfair to others, and I would feel uncomfortable myself. It would be like cheating."

What she wanted was to win the prize through her own ability, instead of relying on Dylan's power and connections.

In fact, she had decided to quit just after the conversation with Charlotte.

However, she still wanted to finish what she started.

"Do you think Dylan bought the jury to make you win?" Kevin knitted his handsome brows slightly.

"Even if he didn't give that order, the jury knows about my relationship with him. That's not what I want." Savannah said.

"Savannah, you didn't win the prize because of him. I know you're capable enough to win. Winning the first prize can mean becoming much more famous in the fashion industry. It's deeply regrettable to give up the prize. Let me make a phone call to the organizer and explain to them that you're just too happy..."

"No, Kevin," Savannah interrupted him, "I've decided. More importantly, I don't want to accept any favors from him. To withdraw from the contest, I can let him know that I really don't want to have anything with him."

"Well, now that you've made up your mind, I'll just back you up. In fact, the competition's nothing. Whether or not you get a prize, you are always the best in my mind." Kevin touched her head and said.

Savannah smiled and nodded.

Dylan's face changed when he heard about Savannah's withdrawal from the competition.

After flying all the way home from Italy to participate in the competition, after three grueling rounds, she gave up the prize just when she won the first?

How could it be possible! There must be a reason.

"Why? Did anything happen? Anyone bullied her or forced her out?" He asked coldly.

"No, Miss Schultz asked to quit herself..." Garwood replied in a cold sweat.

"How did she quit for no reason?"

Garwood hesitated for a long time before he finally whispered, "I guess Miss Schultz knew that you helped her..."

Dylan's face turned pale with rage.

So, the little woman was telling him that she'd rather withdraw from the competition than accept his kindness.

She regarded him as a stranger, and he knew it. But he never thought it would come to this. She didn't want to have anything to do with him.

* * *

In the evening, Savannah sent Kevin downstairs after dinner.

She could tell that Kevin didn't want to leave. He was still waiting for her answer, and he was eager to be her man rather than her brother. But he was so gentle and apprehensive that he never pushed her.

However, she couldn't make up her mind to accept his affection.

Perhaps it was because she had just known that she had a marriage with another man three years ago, or because of Kaiden, her own son, who reacted violently when she asked for a divorce.

So, she could only pretend not to see Kevin's evident intention.

Savannah watched Kevin drive away under the streetlamp at the gate of the residential district.

She turned around and was about to go back when a familiar black car under the plane tree not far away caught her sight. She paused, looking over.

It was that man's car.

Her heart was pounding against her chest. Didn't he say he would never appear in front of her again?

He did keep a distance from her the last time she saw him in Sterling's house. Why was he here today?

The car door opened, and Dylan got off. He came up to her and stopped in front of her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked coldly.

"Why did you quit?" Dylan stared at her blankly.

"You came here for this?"

"Answer me."

"You should know why." Savannah tried to quiet herself down.

"Because I spoke for you in front of Elliott and asked them not to disqualify you?" He controlled his anger and asked.

"Yes. Thank you for your help. But I didn't want to win a prize because of the relationship with you, so I quit." Savannah gazed ahead and avoided his eyes.

"I didn't ask the judges to give you special care. You have won the prize on your own capability."

"No. If it were not for you, I would have been disqualified in the second round and wouldn't have won the final." Savannah insisted.

"You refuse to accept the slightest help from me?" He gritted his teeth.

Savannah was silent for two seconds before she opened her mouth again.

"Yes," she said, "I have nothing to do with you except that I'm working in your company. And I won't be your staff soon. I don't think I'm qualified to accept your help."

She was going to keep her promise and go back to Italy with Kevin. She had just discussed it with Kevin tonight. When his work in JK was settled, they would book the air ticket in these two days.

As for the divorce, just wait until Kaiden was old enough to accept it.

Chapter **434: A Hard Kiss**

"You're leaving?" The frown on Dylan's face was deepening to a scowl.

"I said that the main purpose of my return was to participate in the competition. Now that the competition's over, I should resign and go back. Don't worry, I'll finish what I started before I officially quit, leaving nothing behind." She said drily, not noticing his cloudy face.

"It's getting late. This isn't a rich area, and there are no night guards. Go ahead, and don't come again." That was to say, he and she were in two different worlds, and it was not possible for them to get back together.

Angered by her words, Dylan forgot his previous promise for a moment. He stretched out to grip her slender arm impatiently, pulling her to his bosom.

"Leaving?" Looking down at her, he ground out between clenched teeth, his gaze unwavering and intense. "Where are you leaving for? Italy? Ah, Savannah, do you really consider yourself a European? Do you really think I will let you escape again, you must be dreaming,"

Did she think she could still leave after she reappeared in front of him? No way!

Embraced by him in his hot arms, Savannah reacted and hurriedly pressed her hands against him, trying to push him away. Dylan's hand slid down her back and flattened at the base of her spine as he pushed her against his body, giving her no chance to leave.

Since he knew that she lost her memory after the delivery three years ago, he didn't look for her as she required in order not to hurt her. He even had to help her in a secret way when she was in trouble.

The last time he saw her in Sterling's house, he tried hard to press down his desire to take her back to Beverly Hills directly!

But she still wanted to leave. At this moment, all his persistence, patience no longer existed!

"Mr. Sterling, let me go! Please remember what you promised! You said you'd stop pestering me, and you wouldn't show up!" She struggled hard.

Dylan's eyes were burning with anger at her cold attitude. His hand grasped the nape of her neck, pulling her to him. He leaned down to kiss her, forcing her lips apart with his tongue, taking no prisoners.

Savannah felt oppressed with the heat of his breath, but she couldn't push him with all her strength. In a moment of desperation, she sank her teeth and bit his tongue.

Dylan loosened his grasp on her out of pain, his face twisting. She took the opportunity to step back, running toward the direction of her apartment!

Dylan spit some blood and wiped his mouth with the back of his right hand. There was a sort of pain in his tongue.

Savannah didn't look back. She kept running until she finally disappeared from his sight.

He stood dead still, his face deadly dark. The faint light of the streetlamp outlined him coldly. After a long silence, he turned, got into the car, and drove away.

Shortly after the black car left, Kevin, in another car not far away, sighed with a complex expression.

He remembered that he had lost his wallet in Savannah's room and came back soon after he started off, only to overlook this.

Dylan broke his promise, as expected.

Savannah refused to accept his help. Her withdrawal from the competition finally provoked Dylan.

That man could not bear to hear that she was going back to Italy.

He vented his anger on her with a hard kiss.

But Kevin knew that it would not be the end. That man would not let Savannah go.

However, no matter how persistent he was, as long as Savannah was determined to refuse him, he couldn't force her to love him.

But... would Savannah always be so indifferent to Dylan? Would her heart be softened one day?

Kevin's clear eyes become cloudy at this thought. Finally, he didn't get off but drove away.

* * *

A black Lamborghini pulled into the carved gate of Sterling's house and stopped in the courtyard.

Kaiden deftly unbuckled his seatbelt and jumped out of the car.

It was a lovely Sunday evening. Kaiden came to see his grandpa at this time of every week.

His dad seemed to be in a bad mood these days. He kept a straight face from morning to evening.

Dylan threw the keys to the servant, picked up his rabbit-like son in one arm, and headed for the door.

"Grandpa!" Kaiden shouted as soon as they entered the living room.

"Oh, there you're, my dear Kaiden. Come on!" Old Sterling's high-spirited voice came from the sofa.

Dylan paused when he saw the slim young woman sitting next to his father.

Kaiden looked over curiously. A guest?

The young auntie, with curly blond hair and big blue eyes, next to his grandpa, was the same age as his mommy. She looked quite and pretty in a yellow dress. Her eyes brightened when she saw them coming.

"Dylan!" The young woman said, rising excitedly.

She walked over and stopped in front of Dylan. The light in her eyes became complicated when her gaze fell on the small boy in the man's arms. After a pause, she smiled at Dylan and stretched to pat Kaiden's cheek.

"Is this Kaiden? He becomes a big boy."

Kaiden dodged. For no reason, he didn't like the beautiful auntie. Maybe it was because the way she looked at his father was unspeakably strange.

Charlotte let her hand drop in embarrassment.

"What're you doing here?" Dylan didn't expect Charlotte to make a surprise visit.

His emotionless greeting coldly Charlotte down. They had not seen each other for almost three years, but he didn't look happy at all.

"Um... I haven't seen you for a long time. I want to see you." She pulled herself together and forced another smile. She knew Dylan was always so cool.

"Does your brother know?" Dylan frowned slightly.

Charlotte hesitated.

"Your brother will be worried about you." Dylan quickly realized that she came to LA without telling her family.

"I know. Dylan, don't worry, I'll tell him later..." Charlotte mumbled.

"I'll call him and tell him to take you back." Dylan took out his cell phone.

"No!" Charlotte interrupted him hurriedly. "Dylan, don't... I'll go back to myself."

Fortunately, old Sterling called at the moment.

"Come on! Let's talk after dinner."

Chapter 435: You Don't Like Me

Charlotte gave Dylan an imploring look, afraid that he still insisted on sending her away.

Dylan glanced at old Sterling and didn't say more. He carried Kaiden to the dining room and placed him in the adjustable child seat. Then he sat opposite to Kaiden.

Charlotte let out a sigh of relief. She followed and sat down next to Dylan and quietly moved the chair closer to him.

She could smell the fantasizing fresh smell of this enigmatic man and hear him breathing.

After three years, she finally could be so close to him again.

She came to LA secretly without telling her brother and visited old Sterling with an excuse. Everything was worth it.

Charlotte felt her heart pounding with excitement, but a child's voice came in time.

"I want to sit there!"

Dylan looked at his son, who pointed to where he was sitting.

"Kaiden, why do you want to take your daddy's seat?" Old Sterling asked with a laugh.

"I can't reach the dishes over there." Kaiden held up his plastic knife and fork and gave his grandpa a wink.

If it was really for the dishes, they could just change the place of the plates, but obviously, the boy just didn't want to see his father get too close to other women.

"Well, Dylan, Kaiden wants to sit in your seat. Then just change it." Old Sterling always followed his dear grandson's words unconditionally.

Dylan didn't mind. He asked the servant to change the seats and sat next to old Sterling.

"Auntie, you don't like me? Why do you look unhappy when I sit here?" Kaiden looked at Charlotte, who looked disappointed, blinking his big innocent eyes.

Charlotte clenched her fist when everyone's eyes fell on her.

"How come I don't like you? You're so cute. Everyone likes you." She smiled softly as she said

She knew that this boy was a treasure of old Sterling. To be annoyed, the boy was the same as to offend old Sterling.

That was to say, she could win the favor of Dylan's father by showing concern for the boy.

Thinking of this, she picked up the fork and asked in a softer voice, "Kaiden, didn't you just say that you like the food here? What do you want to eat? Let me pick it for you. Salmon?"

"No, I want the Lemon chicken."

"Oh, well, chicken's good."

"Thank you, auntie." Kaiden said politely after Charlotte picked a piece of chicken for him, and then he added, "eating fish can make you smarter. I suggest you have more."

Charlotte paused when she was about to take a piece of Salmon. Eating fish can make her smarter? Should she have more? What did he mean? Did she look silly?

Old Sterling and Cooper behind him laughed silently.

"Kaiden, who told you that?" Old Sterling coughed.

"My mommy told me. She said that nutrition in fish could make me taller and smarter. But I think auntie Rowe needs it more than me. She looked dumbfounded when she looked at daddy!" Kaiden declared.

"Did your mommy ask you to eat more vegetables?" Old Sterling laughed and changed the subject.

Charlotte lowered her head and dared not to look at Dylan brazenly. What a tough boy!

"Auntie, eat vegetables!" Kaiden picked some purple cabbage from the vegetable salad into Charlotte's plate as a return.

Charlotte swallowed her displeasure and picked up the purple cabbage and put it in her mouth. In a moment, a sharp, hot taste trickled through her tongue, and she vomited up the purple cabbage and coughed.

How could the purple cabbage be so strong? It tasted like mustard!

She was so defenseless that the mustard smell made her nose running and eyes watering!

Damn it! It must be the little boy who had done something!

Annoyed and embarrassed, she covered her face and rushed to the nearest washroom on the first floor!

"How did auntie eat herself cry? The vegetable salad tastes good!" Kaiden shook his head.

Dylan glanced at Kaiden and then at the vegetable salad. Next to it were the sliced raw salmon bowl and a dish of mustard.

Needless to say, the little guy had just stirred the purple cabbage into the mustard.

Old Sterling caught the sight of what his grandson had done, but he didn't blame him for it and just let the maid in to see how Charlotte was now.

A moment later, Charlotte came out with the maid.

Her face was still red after bad coughing; her hair was somehow wet after she washed her face. Obviously, she had adjusted her mood before she sat back.

"I'm sorry, uncle Sterling," she said.

"It's all right. Food first. Come on." Old Sterling said hurriedly, afraid that Charlotte would find what his dear grandson had done, and blamed him.

The four sat down again and continued to eat.

Dylan didn't say anything during the meal, so old Sterling took the initiative to talk with the guest. He cared about how the Rowes were doing these years and asked how were Lionel and his new company. Charlotte answered politely.

At last, old Sterling invited her to come to eat next time and ended the dinner.

After another short rest in the living room, Charlotte rose from the couch and said, "I'm gonna go, uncle. I'll come to see you next time." She glanced at Dylan unconsciously as she said.

Seeing this, old Sterling said to his son, "Dylan, send Miss Rowe back. It's too late."

It was obvious that Charlotte came to visit him today for Dylan.

Though they had dinner together, she didn't have a chance to talk to Dylan because of Kaiden's interruption and the presence of others. Now she must want to talk to Dylan alone.

The Rowe family had kept a good relationship with the Sterling family, and the girl came to LA, especially for Dylan. They should not be too cold for her.

Old Sterling was afraid that his son would say no. Unexpectedly, Dylan stood up and asked Kaiden to stay.

"Okay. I'll send Charlotte back first. Kaiden, just stay here and play with your grandpa. I'll pick you up later." Then he went to the door.

Surprisingly pleased, Charlotte followed him out of the hall.

However, Dylan kept silent all the way in the car. He stopped at the gate of Royal Villa and got off.

Chapter 436: Go Home, Charlotte

Charlotte lived in the house which Lionel had bought in Royal Villa.

"Here we are." Dylan pulled open the passenger door.

Charlotte got off reluctantly. She tried to talk to him on the way, but he seldom answered her. Now she arrived home, and it disappointed her that he was going to leave soon.

"Dylan... Can you go in with me? I... I want to talk to you." She bit her lip and murmured.

She had too much on her mind to tell him after three years.

At last, they were alone. How could she let him go?

"I won't go in." He looked at her and said, "I'll ask my secretary to book your plane ticket later. Go back to Chicago. Your brother must be worried about you."

Charlotte's expression froze, and a wry smile played on her lips.

Ah. It turned out that he sent her home in person, not because he was concerned for her safety, but to drive her away.

Dylan thought that she understood. He was about to turn to leave when she suddenly threw her arms around him from behind.

"Dylan, don't go... Please... Three years... I've been waiting for you for three years... Do you know how I've spent the last three years in Chicago? I missed you every day..." She mumbled sobbing. "Why? Why don't you let me stay with you? Didn't you keep looking for me? Why do you treat me in this way now? I'm sorry, Dylan. I'm not blaming you. I just don't understand... I really don't understand..."

He took her arm and pulled it away gently. Then he looked at Charlotte, who grew excited while speaking.

"I'll ask a maid to come out and take you in." He said drily.

Charlotte, seeing his impassive expression, knew that he didn't want to talk to her and still kept a distance from her.

After three years, Dylan almost forgot Savannah.

If Savannah hadn't reappeared, he would have softened towards her, and at least, he wouldn't ask her to go back to Chicago as soon as they met again.

Savannah, why don't you disappear and never come back again?

Charlotte knew that her stepmother treated her as her own daughter because she predicted her feelings for her daughter on her. Because she really missed her own daughter, Savannah.

Now, Dylan treated her so coldly because of Savannah again.

"Go home, Charlotte. I'll have my secretary bring the ticket to you soon." The man's indifferent voice came again.

"No!" Charlotte put her hand to her face and cried. With that, she turned and rushed into the villa.

Kaiden talked with his grandpa for a while. Then he went to the toy room and sat alone in the toys playing while waiting for his daddy.

Toys today didn't seem so fun. He felt a little fretful after a while.

Finally, he took out the phone and called Savannah.

"Kaiden?" Savannah's soft voice arrived on the phone.

"Mommy, I miss you," Kaiden muttered.

Savannah noticed the grievance and unhappiness in the boy's voice and asked with concern, "what's the matter? What happened? Where are you?"

"I'm at grandpa's house," Kaiden replied in a sullen tone.

"What's not to be happy about? Did grandpa scold you for something?" Savannah was relieved and then asked with a smile.

"No, I'm waiting for daddy to pick me up in the toy room now. Today, a young auntie came to dinner at grandpa's house. Daddy sent her home after dinner and hasn't come back yet." Kaiden pouted.

"Who's that, auntie?" asked Savannah, and she seemed to guess who it was.

"Auntie Rowe."

Charlotte.

Savannah paused and comforted Kaiden, "it's just polite to send the guest home at such a late hour. He'll pick you up later."

"But I don't like that, auntie." Kaiden was sensitive about this. If he was not here today, what would that auntie do to his daddy? Would they be together and abandon him later?

"Mommy, when will you come back?" Kaiden quavered, "no, auntie would bother daddy again if mommy moves back and lives with us."

"Kaiden, didn't I say that? I can't live together with your dad." Savannah said patiently.

"You're just going to let daddy get stuck with those pesky women?" Kaiden was not convinced.

"If your father can find a good auntie, it's good for him and good for you."

"No!" cried Kaiden unhappily, his voice trembling. "No, auntie! No new mommy!"

"Okay, right," Savannah soothed him in a soft voice, "don't worry. Your dad's so picky and tough. It's hard for him to find a good auntie."

Kaiden nodded with tears.

At last, Savannah calmed him down with a children's song. After hanging up, she sat on the sofa and didn't move for a long time.

She would go back to Italy with Kevin after he finished the business in JK.

She didn't think too much about what Dylan did that night. Though he was still her legal husband, they both knew that he couldn't stop her if she insisted on leaving.

But she felt a little upset by Kaiden's call.

After a while, she smiled to herself, a little mockingly.

Even if that man was with Charlotte now... wasn't it a matter of course?

They should have been together three years ago.

But what was she thinking? Why was she distracted by the thought that they were together?

That should be good for her to know that he and Charlotte went well, and she was able to divorce him and return to Italy.

But why? Why did the lonely figure under the streetlamp that night still haunted and lingered in her mind? Why did she remember the hard kiss again?

Shaking her head, she tried to get rid of those strange thoughts.

What she should do now was to finish her work in the company and wait for Kevin to finish his work in JK. After that, they would go to Italy together.

After that, maybe they could be together soon.

She took a deep breath and turned up the volume on the TV, trying to focus on the TV show again.

Chapter437: Pretended To Be Sick

In the sitting room of Rowe's house in Royal Villa, a maid was answering the phone carefully.

"Yes, Mr. Garwood. We've received the air ticket from Mr. Sterling. Thank you...

But Miss Rowe feels ill this morning... Yes, a fever. She's not got up. I'm afraid her departure has to be postponed...

No, thanks, we have a family doctor. It's not that serious... Okay, sure, we'll take care of her and send her back when she gets well."

The maid hung up the phone.

Just then, footsteps came from the stairs.

Charlotte, in a pink home dress, stepped down slowly.

"How's it going?"

"Miss Rowe, I've talked with Mr. Garwood as you told. Mr. Garwood wanted to send a doctor here, and I declined his kindness. He asked me to take care of you and said that he would book a new ticket for you when you get well." The maid lowered her head and said.

Charlotte nodded and sighed with relief. Dylan asked his secretary to send a ticket to Chicago to her early this morning, and the flight time was this afternoon. In order to stay, she could only pretend to be sick.

Maybe she couldn't delay long with this excuse, it was worth it as long as she still had a chance to see Dylan in the city.

After a little, Katrina came and was led into the house by a maid.

"Miss Kaif, this way, please. Miss Rowe's waiting for you in the drawing-room." The maid said respectfully. Katrina had been here several times, and the servants here knew this young lady was Charlotte's best friend.

Katrina walked into the drawing-room and sat next to Charlotte with a cloudy face, throwing her handbag on the sofa.

"Give me some juice. With ice, please," she ordered the maid.

"What's going on?" Charlotte glanced at Katrina, who seemed to be in a bad mood. "Didn't you just win the first prize in the designer competition?"

Charlotte pretended to be sick, so she could not go out these days, for fear of being seen by Dylan. She asked Katrina here to accompany her and talk with her so that she would not be too bored.

Katrina's face became gloomier when her friend mentioned the competition.

"First place? Now everyone said that I got the first because Savannah gave it to me! The real winner should be Savannah, not me!" She cried and almost turned the juice over.

Savannah withdrew from the competition and gave up the prize as soon as she was announced as the winner. After that, the jury gave the first prize to Katrina. It should be a happy result, but Katrina could not cheer herself up at all.

The outsiders had no idea about the inside story, but people who had learned about it all thought that she got the prize because Savannah didn't want it!

It was a complete humiliation for her!

Katrina transferred this shame to Savannah and cursed her every day.

Charlotte could feel Katrina's anger towards Savannah, her face growing darker.

"Oh, well. Charlotte, how have you been?" Katrina noticed her friend's silence and asked, "You said you were going to visit old Sterling in Sterling's house. Did you see your Dylan? You haven't seen each other for three years. How about the visit?"

Charlotte frowned for a long time before she said, "Dylan booked me a flight back to Chicago. If I hadn't pretended to be ill, I would have been on the plane by now."

"Ah?" Katrina gasped and then comforted her, "maybe Mr. Sterling was just too thoughtful and didn't want your brother and your grandma to worry about you..."

"Don't say that to make me feel better. I know he wanted to drive me away because of Savannah. He's busy fixing his relationship with Savannah and has no time to deal with me. Oh, maybe he was afraid that Savannah would be unhappy to see me, as she did three years ago, so he wanted to send me back as soon as possible." Charlotte looked straight ahead; her tone remained emotionless.

"That bitch again." Katrina took a deep breath and gritted her teeth. "She's a nuisance! Because of her, I lost my face in the competition. And it was her who came between you and Mr. Sterling and stopped you from being together all these years!"

Charlotte didn't answer, but Katrina knew how she hated Savannah.

"Come on, that bitch cannot compare with you at all! Mr. Sterling has an interest in her because she's good at playing hard-to-get. Maybe she's been stalking Mr. Sterling behind you."

"She said she would not haunt Dylan, and she took Dylan as a stranger now. She promised that she would go to Italy after the competition." Charlotte said slowly.

"Oh, you believe that? If she isn't that scheming, why's she working in Mr. Sterling's company now? How could Mr. Sterling want to send you back when you finally met? I don't believe she's willing to give up such an excellent man like Mr. Sterling!" Katrina said indignantly.

She took a sip of juice and continued, "What's more, she had given birth to a child for the Sterling family! Even if she refused Mr. Sterling on the surface, her existence is still a threat! For men, the one they couldn't get is always the best. As long as she's still in LA, there's always a barrier between you and Mr. Sterling."

Charlotte's eyes clouded. She clenched her hands, and a wry smile rose on her lips.

What could she do? How could she keep Savannah from ever appearing in front of Dylan again? Even Lionel would not forgive her if she dared do anything to hurt Savannah.

Anyway, the competition was over. She could only hope that Savannah really had no feelings for Dylan and would leave for Italy soon.

In this way, Dylan would give her up early and saw clearly that there was still someone else waiting for him.

* * *

It was ten to nine in the morning.

Savannah walked briskly into the design department as usual.

It was the first day of work after the competition.

She promised Kevin that she would quit the job after all the work was done. So, she must go back to the company to deal with the rest of the work and finish them as soon as possible, and then she could go back to Italy with Kevin.

"Hey, Savannah! You're back!" Some colleagues crowded over as soon as Savannah entered the design department.

"We miss you a lot! How are you?" A female assistant designer giggled and gave her an exaggerated hug.

Savannah was happy to be welcomed by her colleagues with such enthusiasm but also a little guilty.

"I'm sorry. I didn't win the prize after such a long time off. You must have worked overtime for days to finish my unfinished work. I'm really sorry."

Chapter438: A Hard Working Employee

"Don't put it that way. We know you gave up the first prize yourself!"

"Yeah, you're now a legend in the fashion world. What're you thinking of, baby? The first prize means more than a large sum of money, but also a good way to the fashion design industry!" Another designer said regretfully.

"For some personal reasons..." Savannah mumbled, forcing a smile.

After a few more words, her colleagues went back to their seats.

Savannah took a breath and knocked on the door of the director's office.

"Savannah, this's the third time you come to my office to offer your resignation, right?" Jenkins laughed.

"I'm sorry," Savannah was a little embarrassed.

"I know the main purpose of your return is to participate in the designer competition. Now that it's over, you have to go back. Well, I won't stop you if you really want to resign this time. But you have to finish your work before you leave." Jenkins said kindly.

"Yeah, that's what I wanted to say. Don't worry, I will finish my work for My Girl before I officially quit."
Savannah was relieved that Jenkins didn't stop her.

Jenkins nodded.

With that, Savannah walked out of the office.

Jenkins watched her back and heaved a sigh. When the door was closed, he picked up the phone.

"Mr. Sterling. Miss Schultz has come to resign again... Yeah, she said she would leave after the work for My Girl is finished."

In the CEO's office, Dylan hung up the phone and didn't move for a long time.

Garwood overheard Jenkins' conversation with him. He looked at his boss and asked carefully, "Sir, does Miss Schultz decide to go back to Italy?"

Dylan didn't answer, his eyes darkened.

"Is there anything I can do? We can't just watch Miss Schultz leaving with Mr. Wills again..." Garwood took a deep breath.

Dylan walked to the French window, looking into the distance silently.

Savannah did her best to get the rest of her work done well so that she would not leave any regrets. She also wanted to finish work early and quit her job as soon as possible.

Sometimes, she worked overtime and came home very late.

In the late afternoon of this Sunday, all her colleagues who worked today got off work just after six. After working hard for a whole week, it was time to have some fun for a good rest.

The office area for the design department was almost empty when Fiona walked over.

She patted the shoulder of Savannah, who was crouching in front of the computer.

"What a hard-working employee! If I were the boss of the company, I don't think I would let you go. Working overtime every day after you decided to quit? Come on, put down your work, and go with me. There's a party in a nice bar tonight." Fiona said as she looked at the time on her phone.

"No, thanks," Savannah said and stretched herself. "There are some problems with the costumes of the actress in My Girl. They want me to settle the problems tonight. Go and have fun."

"Okay," Fiona waved a good-bye to her as she went to the elevator. "Call me if you want to join us later."

Savannah smiled and nodded, watching the elevator door open and close again. Then she realized that she was the only one in the empty office now.

She stood up and slowly walked to the window, looking at the night scene of the city.

The design department was on the thirtieth floor. From the height where she stood, she had a good and comprehensive view of the city.

Outside the window, the night had come, and the sky was set with countless stars.

With so many kind colleagues and such a good working environment, Savannah really didn't want to quit the job.

No, no, no. What was she thinking about?

She had promised Kevin that she would go back to Italy with him as soon as her work was done.

Was there anything that made her reluctant to leave? Or any people?

She took a breath and went back to her place. After having a sandwich, she continued her work.

When Savannah looked up again, the night outside the window had deepened. She rubbed her eyes and then looked at the time on the screen of the computer. It was already more than ten.

The empty office was as quiet as the forest at night.

The horror movies she'd watched, especially the ones that took place in the office, kept coming to her mind.

A little scared, Savannah got up and cleared up her desk quickly.

She shut down the computer and then turned off the light before she rushed to the elevator.

She pressed the Down button, but the digital number on the small LED screen didn't move at all. After a pause, she pressed the button several times again. All of a sudden, the LED screen flashed and then darkened.

The whole office became pitch-dark now.

Savannah gasped and quickly took out her cell phone and dialed the number of the Property Management Office.

"Haven't you left yet?" The man on duty asked in surprise, "the elevator is being repaired tonight. It's out of service after ten in the evening. We've sent an email to all of you, I guess. Didn't you see it? Oh, you have to walk down the stairs..."

"Oh, okay, thank you..." Savannah had been busy all night, and she didn't notice any service email from them. She hung up the phone and sighed.

At the stairway, she looked into the long dark stairs and gave another sigh helplessly. How she wished there was someone who could accompany her down.

Thirty stories...

Come on!

Savannah screwed up her nerve and began to go down.

The corridor was unlighted and dark. She stamped her feet, but the sensor lights didn't come on.

Maybe the stairway lights were being repaired too.

It seemed that no one worked so late night on Sunday. She could hear nothing but her frantic footsteps and nervous breathing.

With the dim light of her cell phone, she walked down slowly. The outline of her shadow cast by the screen upon the wall followed her quietly.

For a moment, all the office horror stories and movies were wandering around in her mind. The cold sweat soaked her back.

Chapter 439: Don't Move

Savannah began racing down the stairs, trying not to think of the horrible scenes from the horror films.

She ran so fast and so flustered that she stumbled and gave her ankle a painful wrench.

"Ah!" A sharp cry of pain was wrung out of her. She leaned one arm against the wall, on the point of bursting into tears.

She slowly sat down on the bottom stair, and touched her right ankle with her trembling hand. Her foot was badly swollen, and it hurt terribly when she tried to touch the ground.

In this case, she couldn't walk at all. She was now on the 21st floor, and she had to call a security guard for help.

However, she made several phone calls, and no one answered.

"Oh, no. Bad luck..." Savannah grunted, supported herself on the stair armrest, and tried to get up. She took a tentative step forward, but immediately a burning pain shot through her right foot.

She closed her eyes as she fell down. Unexpectedly, she was supported in time by a pair of unseen arms from behind and then pulled into someone's hot arms.

Stunned for a moment, she screamed and began to struggle hard!

Horror movies popped up in her mind again! Was this a man or a ghost?

The person behind her covered her mouth with a big horny hand to stop her screaming and then gave a gentle laugh.

It was not a ghost, but a living man.

She recovered herself from the shock. But before she could breathe a sigh of relief, an involuntary shudder came to her.

A stranger in such an empty and dark place seemed more terrible than a ghost!

Her eyes widened as she continued screaming...

"Stop it," a familiar male voice came to her ears with the man's breathing.

Dylan?!

Savannah compressed her lips immediately. Though still shocked, she was quite subdued.

After a time, her nature recovered itself. She gently released herself from his arms and stepped backward, keeping some distance from him in the darkness.

"Mr. Sterling? Why are you here?" She asked, panting, with her back against the wall.

It was too dark that she could not see his expression.

"Ah, I worked overtime tonight. The elevators are not available during the blackout, so I have to walk downstairs. I didn't expect to meet you either," he grinned.

Oh? Savannah frowned. Just a coincidence? He happened to work overtime in Zagreb Film today and left at the same time with her?

But she didn't want to talk more with him in this case.

The atmosphere became a little awkward in the quiet darkness.

"Oh. Then go ahead," she said.

"What about you?" Dylan didn't move.

"I..."

She couldn't walk at all at the moment, and if she could, she would not go downstairs with the dangerous man.

"Later. I'll have a rest first. Mr. Sterling, you should go ahead."

"Later? You're not sitting here watching the moon, are you?" Dylan bantered.

Savannah bit her lip and didn't speak.

Dylan chuckled as he advanced a step, squatting down.

She started, and before she knew it, his long warm fingers touched her right ankle.

"Ahh..." she groaned out of pain.

"You seem more likely to fall than others." He chuckled.

Savannah was seized by a strange feeling. Before she could think more, he carried her on her back and continued to descend.

"Oh, no. Mr. Sterling, let me down!" She reacted and moved uneasily on his back.

"Don't move. One more fall, and you could break a bone." Dylan didn't look back.

"You promised me that you would never appear before me again," Savannah said through clenched teeth.

"Miss Schultz, I said I'm here to work. By the way, you're still working for me. So, I'm responsible for my subordinate getting hurt in the company."

She could refuse to take him as her husband, but he was still her absolute boss at the moment.

Savannah found his words irrational, but she didn't know how to refute them.

At last, she gave up struggling and remained silent on his back while he carried her downstairs slowly.

In the darkness, she could hear his heavy breathing and the clanging of his steps, and she could feel her heart beating fast as she locked her arms around his neck.

She hadn't been so close to the man since the night on the cruise boat. She didn't know why but the heat from him reassured her. Though she was still a little nervous, she felt at ease on his back.

Dylan carried her back to the first floor and walked out of the lobby.

Two security guards on duty at the gate recognized Dylan. They were shocked when they saw him carrying a young girl out.

"Mr. Sterling! Why are you here..." They rushed up in a hurry.

Why was the boss here in the middle of the night? Who was the girl on his back? Why did he carry the small employee downstairs?

The little employee seemed to have hurt her foot.

Wait, which floor were they from?

Meanwhile, Garwood, who had been waiting for Mr. Sterling outside for a long time, came in. He was surprised to see his boss go down with Miss Schultz on his back.

Savannah flushed with embarrassment. She struggled to get down, but Dylan still tied her tightly against his back. He glanced at the two security guards coldly.

"Why not go to inform the staff on each floor before cutting the power of the elevator? Don't you know there's still someone at work?" Dylan snapped at them.

"We're sorry, Sir. It's our fault." Two security guards said apologetically, "Is this young lady all right?"

"You should thank god she's alright." Dylan's voice was even colder.

"I'm fine," Savannah said quickly, "thank you, Mr. Sterling. I can go myself."

With that, she struggled to jump off the ground, limping off the office building.

With a sharp look in his eyes, Dylan ran after her, picked her up from behind, and walked away.

The two security guards were startled.

"Keep your mouth closed if you don't want to get fired!" Garwood looked at two security guards gravely.

"Yes. Mr. Garwood!"

Dylan carried Savannah into the back seat of his car, got in with her, and closed the door behind him.

"What do you want to do? I'm gonna go!" Savannah awoke from her shock and stared at him.

Without a word, he grasped her slender ankle with one hand and peeled back her trouser leg. Under the interior lights, he saw clearly that her right ankle was swollen and red.

He rested her right foot on his lap and then leaned forward, reaching for something under the dashboard. He took a small box back and opened it.

Chapter 440: That Man

A strong flavor of cooling ointment filled the narrow space.

She stopped struggling and stared as he applied the ointment to her red sprained ankle and began to rub it gently.

A spasm of pain clamped her mouth shut and tightened her grip on the car mat. She bit her teeth to stop herself from crying again. Dylan noticed the pained look on her, and his movement became gentler. Unexpectedly, the pain subsided, and she began to feel comfortable as he rubbed her foot. From his big warm hand, a strange current ran through her, making her blush. Fortunately, the light in the car was not very bright, and he could not see the flush on her face.

She bit her lip hard. What was going on? Her body reverberated to his touch?

When he finally finished and closed the little box, she quickly drew back her foot and turned down her trouser end.

"Thank you... Can I get off now?" She looked down and asked.

Dylan looked at her silently, but she still avoided him. Finally, he opened the car door without a word, got off, and called Garwood, who was waiting not far away.

"Send Miss Schultz back."

Garwood nodded and got into the driver's seat.

Savannah sat there, staring emptily out of the window. Dylan stood by the side of the road, looking at her. Then the car started slowly away from the building.

At the gate of her apartment community, Garwood stopped and helped Savannah out.

"Miss Schultz, shall I take you in?"

"No, thank you. I can go myself." Savannah replied with a smile. The cooling ointment reduced the swelling, and after a rest in the car, her foot was much better now.

Garwood didn't insist. He watched her limping in, turned, and then drove away.

Downstairs the apartment, Kevin looked at his cell phone in his hand anxiously. He looked up when he heard the familiar footsteps.

"Savannah!" He hurried over to support her.

"Kevin, why are you here?"

"I called you several times, but you didn't answer. I'm very concerned. What's wrong with your foot?" Kevin looked down at her right foot.

"I worked late in the company, but the elevator was being checked tonight. I broke my ankle accidentally when I walked downstairs." There was a guilty look in Savannah's eyes.

"You okay?" Kevin looked nervous.

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's just a twist."

"You took your colleague's car back?" Kevin asked suddenly.

Savannah's heart jumped at this question. Did Kevin see the car?

"Yeah," she blurted out, "A colleague from my department worked overtime with me. He saw my foot twist and sent me back."

"Oh. Then I'll take you upstairs." Kevin didn't ask more.

Savannah sighed with relief. With Kevin's help, she walked upstairs slowly.

"Kevin, it's getting late. You should go home." She said at the door and didn't invite him in.

"Okay, call me if you need my help." Kevin looked at her with concern.

"All right. Be careful on the road."

Kevin nodded with a gentle smile. As soon as the door was closed in front of him, shadows settled upon his face.

He gazed at the closed door with a confused expression and didn't move for a long time. Slowly he clenched his fists.

It was Dylan's car that took Savannah home.

So tonight, Savannah could be with Dylan.

She said she would never see Dylan again.

But she lied to him.

A sense of crisis came to Kevin.

Savannah... you don't like Dylan anymore, do you? You have no feelings for that man now, right?

Kevin took another glance at the closed door and turned away.

* * *

Savannah went into the bathroom. She was about to take off her clothes for a shower when the cell phone rang.

A message? Kevin?

She smiled and picked it up but paused when the message popped out on the screen.

"Rest your foot as long as pain and swelling persist. Don't take a shower. Mind that you don't fall again."

Dylan?!

Savannah almost threw the phone out. The man didn't have a locator or monitor on her, did he? Why did she feel that he was watching her all the time?

Or... it was because they were on the same wavelength?

She shook her head to get that strange thought out of her mind. Taking a glance at the shower and then at her swollen ankle, she finally decided to listen to his words. Instead of taking a shower, she took a pot of hot water and wiped her body on the chair.

After washing up, Savannah went back to her bedroom and sat down in front of the computer.

It was five to twelve at midnight. She would have fallen asleep in normal times, but she was not in the mood to sleep today.

Of course, she knew why.

It was the man who had robbed her soul of peace.

She played YouTube videos and then spent some time on Twitter.

She set up her Twitter account when she worked as a still model years before. After the memory loss, she never logged in again.

The last tweet was posted three years ago. In its comments, some of her fans asked anxiously why she disappeared.

She was just a still plane model at that time, but after her endorsement for Fairyland, a game of JK, the number of her fans increased rapidly.

However, before she had a chance to become more popular, she was pregnant, and then many things happened.

She went through her old tweets, searching for her lost memory. Meanwhile, she was looking for the lost part of her own.

Finally, she posted a new tweet:

Sorry, everyone, I'm back.

Then she inadvertently clicked on the fan page.

A familiar name caught her attention.

Dylan St.

That man?

She paused and then entered his home page. It was empty with no tweet, and the only one he followed was her.

But she knew it must be him.

Her heart was pumping fast, and she tried to fight down the strange excitement in her.

Maybe he just followed her three years ago when they were together, so what?

Remember, he was not the right man.