

Midnight 451

Chapter 451: Why Regret It?

"Really?" Kevin's voice was much relieved.

"Well, I know, you would never lie to me, would you?"

Kevin paused and replied, "yes. I won't lie to you."

"That will do." Savannah curled up her lips.

* * *

The next day, Savannah got a call from Dylan in the early morning. He asked her out for the discussion of their divorce.

When Savannah arrived at the appointed place, Dylan was already there. The murderous look on him made Savannah shudder uncontrollably.

"You've decided?" He asked coldly.

"Yes," Savannah answered firmly. The man in front of her looked pale, and there were dark signs of sleeplessness beneath his eyes.

But it was none of her business. All she wanted was to end the ridiculous relationship with him as soon as possible. If he agreed to have an uncontested divorce with her, it would be better than dealing with it in court.

"Do you forget what you promised Kaiden?" Dylan stared at her, his eyes looking like gray stones without luster.

"Let's keep this from Kaiden first. Wait till he's a little older and able to take it." She averted his eyes, folding her hands tightly.

The last light disappeared in Dylan's eyes.

So, she had everything planned. She really wanted to divorce him, to break off the last relationship with him.

"Good. As you wish." His voice was cold, "I'll arrange an attorney to handle it. And you will get what you want soon."

"Thank you."

"If you want to see Kaiden when you return to LA in the future, call Garwood, and he'll ask Louis to bring Kaiden to see you." He said coldly. This indicated that he would not see her again.

"All right." Savannah nodded.

"Hope you aren't gonna be sorry you made this decision. I wish your happiness, Miss Schultz," With that, he rose and left, without another look at her.

Savannah watched him walking away quietly. She refused to admit that there was a hint of sadness in his tone that made her quite uncomfortable.

His attorney contacted her that afternoon and resolved the agreements with her.

Dylan didn't call her again. Maybe his pride stopped him from doing that. A few days later, a copy of the divorce certificate was sent to her. It took short time than she had expected.

Savannah looked at the paper in her hands in a daze. She pushed him again and again, but when she got what she wanted, she felt somehow at a loss. Now they really had nothing to do with each other.

He set her free. They were strangers to each other now.

She remembered his last word that day.

Hope you aren't gonna be sorry you made this decision.

No, of course, she wouldn't. Why should she be sorry? She had wanted to divorce him since she learned about her affair with him. Now that she achieved her aim, why regret it?

* * *

A few days later, Savannah resubmitted her resignation to Director Jenkins. This time, he didn't say anything to stop her again.

Savannah was not surprised. Now that Dylan was willing to divorce her, he would not stop her from quitting her job.

Perhaps, that man had completely given up on her. The day they talked about their divorce was probably the last time they saw each other.

All right. That was what she wanted.

Three days later, Savannah went out of the company with a light heart after saying good-bye to her colleagues.

Outside the office building, an SUV had been waiting for a long time.

The rear door opened when Savannah moved closer, and she saw Kevin sitting in the back seat, smiling at her, with a metal crutch slant beside him.

As a strong young man, he made a quick recovery, and now he was able to get about on crutches. It was just a little inconvenient, and he needed to be accompanied when he went out.

After meeting Dylan that morning, Savannah told Kevin that Dylan agreed to divorce her peacefully. Kevin didn't expect it would be done so fast when Savannah told him she had received the divorce certificate. She must have angered that man or even hurt his feelings. Otherwise, Dylan wouldn't have given up so easily.

Anyway, Savannah was free, and he could be with her under no pressure.

Dan, who was in the driver's seat, nodded to Savannah, grinning.

"Boss asked me to come and pick you up. Come on."

"Thanks, Dan. But Kevin's not completely healed yet. Could you drive Kevin home first?" Savannah said and got in the car.

"Quit?" Kevin looked at her.

"Yeah." Savannah took a deep breath, "Kevin, I'd like to go back to Italy with you soon after you recover. What do you think?"

She made her decision when she got back from Bellomont.

She wanted to leave LA early.

"Have you decided?" Kevin asked after a pause.

"Yes." She nodded.

"Good," he said, the look on his face became much relieved. "Dan will book us the flight."

Savannah smiled and turned, watching the scenery out of the window. She hoped life would become peaceful again after they went back to Italy.

Royal Villa

Lionel sat on the couch in the living room, deeply absorbed in thought.

He came from Chicago two days ago.

In fact, he learned that Charlotte left for LA the second day, and he knew she came to see Dylan again. But he was busy with a new project during that time, and he had to finish the tricky business at hand before he came to find his little sister.

Charlotte didn't talk back and looked quite depressed when he gave her a bad scold as if she lost the strength to explain.

He understood why. It must be that Dylan gave her cold shoulders again and made her sad.

It really was a headache for Lionel to stop Charlotte from chasing after Dylan. Though he was her brother, he was helpless when it came to her relationships. Charlotte loved that man for so many years. But he couldn't see the daughter from the Rowe family be so humble in the relationship with a man, and he wanted to bring her back to Chicago immediately. But when he saw how depressed emotionally his sister was, he finally didn't force her to leave immediately and decided to accompany her in LA for another few days.

He stayed in LA for another reason: he hadn't seen Savannah for a long time.

He was concerned about her life and wanted to know how she was, so he secretly sent an assistant to inquire after her.

Chapter 452: Where Did She Go?

Lionel still felt guilty about Savannah.

Knowing that she was his stepmother Joanne's own daughter, he hid the fact from them and separated the mother and the daughter deliberately. He knew he was unforgivable, and he thought he might at least apologize.

From his assistant, he was surprised to learn that Savannah forgot some people and some things. It was said that she suffered threatened miscarriage after meeting Charlotte three years ago and lost her memory due to massive bleeding.

The news left Lionel shocked and indescribably guilty.

Luckily, Savannah had been well taken care of by a young man named Kevin Wills. It was said that the two had known each other at the orphanage and had a good relationship.

The day before, Lionel drove to the street near Savannah's apartment just in time to see her walk in.

After three years, the girl looked as beautiful as before, full of youthful spirit.

This relieved him a little.

But there was still a lingering sense of guilt in his heart. He wondered if it was right to withhold the fact from Savannah and Joanne.

This girl should be carefree and always laughing like Charlotte, enjoying the kind care from her parents.

He felt he was an executioner who had cut off her happiness; he could save his stepmother from languishing for her lost daughter, but he didn't.

For three years, every time he saw his stepmother, he hardly dared to look into her eyes, feeling really guilty.

After Joanne married into the Rowe family, she treated him and Charlotte like her own children and loved them. What did he do in return? He knew that Savannah was Joanne's own daughter, and he knew how Joanne missed her, but he never mentioned Savannah's existence to her.

The footsteps pulled back Lionel's mind. He turned and saw his assistant back.

"Mr. Rowe."

"Well?"

"Miss Schultz's preparing to leave. I heard that she's going to return to Italy next week." The assistant reported.

"So soon?" Lionel's eyes flickered with regret. "You said that Wills was still injured, and they wouldn't leave until next month."

"Well, I don't know why Miss Schultz suddenly set her departure ahead."

Lionel gave a slight sign. This time, he didn't even have time to talk with her. Now she was going to leave in such a hurry, maybe she would not return to LA in a short time.

"This morning, your father called and said that he would return at the end of this month with Mrs. Rowe. They know you and your sister are in LA, and they will fly here to see you first before returning to Chicago." The assistant continued.

Hearing that his parents were coming home from abroad, Lionel switched his mind back and wrinkled his brows.

His parents had to worry about Charlotte again when they came and saw she was so depressed because of the man who didn't care about her at all.

Three years ago, when the story of Charlotte's suicide finally reached their ears, they were so worried that they almost flew home immediately. Lionel explained and reassured the couple that Charlotte had been fine and he would take care of her, so they were relieved and didn't insist on going back at that time. However, they also knew that Charlotte had been admiring Dylan but could not get a response, and they asked Lionel to watch over her. That's why Lionel forcibly took Charlotte back to Chicago.

"Where's Charlotte?" He called the maid who took care of Charlotte, at the same time wondering how he could explain to his parents.

He should talk to his sister first. She could at least behave herself while their parents were with them.

The maid, however, seemed to be taken aback.

"Miss Rowe's not at home now," she said haltingly, lowering her head.

Not at home? Did she go to Dylan again? Looking at the maid's dodging eyes, Lionel said with emphasis, "Is she looking for Mr. Sterling again?"

As soon as he arrived in LA, he gave strict instructions to the servants, asking them to tell him if Charlotte went to Dylan.

"Sir, Miss Rowe didn't go to Mr. Sterling..." The maid shuddered at his hard tone.

"Where did she go?" Lionel frowned.

"Miss Rowe... She..." The maid muttered.

"Where did she go?" Lionel snapped again. Though he was usually gentle and slow to anger, he looked stern when he was in a temper.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, were living abroad for a long time, and everyone knew he was the real master of the Rowe family. He was always kind, but he never easily spared those who dared to cheat him.

"Miss Rowe said she went out to see her old schoolmate, she called him Edmond." The maid answered quickly. She didn't dare to challenge his authority.

"Well, why did you appear hesitating? Anything special with this guy?" Lionel frowned.

"Miss Rowe had asked me not to say it." The maid was almost crying.

Lionel began to feel suspicious about Charlotte's whereabouts. Why should she go to see old school friends so secretly?

"Does she often look for this guy these days? Edmond, right?" Looking at the maid, he asked sternly.

"Yes..."

"Are they only old classmates?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I really don't know... Miss Rowe didn't say so much to me..." The maid said helplessly.

"You can go." Lionel didn't ask more. Then he turned to his confidential assistant.

"Go check this Edmond, why he's been with Charlotte so often lately."

"Yes, sir," the assistant nodded at once and left first.

Lionel was familiar with Charlotte's circle of friends, most of them were young ladies and gentlemen from big families. But he had never heard of Edmond. They should not be good friends. But since their relationship was not close, why did his sister go out to see him so frequently?

What's more, Edmond was a man. Lionel was afraid that the man would take advantage of his sister or coaxed her into a relationship.

* * *

Dylan took Kaiden to Sterling's house for dinner this weekend night as usual.

"Grandpa!" Kaiden pulled his way from his father's hands and rushed into old Sterling's arms as soon as they entered the door.

"Good boy." Old Sterling hugged his dear grandson, grinning from ear to ear. "I bought you some new toys, Marvel hero series transformers, and multipack! Go and see them in your toy room!"

"Wow! Wonderful! I love you best, grandpa!" Kaiden jumped for joy. Cooper immediately came and led the young master upstairs.

Then old Sterling looked at Dylan with a sigh.

"What are you going to do?"

Dylan sat on the opposite couch, working on a company email with his notepad. His eyes narrowed slightly when he heard that. But he didn't look up.

"I don't know what you mean."

Chapter 453: Bad Luck Again?

The indifference on Dylan's face showed his attitude.

Old Sterling sighed again.

"I heard from Louis that Savannah's dating another man... and she's leaving in a few days. What're you thinking? Just let her go abroad again with that man?"

"If she really wants to go, I can't stop her. Even if I can leave her, I can't dominate her heart." His voice was as cold as snow, echoing in the big room.

"Of course you can stop her! She's Kaiden's mother and your legal wife. You can't just watch her leave with another man..." Old Sterling said with anxiety.

Dylan closed the notepad and stood up, took out a folded paper, and threw it on the coffee table in front of him.

Old Sterling picked up the paper and unfolded it, startled.

It was a divorce certificate.

"Dylan, you.. you got a divorce?"

"Yeah," Dylan replied dryly, "it doesn't matter to me what she's going to do."

Old Sterling lapsed into silence.

* * *

Savannah became busier when the date of her departure was certain. Apart from packing, she sometimes went out to buy gifts for her classmates, teachers, and neighbors in Milan.

Three days before leaving, she got up early and opened the curtains. It was a cloudy day and more likely going to rain. However, the bad weather couldn't remove her enthusiasm for shopping.

There was a big sale in the Fashion Center today. She was going to buy some gifts and chose a bracelet for her roommate.

She got a call from Kevin before she went out.

"Shopping day again? Well, you had seldom gone shopping in Italy in the last few years." Kevin laughed.

He was right. The small town that she lived in did not have many recreational facilities. She then studied Design in Milan, where there were fewer super malls, and the commerce there was not as developed as in LA. Now she came back to the commercial city, and surely, she would satisfy her shopping desire before she left.

What's more, she had got some salary after working in Zagreb for a month, and she didn't need to spend Kevin's money anymore.

"Yeah, I'll go to see you after shopping," Savannah said with a smile.

"Shall I go with you?" The plaster casts on Kevin's leg were removed. Although he still needed to recuperate, he was able to walk a few steps himself. He felt a little sorry for not doing his duty as a boyfriend when he could not accompany her every time she went out shopping.

"No, you're just a little better. Have a good rest."

"Oh, you'd better take an umbrella. The weather report said we'll have scattered showers today. If it rains, call me after you finish shopping. It's hard to find a taxi on a rainy day."

"Okay, I have to go." Savannah smiled and hung up.

She took a taxi and got off at the Fashion Center.

After the shopping, Savannah walked out of the last store with lots of bags. As Kevin had predicted, it began to rain.

She didn't want to bother Kevin to pick her up. He walked with difficulty now, so it would be too much trouble for him to go out. What if he fell down again on a rainy day?

She called a private car from Uber, which was famous for its cab booking service. This made it convenient for those who had not yet bought a car.

She waited in the shopping mall and went out at the appointed time.

The road dissolved in the heavy rain. Savannah took up her umbrella and walked to the roadside. A gray car came towards her and stopped. She peered at its plate numbers through the rain but could barely see it clearly.

Was it the car she called?

A young man wearing a cap got off the car with an umbrella.

"Excuse me, did you call an Uber?"

"Yeah," Savannah nodded.

"Please get in. May I help you with your things?" The man glanced at the bags in her hand.

"No, thanks." Savannah smiled. The service of Uber drivers was really good.

After Savannah got in, the man started the engine and drove into the rain.

Halfway through, the car parked at a flower bed when the rain had almost stopped.

"What's the matter?" Savannah wrinkled her brows.

"I'm sorry, there's something wrong with the car. I'll call a serviceman from the garage ahead. Just wait in the car for a while." The man pressed his cap and got out of the car with an umbrella.

Bad luck again? Savannah let out a sigh and had to wait in the car.

A few minutes passed, but the man didn't return.

Just then, a black car screeched to a standstill next to her. Three men came down with umbrellas and strode straight to the car she was in.

One of them knocked the window hard at her side.

"Savannah, open the door!"

Through the car window, Savannah noticed the one knocking on the window was a young gentleman. He was wearing a fine gray suit, tall and handsome, like a male model. Behind him were two strong men in black suits.

How did the gentleman know her name?

She was even more surprised when she felt the man was a little familiar. But she could not quite place him.

Was he someone she knew three years ago?

The man seemed to be very anxious when he saw that she did not move.

"Savannah, open the door and get off first! Hurry up!" He shouted.

Savannah reacted and reached for the door handle, only to find that the door was locked!

The driver did it? Why did he do that? Was he trying to get her stuck in the car?

She broke into a cold sweat.

But whatever the driver was trying to do, he was certainly up to no good. And the man out the window was trying to save her.

Out of the car, the man realized that she could not open the door, his look turning shaken. He turned and said something to his men and then gestured to Savannah, motioning her to sit back.

Savannah, aware that they were trying to smash the window, swallowed and retreated to the other corner with her back to the window, covering her head with her arms.

At the crush of the window-glass, the car trembled slightly.

Lionel instructed his men to take Savannah out of the window carefully and let one of them helped her to his car first. Then he looked at the car gravely.

"Check the car. Be careful."

Chapter 454: Please Don't Blame Yourself

"Yes, sir!" The two subordinates put on gloves and began to check the car.

The rain grew heavier.

Lionel turned and got into his car.

Savannah was a little startled when she saw him come up.

"Sir... What just happened? Why is my car locked? What about the driver? Who are you?"

Lionel looked at her, not expecting to see her again on such an occasion after three years. She had really lost her memory and forgot him.

"Savannah, do you really not remember me?" He asked softly.

"Sorry, I don't remember..." Savannah said apologetically.

"I'm Lionel Rowe, and we met three years ago when you and Dylan were together. We should be...friends."

Savannah took a breath. They knew each other. This gentleman was a part of her lost memory three years ago.

"Lionel... Mr. Rowe?" Did he share the same family name with Charlotte?

"Well," Lionel paused and said, "I'm Charlotte's brother."

Savannah stared blankly for a moment. She didn't know why but she could say this gentleman was much more friendly to her than his sister. She took one more look at the car next to them.

"What's going on just now? Why are you here?" Savannah bit her lips, still a little frightened.

"You know, I haven't seen you for three years. I heard that you're leaving, and I want to see you before you leave. But I'm afraid you don't want to see me because of Charlotte... Today, I saw you at the Fashion Center shopping and wanted to look for an opportunity to talk with you. But you soon got into a car. I followed you here and didn't expect to see the driver stop the car on the way and then left alone in a hurry. There isn't even a repair shop here. I felt strange, so I told you to get off."

"I didn't know the driver; I just booked a ride service with Uber... What does the driver want?" Savannah broke into a cold sweat.

"I don't know, but there must be something wrong. Since you're fine, forget it." Lionel comforted her.

Savannah was still struck dumb with astonishment.

"Savannah, we haven't seen each other for a long time," Lionel said softly, "you're leaving soon. Would you be able to drop in for me a chat now?"

Savannah hesitated for a moment. Actually, it was improper for her to visit a stranger's house. After all, she did not remember him. Even if they knew each other before, he was a stranger to her now. However, she didn't want to say no to the man in front of her subconsciously.

She knew he was not a bad man. Maybe she had a good relationship with him three years ago.

"I live in the Royal Villa. If you have any concerns, you can call your friend and tell him you're visiting my house." Lionel added pleadingly and sincerely.

Savannah looked at his eyes and found it difficult to refuse him. Finally, she nodded.

Royal Villa

The servant served the tea, and respectfully handed it to Savannah.

In the warm aroma of the black tea, Savannah gradually calmed down. On the soft couch, she quietly listened to Lionel talk about how they met each other three years ago.

They met in an elevator in Chicago, reencountered in Muse Park, and then he invited her to the party held in this villa...

Though Savannah couldn't remember him, her feelings to him were clearly not bad. She knew Lionel should always take part with his sister, Charlotte. But he treated her so gentle, like a brother to her, that she also had some respect and affection for him.

Lionel finished and stared at her again.

"What about you? How have you been abroad these years? It's not easy for a girl living in a foreign country. Even if you've been accompanied by someone, I know you can't be used to live there."

Savannah was touched by the concern in his tone for her; he seemed really worried about her as if they were a family...

"Well, Kevin had taken good care of me. I have a good life in Milan, and I met many like-minded classmates and friends when I was studying fashion design in college." Savannah smiled.

"But you are a stranger there, and those around you are all foreigners... It's better to live at home." Lionel gave a slightly apologetic sigh, "sorry, Savannah. If Charlotte hadn't messed up your wedding three years ago, you wouldn't have been in that situation with Dylan, and you wouldn't have suffered so much and lost your memory... You should have been living a happy life with Dylan and your son if it were not for my sister. I'm really sorry for you."

Savannah knew there was no need to blame Lionel for this.

"Please don't blame yourself," she said in a soft voice. "If Dylan really likes your sister and wants to be with her, I should leave instead of putting him into a dilemma. I'm also doing well now, better than when I relied on Dylan as a pet three years ago. "

Lionel let out a sigh of relief as she said this, and his face relaxed.

Just then, his assistant came. He greeted Savannah politely and then hurried over to Lionel's side, bent down, and whispered something in his ear.

Lionel's expression changed slightly.

"Savannah, I have something to do now. Please wait here, and I'll be right back." He smiled apologetically at her.

"Okay, go ahead."

Lionel nodded and walked out of the villa with his assistant.

In the courtyard, the two subordinates had come back.

"Sir, we've checked the car Miss Schultz was just in."

"Have you found out anything?" Lionel glanced back at the door and motioned for the two to report quietly so that Savannah wouldn't hear.

One man lowered his voice and said, "there's something wrong with the TWC in the tailpipe of that car. If Miss Schultz stayed in the car with the windows closed for a long time, she might be poisoned after inhaling too much poisonous gasses. I'm afraid that's what the driver wanted by locking Miss Schultz in the car."

"Yes, it's very difficult for the police to find out the truth if it happened, and it's likely to end up being an accident."

"We checked out the driver. His name was Edmond Harris, Miss Rowe's old school mate. That man had been tracking Miss Schultz these days, looking for opportunities to attack. It rained today, and Miss Schultz called an online car, so he took the opportunity and pretended to be that driver Miss Schultz had called online."

Chapter 455: A Hard Slap From Lionel

Lionel's face grew pale, unable to speak for a while. He took a deep breath to calm himself down.

"I see. Thanks."

Charlotte did that?

It couldn't be... His sister had always been so kind and innocent since childhood...

How was that possible?

But such was the fact.

Actually, he had asked his assistant to look Edmond up that day, and the assistant quickly brought back the information--

Edmond and his sister were high school classmates. He was one of Charlotte's suitors in school. After graduation from university, Edmond served in the military for a while. After retirement, he opened a detective agency and became proficient in various high-tech technologies.

They met several times after Charlotte came to LA this time, and then Edmond began to stalk Savannah.

Lionel had a bad foreboding about the information he got, so he asked his assistant to keep an eye on Edmond for a few days, just in case.

Today, his assistant told him that Edmond had been following Savannah the whole morning, so he went out and just in time to see that guy led Savannah into his car. He drove after them, and then Edmond got off alone at a remote place.

He knew there must be something wrong, so he ran to help Savannah out of the car without delay.

Needless to say, Edmond did it.

For a private detective who was proficient in various technologies, it was not difficult to make a fake accident by ruining the TWC in the exhaust pipe of the car.

If he hadn't help Savannah off timely, the compartment Savannah was in might be full of carbon dioxide and sulfur dioxide gas after a while. At that time, Savannah couldn't get off from the locked car and would have been suffocated to death! The car parked in a remote place, and there were few passers-by in the heavy rain. No one would hear even if she cried for help!

When the police found Edmond, he could say that he just get out of the car to relieve himself and did not know why that happened!

This, however, was even less Charlotte's business.

How could his sister be so ruthless and wicked?

"Sir, did that guy do this according to Miss Rowe's command?" The assistant looked over at Lionel's ashen face and asked carefully.

Lionel raised his hand, gesturing to him not to say more. Then he adjusted his mood and walked back into the villa.

Savannah smiled when she saw him back.

"Sorry, I've kept you waiting." Lionel, with his usual grace, walked slowly over.

Savannah looked at him and found his expression a bit darker as if he was troubled by something.

"Mr. Rowe? Is something wrong? Or you're very busy?" She asked.

"Nothing. Just some business." Lionel denied it immediately. He didn't expect she would be so attentive.

"Since you're busy now, I should go first. But there's something I hope you can do me a favor."

"Yes, go ahead."

"For the ride-hailing car, I took today... I still feel uneasy after thinking it over. I want to go to the police station to report the matter to the police. If it's convenient for you, please let your subordinates help me to do a witness." Lionel and his subordinates were, after all, eyewitnesses.

"You want to call the police?" Lionel looked surprised.

Savannah nodded. "The driver was up to no good. I didn't know what he was trying to do, but he locked me in the car for no reason, and I thought it would be better to call the police. If he's a bad guy, he might hurt other people if we let him go."

"Not as complicated as you might think," Lionel blurted out.

Savannah gave Lionel a suspicious look. He was so nervous when he saw she was locked in the car and even smashed the window to help her out, and he also suspected that the driver was up to something... But now, why did he look afraid of making a big deal out of it?

"Savannah, I'll go and find out what happened first, and you can think about it later, okay? After all, there's nothing wrong with you now. It wouldn't help to call the police." Lionel suggested.

Hearing this, Savannah thought about it for a while and finally nodded.

"All right, then I'm gonna go."

Lionel was right. She was fine and not hurt. It was strange to explain to the police.

Charlotte lived here, too. She didn't want to embarrass herself by meeting Charlotte when she got back.

"Well, it's getting late. I'll ask the driver to take you back." Lionel didn't keep her.

"No, thank you. I'll go out by myself. It's convenient to take a taxi here."

Lionel, a little distracted, nodded, and said nothing. He watched after Savannah and didn't move until her back disappeared out of the villa.

Savannah left Royal Villa and stopped on the side of the road, waiting for a taxi. She felt in her pocket for the cell phone to call Kevin.

Before she came here with Lionel, she had called Kevin and told him that she would visit an old friend before going back. She wanted to tell him about Lionel and the strange driver.

She didn't mention it just now because she didn't want him to worry about her. But now she thought it was better to tell him.

But her pocket was empty.

She went through her bags again, but her cell phone was nowhere to be seen. She used it when Lionel went out just now, maybe she forgot it on the couch?

She sighed and had to return to Royal Villa to get back her phone.

At the same time, a car stopped at the steps, and Charlotte got off.

She walked into the living room and threw her handbag at the maid. "Put it upstairs."

Then she saw Lionel standing by the couch.

"Lionel? Why are you standing here? I'm exhausted. I go up first." She said with a yawn.

"Come here." Lionel looked at her coldly.

"What's up? We'll talk about it later at dinner. I'm so tired. I want to have a rest first." Charlotte didn't notice her brother's dark expression.

"I told you to come here." He repeated with a very emphatic pronunciation.

Charlotte then realized that his brother was not the same as usual. She slowly walked to him.

"What's going on..."

Before she could finish her words, a slap fell on her face, mercilessly!

He hit her so hard that she took two steps back and nearly fell. She looked at Lionel in horror, her cheek burning and her eardrums buzzing.

Her brother never hit her. No, he even seldom scolded her.

But he slapped her with all his strength this time!

Chapter **456: Why Did You Hit Me?**

Charlotte covered her hand on her cheek in disbelief as tears rolled out of her eyes.

"Lionel? What happened? Why... Why did you hit me?"

"You still have the nerve to ask me why? Don't you know what you did?" Lionel growled in a low voice.

"I don't know what you're talking about..." Charlotte's heart was thumping, but she didn't admit it.

"You've been dating your old school friend Edmond, a private detective, and you've asked him to kill Savannah! If I hadn't got suspicious of you and kept an eye at Edmond for the last few days, you would have done something unforgettable!" Lionel gritted his teeth and pounded the crystal coffee table in front of him, his eyes blazing fire.

His sister was a very strictly brought-up girl. He couldn't figure out how she became so cruel that she even planned to achieve her goal by such filthy means. He had never lost his temper in front of her like this. When he sent Savannah out of the house just now, he could hardly hold back his anger at Charlotte, and at that time, he wanted to tell everything to Savannah and asked for her forgiveness.

Guilt had been eating into his conscience.

Charlotte's face changed. She pressed her hand to her stinging cheek, unable to speak.

"That guy damaged the tailpipe and locked the car door in order to cause the death of Savannah by accident... Charlotte, what are you thinking? How could you be so vicious? Are you really, my sister? Savannah's going to return to Italy soon, and Dylan will have nothing to do with her. Why don't you stop harassing her?" Lionel was pained to see that she had nothing to say.

It was really her who planned it!

Charlotte dropped her hand from her face and gave a pale smile.

"Yeah, she's going back to Italy. So what? She divorced Dylan and has nothing to do with him, but what then? As long as she's alive in the world, Dylan will never forget her. He would always be thinking of how to get back together with her. On this occasion, I can never really get into his heart!"

"That's why you're going to kill her? Charlotte, you've grown awful! How could you even plan murder for a man? What's more, she's our..." Lionel clenched his teeth in time to swallow the last words.

Charlotte, however, knew what he was trying to say and helped him finish it with a sneer on her lips.

"What's more, she's our sister, isn't she?"

"You... You've already known?" Lionel's pupils constricted, looking at Charlotte in disbelief.

"Sure. My brother was so good to Savannah, and he was nicer to her than to his own sister. Anybody could tell that you have special feelings for her. I thought you were interested in her and wanted to pursue her until I accidentally read the DNA report in your study. It turned out that she was our stepmother's own daughter..." Charlotte's face distorted as she said this.

Lionel didn't expect Charlotte to know Savannah's story long ago.

"Lionel, my dear brother. Is this why you take care of Savannah so much? You knew she's Joanne's daughter, but you hid the fact from both of them. You feel guilty, so you want to be nice to her, even better than to your own sister, regardless of your own sister's happiness, right?"

"If you know she's our sister, why did you still do that? You want to kill your sister for a man?" He looked at her with an even more painful look in his eyes.

"Sister?" Charlotte's pretty face twisted. "Come on, she doesn't have the surname Rowe! She isn't related to us at all! She has nothing to do with our family. Joanne loves us so much, but she's always been in bad health because she misses her own daughter and her dead husband! She never forgets Savannah and her father! I'm not worth it for my dad! Only you, only you think of her as a sister! If she had never existed, Joanne would have devoted all her love to me, treating me as her only daughter. And Dylan, he would have accepted me long before! Why? Why does she have to exist?"

"Charlotte, you were not so unreasonable before," Lionel shook his head in great distress.

"Oh, what about you? You've been so nice to Savannah, but you still dare not tell her the true story. Because you're afraid that the peaceful life of our family would be disrupted by her existence, right? Didn't I just do that to help you? As long as Savannah disappears in the world, you don't need to worry about that any longer!"

A shiver ran down Lionel's back. He didn't expect his sister would have the mind to kill Savannah not only for Dylan but also because Savannah was the daughter of their stepmother, Joanne, and she didn't want Savannah's existence to break their harmonious life.

When did his sister become so calculating?

She still thought there was nothing wrong with what she had done.

He gnashed his teeth and wanted to slap his sister again, but finally, he dropped his hand helplessly.

He couldn't hit Charlotte.

He had been hiding Savannah's story himself.

If Charlotte's behavior was shameful and repulsive, then so was he.

Charlotte's words also woke him up and let him realize how cruel and selfish he was to hide the matter from Savannah and Joanne.

"You're right," he said, looking at his sister coldly. "I stubbornly believed that it was better to keep the secret from them, but now I've changed my mind."

"What do you mean? What do you want?" Charlotte frowned.

"I..."

Before Lionel could say anything, he heard the maid's voice whisper from the door, "hey, Miss Schultz? Why are you back? What are you doing standing here?"

Lionel and Charlotte looked over in astonishment and saw Savannah standing at the door with a pale face.

She heard their conversation!

Lionel was so surprised that he stood still for a moment. Before he knew it, Savannah rushed into the couch and grabbed her phone, turned hastily, and ran away.

"Savannah!" Lionel reacted and cried. But the girl had already disappeared out the door.

When Savannah stumbled into her room, she could hardly remember how she managed to stop a car and got home. She was in such a mix-up that she felt as though it had been a bad dream.

She rushed into the bathroom and washed her face with cold water. After standing in front of the mirror for a long time, she slowly calmed down.

She remembered the conversation between Lionel and Charlotte.

Well, that creepy ride-hailing driver was sent by Charlotte. She wanted to kill her!

Chapter 457: Revelation Of Her Real Mother

Charlotte hated her to this state...

No wonder Lionel showed up in time to save her, and when she tried to call the police, he stopped her.

And what was even more shocking was that --the stepmother of Lionel and Charlotte was her own mother who had disappeared more than ten years ago?

She had almost given up hope that she was still alive. In fact, she became another man's wife, she was Mrs. Rowe?

The news was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

No wonder Lionel, who had only met her several times, was so nice to her.

Because his step brother was her mother.

No, how could it be?

How could her mother have married another man?

At that time, she had a lot of guesses, but the remotest possibility in her mind was that, as her aunt said, her mother had run away with another man.

Did it become the truth?

Her mother left her and her dad, married the man of the Rowe family in Chicago?

Her mind was in a whirl, and her head felt as though it would split. She covered her head and closed her eyes in pain.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang.

She glanced at the screen. It was Kevin. With great effort, she mastered herself and answered it.

"Kevin..." Her voice slightly trembled.

"Savannah, did you go home? What happened?" Kevin was conscious of the choking of breath in her voice, frowning.

"Nothing... I'm at home. I seem to have caught a cold. It's all right." She sneezed to keep Kevin from suspecting anything.

"Nothing? Really?"

"Really, I'm going to boil some ginger tea and take a hot bath." Savannah forced a smile.

"By the way, you just said that you met Mr. Rowe and visited his house? How did you get on?"

"Oh, we chatted for a while and then left. After all, his sister is Charlotte. I'll be embarrassed to see her..." Savannah could hardly control her feelings at the mention of the brother and the sister. She paused, pressing her hand to her mouth to smother another few coughs.

"Have more rest. If you don't feel well these days, don't bother to come to see me." Kevin didn't ask more.

"Okay." Savannah hung up the phone and let out a long sigh. Not long after she hung up, the phone rang again. She thought it was Kevin again and answered the phone quickly.

"Savannah," said a gentle voice of a young man

It was Lionel.

"What do you want, Mr. Rowe?" Savannah tightened her face immediately, like an alarmed cat.

"Savannah, you ran so quickly just now. I'm really worried about you. Now that you've heard everything, let's talk, okay?" He said very gently.

Savannah wanted to say no, but she bit it back.

When night fell, Savannah was led by a waiter into the box in a café.

The box was quite enough for a private conversation, especially about something the Rowe family wanted to hide.

Savannah smiled at herself.

Lionel, who had already arrived, was sitting by the window. He stood up when he saw her coming.

"Savannah, there you are."

She went over and sat opposite him quietly.

"First of all, I'd like to say sorry for Charlotte," Lionel said softly. "I know that she almost made a big mistake that can't be forgiven by saying sorry, but I still want to beg your pardon. Besides, I must apologize to you for myself..."

Lionel paused, taking a deep breath.

"Yes, I found out that you and my stepmothers were mother and daughter long ago, but I hid it from you for three years."

"The Rowe family is a big and noble family, and Mrs. Rowe is a lady of the nobility. If it's known by others that Mrs. Rowe has a daughter with another man, it'll certainly do harm to the reputation of the Rowe family. You don't want your harmonious and happy family life to be broken. I understand." She said calmly.

Lionel smiled grimly when he heard the relish of sarcasm in her tone.

"I'm sorry for you and your mother. Now that you know all that, I won't be as stubborn as before," he said, with his eyes fixed on her, "to make up for my mistake, I hope you and your mother can meet each other. She will return to LA with my father this month. I know you're going back to Italy soon. I hope you can stay a few days later and meet her first."

"No, there's no need to meet." Savannah blurted out coldly.

"Why?" Lionel was surprised.

"That woman doesn't want me, so why should I force her to remember she still has another daughter?" Savannah said cynically.

"How could your mother not want you? Do you know, Savannah, Joanne's been thinking of her daughter since she married into the Rowe family. She almost cried every day in the first year. Because of missing you, she has fallen down with a lot of illnesses in recent years. Her heart and lungs are not very good, so my father spent years with her in foreign countries for her to recuperate."

Savannah, however, didn't believe his words.

"Oh? If she still has me in her mind, why did she leave my dad and me and then marry your father? Why didn't she show up after my father died? I've been living in LA all these years and didn't change my name. If she wanted to see me, she could find me at any time. But what? She's been living a happy life in your family as a rich lady."

Lionel sighed deeply, "Sorry, I really don't know why she left you and your dad. But if you say she never tried to look for you, you must have misunderstood her."

Savannah frowned at him.

"I was already a teenager when I learned I would have a stepmother, who had already married and had a daughter. I remember very clearly that it was your grandfather who arranged the marriage between Joanne and my father. She refused to marry my father at first. Later, I heard she had received news that her husband and daughter had both died in a car accident. She was crushed with grief, seriously ill, and could not get out of bed for nearly a year. During this period, my father had been taking care of her in the hospital. After she recovered from her illness, her heart was dead within her, and she married my father. She didn't look for you because she thought you and your father were gone."

Chapter 458 - 458: Don't Try To Stop Savannah By Dirty Means Again

Savannah's expression slightly changed.

"My grandpa?" She caught the keyword, frowning.

She heard from her father that her mother was an orphan. She was brought up in an orphanage and had no relatives.

"Yeah." Lionel nodded. "Charlotte and I lost our biological mother when we were very young, and my father was widowed for many years. Your grandfather joined them together."

"My grandpa... Who is he?"

Lionel was surprised that she didn't even know Joanne's family background.

"The Morton family is a big and old family in Chicago. It's purveyed home textiles to the royal household for generations. Later, it created its first fashion brand and grew rapidly. Now it has many clothing brands and companies at home and abroad, such as MOYO, Violet, and Lynn. You may have heard of these famous brands, and they're all owned by MTN Group. Your grandfather is the chairman of MTN Group, and your mother is his youngest daughter."

MOYO, Violet, Lynn... These were all famous domestic clothing brands, also well-known overseas. Savannah was learning fashion design, and she often took the clothing of these brands as reference models, but she never thought that these brands were actually from her mother's family.

Her mother was not a helpless orphan, but a rich daughter of the Morton family...

How could it possibly be?

What did her mother go through? What kind of story was it?

Just as Savannah was still thinking, Lionel continued.

"Savannah, I really want you to stay and meet your mother. You haven't seen each other for so many years by accident, and you don't know when you will return home next time. If you have to go, at least see your mother first, okay?"

After a long silence, Savannah finally nodded to Lionel's earnest eyes.

She had to put love and hate aside first. She also wanted to know what had happened to her mother.

As the daughter of a big family, why did she grow up in an orphanage and married her father, the boss of a small factory? Then why did she leave them and disappear?

She had too many questions, and she wanted to find out the truth.

Lionel was relieved when she agreed.

"Savannah, about what Charlotte did to you..."

Although he was still angry with his sister for what she had done, she was his sister after all. He couldn't really send Charlotte to prison, and he had to protect the family's reputation.

Savannah knew what he was worried about. He was afraid that she would call the police.

"I don't have time for this. But tell your sister to stay away from me, and I will never tolerate such a thing again." She said coldly.

With that, she got up and left.

* * *

The next morning, Savannah came to Kevin's house with bone soup she cooked the night before.

Kevin's apartment was in a new community not far from Savannah's. People who lived there were mostly social elites.

Savannah handed the soup to the nanny for heating and sat down next to Kevin on the couch.

Seeing her hesitation, Kevin spoke first, "Savannah, is there something to tell me?"

"Yeah, I want to discuss something with you. I hope you... won't get angry." Savannah was a little sorry.

"When have I ever been angry with you? Go ahead." Kevin smiled softly.

"We've planned to go back to Italy this week, but something has come up, and I want to stay longer at home... Can we go to Italy later?" Savannah murmured.

"What happened?" Kevin's smile froze.

"It's not a big deal... I still have some work unfinished in the company. Although I've resigned, it's necessary to deal with it..." She tried to find an excuse.

She didn't want to tell him she had found her mother. If her mother was just an ordinary woman, she must be very happy to share with him, but... Now her mother became another man's wife from the Rowe family. That was a little too complicated, and she didn't want to make it a big mess.

In this case, she should say the less publicity, the better.

"But you said you'd finished your work... Did Dylan find another excuse to stay with you?" Kevin's voice was a little disappointed.

"No," Savannah said hastily, shaking her head, "I haven't seen him since we got divorced. I suppose we'll never see each other again, and he's completely given up on me."

Kevin didn't ask more. He just raised his hand and stroked her head.

"Okay, tell me if you need my help."

Savannah took a relieved breath and nodded.

* * *

Royal Villa

A slender figure stormed up to the second floor and burst into the study without knocking

"Lionel, I heard you left Savannah and arranged for her to meet Joanne?"

Lionel was reading a financial magazine, not surprised that his sister would burst in to find him.

"Yeah," he said drily, without looking up.

"Lionel, are you crazy?" Charlotte clenched her fist. "You've kept it for three years! Now, why... We have had a happy and harmonious life for so many years, but now Joanne suddenly had another daughter, the daughter of her ex-husband! What if the media knows it? What will the outsiders think of us?"

"I don't want to feel guilty forever." Lionel put the magazine down.

"For conscience' sake? So you'd rather destroy the peace of our family? No, you can't let mom know, Savannah!" Charlotte said anxiously.

"Savannah won't destroy anything," Lionel said, "She's the daughter Joanne had with her ex-husband, not illegitimate. If the relationship between our father and mother has always been good, nothing will change. What's more, our father learned very early that Joanne had a husband and a daughter before. Anyway, you needn't say anything more. I called Joanne last night and told her about it. She will come to LA with our father as soon as possible."

"What?" Charlotte froze, gasping.

"I wonder why you stop them from meeting each other. For the peace of our family? I don't think so. Dylan didn't even look at you because of Savannah, and you're just afraid that our stepmother would ignore you and love her more. Right? Don't try to stop Savannah by dirty means again." Lionel stood up and looked straight at his sister with sharp eyes.

Chapter 459: She Never Appeared When She Needed Her

Charlotte took one step back at her brother's words, her face pale.

"I won't..."

"That's good," Lionel said dryly, "Savannah's so generous that she didn't tell the police what you and your friend had done to her. But if you dare to do anything like that again, I won't spare you."

With that, he turned off the reading lamp and left the study.

Charlotte clenched her fist, a bitter smile rising on her lips.

Oh, Savannah had not become their relative yet, but her family had already started to stand at her side.

Thinking of this, her bitter smile turned into fervent hatred.

* * *

"Sir, Madam!"

In the servants' greeting, a tall, middle-aged man helped a beautiful middle-aged woman off the car.

After a long flight, the woman, thin and frail, looked obviously tired, but her eyes glowed with excitement and joy.

The man took her carefully, concerning himself with her all the time.

"Mom, dad," Lionel hurried down the steps and asked the servants to carry the luggage.

"Lionel," Ethan Rowe patted Lionel on his back.

"You had a hard trip. Is everything all right?" Lionel asked and looked at Joanne with concern. His stepmother was in poor health and would be uncomfortable for a few days each time after a long flight.

"I'm fine. Lionel, you said my daughter Savannah is still alive? You are not kidding me, are you?" Joanne, though weak and exhausted from the long journey, stared at her stepson with sparkling eyes.

"Yeah, she's still in LA." Lionel nodded.

Joanne's eyes suddenly turned red. She collapsed into her husband's arms and sobbed.

"Ethan, it's true... Savannah's not dead... She's still alive... How could this be? My father said that she and her father were both dead..."

"Lionel, did you arrange for your mother and Savannah to meet?" Ethan gently patted his wife on the back and asked his son.

"Well-arranged. You can have a rest first, tomorrow morning..."

"No, not tomorrow. I want to see her today. Lionel, take me to her right now..." Joanne coughed roughly when she said too quick. She couldn't wait for tomorrow.

"Okay, okay, Lionel will arrange it now. Let's go in and have a rest first. What if you fainted in front of your daughter later?" Ethan said as he took her hand.

Joanne nodded and went into the villa with her husband's help.

A maid handed the couple two cups of hot tea as they sat on the couch.

"Hey, where's Charlotte?" Joanne calmed down from her excitement and asked.

"Yeah, where's your sister, Lionel?" Ethan looked around the living room and wondered. That girl gave them a wholehearted greeting when they came back every time. How did she not show up today?

Lionel frowned imperceptibly and glanced upstairs.

"Charlotte's a little under the weather these days. She's now resting in her room."

He put his sister grounded after Edmond's case that day. She must be taught a lesson this time.

"Sick? Is she all right?" Joanne was worried.

"Nothing, just a slight cold. I'll call her down." Lionel made a gesture to a maid.

Shortly after, Charlotte, accompanied by the maid, went downstairs. She looked quite dispirited.

"Mom, Dad, you're back." Charlotte forced a smile.

Joanne beckoned her to sit down beside her and touched her forehead.

"Charlotte, have you seen the doctor? Are you still sick?"

Charlotte put her arms around Joanne and said sweetly, "I feel much better when I see mom and dad back."

"You're always so sweet, my honey," Joanne, softened by her coquetry, smiled and gave her a hug.

"But no matter how sweet I am, I can't beat your own daughter. right?" Charlotte grimaced, like a poor child.

"Charlotte." Lionel frowned.

Joanne, however, just thought she was acting cute.

"You and Savannah are both my girls, just the same." She patted her on the hand and smiled softly.

Charlotte gave a snort inwardly. One is biological, the other is stepdaughter, and how can they be the same? But the smile on her face was even sweeter.

In the evening, Joanne chatted with Charlotte for a while after dinner. At about seven, Lionel arranged for a driver to take his stepmother to meet Savannah in the cafe of a nearby five-star hotel.

They had planned to meet at home, but in case Savannah would feel awkward to see Charlotte or show hostility to Ethan, Lionel decided to let them meet outside.

"Mom, I'll go with you." Charlotte coyly took Joanne's arm before Lionel could stop her.

Joanne nodded with a smile.

Lionel frowned and could only say, "Charlotte, take care of your mother."

The car started and left Royal Villa soon.

* * *

Savannah was sitting in the window seat, watching the stream of people and vehicles outside the window. The cup of coffee in front of her was steaming.

She would see her mother soon.

Now her feelings were a mixture of anger at Joanne's leaving, excitement at their reunion, misery at her father's absence.

Outside the window, a white car stopped at the door of the hotel.

A waiter stepped forward and opened the door.

Savannah's heartbeat quickened as a well-dressed middle-aged woman got out, followed by Charlotte.

The woman was in fine form but looked very thin; her face was pale.

It was a face that Savannah would never forget.

Although she had not seen her mother for more than ten years, her face was still engraved in her mind.

She noticed that her breathing had speeded up. Taking a deep breath, she folded her little hands tightly to subdue her tension.

Charlotte looked a little haggard. Joanne said something to her, with a motherly smile on her face.

Savannah pressed her hand on her heart, quite uncomfortable.

Since her mother disappeared, she had been expecting her mother to treat her like this for years... But she never appeared when she needed her.

It seemed that her mother had put all her gentle and maternal love on another girl.

Joanne and Charlotte were the real mother and daughter. She, however, was an unnecessary presence.

As footsteps sounded, she looked up and saw Joanne coming in.

Chapter 460: You're The Daughter Of Morton Family

"Savannah..."

Joanne stood in the doorway with excitement and disbelief on her face, her voice shaking.

The girl sitting by the window looked just like her father at that age. She had grown up, but her eyes and eyebrows are still the same as when she was a child.

Her own daughter was still alive.

Savannah wasn't allowing herself to feel excited. She stood up and said very politely, "Hello, Mrs. Rowe."

Joanne's face changed when she heard her call herself Mrs. Rowe. But she had no time to care more; she was so happy to see her that she rushed up and held her daughter in her arms. A sob broke from her.

"Savannah, it's so good that you're not dead... I miss you so much..."

After she poured out her years of longing and pain to her daughter, she suddenly realized that something was wrong. Savannah, in her arms, had no reaction from the beginning. No tears, and even no words. Perhaps she was just unable to react?

Joanne wiped away her tears and sat down with her.

"I'm sorry, Savannah. Don't be nervous, okay?"

Savannah looked at the woman in front of her and said nothing. Did she really love her that much? If not, why did she burst into tears when her lost daughter was found? But if she loved her, why did she leave her that year?

"Savannah, I've heard Lionel say all these years about you, and I know your life is very hard alone. It's my fault. I didn't take care of you..." Her faded eyes turned red as she said, on the verge of tears again.

Lionel talked to Joanne about Savannah's experiences over the years before she came here.

After the death of her father, she lived in an orphanage for some time before being taken over by her uncle.

Her fiancé betrayed her, and she was with her fiancé's uncle after that. Three years ago, she gave birth to a child for that man, at such a young age.

Then she went to Italy and lived there for three years and had recently returned.

Joanne couldn't help feeling sad when she learned that her daughter had suffered so much in her early twenties. She should be an innocent, happy girl, just like Charlotte.

She also didn't expect that the man her stepdaughter admired was so deeply involved with her own daughter. Savannah had a child with that man, but Charlotte once committed suicide to stop their wedding ceremony... What a mess!

"I'm fine. Thank you for asking." Savannah said calmly, too calmly.

"Savannah, I heard Lionel say you're going to Italy soon? Don't go abroad, move to me and live with me. I want to make up for you. Let me take care of you, okay?" Joanne said eagerly.

"You're Mrs. Rowe now, and I have nothing to do with the Rowe family. What would it be like if I move to live with you? I know I'm unwelcome..."

"How could you be unwelcome? Ethan's very open-minded. He knows that you are still alive, and he supports me to meet you. If you can come back to me, Ethan will be very happy too!" Joanne seized her hand and said.

Ethan, Ethan. All she talked about was that man.

Savannah felt bad as she remembered her poor dead father.

Was there only her present husband in her mother's mind now?

Savannah pulled out her hand suddenly as if she touched something dirty.

"Savannah..." Joanne froze, noticing the disgust on her daughter's face.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Rowe, but I didn't meet you today to go back with you to be a daughter of the Rowe family. I just want to ask you one question."

Joanne's face glowed with disappointment, but she kept her spirits up.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Why did you leave dad and me and never come back?" Savannah asked coldly.

"I'm sorry, Savannah... I'm so sorry..." Joanne sobbed, and it became clear why her daughter treated her so indifferent. She wiped her eyes and gave a sigh.

"I have my difficulties..."

Savannah looked at her with an emotionless face.

"You know, I was brought up in an orphanage, with no relatives. When I grew up and left the orphanage, I met your father and fell in love with him, and then married him."

Savannah nodded silently.

"Actually, I'm not an orphan." Joanne took a breath.

"You're the daughter of the Morton family. The chairman of the group is your father." Savannah said calmly.

Joanne nodded, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Yes. Actually, I'm from the Morton family. When I was five years old, I was abducted while I was playing with my nanny in a park, and then I was sold to a place far away from Chicago."

Savannah was shocked and opened her eyes wide.

"At that time, I was too young, and I couldn't find a chance to ask for help from the police. At first, I was sold to a childless family in the countryside. Every time I cried to go home, I was beaten... After several years, I slipped out one day when my adoptive parents were not at home. I was sent to the police station by a nice passer-by. However, I couldn't remember my parents' name and the address of my home. I knew nothing but my own name. So, I could only be sent to the orphanage. I lived in the orphanage until I was eighteen and left... Then I met your father."

Joanne's pale face shone like a pearl when she mentioned Savannah's father.

"Those were the happiest days of my life. Your father gave me a warm family again. I married him and then gave birth to you. Life was simple and good until one day, the Morton family found me. It turned out that my father had not stopped looking for me for more than 20 years. That day, my father held me in his arms and cried bitterly when he learned that I had been abducted and experienced so much these years. He asked me to go back to Chicago, but I didn't want to leave. I said I'd at least talk to your father and take you and your father together, but your grandfather refused. At last, they took me away with a tranquilizer."

Savannah froze. Her grandpa forced her mom to leave? It wasn't her mom who wanted to go?

"After I was brought to Chicago, I wanted to go back to LA to look for you and your father every day. I could not imagine how sad you were when you found that I was missing. But your grandfather took away my mobile phone and grounded me."