

## Midnight 471

### Chapter 471: Thank You So Much, Mr. Sterling

Dylan made no immediate answer.

"Shall I say no to old Mrs. Rowe?" Garwood asked inquiringly. He knew that his boss was not very sociable, and the purpose of old Mrs. Rowe's invitation was obvious—she wanted to set Charlotte up with him.

Unexpectedly, Dylan said after being silent for a few seconds, "please tell old Mrs. Rowe, I'll be there on time at the weekend."

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Royal Villa

In the dining room, all five members of the Rowe family were sitting at the table with Dylan, enjoying dinner together.

Charlotte had a smile on her face for the first time in days.

Granny Rowe arranged for Charlotte to sit with Dylan and deliberately brought up some topics so that they could talk more.

Joanne could see that her mother-in-law was trying to help Charlotte win over Dylan. She didn't say anything at the table, but her expression was clouded all night.

After dinner, Dylan and Ethan talked about business in the living room.

"Dylan," Granny Rowe said with a smile, "I haven't seen you for a long time. Thank you for coming to dinner with me."

"You're all kindness," said Dylan, smiling, "our families had always had a close relationship in business. When my father heard that you come to LA, he planned to invite you to have dinner at our house. He asked me to send his regards to you."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Sterling. That's right. It's nice for our two families to have such a good relationship. If we can get closer to each other in addition to being partners, so much the better." Granny Rowe went straight to the point.

Her intention was so obvious that anyone could tell she was trying to set Dylan up with Charlotte. In her mind, her precious granddaughter, beautiful, graceful, and well-educated, could definitely match up to this excellent man.

Charlotte blushed and looked down shyly.

However, Dylan just smiled faintly as a reply.

Charlotte's face turned a little pale to see him evade the subject. She clenched her fist in embarrassment.

"Dylan, it's late. I'll drive you home." Lionel broke the embarrassment.

"Charlotte will see him home," Granny Rowe interrupted her grandson, "I want Charlotte to go shopping, by the way." Then she turned to Dylan, "Dylan, would you mind giving Charlotte a ride?"

Granny Rowe was a little upset that Dylan didn't respond, but she wouldn't give up easily.

Lionel looked at them with a sigh.

Dylan didn't refuse. He nodded and went out to get the car first.

Charlotte, under her grandma's encouraging eyes, followed Dylan out and waited in the yard.

Joanne looked at Dylan's back, thoughtfully. While her husband helped her mother-in-law upstairs, she went out to the garage quietly.

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When Dylan drove the car out of the garage, he saw a beautiful woman standing at a distance waiting for him. It was Joanne.

He had seen this noble and beautiful Mrs. Rowe in business dinners before, but today, it was the first time he looked at her carefully.

Because he just knew she was the little woman's biological mother.

Taking a closer look, he found that they had the same eyes and nose.

At dinner tonight, Joanne had been trying to say something to him but surrounded by the Rowe family, she kept silent all the time.

Dylan got out of the car and walked to her. "Mrs. Rowe."

"Can I have a few words with you, Mr. Sterling?" Joanne looked at him.

"Sure."

"I know about your relationship with Savannah, and I know Charlotte likes you and has done some silly things because of you. Savannah and Charlotte are both my daughters, and I don't want them to get hurt... Especially Savannah, I owe her so much that I don't want her to suffer a little more. So, I want to know what are you thinking now? If you love and want to be with Savannah, be kind to her. I'll tell Charlotte and my mother-in-law to let go. Please don't get involved with both Savannah and Charlotte at the same time. You will hurt two of them." Joanne talked straight.

Dylan narrowed his eyes and then grinned.

"You don't have to worry too much, Mrs. Rowe," he said, "I may have had a relationship with your daughter, Miss Schultz, three years ago, but now, we have nothing."

"Nothing?" Joanne widened her eyes with disbelief. "Lionel said there was almost a wedding, and Savannah had a baby for you..."

"That's right. But she had forgotten me and chosen another man. I'm nothing for her now. I'd like to set her free. Oh, we just got a divorce," Dylan replied easily.

Joanne gasped, "So, you and Savannah really have nothing to do now?"

"Yeah," His eyes were cold.

Joanne sighed and said nothing more. As long as Dylan wasn't dating the two girls at the same time, she should be relieved.

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Dylan drove the car silently.

Charlotte, sitting in the passenger seat, did not dare to speak to him for fear of making him impatient.

She was satisfied as long as she could get so close to him. She had full confidence that Dylan would accept her sooner or later.

When she got downtown, she asked to get out of the car to buy something for her grandmother and left first.

After that night, Granny Rowe called every now and then to invite Dylan to dinner at Royal Villa.

Dylan said yes, every time.

This time after dinner, Granny Rowe suggested Charlotte drive Dylan home.

Charlotte had got a new car the day before. It was a gift from Granny Rowe to her granddaughter.

On the way, Dylan instructed her in the passenger seat absently, and the driver from the Rowe family followed them in Dylan's car.

Charlotte bit her lips in the driver's seat. Though Dylan came to Rowe's house frequently these days, their relationship didn't go as smoothly as she had expected.

When they arrived at Dylan's house in Beverly Hills, Dylan took off his safety belt, ready to get off.

#### Chapter 472: She Couldn't Figure Out What Dylan Was Up To

"Dylan, it's my first time driving a car alone. How am I doing? I still feel not very good, why don't you accompany me to the next vacant land to practice again?" ventured Charlotte, pointing to the empty road not far away from the villa.

Dylan caught a glimpse of the road. It was just dark enough for young lovers to do some intimate things.

"You did a good job, and you can absolutely drive alone. No more training," he said drily.

Charlotte was a little disappointed. She saw the hope when Dylan came to her house for dinner every time her grandma invited him, but he still kept a distance from her.

She couldn't figure out what Dylan was up to...

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At the same time, Kaiden stood by the window in his toy room, holding the ball in his arms, and watched the scene below. He gave an unhappy snort and threw the ball away.

He knew that his dad went to the Rowe family for dinner several times recently, with Aunt Rowe.

Today, Aunt Rowe even sent his father back! She seemed to try to stay with his dad a little longer, but fortunately, his dad got off without more hesitation, otherwise, he would kick the aunt out for his mommy.

Anyway, he still had to report the situation to his mommy!

Kaiden took out his little mobile phone and sent a voice message to Savannah, telling her that his dad often went to the Rowe family for dinner and had frequent contact with Aunt Rowe recently.

He had just finished when Garwood came in.

"Kaiden, your father's back. What are you doing?" Garwood asked curiously.

Kaiden quickly put the phone away, picking up the ball, and blinked his big eyes, "why did daddy get so close to that aunt recently? Daddy didn't like her."

The last time Aunt Rowe came to Sterling's house for dinner, dad wasn't very good with her. If it were not for grandpa, dad wouldn't even talk to her.

Garwood sighed silently.

Maybe Mr. Sterling wanted to forget Miss Schultz, so he tried to accept another woman coming into his life.

But it seemed that this method did not go as well as expected. He still needed time to start a new relationship.

Of course, Garwood didn't explain this to Kaiden. It was too complicated for the little boy.

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Late at night, Savannah repeatedly listened to the voice message from Kaiden, tossing and turning.

The man began to get closer to Charlotte.

In fact, even if Kaiden did not tell her, she had heard it from her mother.

Joanne called her every day, and on that day, she asked if she still had feelings for Dylan and mentioned that Charlotte's grandmother was trying to set them up.

Joanne was probably worried that she still liked Dylan, so she would be sad to see Dylan and Charlotte get intimate.

She did feel upset, but she thought it was not because she had feelings for him. If Dylan and Charlotte were together, how could she ever get close to that man again? How could she use his power to retaliate against the Rowe family?

The thought kept her awake.

She couldn't wait any longer. She must get him back before he accepts Charlotte.

But now, she was not allowed to go to his company. She couldn't even see him. How could she get him back?

She couldn't use Kaiden again. It seemed that the only way was to go straight to where he lived.

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Beverly Hills

It was late at night. After playing with the toys for a while, Kaiden was taken to his room to sleep.

Dylan walked out of his study for his bedroom. When he passed the corridor, he glanced out the window and stopped.

At the door of the villa, a small woman was standing under a streetlamp.

It was freezing these days. The wind blew hard in the night, cutting through her thin clothes. She shivered in the wind like the last leaf on a dying tree, but she had no intention to leave.

He thought his eyes deceived him and peered close to the frosted window. It was really her.

The security was very strict in this residential area. Strangers were not allowed to come in without the owner's permission.

She could not get in and seemed to guess that he would not see her, so she stood at the gate, looking from time to time at his house.

Good. He didn't let her go to the company, so she came to his house waiting for him.

Just then, Judy came upstairs.

"Sir, just now, the security guard called and said a lady is waiting for you at the gate. I just took a look, and the lady seems to be Savannah... Shall I ask her in?" She asked at the stairs.

"No," Dylan replied simply.

"It's a little cold and windy tonight. She might catch a cold..." Judy said in a weak voice.

"No one forced her to come. Since she likes standing in the wind, keep her waiting." Dylan went straight into the bedroom in an impassive way.

With a bang, the bedroom door closed. Judy looked out the window at the thin figure and sighed.

Back in the bedroom, Dylan took a shower and changed into his night-robe. Before he went to bed, he moved to the balcony and took a look at the direction of the front gate.

Savannah was still there in the dim light. She tried to make herself more compact, stamping her foot and sometimes blew hot breath on her hands. It turned colder outside as the night grew darker.

He narrowed his eyes and was about to return to the room when he felt a few spots of cold rain.

It was raining.

He frowned and entered the room without another glance at her.

Just as he went to bed, there was a knock on the door, and Judy's face appeared around the edge of the door.

"Sir, it's raining. Shall I ask Savannah in?"

Dylan suddenly felt upset and disturbed by the figure in his mind. He got off the bed and strode impatiently out of the bedroom, out of the villa, to the door, and stopped in front of the little woman.

Savannah was stamping to hold the circulation when she heard footsteps in the silent rain. She looked up and saw Dylan standing in front of her.

He was wearing a white night-robe, open at the collar. His unruly hair was a little damp from the rain.

#### Chapter 473: Crazy Girl

His features were even fairer against the street-light. Her heart beat faster, and her breath quickened as he approached.

"What do you want?" His voice was colder than the night.

Savannah laughed at herself, inwardly. He came to see her not because his heart had softened. She calmed down and said, "you know, I want to go back to Zagreb Film."

"I said, no. Now, get out of here," said Dylan impatiently.

"I won't go back until you promise," she looked at him.

Dylan took a few steps forward, looking at her in a condescending attitude. Savannah trembled slightly under his cold eyes. Before she could react, he pinched her jaw with his fingers and said in a chilling voice,

"Savannah, you're so shameless for a job?"

You're so shameless...

He was right. She was shameless. But for her father's justice, she didn't mind being looked down upon by him as long as she could give the Rowe family a lesson.

"I just want to get my job back. It's your right to refuse me, and it's my right to wait." Savannah did not struggle but looked up at him with an air of neutral calm.

"Whatever," he said, with a sneering look on his face.

Then he turned around and walked towards the villa, leaving the wind and rain to her.

Judy was surprised to see him come back alone. Looking out of the window, she found Savannah still standing alone at the door.

"Sir, Savannah..." She thought Mr. Sterling would take Savannah in.

"Since she likes to stand in the rain, let her be. Don't give her an umbrella or ask her in!" Dylan snapped, knowing that Judy always called about Savannah. With that, he went upstairs with a dark face.

Judy could only swallow the words.

Dylan returned to the bedroom and slammed the door. Outside the window, the rain grew louder, splattering on the window, and made Dylan more annoyed. He took a glance at the direction of the gate.

The little woman still stood silently in the wind and rain. She turned up her coat collar against the cold wind, but she couldn't stop the rain from hitting her face, her body shivering silently as if she would be blown down the next moment.

Dylan took his eyes back and drew the curtains.

Out of sight and out of mind!

He went to bed and closed his eyes, but he found it was so difficult to sleep.

He tumbled restlessly in his bed, his mood fretting with impatience.

Damn it.

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When the rain grew worse, it was hard to see anything distinctly in the gathering gloom. Even the security guards patrolling the residential area had gone back to their security booth.

Savannah did not know what time it was. Her whole body was frozen and numb by the cold wind and rain. Before, she knew to stomp her feet to keep warm, but slowly, her nose and cheeks became completely numb. The rain-drops were still falling, large and heavy, and she could hardly keep her eyes open.

She was soaked through, and her shoes felt like small ponds full of water.

For a moment, she thought it would be better to go back, but she remembered her father and gritted her teeth.

When she wondered how much longer she could wait, she made out a dim shape in the gloom. She rubbed her eyes and saw the figure holding an umbrella, approaching her.

Dylan stopped in front of the little woman. She looked so deadly pale, like a poor kitten, that no vestige of color was to be seen in her face.

"Crazy girl," he mumbled, gnashing his teeth.

Savannah's eyes lit up.

He finally came out. She did not stand all night in vain.

She tried to make herself smile, but her legs pained, and there was a mist before her eyes--she passed out.

Dylan threw an arm around her waist quickly and pulled her into his arms so that she didn't fall. He touched her feverish head, frowning, and then immediately picked her up, striding into the villa.

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In the master's bedroom, the second floor

Under the care of Judy, Savannah changed into a clean dress and took some medicine. In the soft, warm bed, she raised herself on her elbows, "thank you..."

She felt extreme familiarity and closeness towards the middle-aged woman in front of her. She also knew that three years ago, she had spent many days with Judy, who treated her as her daughter.

"Not at all, have a good rest," Judy said softly, and her eyes were red.

Savannah nodded weakly, looking down at her nightdress, "Judy, the dress..."

"This is yours. You left a lot of clothes when you lived here three years ago, and the things you used in your daily life are all still here," Judy said softly.

Just then, the bedroom door opened, and Dylan came in.

"Sir, Savannah has taken some medicine. If it doesn't work out later, I'll call Dr. Joe." Judy said and closed the door as she left.

The air in the bedroom became hostile and unfathomable.

He looked quietly at the little woman huddled up in bed. Her face became a little rosy after a hot bath, and she changed into a white silk nightdress, like a beautiful lily.

"You can sleep here today. I'll ask the driver to take you back tomorrow morning," Dylan said drily and turned to leave.

Savannah bit her lip, jumped out of bed with all her strength, rushing to him. She threw her arms around his waist from behind, pressing herself tightly against him!

In an instant, he was frozen. Her arms folded so tightly around his waist, like vines, that he couldn't free himself for a moment.

Her body was delicate, and her bosom so soft against his back, gently alluring him.

He held back the heat from his lower abdomen and clutched his hand.

"Why? You have a boyfriend and are still so close to other men. Does your boyfriend know you're so frivolous? For a job, Miss Schultz?" He said with insulting sarcasm.

"I know I shouldn't have said those hurtful words to you... I didn't want to... Can't you forgive me? Don't go, please..." She spoke piteously with her last reserves of strength. With that, she collapsed as her energy finally gave out and fell down on the carpet.

#### Chapter **474: She Doesn't Even Remember Me**

Dylan's face changed, and his stiffened heart finally softened. He turned and picked her up and put her on the bed. He clenched his fist and whispered, "This woman, getting into my nerve,"

As if exhausted, she closed her eyes and soon fell asleep.

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The next morning, Savannah awoke to find herself cradled in his warm arms. She opened her eyes wide, stunned for a moment, and then she remembered what she did last night.

Dylan was lying next to her, holding her all night long.

He was so tired last night that he didn't wake up now. His eyes closed, and the hard-line of his face was much softer.

Savannah breathed a long sigh of relief. It seemed that her behavior last night had softened his heart at last.

The first step worked.

She gently released herself from his arms but accidentally knocked him awake.

Dylan didn't open his eyes. He locked her tightly in his arms and murmured huskily, "where do you want to go?"

As if he was afraid that she would run away again.

"I... I want to go to the washroom." Savannah flushed. It was the second time they had been so close since they met after three years. The first time was on the cruise...

He put his hand on her forehead and knew that her fever had gone. He felt relieved but did not let her go.

His hand moved down her waist, and she could feel his erection against her hips.

Savannah's breathing sped up. Though her main goal now was to make up with him and get him out of Charlotte, she hadn't prepared to sleep with him so soon...

She couldn't remember what they did three years ago, but what he did to her on the cruise not long ago was still clear in her mind... Pictures of that night flashed through her mind and made her flush scarlet.

She closed her eyes shyly when Dylan's fingers slipped through her fine lace...

"Daddy, Mommy... What are you doing?" Kaiden, in his cartoon pajamas, pushed the door in as he rubbed his sleepy eyes.

When he woke up in the morning, Judy told him that his mom came last night. She got sick in the rain and stayed in dad's room for the night. Excited, he jumped out of bed and ran over.

The fire in Dylan's body suddenly went out. He pulled out his fingers with a dark face.

Damn it. Isn't the door locked?

Savannah promptly sat straight with a red face, and her hands tightly held the quilt, covering it over her. Her nightdress was messy, and she was too embarrassed to be caught in bed by her son...

Kaiden didn't know why his mommy looked so nervous while his father was so annoyed. He looked at the quilt quizzically and jogged over to pull it. What were they doing behind his back?

Dylan reacted and quickly grabbed Kaiden by the hand. He got off the bed and pulled his son to the door.

"Go to your own room!" Dylan snapped in a low voice and shut the door.

Savannah hurriedly jumped out of bed and, before he turned around to the bed, she rushed into the washroom and closed the door. Standing in front of the mirror, she patted her face with cold water and gradually calmed down.

After washing and combing her hair, she saw her clothes hanging in the bathroom. Judy washed them and dried them last night. She changed into her clothes and went out.

Dylan was sitting on the sofa, looking at her thoughtfully. The night-robe loosened, and his chest was naked, very eye-catching. The underpants also showed under the robe.

"I'm gonna go." She withdrew her gaze and lowered her eyes.

Enough for today.

It would arouse suspicion if she went too far.

"Wait a minute," Dylan stopped her in a low voice.

He got up, took out a suit from the closet, and went into the washroom. When he came out, he got washed and properly dressed. Then he took her hand and led her down the stairs.

Savannah was surprised but didn't ask anything until he took her into his car and drove off.

"Where're we going?" She broke the silence nervously. She thought he would send her home, but they were not on the way to her apartment.

"Are you afraid of being abducted?" Dylan turned his head and glanced at her with a crooked smile.

It's not funny. Savannah pursed her lips.

A moment later, the car pulled up in front of a white building.

The hospital?

Before Savannah could recover, Dylan got out of the car and took her out by the hand, walking to the hospital.

"Hey, what're you doing? My fever is over. There's no need to come to the hospital." Savannah gasped as she followed him.

"You need a check-up."

"Check-up?" She was stunned.

"You catch a cold now and then. Let's see if there's something wrong with your body," Dylan looked ahead.

The little woman wasn't so weak when she was with him three years ago. But when she came back after three years, she was in poor physical condition, and he wondered how she took care of herself in Italy.

A young man, dressed as a doctor, was waiting in the front of the corridor. His clear eyes brightened when he saw Savannah. He came to them in a hurry and laid his hands on Savannah's shoulder, slightly excited.

"Savannah, long time no see!"

"Behave yourself." Dylan shook the doctor's hand, coolly.

Jacob grinned and looked expectantly at Savannah, "remember me?"

"Sorry, I don't remember very well..." Savannah had a vague impression of the man in front of her, but she couldn't say his name.

"I'm Jacob, Dylan's old friend. I treated you three years ago. You should know me." Although Dylan had mentioned Savannah's memory loss, Jacob still felt a little upset.

"I'm sorry, I really can't remember," Savannah whispered and quickly hung down her head.

"How can she remember you when she doesn't even remember me?" Dylan gave Jacob a disapproving look.

#### Chapter 475: Did She Get A Promotion?

Jacob resisted the impulse to roll his eyes. He turned to Savannah and said gently, "it's okay, you don't have to try hard to remember. Let it go."

Savannah nodded, breaking into a sweet smile. Although she didn't remember Jacob, her intuition told herself that the young doctor was a good man. He really cared about her.

"Have you finished?" Dylan interrupted the conversation between them.

Come on, he brought Savannah here for a checkup, not for them to flirt under his nose.

Jacob laughed out and called a nurse to take Savannah to the examination room.

It was almost noon when the full physical examination was finished.

While Savannah was eating an apple in the doctor's lounge, Jacob sat down with Dylan face to face in the office, reading the analysis report of Savannah.

"How's it?" Dylan was a little worried when he saw Jacob slightly frowning at the report.

"According to the examination results so far, she has no serious health problem but anemia. Generally speaking, it's within the normal range. As for frequent colds, it's not a big deal. More exercises and a regular diet can increase her resistance to illness."

"But her physical condition was not so bad before. Now, she always gets a headache and fever, and she even fainted after being caught in the rain. I wonder how Kevin looked after her in Italy," complained Dylan.

"If you ask me, it's none of Kevin's business. It's because of you." Jacob shook his head.

"Me?"

"Savannah suffered a massive hemorrhage when she gave birth to Kaiden, which not only affected the memory function of the brain but also caused a certain impact on her health. It's normal for a new mother to be deficient in vital energy and blood after the delivery. So, we say mothers are great. But don't worry, she's still so young, and her resistance will be restored after a good recuperation."

Dylan kept silent for a long time before he spoke again, "Can she get her lost memory back?"

"It's more complicated. The exact cause of her memory loss is still unknown. Maybe she needs a further examination of her brain. I'll tell you when I get results." Jacob shrugged his shoulders.

Dylan knew it wasn't a rush, and he trusted Jacob's expertise. Jacob was, after all, one of the top brain psychiatrists in the United States.

After a few more words, Dylan stood up and left the office.

"What's the result?" Savannah got up from the bench.

"Well, Jacob said that you have anemia and lower resistance, so you always get a cold. You need more exercise and extra nutrition." He took out a tissue and wiped her mouth softly.

"I said I'm fine. Well, let's go," Savannah smiled.

He took her hand and left the hospital together.

"I can go back myself," Savannah bit her lip and then went to a taxi parked at the curb.

Dylan nodded and did not stop her.

"Report back for work tomorrow," he added in a low voice behind her.

She paused and looked back, fully relieved.

"Thank you."

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The next day, Savannah went to Zagreb Film at working hours and reported to the administrative department first.

Jenkins, who had apparently been informed in advance, received her personally.

"Welcome back, Savannah, you've again been a member of the design department in Zagreb Film. Oh, I don't really understand young people..." Jenkins laughed.

Savannah forced a smile. Yeah, she resigned once and again, trying to get away from that man, but now she came back herself after all this...

But her target was clear.

Her next step was to capture his heart with all her charm and then make use of his power and position to make the Rowe family pay for their misdeeds.

Jenkins took her to an independent office.

"This is not my place..." Savannah stopped at the office door and said in surprise.

This was not her original seat, but a separate office, quiet and gracefully decorated.

"Yes, this is your new office. You've passed the probation period, and your performance in the designer competition is excellent to all. Although you didn't win the prize, we all know that you're truly the first one. So, starting from today, you'll be a designer in the design department instead of an assistant designer."

Savannah gasped. Did she get a promotion?

"But even if I'm a formal designer, I don't need such a nice office..." Savannah hesitated. No designer of her level had a separate office.

"It's a decision from the boss, so you don't have to be embarrassed. Well, get back to your work!" Jenkins smiled and left.

A decision from the boss? It must be Dylan's decision.

Savannah thought nothing more and sat down to work.

Her colleagues were very happy to know her back. They held a small welcome ceremony in the staff canteen at noon for her. Fiona was especially happy to see her back.

Savannah got a really fixed feeling. She had just said goodbye to them in the farewell ceremony not long ago, and then she returned to the company so soon.

After lunch, her colleagues all left for a break.

Fiona ordered two cups of coffee and sat by the window of the staff canteen with Savannah, enjoying the lunch break and chatting.

"You know, Savannah, our big boss seems to be dating someone recently," Fiona began to gossip about their boss's private life.

"How do you know? The big boss?" Savannah's hand on the cup trembled slightly.

"Oh, it's been a hot topic in all the companies under the Sterling group. Everyone knows that Mr. Sterling falls in love with the young lady from the Rowe family."

Savannah was puzzled for a second. Everyone in the company knew that Dylan was dating Charlotte?

That was strange. According to Dylan's character, he wouldn't make it public even if he really had a relationship with any woman. His assistant and bodyguards, such as Garwood, were also very discreet in speech and never spread his private affairs. What's more, they hadn't been together yet...

So how did everyone at the Sterling group know that?

Oh, well. It might be Charlotte who did it...

**Chapter 476: Thank You, Mr. Sterling**

She sent the words to Dylan's companies that Dylan was dating her to put invisible pressure on him to be with her.

No wonder everyone in the company saw them as a couple. They were really the right match.

"You know the Rowe group?" Fiona continued with a sigh when Savannah didn't respond, "it's a developing corporation in Chicago and has a good business relationship with the Sterling group. Our big boss and Miss Rowe have known each other since childhood... Are they childhood sweethearts? Wow, I'm so jealous! You say, will our big boss marry Miss Rowe?"

Savannah narrowed her eyes. She put down her coffee cup and said nothing.

After chatting for a while, Fiona got up and left first. The planning department had many works to do in the afternoon, and she had to go back early.

The staff canteen was almost empty. Savannah, however, was still thinking about what Fiona said just now. After sitting for a while, she stood up and prepared to go back to the office. When she turned around, she saw a familiar tall figure standing at the entrance. He didn't move but smiled charmingly at her as if he had been watching her for a long time.

When did Dylan come?

She was so shocked that she almost dropped her coffee cup on the ground. She didn't expect that he came to Zagreb Film today, not to mention that he, the big boss, would come to the staff canteen.

Dylan didn't see her when he went to her office just now. Jenkins said that she probably went to the staff canteen for lunch with her colleagues, and asked him to wait for her in the office. But for some reason, he was a little impatient and couldn't wait. So, he came to the staff canteen directly.

Garwood had asked the waiter and the rest of the staff to leave early, and there were only two of them in the canteen now.

Savannah had been sitting in a corner, gazing out the window, and seemed to be thinking about something. She didn't notice the movement in the canteen at all.

As soon as he came in, his attention was caught by the beautiful figure sitting by the window. He wondered what she was thinking, and she looked attractive when she was so attentive. He paused at the door and enjoyed the beautiful picture quietly.

He still regretted that he let her go easily in Beverly Hills that day.

"Mr. Sterling... Why are you here?" Savannah reacted and asked in surprise.

Dylan withdrew his thoughts and walked slowly over to her, looking at her significantly.

"It's your first day coming back to work. Of course, I should come to assign work for you." His voice was low and husky.

Savannah quivered slightly under his fervent gaze. She avoided his eyes and murmured, "Thank you, Mr. Sterling, for your concern."

Sensing that she was dodging, he took two steps forward and put up his hand.

Savannah didn't know what he wanted to do. To her surprise, the hand landed on her forehead.

"Thank you, Mr. Sterling... I'm all right now." She avoided his hand, looking around quietly, afraid of being seen by colleagues.

"There's nobody here but us. The surveillance is off." He saw her concern.

She sighed with relief.

He narrowed his eyes at her nervousness, and suddenly he took another step towards her, lowering his voice, "you seem afraid of being seen."

She felt herself standing in his descending shadow, wrapped firmly in his hot breath and clear smell.

"No..." She tried to compose herself and studied his mood from his tone, "just that... you're my superior in the company, and I don't want my colleagues to guess our relationship. I don't want them to gossip about us, saying that I came back and got promoted because we have a relationship..."

She could not afford to offend him now. However, she shouldn't be too enthusiastic and proactive. He would doubt her purpose otherwise.

Dylan didn't care for any gossip, but he didn't push her. This little woman had always been too proud. She did a good job inside his company and worked very hard, and of course, she wanted her efforts to be recognized by others. He realized she'd grown up and gone the timid little woman who stayed beside him a few years ago. Besides, he still cares about her, just that he hurt her too. He longed for her, but pride stopped him from making any attempt to have her back.

Finally, he shrugged and let her go.

"It's time for work. I have to go back to work," she said and hung her head, turning away from him to leave. But as soon as she passed by him, she was caught by the wrist and pulled back. She muttered a low moan when she bumped into his hot arms. An expression of alarmed confusion crossed her face, but she didn't dare to struggle because she didn't want to offend him.

"I'm gonna assign work to you," he bent his head and pressed his lips to her ear.

"Yes, Mr. Sterling," murmured Savannah, and dared not move.

"There's a new play next month, and it's going to be shot at Sunshine Racecourse. I'm going there this afternoon for a business appointment. You can also go and familiarize yourself with the site, which will help you in your work."

"Oh, okay." Savannah nodded obediently.

He kissed her on her forehead softly and let her go. Savannah's face reddened by his sudden gesture, but she dare not say any words.

\* \* \*

Royal Villa

Charlotte was in a temper in her room today.

Granny Rowe waved away the maid and walked into her room.

"Charlotte, what are you thinking? Don't you see Dylan often comes to our house these days? I know that he has no further movement, and you're very anxious. But don't worry, as long as everyone thinks you're a couple, Dylan can be with you as soon as possible."

"Grandma, you don't know, I heard that Savannah's returned to Zagreb Film and has been promoted to be a formal designer!" Charlotte bit her lip.

#### Chapter 477: I'm His Wife Before

When Charlotte learned about Savannah's return to Zagreb Film, she suddenly realized that Dylan hadn't been to the Rowe family these last few days. Her grandma called him to come several times, but he all refused.

Could it be that he was with Savannah again? So, he had no time for her?

Didn't they already get a divorce certificate and completely break off? How could they make up without reason?

Dylan was also very cold to her when she called him these days.

Why did Savannah get back in touch with Dylan? What did she want to do?

Granny Rowe was stunned for a moment. Of course, she knew that Zagreb Film was a company under the Sterling group. If Savannah was working in Dylan's company, didn't that mean she still had a relationship with Dylan? When did the two reconnect?

Thinking of this, her well-kept face puckered.

"Grandma, what can I do? Why did Savannah step in again when my relationship with Dylan is finally getting better?" Charlotte clutched her grandmother's sleeve and wanted to cry.

"Don't worry," Granny Rowe gently patted the back of her granddaughter's hand and comforted, "I heard that Dylan's going to Sunshine Racecourse this afternoon. Get yourself dressed, and the driver will send you there after lunch. If you spend more time with Dylan, he will be moved sooner or later."

Granny Rowe had a few people in the Sterling group, keeping an eye at Dylan so that she could know some of Dylan's schedule for her dear granddaughter.

Charlotte smiled through tears as she gave Granny Rowe a big hug.

\* \* \*

In the afternoon, Savannah left a word to Jenkins and headed to the Sunshine Racecourse on the outskirts of LA.

It was a vast racetrack where the rich people used to go for leisure activity. As it was surrounded by hills with many wild animals, guests could also choose to go hunting in the hills.

"Mr. Sterling and our boss are out hunting in the back hills," said the servant to Savannah politely, "it should be almost time to return. You can follow the trail and wait for them at the pavilion."



"Thank you." Savannah thanked him and walked down the path.

Just as she arrived at the pavilion, she saw a familiar figure standing there.

It was Charlotte.

Charlotte was wearing a tight hunting suit, a white shirt and breeches, and a pair of sheepskin boots. Her long hair was tied up in a ponytail. She looked sleek and elegant. A Saint Bernard was sitting at her feet. Obviously, she came looking for Dylan but didn't meet him, so she was waiting for him at the servant's words.

"Why are you here?" The sweet smile on Charlotte suddenly faded when she saw Savannah.

"Dylan asked me to come. The company has a new play, and here is the site where we shot the play," she answered dryly. Come on, she didn't want to see her either.

Charlotte was not persuaded. Savannah was just a designer, it was not her turn to watch the set.

Did Dylan ask her here for a date?

No, it must be Savannah who asked to come, so that she could get closer to Dylan!

Charlotte looked very unhappy. She said nothing for a long time.

Savannah didn't want to talk either. She sat down on a stone chair and waited for Dylan to return.

"What do you want to do?" Charlotte said with annoyance.

"I told you, I came for work," Savannah said easily, feeling a little funny.

"Don't play like a fool," Charlotte gritted her teeth, "what do you mean by getting to Dylan again? What do you want? Don't you have a boyfriend? Aren't you going back to Italy with Mr. Wills? Why did you go back to work in Zagreb Film? Are you trying to make up with Dylan? You promised me you'd stop pestering him! You said you don't like him!"

Her questions made Savannah feel sick. Who did Charlotte think she was? What qualification did she have to question her?

The Rowe family were all so selfish. They were good at trying all sorts of tricks to gain their goals. They never thought about other people.

Savannah stood up and looked straight at Charlotte. The indifference and sarcasm in her eyes, together with some sympathy, made Charlotte quivering involuntarily. She suddenly felt that Savannah was a little different from before.

"Yes, I did say that. But now I've changed my mind. Charlotte, you've had my mom for so many years, now you should pay it, right? Such a perfect man... How could I give him to you? And I'm still the mother of his child, do I need to slap you the truth? He's not even yours, and I'm his legal wife before. Anyway, it's my turn." Savannah chuckled in a very contented way.

"You..." Charlotte looked at Savannah in disbelief. Had she always pretended to be nice and weak? Now what? Did she want to get back to Dylan? Was she prepared for a fight with her?

After a pause, Charlotte grunted, trying to keep her dignity, and puffed out her chest like a princess.

"Oh, well, you had given birth to a baby for the Sterling family, so you think you can be with Dylan?" She gave a scornful laugh and then continued, "Dylan agreed to let you go back to his company just because he pitied you. It doesn't mean he has feelings for you or anything else. I know you were with him three years ago, but everything changed. Don't you know Dylan and I are getting closer and closer now? He came to dinner with me at my house every time Grandma invited him, and I sent him home every night. He's very nice to me now. We match each other in every way. More importantly, don't forget, I had saved him long before, and I'm his lifesaver. I'm irreplaceable in his heart! He will never hurt me; we're destined to get married. I suggest you leave early to keep your pride."

#### Chapter 478: Why Not Have A Try?

"Oh? He's getting closer to you, and he'll never hurt you?" Savannah looked at Charlotte, who was still deceiving herself, and then she took one step forward to her, lowering her voice, with an evil smile, "why not have a try?"

"What do you mean?" Charlotte moved back a pace. Savannah's strange smile filled her with foreboding. Meanwhile, the noise of horses' hooves and the whispering voices of two men was apparent, approaching them. Dylan and the owner of the racetrack were back.

Savannah's smile still lingered on her face, but she suddenly grasped the dog leash in Charlotte's hand and gave a pull!

The dog, startled, began to scream at Savannah!

Savannah took two steps back, slid down the pole, and sat down on the ground, her smile turning to horror.

"No! Miss Rowe, stop it... I'm afraid of dogs..." She cried in fear.

Charlotte, stunned, understood what she wanted to do. But before she had time to respond, Dylan had heard the cry and saw the scene in the pavilion. His face changed, and he hurriedly jumped from the horse, rushing to Savannah. He growled Saint Bernard away and helped Savannah up, sat her on the bench carefully.

"Are you alright? Did you get bitten anywhere?" He asked worriedly.

"I'm fine," Savannah shook her head, but a tear ran down and trickled from the end of her nose. She looked afraid, still quivering with fear.

Charlotte stood there in a daze when Dylan gave her a stern look.

"Dylan, don't get me wrong, I didn't unleash the dog..." she explained hastily.

"Shut up. What are you doing here? Go back!" Dylan's eyes turned cold.

Charlotte shivered, knowing that her explanation was utterly unconvincing. Saint Bernard was on her leash, and now Savannah was frightened by it. Who else could it be? What's more, Dylan was well aware of her feud with Savannah, and he must think that she deliberately used the dog to scare her.

For the first time in Charlotte's life, she was wronged by Dylan. She looked at him helplessly, a strangled feeling in her throat, and her face reddened with a grievance. Now no matter what she said, she could not make any sense.

"I want to go..." Savannah stood up, balancing herself on Dylan's arm. Dylan didn't look at Charlotte again. He turned and picked Savannah up in his arms.

Charlotte's eyes burned with resentment, and the owner of the racecourse also looked over in surprise.

"Let me go," Savannah struggled slightly in his arms.

"Get in my car and let me see if you get hurt," Dylan didn't care who was watching. He held her tightly in his arms, striding to the parking lot.

Savannah didn't say anything more. She put her arms around Dylan's neck and curled up in his arms like a cat, her eyes shining like arrows on Charlotte, who was trembling with a pale face.

It was terrible to be misunderstood by the man she loved, right?

But even so, Charlotte hadn't paid for what she had done to her. If it were not for Lionel that rainy day, she might be killed in the car.

Well, it was impossible for Charlotte to pay off. Her family killed her dad!

Today, it was just a small punishment.

She wouldn't make life easy for everyone in the Rowe family.

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Royal Villa

Charlotte locked herself in her room after she got home.

Lionel was busy in the company, and Ethan accompanied Joanne to the hospital for a regular examination. Only Granny Rowe was at home. She stood at the door of Charlotte's bedroom and comforted her for a long time but received no response. At last, she asked a servant to break the door open, for fear that her granddaughter might do some silly things again.

When she hurriedly went in, she saw Charlotte sitting silently on the bed with her back to the door.

"My darling," Granny Rowe sighed with relief as she walked to the bedside, "what the hell is going on? Didn't you go to the racetrack to meet Dylan? What's it?"

However, Charlotte was still stupefied and unresponsive. Granny Rowe pulled her back, only to see that her granddaughter's eyes were swollen with weeping.

"What's up? Did you have a fight with Dylan?" Granny Rowe said worriedly.

"Grandma!" Charlotte cried into her grandmother's arms, complaining of her grievance. "I ran into Savannah at the racetrack, and she pretended to be frightened by my dog! Dylan thought I bullied her. He was so angry that he asked me to get out and refused to listen to my explanation. Grandma, how could he treat me like that?"

Granny Rowe's face turned sullen. It seemed that she had underestimated that cheeky girl! Now she was determined to step in?between Charlotte and Dylan, and even meant to get Dylan back!

Oh, how could such a saucy fatherless girl compete with her dear granddaughter Charlotte?

"Baby, don't cry. Dylan was probably fooled by her. Don't worry, I'll help you get the man you love."  
Granny Rowe narrowed her eyes.

\* \* \*

The Sterling's house

"Mr. Sterling, welcome back."

With the servants' respectful greetings, Dylan got off the car and threw the key to a servant.

Old Sterling called him this afternoon and asked him to go back after work.

He walked to the living room and sat down opposite his father on the couch. A maid handed over a cup of hot coffee to him.

"It's old Mrs. Rowe's birthday this weekend. She called and invited us to go to the Royal Villa together. Well, a noisy party doesn't suit old men like me. Why don't you go and send a gift to her for me?" Old Sterling knew his son went to the Rowe family for dinner several times recently, so he didn't think there was anything wrong with his suggestion.

"I have too much business in the company. Let's talk about it later." Dylan didn't want to go.

Old Sterling frowned, "no matter how much business you have, you must go! Old Mrs. Rowe called in person, it's impolite to refuse her."

Dylan pondered for a few seconds and finally nodded.

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Savannah had just finished her work when she received a call from Joanne.

Since Savannah was determined to stay in LA, Joanne called her every day. She cared for her diet and life and sometimes asked her to come to the Rowe family for dinner, but she never agreed. Now and then, she would send a servant to bring her a lot of food and clothes as if to make up for her lost maternal love.

Although Savannah hated the Rowe family, she knew that her mother didn't know about the whole thing.

After these days, her complaints and anger towards Joanne gradually mollified.

"You should take care of yourself too," Savannah said softly, "you sound tired. Have more rest."

It was a great relief for Joanne to receive concern from her daughter. She smiled heartily and said, "This weekend is my mother-in-law's birthday, and I helped to arrange it, so I'm a little tired. But it doesn't matter. By the way, Savannah, would you like to come to the birthday party in Royal Villa this weekend?"

## Chapter 479: Mr. Sterling Already Been Taken

"No," Savannah knew Charlotte's grandmother was in LA too. She had no interest in participating in the birthday party for any member of the Rowe family.

"Are you afraid to be embarrassed to meet Granny Rowe? It's all right. I'll be with you." Joanne guessed her mind.

"If I appear at the party, the guests would ask who I am. I know the Rowe family doesn't want other people to know you have a husband and daughter. If my identity is revealed, your mother-in-law will be unhappy and maybe blame you."

"You're my daughter, and that cannot be changed. I want to introduce you to everyone openly and honestly so that people can know that you are my own daughter." Joanne immediately said.

She didn't want her daughter to be in the dark, even if her mother-in-law might blame her.

"No, really. I'm not ready," Savannah took a deep breath.

"Well," Joanne had to put that thought aside, and then she ventured, "oh yes... Dylan's also coming."

Joanne knew the purpose of her mother-in-law. She held her birthday party in LA and asked Dylan to come in order to bring Charlotte and Dylan together.

Savannah's hand trembled when she heard that man's name.

"Oh... The Rowe family and the Sterling family have always been close, and it's normal for him to go," she said as calmly as she could.

"This time is different. She didn't plan to have a birthday party at all. But she changed her idea because of Charlotte. I heard that she's going to get Dylan and Charlotte to settle down by announcing their relationship at the birthday party. Savannah, is it really over between you and Dylan? If you still like Dylan and you want to be with him, I'll talk to my mother-in-law for you..."

"No."

"Really?"

There was no use talking to that old lady. She made it clear that she wanted to help Charlotte get that man.

But Savannah didn't expect that she would hold a special birthday party to put pressure on Dylan.

"Well, you don't need to worry about it," Savannah said.

After Joanne hung up, she still held the phone, lost in thought.

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Royal Villa

Granny Rowe didn't hold the birthday party in a hotel. She just invited some old family friends and business partners to the villa and enjoyed the buffet dinner.

The villa was brilliantly illuminated. The servants were moving busily in and out, carrying silver trays of food and drinks.

In the middle of the party, guests began to come to Granny Rowe one after another to give her the gifts they had prepared.

When it came to Charlotte, she walked up to her grandmother and said in a sweet voice, "Grandma, I want to wish you a Happy Birthday. May you enjoy this moment with much love, happiness, warmth, and good health."

Then she waved her hand to the servant behind her.

The servant took out a blue silk box, handing it to Granny Rowe respectfully.

"This is just a little gift for your birthday. I hope you like it," Charlotte smiled.

Granny Rowe opened the box and saw a ruby and diamond pendant in the box. The petal-shaped diamond-lined bale was a thoughtful touch. Radiant with diamonds and finished with a polished shine, this ruby pendant looked beautiful and luxurious.

"Ma'am, this jewelry is designed by Designer Paul especially for your birthday. Miss Rowe visited the designer several times to follow up on the design. She took this gift seriously to heart," said the servant.

Women all liked shining jewelry, and Granny Rowe was not an exception. She nodded and smiled with satisfaction.

"It's lucky to have such a thoughtful granddaughter," flattered a guest.

"Yeah. Having a good granddaughter is better than any present," another gentlewoman said.

"Miss Rowe's so pretty and outstanding. I wonder who deserves her."

"Maybe her grandmother doesn't want to marry her off so soon!"

As the guests paid their compliments, a significant smile came across Granny Rowe's face. Her gaze fell on the most outstanding man in the house.

"The guy who deserves Charlotte is already there," she said with meaning.

Everyone was surprised and followed Granny Rowe's gaze and saw Dylan Sterling.

It was clear she was alluding to Mr. Sterling.

The guests all knew that the relationship between the Sterling family and the Rowe family had always been good. They also heard that Mr. Sterling visited the Rowe family very often recently. Was it true that he was with Charlotte?

"Grandma..." Charlotte blushed.

"Don't be shy," Granny Rowe affectionately patted the back of her granddaughter's hand and smiled, "All those present are our friends, so it's okay to let them know in advance... Dylan, don't you think so?"

She was the elder of the Rowe family, and even George Sterling respected her a little bit. No matter what, Dylan would not disconcert her in front of others.

What's more, many people knew that Dylan had been very close to the Rowe family recently, and she let it be known that he had been courting Charlotte. Wouldn't he be slapping himself in the face if he denied it now? His reputation might be defiled at that time.

Either way, Granny Rowe was sure that Dylan had to acquiesce in his relationship with Charlotte now.

Dylan's expression didn't change. He should have known it wasn't a simple birthday party.

Now the Rowe family was trying to use public pressure to force him to admit his relationship with Charlotte?

As everyone waited with bated breath for his reply, a soft, slightly mocking female voice came from the doorway,

"I'm sorry, Granny, but maybe I have to make you disappointed."

Dylan raised his eyebrows and turned.

At the door, Savannah, wearing white jeans and knee-length boots with a trench coat, slowly walked in. She put on light make-up today, and her brown hair trailed over her shoulder.

Charlotte and Granny Rowe both changed their faces.

Joanne, surprised and delighted, stood up and walked over.

"Savannah, how did you come?" She whispered.

"I'm Lionel's friend. I think I should come to celebrate his grandmother's birthday." Savannah didn't plan to reveal her relationship with Joanne right now. So, she came as Lionel's friend.

"Savannah," Lionel nodded to her with a smile.

Granny Rowe's face fell, and she was tempted to call the servants to throw Savannah out. But she couldn't do that. If Savannah made a scene and claimed that she was Joanne's daughter, she would make the Rowe family a laughing stock.

The guests were staring at Savannah and muttering.

"What did this lady mean by saying that?" One of the guests ventured to ask.

Savannah walked slowly to Dylan's side and, amid the screams, put her hand on his arm.

"Because Mr. Sterling's already been taken."

#### Chapter 480: He Enjoyed Her Presumption

There was a light of wonder in Dylan's eyes.

The little woman was so bold today that she took the liberty to claim their relationship without his permission. But... he enjoyed her presumption.

"That's right," Dylan smiled, facing the crowd, "I've been taken by the lady beside me."

The guests were in an uproar.

"Mr. Sterling's already had a girlfriend?"

Then everyone looked at Granny Rowe. She was just about to announce that Dylan was going to be her grandson-in-law when Dylan's real girlfriend suddenly came.

This was really embarrassing!

Charlotte's face was completely pale, then turned red with embarrassment. She could only hide her face in shame. If she had not been secretly caught by her grandma, she would have rushed out of the house.

Luckily, Granny Rowe, at her age, knew how to keep her temper on such an occasion. She had to bite the bullet and forced a smile. "I'm getting mixed up in my old age. Dylan, why didn't you tell me you've already had a girlfriend?"

"I'm sorry, I don't like telling others about my private life," Dylan said simply.

Charlotte could not bear it any longer. She threw off her grandmother's hand and ran away.

Granny Rowe hurriedly ran after her upstairs, following several servants.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and Lionel were busy calming the guests.

Dylan, in confusion, put his lips to Savannah's ear and whispered, "let's go!"

Savannah was still enjoying the chaotic scene of the Rowe family. She almost laughed out when she saw Charlotte running away and Granny Rowe running after her. She didn't react when Dylan held her hand and took her out.

Soon she was taken to the courtyard and pushed into his car.

Dylan started the car, leaving the villa in chaos, and sped away!

After driving along the road for a while, Savannah kept her hand over her heart and tried to calm down.

It was the first time in her life that she had done such a thing-- running into other people's house to take a man away!

It was pretty exciting.

"All right, stop the car... I'll go back myself." Savannah took a deep breath.

The car came to a screeching halt, just in the middle of the road.

"You want to go?" Dylan took his hands off the wheel and looked at her.

"Well. I just helped you out." She unbuckled her seatbelt and was about to unlock the door when he suddenly leaned over to her.

"What are you doing?" Savannah said in alarm.



"You've just claimed that I'm your man in front of so many people, and now you're so cold to your man?" He asked in a sharp tone, but his expression was somewhat innocent.

"I told you I just helped you out. At least you're my boss now." Savannah said helplessly, looking back, afraid there was traffic police, "don't park the car here! Over to the side of the road first, okay? Don't jam the traffic. You'll be fined."

Dylan, however, did not care about the fine.

"Dylan, they're honking the horn..." Is this man crazy? What does he want to do on the road?

"You know what you should do." He leaned over and breathed gently in her ear, touching her ear unintentionally. How could she take him as her boss only? This little cat must be punished.

Her face was hot, but she also knew that he would not let her go easily. Just then, she saw in the rearview mirror that a driver came down from the car and walked to them.

Startled, she had no time to be shy and quickly twined her arms about his neck and kissed him on his forehead.

Dylan quirked up the corners of his mouth with satisfaction. But before she opened the door to run away, he narrowed his eyes and caught her by the wrist, pulling her back.

"Come back to live with me."

Savannah paused with a little!

Although she knew that she had had a son with him and married him, it seemed too fast for her.

Didn't she want to get close to him and come back to him?

But she was still a little uncomfortable to move into his house...

"I... I'll think about it," Savannah stammered, restraining herself from showing her real feelings.

"Give you three seconds." Dylan began to count, "three, two, one. Time's up."

Savannah was speechless.

"Say, yes." He ordered softly.

"I... I'm going to move back to Green Lake, all right?" Savannah took a deep breath.

Green Lake was the house he bought for her. Living there, she wouldn't offend him while she could keep a distance from him.

Though a little upset, he was happy to see her move into the house he had bought for her. Finally, he nodded.

At this moment, outside the car window, the driver from the behind car was knocking on the glass.

"What are you doing? It's a green light now!"

Savannah made an embarrassed gesture to the man and tried to get out of the car. "I have to go... "

Ignoring the driver's bellowing, Dylan managed to stop the noise by throwing a wad of cash from his wallet out of the window. After the driver picked up the cash and left, he brought his hand up to grasp her chin and held her in place, giving her a long kiss.

Savannah flushed and gasped for a few seconds before she opened the door and ran away.

\* \* \*

Royal Villa

It was late at night, and the house became quiet after all the guests left.

When Granny Rowe walked out of Charlotte's bedroom, Joanne walked up to her.

"Is Charlotte feeling better? Lionel talked to the guests, asking them not to mention anything about the matter to anyone. They wouldn't talk outside."

"It's all your daughter's fault!" Granny Rowe gave Joanne a stare and threw all her anger at her daughter-in-law. "If it weren't for that wicked girl, how could Charlotte lose face in front of so many people? She cried all night!"

Ethan hurriedly came forward, "mom, Joanne didn't know Savannah would come tonight. Besides, you can't force such things... Even if Dylan had chosen Savannah instead of Charlotte, we couldn't blame them... "