

## Midnight 491

### Chapter 491: Dylan, Let Me Explain

"Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry! I was wrong to have cheated on the accounts. I abused your trust..." Eric pleaded for mercy.

Dylan glanced at him in disgust, gesturing to his bodyguards, indicating he didn't want to hear any word from him.

The two bodyguards immediately pulled out a handkerchief and put it in Eric's mouth, pulling him out of Dylan's sight.

Dylan took another deep look at Charlotte, who was trembling uncontrollably. The chill in his eyes fell on her, freezing her. Without saying a word, he turned and strode toward the car.

Charlotte shivered, drenched in the tide of despair. If Dylan asked her to explain, questioned her, or even scolded her, there was still hope, but he didn't even bother to say a word.

"Dylan! Let me explain!" she recovered herself and ran after the man, catching him by the sleeve with tears streaming down her face. "I'm sorry, I know I was wrong. But I did that because I love you too much! Dylan, even if I never saved you, you should have seen what I've done for you over the years... Isn't it more important? Dylan, don't be mad at me, please... Please, listen to me,"

"Let go," he said coldly, not even looking back.

Charlotte's heart sank, but she still clung to his sleeve in a last desperate struggle, "No, unless you forgive me...I want to hear, you forgive,"

She knew that if she let him go, she might never see him again.

Dylan used to be cold to her and never accept her, but at least there was a tenderness in his manner towards her because he thought she was that girl...

However, after this, she knew that he would hate her or even completely disappear from her world. He wouldn't give her little chance again.

"I never hit a woman. I hope you won't be the first one." His voice was cold and unrelenting.

Her heart stopped, and her face turned white. She knew he was not joking. She knew Dylan's temper.

Did he hate her so much?

Her gasp relaxed, her hands hanging rigid at her sides.

He drew his hand and got in the front passenger seat without another glance at the girl behind him.

Garwood started the car, studying the expression on Dylan's face through the mirror before he said, "Well, I never! So, Miss Rowe's been pretending to be the girl you were looking for and put so much effort into it... And Eric, he really went too far! You entrusted him with so many important tasks, but he cheated you on the matter you cared most..."

Eric was an old staff member from the Sterling group and native in Chicago, honest and loyal, so Dylan had promoted him to be his special assistant responsible for some important work in the branch office in Chicago. But he betrayed his trust. He couldn't think that Eric will do it.

Dylan didn't say a word. For some reason, he was not surprised to know that Charlotte wasn't the girl he wanted.

Three years ago, when Eric told him that Charlotte was the girl, he had an intuition that something was wrong.

Although he didn't see the girl's face clearly the night of the fire happened, the girl's eyes were deeply printed in his mind. Charlotte didn't have the same eyes, and he had no strong feelings for her when he looked into her eyes.

Then he remembered something and looked at Garwood seriously.

"Now it's your turn to explain. Why did you send the words to everybody in the branch office in Chicago, saying that we're going to audit the accounts? And why did you know that Eric and Charlotte have a problem so I could enjoy a good play just now?"

"Actually... It was all arranged by Miss Schultz." Garwood gave a little laugh.

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At noon, a silver Bentley creaked to a halt under the office building of the Sterling group.

The door opened, and Granny Rowe got off with a grim look on her face.

Last night, Charlotte came home looking deadly pale, shut herself in her room without eating anything. Ethan and Joanne knocked on the door for a long time but received no response.

At last, Granny Rowe took out the spare key and opened the door.

She was shocked to know her granddaughter had been pretending to be Dylan's lifesaver, and it was discovered by Dylan.

She could imagine how angry Dylan was for her cheating on him on something he valued so much.

All night long, Charlotte kept crying in Granny Rowe's arms, saying that Dylan would never forgive her again and that he would never be with her in any way.

It took Granny Rowe hours to lull her dear granddaughter to sleep. She was heartbroken when she saw Charlotte, with a tear-stained face, murmuring in her dream, "Dylan, I'm sorry, don't leave me..."

She knew that Charlotte might break down if Dylan refused to see her or speak to her again.

After breakfast, Granny Rowe called the driver and decided to come to talk to Dylan herself. The deadline for the bid project was the day after tomorrow. Dylan had to make his choice before that.

Granny Rowe was about to enter the building when a young female voice called behind her. "Mrs. Rowe, are you coming to see Dylan?"

She turned and saw Savannah walking to her with a sardonic smile.

"What are you doing here?" Granny Rowe snapped, frowning, "what? Afraid I'll get Dylan and Charlotte engaged, and you'll get kicked out?"

Savannah slowly walked up the steps and stopped in front of her, "I heard last night that Dylan saw something that made him very angry. I wonder why you are so confident that you could convince Dylan to get engaged with Charlotte."

"Anyway, even if Charlotte had done something wrong, Dylan still belongs to her at last. As for you... Stop dreaming!" Granny Rowe lifted her lips in triumph.

"If you want to threaten Dylan with the lost document for the bid project, I suggest you give up," Savannah whispered with a smile.

#### Chapter 492: Give Me Back The Files

Granny Rowe didn't expect that Savannah had known about it, but she was not surprised. Now the girl was with Dylan, she might have heard of everything from Dylan.

"Now that you know it, you should also know how important that project is to the Sterling group. He must be engaged to Charlotte, and then he can get that important data back and win the bid. He's a smart guy who knows how to choose." Granny Rowe didn't care if Savannah knew it or not.

"Mrs. Rowe, you're from a big family, and all people respect you. Now in order to grab a man for your granddaughter, you even stole his corporate secrets. Very impressive," said Savannah, with a sneer.

Granny Rowe snorted and didn't say a word.

"I advise you to give me back the files. Otherwise, you'll regret it." Savannah continued.

"Are you fooling me? Why should I regret it?" Granny Rowe stayed calm and laughed.

Savannah pulled out a recording pen and shook it in front of the old lady. "You don't know, I guess, how wicked your innocent granddaughter is. Here's the evidence that Charlotte and her friend had conspired to kill me. If you don't return the files, I'll hand this recording over to the police, and not only will Charlotte be sent to jail, but the Rowe family's reputation will be ruined by having a daughter who attempted murder!"

"You're lying! You are deliberately deceiving me!" cried Granny Rowe after freezing for a moment.

Savannah turned on the recorder, and a conversation between Charlotte and a man came from it.

As Granny Rowe listened, pallor swept into her face.

Savannah turned off the recorder and looked scornfully at Granny Rowe.

Granny Rowe reacted and rushed to her at once, grabbing for the recorder.

Savannah dodged the old lady, her face darkened. "You want the recorder? Don't you know I have a backup? Give me the files first."

If the one who tried to rob her weren't an old lady, Savannah would teach her a good lesson first!

Granny Rowe balanced herself and took a deep breath, becoming quite calm.

"I'm not very patient. I'll just give you three seconds to decide." Savannah said lazily, "three, two, one."

When the last word fell, Savannah immediately stepped down.

Granny Rowe knew she was going to the police station, breaking into a cold sweat.

"Stop! All right! Give me the recording, I... I'll take the project files to you..." Though angry and unwilling, her granddaughter and family's reputation was more important after all!

Savannah paused, her beautiful smile was like a rose with thorns. "That's good," she said, "take it to me now. I'll be right here waiting for you. And remember, I don't like to wait too long."

Granny Rowe gritted her teeth, but she had no choice. She hurriedly went back to the car and ordered the driver to race back home.

Savannah entered the office building and sat down on a sofa by the window in the spacious and bright lobby on the first floor.

About half an hour later, Granny Rowe came back in a hot sweat, with a blue folder in her hand.

Looking around, she stamped to Savannah with a long face and threw the folder to Savannah.

"This is what you want, all in it. Now give me that recorder, including the backup!" She shouted in a low voice.

"What's the hurry? You can go to the café nearby and order a cup of coffee first." Savannah leered at her, slowly pulled out the USB flash drive and some paper files in the folder. Then she borrowed a notebook from the front office and inserted the USB flash drive.

Granny Rowe wanted to scream with frustration. For the first time in her life, she had to be patient in front of a little girl at her granddaughter's age and could not say anything.

After checking, Savannah put the USB drive in her bag and handed the recorder to Granny Rowe.

Granny Rowe snatched it away with a sigh of relief, frowning again. "Where's the backup? What if you go back on your word and give the backup recording to the police?"

"No backup, that's all." Savannah chuckled dryly.

"You just said there was a backup!"

"You believe it? Madam, how can you be so innocent at such an old age?" Savannah laughed scornfully.

Granny Rowe clenched her teeth, knowing that she was tricked by the wicked girl again. Without another word, she turned and stormed out of the building in a rage.

Savannah held the folder with a relieved sigh.

Just then, Garwood's voice came from behind, "Miss Schultz."

Startled, Savannah turned around and saw Garwood standing not far away. He must have seen her deal with Granny Rowe just now.

"Mr. Sterling wants to see you." Garwood came to her and said gently.

Savannah glanced at the folder in her arms. Well, just in time to return it to him.

She was whisked up to the top floor in the exclusive lift.

When Garwood knocked on the office door and led her in, Dylan was facing the large French window overlooking the city beneath him.

Holding the folder, Savannah was somewhat nervous. She walked in slowly, holding her breath.

Dylan turned about at the sound of her footsteps; his eyes, framed by graceful brows, glinted when he saw her.

Savannah clutched the folder tighter in her arms, her heart beating faster.

Needless to say, Garwood had told him what she had done.

She wondered if the man would be annoyed that she didn't tell him in advance.

While she was still in a daze, he walked slowly up to her and stopped in front of her.

"If Garwood hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known you're so clever," he said, bending his lips to her ear.

Last night, Garwood reported to him how the little woman planned everything. She asked Garwood to inform the branch office in Chicago that he was going to audit the accounts. Eric was so worried that he came to LA to see Charlotte in desperation as a last resort.

Then he knew the fact that the two had conspired to cheat him three years ago.

#### Chapter **493: Look At My Eyes**

Dylan's voice sounded slightly playful, not angry at all.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. She put the folder on the coffee table next to her and said with an easy tone,

"The stolen document is here. I got it back from old Mrs. Rowe. Keep it well."

Dylan raised his eyebrows in amazement. Seeing that she wanted to leave, he reached out his long arm, pulling her to his chest.

"Why did she give it to you?" he asked gently.

Savannah felt a little uneasy when the man's hot breath came to her, writhing her body slightly. She knew she couldn't hide it from him and said quietly, "I used the proof of Charlotte's guilt to exchange the document with old Mrs. Rowe."

"Proof of Charlotte's guilt?" Dylan's eyes darkened.

Savannah told him how Charlotte's old classmate, Edmond, cheated her into his car and damaged the exhaust pipe in advance, with the intention of killing her by accident. Thanks to Lionel, she was saved in time.

"I resorted to the detective agency and got a recording as evidence. When I met old Mrs. Rowe this morning, I exchanged it with her for the document. For fear that her granddaughter would be sued, and for the reputation of the Rowe family, she agreed." Savannah murmured.

As her last word fell, the atmosphere in the office became tense and cool.

She raised her head quietly, seeing that his eyes were clouded, and his beautiful eyebrows drawn so close that they could have passed for a bushy caterpillar. Luckily, he wasn't mad at her.

For a moment, she thought that if Charlotte and Edmond were standing here, they might be torn alive by this man.

After a long silence, the chill in his eyes slowly melted, his serious brows relaxed a little.

"Why didn't you tell me Charlotte almost killed you?" He tried to soften his voice.

"I...I didn't want to... I hadn't moved back to Green Lake at that time, and I planned to go back to Italy. You know, I didn't want to have anything to do with you before." She mumbled.

Dylan looked at her with all his eyes.

"You asked the private detective to get the evidence against Charlotte and her friend but didn't go to the police. Because you want to help me get back the bidding document?" He never imagined that she would have done so much for him. He knew she didn't like Charlotte, but she gave up the chance to give her a lesson.

After all, not long ago, she was so cold to him, even slapped him more than once for another man.

Perhaps it was because he finally moved her.

She was finally softhearted. Though she still couldn't remember what happened between them three years ago, she began to think for him.

"I... I did it for Kaiden," Savannah gnawed her lip.

"Really?" Dylan moved closer to her, bending his lips to her ears, "not because you don't want your man to be threatened to be with another woman?"

"No..." She raised her hands against his chest as he leaned toward her.

"Look at my eyes," he whispered in a husky voice.

She didn't look at him but lowered her head, however, her red ears and shyness was a silent seduction to him. He cupped her head softly, bent forward, and caught her lips.

After they made up and she moved to Green Lake, she only satisfied him once. Her taste was so unforgettable that he missed her so much every day.

Savannah closed her eyes tightly, blushing scarcely. Not surprisingly, a few seconds later, she was so soft by this fervent kiss that she could only support herself by clutching his arms.

The kiss didn't stop. Dylan deepened it and began to feel terribly wanting. Suddenly, he swept her up in his arms and strode to his large desk. With one fluid movement, he cleared all the papers off his desk and laid her down on his desk gently.

Savannah opened her eyes widely, flung her arms around his neck, and stopped him hurriedly, "not here..."

They were in his office!

"Don't worry, my baby. Nobody dares to come in." He calmed her softly as he kissed the sweat on her forehead. His girl was always so shy.

"No..." She wriggled in shame.

Her tantalizing passivity made him more exciting. He could not think of anything else but having her now.

But as he was trying to remove her pants, a sudden knock on the door came with the secretary's voice, "Mr. Sterling, there's a document for you to sign."

Savannah startled and reddened, pushed him away, and jumped off the desk, keeping a distance from him.

"I have to go," she mumbled as she quickly adjusted her clothes and hair.

Dylan impatiently took her hand.

She realized what he wanted to do. He didn't want to keep their relationship a secret, and he didn't mind telling his secretary in this way, even if Zagreb Film would know it soon.

After all, now that she was back with him, they really had nothing to hide.

But she still pulled her hand out, shaking her head uneasily, "I don't want others to know about our relationship."

"Why?" Dylan frowned.

"If everyone knew the relationship between you and me, it would be meaningless for me to work in Zagreb Film. I might as well resign and find another job..." She twitched her mouth.

Dylan narrowed his eyes, certainly knowing what the little woman was worried about. While others were eager to have a special relationship with the boss, she just wanted to rely on her own for fear of being treated differently.

If her relationship with him was known to all in the company, she would have to deal with envy and flattery every day and couldn't settle down to work.

He didn't want her to quit again and go to another company because of that. Anyway, it was better to keep her under his eyes.

Thinking of this, Dylan finally released her hand.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she opened the door, and, under the secretary's startled eyes, walked quickly away.

The heat inside Dylan's body hadn't completely subsided.

Though the relationship with her couldn't be exposed now, it seemed necessary to remind his secretary that, as long as this little woman was in his office, they were not to be disturbed.

"Mr. Sterling..." The secretary gulped and handed the document to Dylan.

Dylan looked cursorily through it and signed his name. He pressed the pen so hard that it almost pricked the paper.

The secretary was too nervous to say a word. After he finished, she took the paper and hurried away.

No sooner had the door was closed, there was a knock on the door, and Garwood came in.

"Miss Schultz left?"

"Um. She took back the stolen files," Dylan glanced at the blue folder on the coffee table.

#### Chapter 494: Enjoy The Show

"How did Miss Schultz do that?" Garwood wondered.

In fact, Mr. Sterling had arranged a way to deal with it-- his subordinates responsible for the project we're working day and night to restore the data. Even if Savannah didn't help, he wouldn't submit to Granny Rowe.

In a word, it was impossible for Mr. Sterling to be threatened by the old lady. They just didn't expect Savannah to help Dylan out first.

Dylan explained how Savannah dealt with old Mrs. Rowe and got the files back.

"How could a true daughter of the rich be so scheming and so cruel?" Garwood frowned. "Miss Rowe looks innocent and pure, but the fact is... she not only threatened Eric to cheat on you but also conspired with her friend to kill Miss Schultz. Though Miss Schultz returned the evidence against Charlotte and her friend to old Mrs. Rowe, it's still possible to charge them. Shall I go to the police now?"

After a moment's hesitation, Dylan shook his head and said, "Even if Savannah sued them with that recording, it wouldn't be enough to convict the two. The Rowe family's a big family, it's easy for them to get Charlotte free. What's more, Savannah didn't get hurt, even if we can send that guy to prison, he won't be jailed for long."

"You mean..."

"Since they can't get punishment by law, leave them to me."

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The evening air was cool and clear. A champagne-colored luxury sports car was speeding down an empty road.



In the driver seat, Charlotte jammed down the accelerator, despite the traffic lights, her face twisted with spiteful anger, complaints, and resentment.

Today, her grandma came back from the Sterling group and told her that she still couldn't change Dylan's mind.

She couldn't believe it, but her grandma only bit her teeth and said that Savannah destroyed her plan. She told her to stop thinking about Dylan-- there were plenty more fish in the sea!

How could Charlotte accept it? She never thought of being another man's wife!

After further questioning, her grandma threw her a recording pen and said it was in exchange for the threat to Dylan.

She was shocked when she heard the conversation between herself and Edmond.

She never expected that Savannah would have asked someone to check into her and found the evidence against her.

Was this really the end?

After years of insistence, how could she reconcile to her failure easily?

She was almost suffocated by her resentment, so she went out alone for a drive.

The car rolled on at full speed along the road, raising a cloud of dust.

She didn't know how long she had been driving. Finally, Charlotte stopped at a quiet place, exhausted.

She got out of the car, leaning against it, gasping for air, her fists curled tight.

Almost... She almost got him!

If it were not for Savannah, Dylan might have agreed to engage with her even if he hadn't been in love with her.

Because of that bitch! She lost the chance to be with Dylan again!

And maybe never again... Dylan began to hate her after knowing she had pretended to be his lifesaver. Maybe he wouldn't even see her again!

Charlotte was in deep distress when a car creaked to a halt behind her.

"Miss Rowe?" Two men got off and went directly to her.

"Who are you?" Charlotte froze.

The two men looked at each other and said, "please come with us."

"Why should I go with you?" Charlotte shouted, alarmed.

Without another word, the two men put up her arms and dragged her to the back of their car.

"What are you doing? Help! Anybody?" Charlotte cried, but soon she was tied up and gagged.

It was a quiet and deserted street, and no one could even hear the noise.

The door slammed shut, and the car sped away.

After some time, the car stopped in a suburb remote from the urban areas.

The two men dragged Charlotte out of the car, pushing her forward.

Charlotte stumbled, fell to her knees, looking in horror at the large, dilapidated warehouse in front of her. Heart-rending screams could now and then be heard from it.

Charlotte whined in horror. She tried to run, but the men grabbed her by the collar easily and dragged her into the warehouse.

"Mr. Garwood, Miss Rowe's here."

Charlotte's eyes widened in disbelief as she looked over, seeing Garwood standing at the door of the warehouse with an expressionless look.

How could it be Garwood? So that was ordered by Dylan?

Why did Dylan take her into a place like this?

She struggled harder as she began to whimper.

With a frown, Garwood went over to her and pulled out the strips of cloth in her mouth.

"Garwood... did Dylan send me here? Why? Did he blame me for pretending to be that girl? I knew I was wrong... Can you tell him to let me go home? Let me go! What a dirty, dark place this is! I don't want to be here!" Charlotte cried tears in her eyes.

"No hurry, Miss Rowe. Mr. Sterling asked us to send you home after the show," Garwood said as he gave his men a look. The two men immediately picked up Charlotte and headed into the warehouse.

Charlotte kept struggling as she was carried inside, only to see a bloody man kneeling with his hands and feet tied. Around him, several strong men were punching and kicking him.

She stared at the man who had been beaten and cried out, "Edmond?"

"Enjoy the show," Garwood said quietly.

When Dylan learned that Miss Schultz was almost hurt by Miss Rowe and this guy, Edmond, he didn't send them to the police but set it here for them.

Charlotte understood!

Dylan tied herself up here with Edmond, not to punish her for pretending to be his lifesaver, but to punish her and Edmond for nearly killing Savannah!

Apparently, Edmond had been caught and brought here in advance and had been tortured for some time.

Just then, a man gave Edmond's arm another hard kick!

Edmond screamed in pain, and his hand went limp like a broken twig.

It was too much for Charlotte, a delicate young lady. She closed her eyes, crying, "No! Send me home! I want to get out of here!"

Garwood grinned and ordered the man next to him, "bring a match and help Miss Rowe keep her eyes open."

Charlotte opened her eyes at once in a cold sweat but didn't dare to look at Edmond covered in blood.

"He committed a crime for you, but you even dare not look at him?" Garwood looked contemptuously at Charlotte and then at Edmond on the ground, shaking his head.

#### Chapter 495: **Something's Happened To Charlotte**

Edmond found no strength for words. He slowly raised his bloody arms, crawling toward Charlotte.

"Charlotte..."

"I don't want to be here!" Charlotte almost broke down. She looked hopefully at Garwood and pleaded, "ask Dylan to let me go! It's Edmond's idea, none of my business! I don't want to..." Charlotte almost fainted when she caught a whiff of blood. She stepped back, clutching her body for fear of being touched by the bloody man, blaming him for everything.

Edmond looked desperate, his hand hanging towards his beloved girl.

Garwood and the bodyguards all regarded Charlotte with a contemptuous sneer.

"Don't stop," Garwood ordered coldly, "let Miss Rowe enjoy the night. Send her home in the morning."

With that, he strode toward the warehouse door.

They didn't hurt Charlotte, not because Dylan felt tender towards her.

For all the people who dared to bully Miss Schultz, Dylan would show no pity, no matter the one was a man or a woman.

For a lady like Charlotte, instead of giving her a good beat, it was more useful to destroy her spirit.

As they beat Edmond, they brought great mental pain upon Charlotte so as to avenge Miss Schultz.

Realizing that they were going to leave her all night here with Edmond, keeping her watching Edmond being beaten and listening to his screaming, Charlotte was verging on a breakdown.

"Don't leave me here! No!"

What replied to her was the door being banged shut!

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In the morning, Savannah got changed and was about to go out when Joanne called.

It was Saturday today. They had made an appointment to have dinner together at noon.

The mother and the daughter would meet to eat together every week. After Granny Rowe came, Joanne was afraid that her daughter would be embarrassed to come to Royal Villa, so she arranged the place for a meal at a nearby restaurant recently.

"Sorry, Savannah, I may not be able to go out to lunch with you today." Joanne's voice was tired and hoarse as if she had not had much rest all night.

"Aren't you feeling well again?"

Joanne hesitated and lowered her voice, "something happened to Charlotte."

"What's the matter with her?" Savannah's eyes twinkled.

"She didn't come back last night. Ethan and Lionel sent people looking for her the whole night. In the early morning, she finally came back in very bad shape, as if she was badly frightened. She didn't say anything or answer our questions. Oh yes, her dress was even stained with blood. We thought she was hurt and wanted to call the doctor, but she said it was not her blood. However, she refused to say anything more, only shut the door and locked herself in the room. My mother-in-law was so worried that her high blood pressure attacked her again, and now she was still on a drip. The whole family is in a mess, so I can't go out right now. I'm sorry, Savannah."

"All right, mom, I understand," Savannah said calmly.

"I'll call you when we're done," Joanne said and hung up.

Holding the phone, Savannah took a deep breath.

She could guess what happened to Charlotte last night. Perhaps her friend, Edmond, didn't end well either.

The blood on Charlotte's dress was probably Edmond's.

Dylan must have dealt with them last night.

Charlotte wasn't hurt, but she must have been traumatized. Savannah wondered what Dylan did to scare her into this.

After much deliberation, she still didn't tell Joanne about Charlotte's intention of killing her.

She knew her mother loved Charlotte after spending more than ten years with her.

She would have been very sad to know that her stepdaughter had a mind to kill her own daughter.

Her mother was innocent, and she shouldn't take so much.

Seeing that Charlotte got her punishment and the whole Rowe family was in a state of confusion, Savannah felt strangely comfortable.

But that alone was not enough.

After all, the Rowe family owed her dad his life!

Thinking of this, her clear eyes flashed hate and vehemence.

This was just the beginning.

She wanted to bring the Rowe family to ruin.

Only in this way could she avenge her father, make up for what she had suffered in her parentless years.

Just then, the door creaked open, and a man came in.

She was so attentive that she didn't even notice the footsteps until she was pulled into the man's hot arms from behind.

Startled, she heard a warm and husky voice whispering in her ear, "penny for your thoughts."

"No, nothing..." she gasped, still absorbed in her hatred for the Rowe family, and didn't recover.

Dylan caught the panic she was trying to hide and even an incongruous sense of gloominess she had forced down. He gently grasped her chin, staring down at her.

"Really? Who were you talking to?"

Savannah became a little nervous under his keenest eyes.

She couldn't imagine how furious the man would be if he knew she made up with him for revenge. The only certainty was that he wouldn't talk to her or see her again.

She could no longer use his power at that time.

Thinking of this, she quickly adjusted her mood, biting her lip, "It's my mom..."

"What's it?"

"Mom told me that Charlotte went out last night and didn't return until this morning. She looked scared, and her dress was stained with blood... Does it have anything to do with you?" Savannah looked at him carefully.

"Um." Dylan withdrew his hand to roll up the sleeves, his tone full of coolness.

"What did you do to her and Edmond?" Savannah asked tentatively.

He hadn't meant to frighten the little woman by specifying the matter, but since she asked, he kept nothing back.

"The man's crippled. Charlotte watched the whole process and got badly frightened," he said with a straight face as if the matter has nothing to do with him.

Savannah gasped. He made a cripple out of Charlotte's friend, who almost killed her?

#### Chapter 496: Special Menu

No wonder Charlotte was badly frightened. How could such a delicate young lady bear all night watching her friend being beaten into a badly mutilated state? It was lucky that she didn't go mad from fright.

Savannah looked at Dylan, a little abstracted.

He didn't kill Edmond, not out of tenderness or pity, but because disability was more painful than death for a man.

Edmond wanted to hurt her, so he gave Edmond the worst punishment in the world.

Savannah, however, wasn't happy to be taken so seriously by him. She felt more frightened.

Once again, she realized how ruthless the man was.

If he knew she had deceived him, would he be the same cruel to her?

She shivered involuntarily.

"What's up?" Dylan took in every little movement of her.

She avoided his eyes and put her arms around his waist, murmuring, "nothing... I just can't imagine it. In fact, you don't have to do that..."

"He almost killed you," Dylan said calmly as he stroked her hair.

Savannah said nothing more but just held him tighter.

The little woman had never taken the initiative to get so close to him. He thought she was frightened by Edmond's matter. Lowering his head, he kissed her softly until she warmed up.

"I'll go downstairs first. Take a rest and come down to lunch." He released her and said gently.

Savannah nodded obediently. After he left, she spent some time on the phone and chatted with Olivia for a while until Garcia came up and called her for lunch.

Downstairs in the dining room, she saw three dishes and a bowl of hot soup on the table, but no one there.

"Mr. Sterling's busy in the kitchen." Garcia smiled, pointing in the direction of the kitchen.

Surprised, Savannah went into the kitchen and saw him cutting an onion at the counter.

At the sound of her footsteps, he turned and said, "one last dish and a soup. Five minutes."

He came down early just to cook?

"Those dishes out there are cooked by you?" She opened her eyes wide.

"Yeah," he put the diced onions into the pan with some green peppers, and immediately they sizzled in the pan.

"Stand back." He pulled her aside, afraid the oil would touch her skin.

She stepped back obediently.

Didn't he send two cooks, specially for her? Why did he do it himself?

When he finished the last dish, he asked Garcia to take the soup that was almost ready on the stove.

After they sat down, Savannah looked at the full table of dishes, gasping.

"These are too much. We two can't finish them!"

"Not us. I've eaten at the office in the morning. You eat alone." Dylan smiled.

"Ah? I can't eat so much alone!" Savannah pouted, picking something dark in the soup with the spoon.  
"And what's this?"

Garcia, by her side, smiled and handed over a paper to her, "this's a special menu prepared by Mr. Sterling. Soup for today is Bak Kut Teh, an oriental medicated diet popular in Malaysia. Mr. Sterling said he's listened to the advice of nutrition experts and doctors, and they said hot soup is good for your health."

Special menu? Oriental medicated diet? What's that? So exaggerated!

She remembered when they went to the hospital for examination, Jacob said she should pay attention to her diet and needed more nutrients. He really took the words to his heart.

"Eat as much as you can. If you don't like today's food, I'll ask the cook to change them." Dylan filled a bowl of soup for her as if he had determined to fatten her up in the short term.

Though she never tried this, he had spent so much effort, and she couldn't throw it away. Finally, she took the bowl and sipped the soup.

\* \* \*

A few days later, Joanne called again.

This time, her tone on the phone seemed to relax a lot.

Charlotte's mood was better, but she didn't go out much. She stayed in her room all day in a low spirit. Granny Rowe's blood pressure had been decreased a lot, and she was going to pray at a famous church tomorrow.

Granny Rowe was said to be a Christian. Recently, she found that everything seemed to be against her, so she wanted to pray for herself and her family.

Savannah sneered. The Rowe family caused her father's death. They were all inwardly evil.

God wouldn't help them.

After hanging up, Savannah was silent for a moment, an idea coming to her.

Granny Rowe was going to GC church tomorrow.

Good.

\* \* \*

Granny Rowe got up early the next morning.

Ever since Savannah got involved with the Rowe family, everything had begun to go against them.

That wicked girl not only robbed Charlotte's beloved man but also made her to the hospital several times.

Just the other day, Charlotte spent a night outside and came home in a state of confusion the next morning. Granny Rowe didn't know what happened to her dear granddaughter, but she knew it must have something to do with Savannah.

In a word, everything was because of that girl!

Today, she was going to a famous church and prayed to God for the peace of the Rowe family.

She didn't want to be disturbed by others, so she insisted on going alone. After breakfast, she called the driver and left Royal Villa for GC church.

She had made arrangements in advance to send all people away, including the priest.

Now she was alone in the empty nave, saying her prayers with resentment.

"Please, God, let things go well with my family and bless the safety of my family. Send the wicked girl away from the Rowe family as soon as possible..."

Suddenly, the lights in the hall switched off, taking the apparition with it and shrouding the hall in darkness.

Granny Rowe opened her eyes in horror. Then in a moment, she acquired a vacant, terrified stare when she saw a shadow on the window.

#### **Chapter 497: Old Rowe Mentally Sick**

The hall was quiet in the dimness of the early morning. There were only a few votive candles in the corner, and the light was feeble.

Granny Rowe opened her eyes wide, only to see the shadow of a man cast by the candle upon the wall. The shadow flickered in the quietness.

It didn't look like the priest in this church but like a man in a suit. However, there should be no other guests...

Suddenly, the figure reminded her of a man.

Granny Rowe was so badly frightened that she dared not move.

That was impossible! The man was dead! Did God know what she had done and sent the man back to punish her?

Cold sweat started out on her backbone. She stood straight, rushing to the door, but found it unable to pull it open.

The door had been locked.

A deadly fear swept over her, and she began to cry. "Somebody! Open the door!"

Just then, a sudden gust of wind from the open window puffed the candles out. The hall became darker.

Granny Rowe turned and saw the shadow flitted across the corner of the wall.

That man again!



She exclaimed, covering her mouth, and trembling. She did a lot of bad things in her life, and she was always afraid she would have to give payment for the wrongs.

Turning to the door, she was about to knock it for help when she suddenly heard light footsteps behind her!

She had no time to figure out if a ghost had footsteps. When she turned and realized what she had seen, she was struck dumb with fear, so frightened that she could scarcely cry out!

By very little light through the window, she saw a bowed man in a workman's suit limping slowly toward him. Blood soaked down his clothes. He moved very slowly as if he was seriously injured. She couldn't see his face, but she knew who the man was! The photo of his body was still in her mind! When the man came closer, he slowly lifted his bloody hand, blood dripping on the floor...

Granny Rowe throbbed at the dreadful sight. She was all weak and unconsciously collapsed to her knees.

"Let me go! Please don't come to me! Yes, I killed you to let your wife marry my son... But what do you want after all these years? We've taken good care of your wife, and your daughter even ruined the happiness of my granddaughter! What do you still want? Enough! Don't come back...Stay away from me!" She cried, her face pale as death, and her lips were trembling.

The man didn't stop but moved closer towards her.

Granny Rowe couldn't stand the thrill any longer. Before the man touched her, she turned up her eyes and fell into a faint.

The man stopped and looked back.

Savannah came out from behind a pillar, with a blue face and clenched fists. Her eyes blazed hatred as she stared at the old lady who collapsed at the door.

"Miss Schultz. The old woman was frightened to death. She couldn't get out of bed for several days. It's getting late, and I'm afraid the priest will come back soon. Let's go." The man, to be exact, the private investigator, said to Savannah as he cleaned up the chicken blood on the floor quickly.

Savannah paid him and arranged the scene at GC church today.

Her purpose was to scare Granny Rowe and admonished her for doing wrong. She didn't expect the old lady would admit to her murder.

No wonder she was so scared. How could she live peacefully with such a wicked crime on her conscience?

So, her dad's car accident was planned by the old woman.

Savannah clenched his fingers firmly to endure the anger. She really wanted to hit the old woman to death to get revenge on her father!

But, no, she couldn't.

For an old woman who had lived most of her life, death was too simple for her.

What's more, such revenge was the stupidest way. She couldn't send herself to jail.

If she went to jail, the others of the Rowe family would be safe, and she didn't believe Mr. Rowe really knew anything about it.

She wouldn't just kill the old woman. The biggest fear in life is not death but hopelessness. She would make her days and nights full of anguish, suffering, and pain!

At the thought of this, Savannah kicked Granny Rowe in the face and left with the private investigator through the back door.

\*\*\*

In a private hospital, Granny Rowe was lying in bed, pale as a sheet. While she was on a drip, she was still murmuring unconsciously, "don't come...Get away from me... No..."

Ethan and Lionel stood outside the ward with the doctor, looking anxiously at Granny Rowe.

Two days before, she fainted in the GC church and was sent to the hospital by the priest. Since that, she had been like this and couldn't wake up.

"Doctor, what's wrong with my grandmother?" Lionel asked anxiously.

"Mrs. Rowe is fine physically, but she seems to have a mental disorder, for she was badly scarred. We recommend her to take some medicine and stay in bed to recover slowly."

Mental disorder? The father and the son were shocked.

Lionel sighed. After his grandma was taken to the hospital, he went to the GC church to investigate what had happened. Unfortunately, there was no modern surveillance in the hall of the church.

The priest said that his grandma wanted to pray alone and send him away. When he came back to the hall, he found her lying insensible on the floor.

"Dad, you've been accompanying grandma for a whole day. It's time to go back and have a rest," he said to Ethan, who looked rather tired.

Ethan took one look at his old mother in the ward, sighed, and nodded.

Not long after Ethan left, Charlotte came with an angry look on her face.

She had stayed in her room every day, so they didn't tell her when Granny Rowe was sent to the hospital.

Unexpectedly, she heard about it and came herself.

"I came to see grandma," Charlotte stared at the ward with red eyes and said in a low voice, "what happened to her?"

"It's not clear," Lionel sighed, "she's asleep now, don't worry. She'll be fine."

Charlotte's expression relaxed a little, but then she pinched her fist and said through clenched teeth, "it must be that bitch! Savannah did it! Our family has had very frustrating days since she met mom and stayed! Needless to say, it must be her!"

"Charlotte, don't talk nonsense!"

#### Chapter 498: Don't Touch Her

"I'm not talking nonsense! I know, it's her! She wants to torment us! Grandma had been attacked by blood pressure several times because of her. This time, it must be her again! If she goes on like this, sooner or later, she'll go against you and dad, and our family will be broken up by her!" cried Charlotte, thoroughly aroused.

"Do you have any proof? I went to that church, but there was no evidence that Savannah had been there. And why did Savannah do this to grandma? Why should she go against our family? Charlotte, I know you loathe her, but don't set her up." Lionel knitted his eyebrows.

"I have no proof, and I don't know why she hates us so much. But I know, no one but her! Lionel, why don't you believe me? That bitch's no longer what she'd been before. She's changed! She wants to destroy our family! Lionel, be careful, I know she means to harm you too..." Charlotte's voice broke into a sob, and her thin body was shaken.

Seeing that her sister was a little out of control, Lionel came to her side and asked his assistant to take her home first.

His expression became serious as he watched his sister being helped away.

Every word of Charlotte's complaint lingered in his mind.

Did she say that because she resented Savannah, or her intuition was correct?

If grandma came into this state because of Savannah, if Savannah really hated his family so much, what's the reason?

A doubtful light twinkled in Lionel's eyes.

\* \* \*

When Savannah walked out of the company after work, she saw a familiar silver-gray car parked ahead, as if waiting for her.

Lionel got out of the car, coming toward her.

"Are you off work?" He asked with a gentle smile, and there was a charm about his manner. Those white-collar females around all looked at him with an adoring look as they passed by.

"Yeah, you come to pick me up?" Savannah curled up her lips, keeping her distance.

"Well," Lionel sighed and looked at her. "I'm your brother in name, so we're kind of family. It's normal for a brother to pick up his sister from work."

"Your family's out of my league." Savannah laughed with a defiant indifference.

"I thought your decision to accept mom means that you accepted us as a family."

"It's not my choice to accept mom. We're destined to be mother and daughter. As for you and your family, I've never been related to you. I don't think your father and your grandmother would like to admit that Mrs. Rowe has a daughter like me out there." Savannah replied satirically.

"Savannah, I don't know if you have any complaints about my family. If so, could you let me know? I don't want us to be like this." Lionel moved a step closer to her.

"You think too much, Lionel."

"Do I? So why have you been against us so much lately?" Lionel took a deep breath and finally asked the sharpest question.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Savannah replied dryly, expressionless.

"You decided to go abroad, but then you changed your mind and stayed. You made up with Dylan to anger Charlotte, don't you? She didn't come home the other night. Though she didn't tell us what happened, I found out that she was shut in a warehouse with Edmond that night, and Edmond's still in the hospital after getting brutal beatings. Dylan did this for you, right? I don't want to blame you for that. After all, Charlotte and Edmond deserve to be punished for their mistakes. But what on earth is wrong with my grandma? Even if she's partial to Charlotte, you don't have to hurt an old woman like that!" said Lionel in an abrupt tone.

Savannah's face became darker as she listened, her lips twisted with disdain.

Every one of the Rowe family, who seemed so gentle and so kind, was, in fact, selfish and cruel. Even Lionel, who impressed her favorably before, only knew to defend his family, even if his family had committed a heinous crime.

Seeing her silence, Lionel realized that Charlotte was right. Maybe his grandma's accident was really arranged by Savannah.

Did Savannah really hate them so much? Did she want to make all of them suffer?

"Savannah, why? Why are you doing this? Did my family do anything to hurt you?" Lionel became agitated and grabbed her by the shoulder.

Savannah looked at him with a chilling smile.

Not to me, but to my dad.

My dad's car accident was arranged by your amiable and respectable grandma.

And your father, I don't believe he was completely unaware of this.

If your grandma's words in the church could be taken as direct evidence, now she should not be lying in the hospital but lying in prison!

For a moment, Savannah really wanted to tell Lionel what Granny Rowe had done to her father, to make him realize what a filthy and ugly family he was in. But she finally swallowed it.

Lionel was also a Rowe. What could he do if she told him?

Would he send his grandmother and father to prison?

Don't be silly, Savannah.

You should send the Rowe family to hell yourself.

Just then, Savannah noticed that a familiar black Lamborghini was coming slowly.

"Let me go..." she assumed a frightened look when the car stopped, eyes red.

Beside them, Dylan got off the car quickly and slammed the door shut, approaching them.

He grabbed Lionel's hand on Savannah's shoulder and pulled them apart.

Lionel stepped back and found Dylan staring at him with a sullen look.

"What are you doing?" Dylan asked coldly, a murderous glint in his eyes.

"Nothing. I just want to ask Savannah a few words." Lionel stepped back.

"Then, don't touch her." Dylan glanced at his hand.

"I'm Savannah's brother. What can I do to her?" Lionel was a little helpless.

Dylan smiled coldly. There was no blood relationship between them, how would they really have brother-sister affection for each other?

#### Chapter 499: What Did He Aim At?

When it came to Savannah, Dylan was always so suspicious.

Who knew what Lionel wanted from Savannah?

In any case, he never believed that there could be any pure affection between a man and a woman who was not related by blood.

Three years ago, Lionel was so nice to Savannah that he even sold Zagreb to him at a meager price for the sake of her. Was it really just because Savannah was his sister in law?

Now he came to see her in person, what did he aim at?

If he dared have mind on his woman...

With that in mind, Dylan turned to Savannah with a sullen face.

"What did he just do to you?" he asked quietly.

"Nothing, let's go first. It's not good to be seen at the company gate." Savannah said as she pushed him to his car.

Dylan gave Lionel a warning look and got in the car with her.

The car started away from the office building.

"He really did nothing to you?" Dylan peered at the little woman in the front driver's seat.

Savannah shook her head, turning round to glance at him.

"Are you jealous?" She asked, amused at his seriousness.

"Don't be naughty." His eyes darkened.

She smiled, leaning toward him, "what if I said he was flirting with me?"

The sweet smell of the little woman drifted to him, distracting him a little.

"Huh, dare he?" He snorted as he reached out a hand to her waist, squeezing her gently.

She blushed, gave him a nudge, and sat up straight.

"Lionel didn't do anything to me, really," she said. "Maybe he was just a little chafed."

"What did he want to see you about?" Dylan shrugged.

"Nothing," Savannah bit her lip. "Granny Rowe's ill. Charlotte told Lionel it was because I did something to her grandma. So he just came over and asked me a few questions."

Dylan frowned; the coldness and unhappiness between his brows were obvious.

"Never mind. I've explained it. Lionel was just so worried about his grandma. He won't come to me again." Savannah said softly to appease him.

"You still need a driver," he said, freeing his hand to rub her head.

With a driver and a bodyguard, she wouldn't be harassed again.

However, this small woman was afraid to be seen by her colleagues and insisted on taking the bus or a taxi to go work.

She felt a little guilty at his concerned words.

It seemed to be easier for her to lie to him now.

He made it clear to her that he really cared about his exclusive rights to her, not allowing any man to offend her, even if the man was Lionel, her brother in name.

This man could be very jealous and possessive about her.

That was not bad.

She had been wondering how she could ruin the Rowe family completely. It seemed that the best way was to break up the business relationship between the two families.

But it was not easy for her.

The two families had always been on good terms. They had worked together many times over the years. Under such circumstances, how could she break up their relationship easily?

But today, she saw a glimmer of hope.

Though the Rowe family was also a business giant in Chicago, their company in LA couldn't develop rapidly without the support from the Sterling group.

After all, the Sterling group was the local snake in LA.

If Dylan turned on the Row family, it would be hard for them to get along in LA.

Her sparkly eyes blinked nervously.

"A penny for your thoughts." Dylan glanced at her.

"Nothing. Oh, where are we going now? Back to Green Bay?" Savannah changed the subject quickly.

"Pick Kaiden up first. Then we go back to Green Bay for dinner." Dylan had already set it up.

Savannah paused. She hadn't seen Kaiden for quite a while.

Ever since she learned the truth about her father's car accident, she had been blinded by hatred. Every day, she kept thinking about how to get back to Dylan, how to win his favor, and how to take her revenge on the Rowe family...

"Good." She nodded.

It was school time when they arrived at Kaiden's kindergarten. The gate of the kindergarten was busy with kids and their parents.

Dylan got out of the car and soon carried his son back in his arms. As soon as the door opened, Kaiden climbed into Savannah's arms and gave her an affectionate hug.

"Mommy!" His eyes shined with excitement.

"I'm sorry, Kaiden. I'll try to spend more time with you in the future." Savannah said and gave Kaiden a big kiss.

"Your mommy's busy with work every day," Dylan said dryly, "she doesn't have time to play with you." In fact, he wanted to say she didn't even have time to accompany him! Seeing his son still hugging Savannah hard, he picked him up easily and placed him in the child seat on the rear seat.

"I want to sit with mommy!" Kaiden wriggled.

Dylan gave Kaiden a stern glance, signing him to be quiet.

"You're not a little baby," he said as he fastened the seat belt for Kaiden. "Don't you feel ashamed to sit in your mommy's arms? Your little girlfriend will dump you if she sees it."

Kaiden pursed his lips and stopped screaming and kicking.

Savannah could not help laughing. She knew he had a strong possessive instinct. But Kaiden was their son!

Back in Green Bay, Garcia and the maid had just served the dishes, waiting for the three of them.

After the meal, Savannah watched a cartoon with Kaiden in the living room. After talking to Savannah about the fun he had in kindergarten, Kaiden fell asleep on the couch.

Dylan waited all night for the boy to fall asleep. Seeing this, he picked Kaiden up and said, "this guy can't get up until tomorrow morning. Let him sleep here?"

It was a bit chilly at night. The little boy might get sick from the wind on the way back. She nodded, "take him to my room."

Dylan carried Kaiden upstairs to her room and placed him on Savannah's bed.

Savannah followed him, covering Kaiden with a quilt, and dimmed the lamp on the bedside table. Turning around, she saw him standing next to her, staring at her with a lazy look.

"What about me?" He asked in a low voice.

Taking a deep breath, she realized what he wanted.

### Chapter 500: You Should Sleep With Me

"You'd better go back first. I'll ask the driver to take Kaiden back tomorrow morning." Savannah murmured.

"But I want to stay," he moved closer to her.

"My parents' room hasn't been cleaned for a long time, and there's no bed in the study..."

"I don't mind. I can sleep anywhere." His voice was husky.

"Well," Savannah sighed helplessly, looking at the sofa not far from the bed. "You can sleep on the sofa, it's also a foldable sofa bed."

"And you?"

"I'll go to Garcia's room and just spend one night with her."

With that, she turned and walked towards the door, but he took a step after her and grabbed her arm, pulling her to his arms.

"You're my woman, and of course, you should sleep with me." He leaned over and whispered in her ear. Then he raised her in his arms, walking to the sofa, and laid her softly down.

He tilted the backrest and unfolded the seat, and the sofa was transformed into a comfortable bed.

Savannah watched his back as he made his way to the bathroom, breathing a sigh.

After a while, he emerged from the bathroom wet and glistening from the shower, with just a towel around his waist. The towel was hers, a little too small for him.

She glanced at his bare chest, flushing scarlet.

She had already given birth to a son for him, and they had sex days ago, but she still felt shy and thirsty at the sight of his half-naked fine figure.

Just as he sat down, wiping his hair, she jumped up and headed for the bathroom.



After bathing, Savannah hesitated for a long time in the bathroom before she came out in her nightdress so that she could escape quietly when he fell asleep.

She didn't expect to come out to see him leaning on the sofa, grinning lazily at her.

He rose from the sofa and walked to her, drawing her caressingly to the sofa, and turned off the lamp.

The fragrance from her hit him, and he could not help it. He slid his big hand into the hem of her nightdress. Desire combusted deep in him.

"No, Kaiden is there," she murmured as she caught his hand to stop him.

The little guy was not far away, sleeping soundly in her bed.

"It's okay. He won't wake up from thunder when he's asleep." He murmured in her, teasing and seducing her.

"No... Later, okay?" She pleaded.

He sighed, knowing she was too shy to do that in the presence of their son.

He should have asked the driver to take the boy back to Beverly Hills. But if Kaiden went back, he wouldn't have a good reason to spend the night with her.

Finally, he restrained his desire and laid a kiss on her neck, locking her in his arms, and closed his eyes.

Forget it. She couldn't open herself if she was too nervous. There was ample time ahead, and he didn't have to push her too hard.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief.

After making up with him, she knew she had to be prepared to sleep with him, but every time it happened, she would involuntarily shrink.

Perhaps because she still couldn't remember the memories with him, and in her heart, he was only her boss, someone she hadn't known very long.

How could she have sex with a man she didn't know so well? But she couldn't refuse his charm too. His possessive temperament caught her up.

So, she tried to avoid it if she could...but then again she failed to do it.

What's more, she feared getting pregnant again...

\* \* \*

Two days later, Joanne asked Savannah out for dinner after work.

The Rowe family had been in a lot of trouble recently. Joanne hadn't seen her daughter for a long time and missed her a lot.

During dinner, Joanne told Savannah that though Granny Rowe was awake, she still couldn't get out of bed. She was in poor spirits and had nightmares every night. Ethan planned to send her back to Chicago tomorrow to recover, and Charlotte would leave together with her grandma.

Savannah listened in silence and asked casually, "what about you and Mr. Rowe? And Lionel, aren't you going back?"

"Ethan's worried about his mother's health and will go back with her and Charlotte, and he'll stay in Chicago until his mother gets better. He knew I don't want to part with you, so he let me stay here. As for Lionel, he has to take care of the local business these days. I heard that the Rowe group's busy working in a cooperative project with the Sterling group, and it's in the critical stage now, so he can't leave."

"The Rowe group has a cooperative project with the Sterling group recently?" Savannah asked quietly.

"Yeah, the Rowe group has connections with the Sterling group for years. Lionel will hold a dinner party for this new collaboration this Saturday and invite Mr. Sterling to come. Thanks to his support and help, the Rowe group quickly gained a foothold in LA. After all, the Sterling group has too much influence in the local business circle. "

Savannah listened, stirring her drink and saying nothing more, but her heart stirred.

After dinner, they chatted for a while and then parted.

As Savannah got off the taxi in Green Bay, she heard Kaiden's happy laughter coming from the courtyard in front of the house.

She came nearer and saw the boy, in a great sweat, playing a ball with Garcia.

"Mommy!" He turned her head and greeted her as he picked up the ball.

"Savannah, you're back." Garcia smiled.

"Why is Kaiden here?" Savannah looked at Garcia and wondered.

Dylan drove Kaiden away this morning. How did the little guy come again?

"The young master wants to stay here for a few days. Mr. Sterling agreed and just asked Louis to bring him here from the kindergarten." Garcia loved the cute boy so much that she was happy to know Kaiden would be staying for a few days.

Savannah gasped. Of course, she was happy to see her son, but obviously, Dylan wanted something else by bringing Kaiden here. He knew she was a little unwilling to spend nights with him. Now Kaiden was here, and he could have a reason to come often...

Did she have to sleep on the sofa with him every day? That would be a very difficult time for her!

"Mommy, are you unhappy to see me?" Kaiden said in a pathetic voice.

"No, how could it be?" Savannah roused herself and went to Kaiden, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

"Why are you home so late, Mommy? Where have you been?" Kaiden looked at her with his big, childlike eyes.