

Midnight 521

Chapter 521: Do You Want A Fight?

Maybe because Savannah had used up her strength, or the medicines she had in the hospital began to take effect, she swayed and passed out in Olivia's arms as she just turned.

"Savannah!" Olivia screamed, frightened, trying to pick her up. But they were all girls, and she couldn't lift her up with all her strength. She clenched her teeth and looked at Dylan for help.

Garwood hadn't the heart to see the two girls so helpless. He stepped forward and was about to help Miss Schultz up when Dylan shouted at him, "It's none of your business!"

"Yeah, Dylan said he had nothing to do with her, Garwood. What the hell do you care? Just another trick of her, don't you understand?" Charlotte said in a strange voice.

Garwood had to step back.

Just then, the elevator opened, and Jacob rushed out.

After Savannah ran out of the hospital, Jacob was still worried about her, so he drove his car and followed her here.

He was shocked to see Savannah faint in Olivia's arms. Without greeting Dylan, he rushed over to test her heartbeat and then picked her up.

"Look at her, Dylan. It's only been a few days, and she's hooked up with another guy who's busy around doing everything for her," said Charlotte sarcastically, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

Dylan watched Jacob leave with Savannah in his arms, his deep eyes turning darker.

Without another word, he turned and walked back to the office.

Charlotte caught up with him as he approached the office and ventured, "Dylan, so... next month's engagement party... Is it still on schedule?"

To be engaged to Dylan was beyond her wildest dreams.

After giving him the recording of Savannah's words that day, she booked a flight back to Chicago.

To her surprise, Dylan called her the following day and met with her and offered engagement to her.

She was frozen, feeling like she was in a dream, unable to believe it. She didn't come to her senses until Dylan asked her if she agreed, and she nodded hard.

She knew that it was the recording that worked. Dylan knew Savannah had been cheating on him. He was so proud that he must be furious at her.

She also guessed that Dylan made this decision in a fit of rage, or he just wanted to anger Savannah, but she was satisfied!

As long as she could be with Dylan, she didn't care if he was serious or not.

She was also confident that if she could make him forget Savannah and win his love sooner or later after marrying him.

The engagement was scheduled very quickly.

Dylan sent his people to book the hotel, the costumes, and then he informed Ethan in Chicago.

The Rowe family was now facing a lot of troubles, and the marriage with the Sterling family was a flicker of hope to revive the Rowe group.

Ethan was surprised to hear that Dylan was getting engaged with his daughter, but he didn't make any comment.

These were the happiest days of Charlotte's life.

She was looking forward to the arrival of the engagement party.

Today she came to the Sterling group to discuss the details of the engagement with Dylan, but she didn't expect to see Savannah's best friend come to complain to Dylan!

She hoped Dylan didn't change his mind after what happened just now.

"As scheduled," answered Dylan dryly, without stopping.

Fully relieved, Charlotte smiled with satisfaction.

* * *

After being taken back to the hospital by Jacob and Olivia, Savannah was in a coma for a whole day before she was conscious again.

Olivia and Jacob took turns caring for her.

Several times, Savannah's heart gave a nervous thud against her chest when she heard the door open. She knew she expected to see Dylan, but he never showed.

* * *

The Sterling Group.

"Mr. Sterling, Dr. Shamon, is here." The secretary knocked on the door of the CEO's office.

"Let him in."

Seconds later, Jacob, led by the secretary, walked into the office.

"Dylan, what did you call me for today?"

"You're here." Dylan greeted him coolly, "here are the best man's suits for my engagement party. Choose one."

"Are you really engaged to Charlotte?" Jacob couldn't believe his ears.

"Well, that's true."

"Dylan, what the hell happened between you and Savannah?" Jacob looked at him, perplexed.

"I didn't know you've become a gossip," Dylan snorted.

Jacob knew Dylan wouldn't say more if he didn't want to tell him, so he didn't ask more. "Well, I don't care what happened between you and Savannah. She was beaten up and bruised and is still in the hospital, don't you go to see her?"

"You seem more nervous about her than I am. If you like her, I don't mind giving her to you, as long as you don't mind if she had been sleeping with me," said Dylan grimly, unconcerned.

Jacob sprang to his feet and raised his fist to punch the man in front of him, but was grabbed by his wrist in mid-air.

"What? Do you want a fight? Unhappy for what I said? It seems that Savannah's really good at seducing men. Dr. Shamon's quite carried away by her so soon!" Dylan said with acid sarcasm.

"All right. I'm tired of arguing. Perhaps it's good for Savannah to leave you, lest you should put her in shame! The best man's suit? Please find someone else! I hope you won't regret hurting Savannah badly," Jacob stormed out of the office!

* * *

A few days later, Savannah left the hospital when she got much better.

In order not to make Garcia worry about her, she said she went on a business trip.

Jacob finished the discharge formalities for her and went into the ward.

Savannah was sitting quietly by her hospital bed, waiting for Olivia to pick her up. Seeing him come in, she stood up, the words of gratitude stuck in her throat.

"Jacob, sorry for troubling you these days," she whispered, giving him a grateful smile.

"Dylan's my best bud. I should take care of you for him." Jacob shook his head.

The smile froze on Savannah's face.

Now she had nothing to do with Dylan. So, she was no longer his best friend's woman...

Jacob paused, realizing that he was blundering. Then he added, "actually, Dylan called me yesterday, and I asked him to come and see you. But he didn't listen to me..."

He still refused to see her. The smile on Savannah's lips became even bitter. She looked up at Jacob and asked casually, "he didn't call you to blame you for helping me, did he?"

"No, we just talked..." Jacob stammered.

Chapter 522: Vindictive Charlotte

Savannah remembered something.

"Did he call you for his engagement to Charlotte?" She asked, trying to ignore the pain in her trembling voice.

Jacob was a direct person, and he didn't know how to tell a lie in front of a girl. Under her careful glance, he sighed and nodded, "he asked me to be the best man at his engagement party...at the beginning of next month."

His words gave Savannah's heart a painful twinge. The color went off her face, and she didn't speak for a long time.

His marriage to Charlotte was not a joke. It was coming up.

"Savannah, what happened between you? Shall I go talk to him for you?" Jacob couldn't bear to see the heartbroken expression in Savannah's eyes.

"No. Thank you, Jacob." Savannah braced herself up and swallowed all the sadness.

Fortunately, there came a knock on the door.

"It should be Olivia. I have to go." She forced a smile.

The door opened, but instead of Olivia, it was Matt.

Matt took the bag from Savannah, greeted Jacob, and said to Savannah, "Olivia's tied up today and asked me to pick you up. Come on, Savannah."

Savannah composed herself, said goodbye to Jacob, and followed Matt out of the room.

"Didn't Olivia say she had no play today? What's the matter with her?" She asked casually.

Matt, however, looked like he was in a trance and didn't hear her. He made no answer but walked on.

"Matt?" Savannah looked at him, feeling strange.

"Huh? What did you say?" Matt came to his senses.

"I asked you what Olivia's doing. She told me she had no work today."

"She... Oh... maybe the cast temporarily added a scene and called her... So, she..." Matt stammered out a few words.

Savannah knew that Matt was not a good liar, and that was why Olivia liked him. He was obviously preoccupied today.

She stopped and asked him seriously, "Matt, is something wrong with Olivia?"

Matt froze and didn't answer for a long time.

Savannah understood immediately. Something really happened to Olivia. Otherwise, she wouldn't have let Matt pick her up. She took a breath and asked, "Matt, tell me, what's the matter with Olivia?"

Matt hesitated for a moment before he whispered, "Olivia's fine. It's just..."

"Just what?" Savannah demanded eagerly.

"The director of the crew she was working in told her this morning that her role had been cut. Some advertisements endorsed by her have also been canceled. She rushed to the agency this morning, but

the agency didn't give her an answer. You know her temper. She's very stubborn, and she won't give up before she makes it clear. She's still in the company now, asking for an explanation. That's why she asked me to pick you up." Matt knitted his brows tightly.

"How did that happen? Is she shut out from her work?" Savannah stood there, surprised.

"Yes. I don't know why, but it looks as if she's offended, someone."

Savannah froze, and her brows wrinkled as though she had remembered something.

"Matt, let's go to Olivia's company."

Matt was also worried about Olivia. He nodded and left the hospital with Savannah.

When they arrived at Olivia's company, they headed upstairs to the artist management department. As soon as they approached the door, they heard Olivia arguing with someone.

"I just want a lucid explanation!"

"Olivia, why don't you go back home first? We'll talk to you about it later." The agent was obviously playing the fool.

"I need an explanation now. You have stopped all my work for no reason!" Olivia was quite annoyed.

Savannah pulled out her phone quietly, turned on the video, and faced it to Olivia and the agent.

The agent saw her movement and came to stop her busily. "Hey, hey, what are you doing? Who gave you permission to shoot?"

At the same time, Matt went up and pulled Olivia aside.

Savannah looked at the agent and said slowly, "nothing. I just want to post this on Olivia's Twitter and show Olivia's fans how their idol is shut out for no reason by her agent, and let everyone know how your company bullies its artists."

The agent's face changed. Finally, he sighed, "okay, fine, you want to know why? I can only tell you, it's not a decision from our company. Someone contacted our senior management and stopped your work. You must have offended someone. That person has a good background and is very familiar with our management."

"Is that person surnamed Rowe?" Savannah asked suddenly.

The agent paused and then nodded, "yes. All right, I told you the reason now. Don't spread this video around and ruin our company's reputation. Go out!"

It was Charlotte! Savannah exchanged glances with Olivia, whose face darkened, standing mute a great while.

Needless to say, it was Charlotte's revenge after Olivia went to the Sterling group to complain to Dylan.

It was a long time before Savannah murmured, "Olivia. I'm gonna intercede with your superior..."

"No, Savannah. Since Charlotte's familiar with the senior management, it's no use talking with them. Well, maybe the company will use me again after a time. After all, I can still make money for them." Olivia said so with forced calm.

Savannah's face became darker. She was well aware of how valuable an artist's first few years were. There were new artists every day. Olivia's career had just started, and she would lose too much to be treated like this.

She didn't expect Charlotte to be so vindictive!

Savannah clenched her fist, feeling guilty.

If it were not for her, Olivia wouldn't have been retaliated by Charlotte and suffered this unfair treatment!

Aware of Savannah's silence, Olivia grabbed her hand and forced a smile.

"It's all right. You know I've been working so hard these years, and I'm really tired... Now it's good to have a chance for a rest! Come on, Savannah, Matt, let's go eat!"

Savannah knew Olivia was consoling her, but she felt more uncomfortable. She said nothing and left the company with them in silence.

Chapter 523: Sleep With Me

It was evening when Savannah returned to Green Bay.

The injury on her head had almost healed, but Garcia still noticed a slight scar. She explained that she just slipped accidentally on her business trip.

After returning to her room, she hesitated for a long time before she finally made up her mind and dialed Garwood's number.

It wasn't easy for Olivia to achieve what she had today from an unknown plane model.

Although she was not very famous, she had taken place in the entertainment industry, and her career was getting brighter and brighter.

If she was forced to stop all her work, all her previous efforts would be stultified.

No, as her best friend, she would never let it happen.

Now, the only one she could turn for help was that man...

Even if he didn't want to see her, even if she might be ridiculed or insulted, she must have a try.

"Hi, Garwood, it's me."

"Miss Schultz?" Garwood was surprised to receive Savannah's call.

"Do you know where's Dylan? I want to see him."

Garwood hesitated for a moment before he said, "Miss Schultz, you know he won't see you now."

"I really have something to say to him. Please, Garwood." Savannah's voice trembled slightly.

"Miss Schultz, I'm so sorry."

"Well, Garwood, just tell me where he is, and I'll go there myself. I won't say you told me, okay?" Savannah pleaded.

Garwood relented and sighed, "Mr. Sterling has a business dinner with two foreign clients in Oriental Resort Hotel tonight. The dinner's almost over now. If you get there soon, you may meet him..."

"Thank you!" Savannah hung up and immediately went out.

Oriental Resort Hotel was located in the outskirts of the city, it was very quiet at night, and there was almost no passers-by or vehicles around.

The taxi driver dropped Savannah at the entrance of the hotel.

Savannah stood opposite the hotel under a sycamore tree and waited quietly.

The night deepened.

She didn't know how long she had been waiting. Finally, she heard footsteps coming from the entrance. Looking over, she saw the familiar tall figure walking out of the hotel, accompanied by his secretary and two bodyguards.

Her weariness subsided at once.

Next to Dylan, there were two men with curly brown hair in suits and ties, presumably his clients.

As the bodyguards went to get the car, Dylan stood at the entrance of the hotel, talking with the two clients in his fluent French. He was well-spoken and graceful in manner and easily caught Savannah's full attention.

She caught her breath and found it hard to take her eyes off him.

When the bodyguards came back in two cars, Dylan saw his clients get on one of the cars, and, with a glance at the watch, he asked the secretary to leave by taxi. He was about to get in another car when Savannah screwed up her courage and went over.

Dylan was shocked at the sight of the little woman.

She had her hair cut when she stood for Olivia that day, and she had a trim later.

Her long hair was now shoulder-length; her little face became more delicate and pitiful after living in the hospital for days. Instead of a young mother, she looked more like a high school girl.

"What're you coming for?" He asked in an impassive way, and the expression on his face turned indifferent again.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling. I came here today to ask for your help." Savannah took a step forward and stopped him halfway by the car door.

"Am I really an idiot in your mind, or are you too thick-skinned? You still have the nerve to ask me for help? What makes you think I'm going to help you?" Dylan laughed sarcastically.

"Charlotte started this, and I wouldn't bother you if Olivia hadn't been shut down by her company. I know Charlotte hates me, and if she wants revenge, come at me, please don't make trouble for the innocent," Savannah said steadily.

"But why should I help you?" He looked at her restive eye, a significant smile playing on his lips.

Savannah was at a loss for words.

Dylan sneered, walked around her, and got in the car.

The bodyguard in the driver's seat started the engine.

Before the car started moving, Savannah responded by pulling the rear door open and jumping in next to Dylan.

The bodyguard was startled by her sudden movement, pressing the accelerator until the engine screamed.

"What do you want to do?" snapped Dylan with a gloomy face.

"I need your help. Get Olivia back to work, and I'll get off, or I'll follow you!" She couldn't see her best friend in trouble because of her, even if she had to be shameless in front of him.

"I'll give you three seconds to get out of here!" he scoffed, looking at the little woman in disbelief.

"No, not even 3 hours!" She clenched her fists. He was her only hope, and she couldn't give up easily.

Dylan's face was covered with dark clouds. He was silent for a few seconds before he shouted at the bodyguard in the driver's seat and asked him to start the car.

He didn't believe she really had the nerve to stick with him!

This time, however, Savannah was determined not to be denied. She showed no intention of getting off all the way.

She was so nervous that her palms were all cold and sweating.

The man stared at her silently beside her, his eyes were as hard as chilled steel. She felt as if he would pick her up and throw her out the next moment.

Finally, he was provoked beyond endurance.

"Get out!" He growled at the bodyguard in the driver's seat.

The poor bodyguard quickly parked the car at the curb, got out, and went away to keep a certain distance.

Savannah sat stiffly there, looking out the window, and didn't know what he wanted to do.

They were still in the suburbs. There was no pavement on the road and no street light.

No one would notice them even if the man killed her.

"You want to help your friend, don't you? What can you offer in exchange for it?" Savannah heard his voice issuing coolly, a trifle ironically.

"What can I offer?" Puzzled, she had a bad thought the way he asked her.

He didn't speak but leaned over all of a sudden to tear off her clothes!

Before she reacted, he pinned her underneath and began to put down her trousers.

"Dylan, what are you doing?" She screamed in alarm.

"Sleep with me now, and I'll help your friend." He clung to her soft body, teasing with ferocity.

Chapter 524: He Was Angry With Himself But Felt Betrayed

He wanted to see how thick-skinned she was!

Savannah blushed with shame, crushing her nails into her palms.

Dylan patted her red face, giving an evil smile. "It seems that you're not so shameless. If you don't want to, get out!"

With that, he brought himself up, but before he completely sat up, Savannah grabbed the collar of his shirt, pulling him to her.

Her action gave the answer.

Dylan was more annoyed, his eyes flashing red with fury, mixed feelings seething within him.

In order to help a friend, she would rather sell her body. But how did she treat him? She just made use of him and cheated on him! Her sweetness over him was the only pretense; she beguiled him by pretending cordiality, and the one she loved was still Kevin!

He could no longer keep in his indignation at the thought!

With a fierce motion, he tore off her shirt, as well as her bra, freeing her breast! The moonlight from the window threw its sparkles on her white skin, stimulating his eyes, his expression hooded.

She gave a little exclamation. Before she was prepared, he undid his pants and held her against his hips, pushing into her!

She moaned and averted her eyes, trying not to show him how ashamed she was.

Dylan was angry with himself, and he didn't want to hurt her, but she betrayed him.

He hated to admit he had been exploited or tricked, but he found himself missing her body so much.

To vent his anger against her, he pushed inside harder and harder still and almost melted her.

The luxury car slightly vibrates on the quiet road, telling an ambiguous unspeakable story.

Not far away, the bodyguard took a breath, and of course, he knew what was happening inside the car. With a red face, he bowed his head and moved back a few more steps.

Savannah suffered the sex in silence unless she was really hurt and couldn't help but moan between her lips. However, she immediately bit her lip to resist, for fear that she would make him unhappy and cancel the transaction.

It was loveless sex, showing no tenderness, and more like a severe punishment.

He fucked her hard as if she was a lifeless rag doll, and he didn't care if she would get hurt by his rude movement.

It was some time before he finally released him inside her and got up from her. He buckled his belt and put on his shirt in stony silence.

The hot air after the sex in the car almost suffocated Savannah. She put on her pants and the torn dress, bearing the pain of her body without a word of complaint.

Looking at the man whose cheeks were flushed with satisfaction, she bit her lips, her accents sinking under a deep consciousness of degradation of what she did, "I hope you mean what you say."

Dylan opened the door and pushed her out and called out to the bodyguard.

The bodyguard came over and got in the car.

Savannah was in aches and pains all over and was pushed to the ground by him.

"Dylan!" She struggled to get up before the car started.

"Rest assured. I mean, what I say." His tone was indifferent, without the slightest tenderness after the sex. He closed the window and asked the bodyguard to drive.

The bodyguard looked at Savannah outside the car and hesitated.

There was no taxi at this hour in the suburbs. Did Mr. Sterling mean to let a woman walk home alone?

After what he had done with Miss Schultz...

That was too cruel.

But he didn't dare to say a word.

Savannah watched the car disappearing in insight, tired and sore.

The last warmth in her heart disappeared with the car taillight.

She knew he hated her, but she didn't know he hated her so much that he would rather torture her in this way.

She tried to cheer herself up—at least, he granted her request.

Olivia wouldn't lose her job.

Gathering herself up, she walked slowly down the quiet road.

All was still and very dark. The only light was the cool silver moonlight filtering through the tall trees.

She folded her arms, trying to control her fear, and managed to make her way back to the downtown.

* * *

Two days later, Olivia called and told her in happy surprise that she had returned to the crew, and the agent gave all her work back to her.

Savannah pretended to be pleasantly surprised and let out a sigh.

Her effort that night was not in vain. Even if she was utterly humiliated, it was worth it.

The next morning, Savannah went to the office during the working hour.

Shortly after arriving at the office, she saw Jenkins, followed by a young woman in a light blue suit, coming and signaling for the group. It seemed that he had an announcement.

Savannah went over with her colleagues, surprised when she saw clearly the young woman behind Jenkins—

Katrina.

She hadn't seen Katrina since the design competition, and she didn't expect Katrina to come today.

"I'd like to introduce a new colleague to you," in amazement, she heard Jenkins saying, "this is Katrina Kaif, the winner of the design competition this year. Our company appointed Miss Kaif as the consultant and chief stylist in the upcoming new play, Fashion Queen. She's responsible for the costume design of the new play. That is to say, Miss Kaif will be your temporary boss, and you shall follow her arrangement and instructions in your following work."

"Nice to meet you," Katrina smiled. "I'm still young and inexperienced in fashion design, I would appreciate your assistance in the future."

"You're too modest, Miss Kaif," one of the designers said admiringly, "you're born in a family of fashion designers, graduated from a famous school of design, and just won the first prize in this year's design competition. Undoubtedly, you're qualified for the leading position."

Katrina chuckled and beamed, enjoying the approval of the designers and stylists.

Savannah made no comment. What a coincidence that Katrina came to the same department in the same company where she was. Obviously, it was Charlotte who sent Katrina here.

As Dylan's fiancée, of course, Charlotte could recommend her friend to work in her future husband's company.

She did it for the simple reason that she wanted to make life difficult for her and even to drive her away.

At noon, Savannah and Fiona were eating in the staff canteen.

"Savannah, I heard that Katrina, the winner of the design competition, just entered your department as the chief stylist for the new play, right?" Fiona asked.

"Yes."

"So, she has the final say on all of the clothing designs for Fashion Queen? You have to listen to her too?"

"She's the chief stylish, and of course, she calls the shots," Savannah said dryly.

Fiona shook her head as she whispered, "we all know that you should be the real winner, and you're a better designer than her. But now she became your boss... I really don't know why our boss hired her!"

Chapter 525: Can't A Designer Serve Coffee?

Savannah ate in silence with a heavy mood, wondering how Katrina would deal with her. But to be sure, she would make full use of every chance to make things difficult for her.

Savannah's guess came true when she went back to work after lunch.

As soon as she returned to the design department, Katrina came and threw a pile of papers on her desk.

"Type the papers right away. They're wanted in a meeting later. Hurry up," she said with superior affection.

Savannah glanced at the stack of papers. "Sorry, typing is not my job. I suggest you give it to a clerk or an office assistant. And I still have other work on hand, Miss Kaif."

Katrina's face changed. "If I remember correctly, Director Jenkins said, I have full authority over all the designers in the design department right now. Are you disobeying your superior?"

"What's the matter?" Jenkins walked by.

Before Savannah could speak, Katrina filed a complaint, saying, "Jenkins, I asked Savannah to type some papers for the meeting, but she didn't want to. I know, having designer type documents might seem like a bit of a waste, but aren't we running out of people? What's wrong with typing files? I'm new here, and many of my colleagues in the department may not approve of me. If so, I'll just quit being the chief stylist of Fashion Queen..."

Jenkins was in a quandary.

He was one of the few people knowing the unusual relationship between Savannah and the big boss and used to take much care of Savannah in the company, but Katrina was recommended by the lady from the Rowe family, who was said to be engaged to Mr. Sterling.

Katrina was the bestie of Mr. Sterling's fiancée, and he didn't dare to offend her.

Jenkins hesitated, looking at Savannah.

Savannah knew it was tough for Jenkins. He was usually good for her on the job, and she didn't want to make it difficult for him.

"I will do it right now." She had to bear Katrina's provocation.

Katrina smiled triumphantly and left.

The documents she left were all handwritten papers in spidery scrawl. The writings were notoriously illegible.

It took Savannah a lot of effort to get it done. The meeting had already started, so she made some copies of the printed document and walked to the conference room.

"Excuse me. I come to deliver the papers," she knocked at the door and said.

The top management would discuss with the design department about the clothes and costumes for Fashion Queen in the meeting.

The play was about some female fashion designers scheming against each other in the fashion design industry. The company had spent a lot of money on the new play to make it a big hit this year, so the management gave great care to the play.

Savannah went in but stopped there when she looked up.

In the conference room, along with Jenkins, Katrina, and two other executives, Dylan was there too.

He sat at the head of the conference table, listening to Katrina's report with an impassive face.

Savannah's heart was pumping, and the color upon her cheeks spread over her face and neck.

But Dylan didn't seem to notice her, his dark eyes looking very cold. He didn't look at her, ignoring her completely. No one could see that he'd had the most intimate affair with her just the other night.

"What are you doing there? Come in." Katrina raised her voice.

Charlotte told her Mr. Sterling was mad at this bitch now. Besides, Charlotte was about to get engaged to Mr. Sterling, and he treated her quite well these days. No wonder he agreed immediately when Charlotte recommended her for the post of the chief stylist for Fashion Queen.

So, even if she deliberately bossed Savannah around in front of Mr. Sterling, Katrina didn't think much of it.

Savannah collected her mind and gave out the copies with bent head.

When she handed the copy to Katrina, Katrina knocked her coffee over when she raised her hand to take the papers.

The steaming black coffee spilled on to Savannah's shirt and pants!

"Oh, I'm sorry," Katrina said, an insincere apology.

Savannah felt a burning pain in her leg, but she had to bear it. She took the paper towel from Jenkins, wiped her pants, and turned to go to the bathroom.

"Wait a minute," Katrina shouted.

Savannah stopped and looked back at Katrina.

"Pour a cup of coffee for me, Miss Schultz, my cup's empty," Katrina ordered bluntly.

Everyone in the meeting room could see Katrina purposely created difficulties for Savannah. Actually, they knew the cause of Katrina's personal dislike for Savannah. The two were competitors in the design competition this year. Originally, Savannah had won first place, but she quit for no reason. Katrina, who

came second, became the winner. Many people said Katrina was only too lucky and undeserved her place. So, they were not surprised to see Katrina finding fault with Savannah.

But they also felt Katrina was too narrow-minded to spite the little designer.

Jenkins, who had always taken care of Savannah, spoke for her first, "I'll ask my secretary to bring in the coffee for Miss Kaif."

"Yes, that's the thing that a secretary should do, Miss Schultz's a designer, it's not suitable to ask her to serve coffee," corroborated another manager kindly.

Savannah looked gratefully at Jenkins and that manager, but a cold, unsympathetic voice cooled her again.

"Can't a designer serve coffee?"

The meeting room went silent.

"Mr. Sterling's right," Katrina smiled triumphantly at Savannah. "Disobedience cannot be allowed in the company. Since you're the employee in the company, do what your boss asks you to do. Understand?"

Savannah took a deep breath. "I didn't mean to be disobedient. Employees should perform their own duties. I just think it's a waste to ask a designer to pour coffee."

Katrina's face turned purple. She clenched her fist and stared at her, unable to speak.

Dylan's cold gaze fell on Savannah's face.

"Since you're so proud, why come out to work? You have a facile tongue but are not willing to pour a coffee for your superior. It seems a waste of your talent for you to stay in Zagreb Film as a designer," he said tartly.

Chapter 526: Someone Took Her Design

The atmosphere in the meeting room suddenly turned tense.

Jenkins and others dared not speak up for Savannah.

Mr. Sterling was obviously on Katrina's side.

"Still reluctant?" Katrina, more elated, looked aggressively at Savannah and said, "if you don't want to do it, we won't stop you from quitting."

Savannah clenched her hand. She told herself that she should throw the coffee cup in Katrina's face and then resign to save her last dignity.

However, another voice inside told her not to resign.

If she resigned, she might lose the last chance to see him again...

At least she could still see him if she stayed in Zagreb Film.

Obviously, Katrina was goading her into resignation by deliberately ridiculing her.

If she left in anger, that was exactly what Katrina and Charlotte wanted.

A solemn expression gradually stole into her beautiful eyes. She swallowed her grievance and said calmly, "okay. I'll go get coffee for Miss Kaif."

With that, she hung her head and walked out of the room.

Katrina looked at her back, and her smile froze. No wonder Charlotte said the wicked girl kept pestering Mr. Sterling! She was still unwilling to resign after being treated like this.

Fashion Queen would start its shooting soon, and the design department was getting busier and busier.

Earlier that morning, Jenkins told all the designers to bring their designs to the conference room.

Savannah was responsible for some of the heroine's work clothes, and she had been busy with this for quite a few days. With her design drafts in her arms, she was about to go to the conference room when Katrina walked out of her office and came to her.

Savannah stopped in alarm.

Since the coffee event in the meeting that day, Katrina had been quiet for a few days and barely bothered her.

She didn't know if she came up with a new evil idea.

"Where are you going?" Katrina frowned and crossed her arms as if to catch Savannah slacking off.

"I'm gonna go to the conference room for a meeting," Savannah said, looking at her cautiously.

"I don't know what happened to the printer in my office. It doesn't work. My assistant's busy with something else now. Please take a look at it before you went to the meeting," Katrina ordered her in an imperative tone.

Savannah knitted her eyebrows. She wanted to say she couldn't repair the printer but finally swallowed her unwillingness.

Katrina was now her superior, and she could give her commands directly. Although she couldn't fire her without reason, it was easy for her to find an excuse to drive her out of the company.

Charlotte wanted her to leave Zagreb Film, and she didn't want to hand it to her.

She put aside the design draft and went into Katrina's office.

When she finally had the printer repaired, she straightened up and went back to her seat, picked up the draft, and hurried to the conference room. She knocked on the door and said, "I'm sorry I'm late."

Katrina entered the meeting room ahead of her. "We're all waiting for you," she said, giving her an displeased look.

Savannah resisted the urge to swear. Didn't she know she was late because she asked her to repair her printer?

But she bore it and sat down without any explanation.

When the team was complete, Jenkins began, "I assigned tasks for all of you last week, and everyone got your part of the clothing design for the roles in Fashion Queen. The purpose of the meeting today is to follow the progress of your work. Please show your design draft in turn, and we will choose the most appropriate ones for the heroine."

The light was turned dimmer in the conference room, and the designers began to project their designs onto projectors for others to see.

Jenkins frowned slightly. So far, there was nothing surprising. Then he glanced at Savannah with a trace of expectation in his eyes.

Savannah had a gift in design. Since she entered Zagreb Film, she had brought him many surprises. He hoped she would still show him some excellent works today.

Katrina could see Jenkins' admiration for Savannah. Her eyes narrowed, and her mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior "Hm!"

Finally, it was Savannah's turn.

She took a breath, sat down in front of the projector, and took out the design. But before she put it under the projector, she paused, staring at the designs in her hand.

"What's the matter, Savannah?" Jenkins asked when he saw her face change.

These were not her designs, but some other drawings out of nowhere.

Suddenly, Savannah looked up at Katrina.

Katrina changed her designs?

Besides Katrina, she could think no one else! She reviewed the design this morning, and it was all right before Katrina sent her to her office.

Katrina must have changed her designs when she went to repair her printer!

That was too much!

"Jenkins, these are not my designs. Someone took mine away." Savannah kept her temper and said to Jenkins.

"Oh?" People present looked at Savannah, surprised. Then they saw her staring at Katrina as if to accuse it was Katrina who changed her designs.

Katrina found Savannah staring at herself, angry with embarrassment. "What do you mean? Are you saying I took your designs? Do you have any proof?"

"I didn't mean that, but I've checked my designs just now, and nothing was wrong before you asked me to repair your printer. Now my designs were missing. I really don't know who else could change them." Savannah gnashed her teeth.

"You can't accuse me unjustly with no evidence! All right," Katrina pounded the table and stood up, "get the surveillance video, and I want to see if I stole your designs!"

Katrina's assistant went out at once and came back a few minutes later.

As Savannah expected, the assistant reported awkwardly, "I'm sorry, that seat of Savannah is in a dead corner, and the only monitor that can capture the whole office was damaged last month, so I can't see who took the design drawing of Savannah."

Savannah was not surprised at all. Since Katrina dared to ask her assistant to get the video, she must have prepared early.

Chapter 527: I'll Apologize Tomorrow

"I know, ever since I entered Zagreb Film, as the chief designer of Fashion Queen, you've been unwilling to submit to my orders. We are all of an age, also the competitors from the same game. You don't think I deserve to be your boss and always disregard my orders in daily work. But today, you deliberately changed your designs and then wronged me in front of the colleagues. You want to force me to quit and leave the company, don't you?" Katrina concluded her words with a sob in her voice, anger in her face. Her eyes were even wet with tears.

Savannah looked at her coldly. Katrina should be an actress instead of a designer!

"Director Jenkins," Katrina looked back at Jenkins, choking out through tears. "Please be the judge of who's in the right. If you don't clear my name today, I'll go to Mr. Sterling and make it clear!"

Jenkins was also helpless when Katrina brought the boss out. Katrina was, anyway, Savannah's superior, and he couldn't ignore her superior authority.

"Savannah, in the absence of any evidence, you can't wrong Miss Kaif," Jenkins said to Savannah with regret. Then he turned to Katrina, trying to smooth things over, "Miss Kaif, why not just forget it..."

"Forget it? No way! If this thing keeps unclear, the company will really suppose that I have stolen her designs!" Katrina, of course, didn't want to stop here.

"What do you want?" Jenkins frowned.

"I want Savannah to admit she deliberately set me up, and apologize to me in front of all the colleagues in the design department!" Katrina said in an imperious manner.

"It will become really big if we escalate this..." Jenkins gasped.

"She started everything. Isn't she afraid of ruining my name by wronging me?" Katrina did not plan to let go. She added coldly, "I'll give her two days to prepare. If she refuses to give me a formal apology, you will see!" With that, she stormed out.

* * *

The Sterling Group

Garwood hurried to the CEO's office and knocked on the door. "Sir."

"What's up?" Dylan looked up.

"Miss Schultz is in trouble. Katrina said Miss Schultz wronged her and disgraced her in public and insisted that Miss Schultz should make a formal apology to her in front of the whole department, or she would fire her." Garwood reported quickly. Though Mr. Sterling had said not to report to him about Miss Schultz, Garwood felt it was necessary to tell his boss.

"I don't think I have time to care about such a trifle." Dylan's face remained expressionless.

"But...it's too much to ask Miss Schultz to apologize in front of the whole department... Even if she has nothing to do with you, Sir, she's still an employee of the Sterling group. Maybe we shouldn't..." Garwood weighed his words as he said. He knew his boss was still concerning Miss Schultz, but his pride stopped him from showing that.

Just then, the telephone rang.

Dylan picked up the phone and heard Charlotte's soft voice, "Dylan..."

"What's the matter?" Dylan knew what she was calling him for.

"Did you hear about what happened to Katrina?" As expected, Charlotte began to complain, "Savannah has been quite unreconciled that Katrina could be her superior, and she kept going against her. Today, she even wronged Katrina, saying that she stole her designs! This really hurt Katrina's feelings. Now she just wants a formal apology from Savannah; otherwise, she suggests the company dismiss her. You don't mind it, do you?"

Dylan pondered for a moment and said simply, "I'll take care of this."

"What? Katrina asked you to apologize in front of the whole department? Let her go to hell!"

In the restaurant, Olivia nearly broke her fork when she heard what had just happened to Savannah!

But she was more annoyed with Charlotte.

Needless to say, the one who gave the command behind Katrina was Charlotte! She stayed at Dylan's side by some tricks and still worried to see Savannah working in the company under the Sterling group. She wanted to kick Savannah out of the company completely!

The mobile phone in Savannah's hand rang.

It was Jenkins.

"Savannah, what do you think you are going to do?" Jenkins's voice was very sorry.

"Director Jenkins, you should know me. I didn't wrong, Katrina. She did change my designs." Savannah bit her lip.

"Hm, alas. But Katrina asked you to apologize. I can't help it. You know she is Miss Rowe's bestie, introduced by Miss Rowe, and Miss Rowe is about to get engaged with the big boss." Jenkins sighed.

Savannah's heart seemed to be transfixed with a sword when she heard his last sentence. She braced herself up and smiled bitterly, "Director Jenkins, what will happen if I don't apologize?"

Jenkins hesitated, then finally said, "Mr. Sterling knows about your problem with Katrina. Actually, he called me this morning..."

"What did he say?" Savannah asked, her heart in her mouth. His attitude to this matter was her only hope.

Olivia strained to hear Jenkins, too.

"Mr. Sterling said... If you really wronged Miss Kaif, a formal apology is also appropriate. If you are not willing to, he'll dismiss you..."

Savannah's heart suddenly fell back to the bottom of the valley, making her breathless. A self-deprecating smile played on her lips.

The one who hurt her most was not Katrina or Charlotte, but him.

She even expected him to protect her...

How could it?

Didn't he take a stand last time in the meeting room?

He would rather protect Charlotte's best friend and watch Katrina hurt her than look at her!

Olivia also heard what Jenkins was saying on the phone. She got so angry that she tried to grab Savannah's cell phone and told her director that Savannah would never apologize, but Savannah had already opened her mouth, "Director Jenkins, I'll apologize tomorrow."

Then she hung up.

"You silly girl, are you crazy? You're gonna apologize to Katrina in front of the whole department? Did I hear that right?" Olivia looked at Savannah with disbelief!

"Yes." Savannah bit her lip and nodded.

"Why? Because you are threatened to be fired? Then leave that company! Who cares? Are you afraid that you can't find a job? Even if you can't find a job, you still have me!" Olivia became agitated.

Savannah took a deep breath, "Charlotte put Katrina in Zagreb Film to force me out. If I get fired, she'll be more than satisfied. Besides, I..."

Chapter 528: The Last Hope Crashed Away

"You don't want to leave because you still have a chance to see Mr. Sterling in Zagreb Film. So, you'd rather apologize than get fired, right?" Olivia finished the sentence for her.

Savannah didn't speak. She slightly bowed her head, stirring the drink with a straw and trying to hide the mood, but her expression and movement had betrayed her.

Olivia knew she was right and sighed.

She wanted to persuade Savannah to let go. She didn't know when Savannah started to insist on Dylan.

But the man had already treated her like that, and... he was getting engaged to Charlotte. Was it worthwhile to insist when that man kept giving her the cold shoulder?

However, only Savannah herself knew if it was worth it. As her friend, she couldn't make a decision for her. But she had to remind her, "Savannah, remember, he and Charlotte will get engaged in a week. He's going to be somebody else's fiancé. You may get nothing by staying here without dignity."

Savannah pinched the straw tightly, filled with bitterness.

She was about to say something when suddenly her stomach got sick, and she was just at the point of vomiting. She dropped her drink and rushed to the washroom.

Startled, Olivia grabbed her handbag and followed her into the washroom, where Savannah was throwing up all that she ate into a toilet and was still retching.

She patted Savannah on the back gently.

Finally, Savannah looked better. Olivia helped her to her feet and led her to wash her face.

"What's the matter with you? You scared me out of my wits!" Olivia looked at Savannah, who was still pale in the mirror.

Savannah patted her face with cold water. Though still slightly dazed, she forced a smile, "nothing. Maybe it was because I drank too many cold drinks just now, and my stomach has been stimulated. I feel better now."

"Are you sure you are all right? Shall I take you to the hospital?"

"Oh, don't exaggerate it. I'm all right." Savannah shook her hand.

Olivia nodded, a little relieved, and accompanied her out of the bathroom. But she was unable to say what she had been trying to advise her.

The next day at work, Savannah was taken by Jenkins to a large conference room.

All the colleagues of the design department had gathered here in advance.

At the door of the conference room, Katrina, folding her arms, was waiting for her arrival with a superior smile.

Savannah paused when she saw another tall figure behind Katrina.

Dylan was here, too.

She was surprised to see him and then smiled in self-mockery.

Was he here to push her to apologize, for fear she would give up?

She was overwhelmed with complicated feelings.

She could bear to apologize to Katrina, even if she didn't do wrong. But under his burning eyes, she was very uncomfortable and humiliated to make the apology.

Perhaps influenced by her mood, she had a slight feeling of nausea, just like yesterday at the restaurant.

She pressed her hands to her stomach.

Her stomach was feeling rather upset.

Jacob told her that her mood would also influence her health, so she should keep a good mood. Maybe she had been so depressed these days.

She aroused herself and made for the door silently. As she reached the door, Katrina lowered her voice at her ear and said sarcastically,

"I didn't expect you'd rather apologize than leave here. Okay, I'll see what you can do to compete with Charlotte. Remember, Charlotte will be Mr. Sterling's fiancée in a few days."

Savannah raised her face and glanced scornfully at Katrina, walking on.

As she passed Dylan, she slowed down a little. Subconsciously, she wished he would stop her and asked her not to apologize.

But he didn't open his mouth. He gave her an emotionless look, his face grave and serious as if she was only a common employee who was about to admit a mistake.

Savannah was still unresigned. She stopped, picking up her courage to look at him, and asked in a weak voice.

"Mr. Sterling, what if I don't want to apologize to Katrina?" She couldn't control the trembling of her voice.

She hoped against hope that the man still had a little pity for her.

But there were no miracles.

"A mistake is a mistake. I won't force you to apologize, but if you don't want to, submit your resignation letter to the personnel department." Every word he said was cooler than ice.

Her heart sank. The last hope crashed away.

She reeled a little at his cruel words, and her face went white. The sick, faint feeling came over her again.

Dylan was very close to her and noticed that she staggered a little. But he just thought she was pretending to be hurt to win his sympathy. After all, it wasn't the first time she'd lied to him.

Jenkins also noticed the pallor on Savannah's face. He followed up and asked with concern, "Savannah, are you all right? What's wrong?"

"Nothing..." Savannah came to and drew a deep breath, trying to keep the dizziness and nausea down.

"You look in bad shape," Jenkins looked at her pale face, and then he turned to Dylan, "Mr. Sterling, Savannah doesn't seem to be feeling well. Why don't we let the matter drop for a few days..."

Katrina rushed over when she heard that. "Just an apology, a few words! Is it necessary to delay? She's not dying!"

She must be faking it. That was just a trick to avoid apologizing!

"But..." Jenkins was still worried.

"Are you okay?" Dylan took a cool look at Savannah. There was no sympathy or warmth in his tone.

His indifference chilled Savannah's heart again.

"Nothing," she whispered.

"Fine. Then make an apology to Kaif as scheduled." His cruel remark came to Savannah's ears.

Holding back her bitterness, Savannah lowered her head and rushed into the meeting room.

Katrina lifted her lips and followed in.

The eyes of all the colleagues in the department fell on Savannah as she walked to the front of the conference table.

"I hear Schultz is going to apologize with Miss Kaif today because she set Miss Kaif up and wronged her?"

"Jealousy, I suppose? Schultz's been in the doldrums since Miss Kaif came to the design department."

"The two were competitors in the design competition this year. If I were Schultz, I would not be convinced to become her underling!"

"So, Schultz really set up Miss Kaif? She doesn't look like that type."

The colleagues whispered about the event.

Chapter 529: She Is Pregnant

Savannah didn't feel shame or unwillingness because her heart had been numbed by his indifference. Now she just wanted to finish the apology quickly. She opened her mouth to speak, but just then, everything went black, and she fell to the ground in a faint.

The last thing she could remember was the exclamations from her colleagues and the anxiety in his eyes.

It must be her illusion.

* * *

Savannah was in a hospital when she woke up.

"You awake? Well, what's the matter with you?" Fiona ran to her bed, breathing a sigh of relief.

Savannah shook her head and supported herself up on elbows. "What happened to me? Why are we here? I passed out?"

Fiona nodded. She told Savannah that she fainted in the conference room just now. Then Jenkins asked a male colleague to send her to the hospital. Fiona, in the planning department next door, after hearing what happened to Savannah, immediately asked for leave with her leader and then sent Savannah to the hospital with that male colleague.

The male colleague just left, and Fiona stayed to look after Savannah.

"Thank you, Fiona," said Savannah. Then she paused and asked tentatively, "only you and the male colleague came to the hospital, right?"

"Yeah," Fiona said with certainty.

A look of disappointment passed over Savannah's face.

Well, why did she still expect him to come?

"Savannah, what's wrong? Do you want anyone else to come?" Fiona asked curiously.

"No, I'm just asking..." Savannah masked her disappointment with a smile.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, and the doctor came in with the report.

Fiona didn't ask more. She stood up and went to the doctor. "Doctor, what's the result of her examination? Why did she suddenly faint?"

"Five weeks pregnant. You didn't eat breakfast today, did you? Eat on time and take more rest, and you will be all right," said the doctor as she turned over the report without looking up.

Savannah and Fiona were stunned!

Pregnant?

Savannah's face turned white. In the car that night?

Fiona looked at Savannah in surprise. She didn't hear that Savannah had a boyfriend. Savannah even kept a certain distance from all her male colleagues. Now she got pregnant?

Who was Savannah's man?

But Savannah looked stunning too.

In order to avoid embarrassment, Fiona pretended that nothing happened and went out with the doctor to take medicine.

Alone in the ward, Savannah couldn't calm down for a long time, her heart beating violently. She didn't know what to do.

The baby's arrival was nothing but an accident.

She felt helpless and panicked.

Almost immediately, she wanted to take the phone to tell him, but she finally gave up the idea.

He would just think it was her another trick, or she had planned it.

What if he asked her to have an abortion?

An involuntary shudder passed over her.

Just then, Fiona came in, looking at her with a complicated feeling. After a moment, she said, "the doctor said you are a bit anemic. You'd better stay in the hospital for a few days before discharge. I'll report it to Director Jenkins and asked for leave for you."

"Thanks, Fiona," Savannah bit her lip and said, "please don't tell anyone about my pregnancy...Just say I fainted because of anemia."

"Yeah, I know." Fiona nodded and then asked with greater curiosity, "Savannah, I know I shouldn't gossip, but I really wonder who is that man?"

Savannah kept silent, but Fiona was more curious.

"Is he from our company?"

Savannah seemed to expect someone else in the company would come to see her when she just woke up. Did she have an underground love with a man in the company?

"Fiona... I'm sorry. I don't want to talk about that man." Savannah whispered.

She didn't deny it. Was the man really from the company? Fiona was more surprised, but she didn't ask more.

"Well, you can rest assured, I won't tell anyone about it."

* * *

Savannah asked Fiona to take a leave for her, and then she called Garcia, saying that she was on a business trip.

She lived in the hospital for the next few days and didn't tell anyone about her pregnancy.

Fiona concealed her pregnancy from the company and came to visit her every day after work. She also called her from time to time, afraid she would break down alone.

This day at noon, Fiona finished the work at hand, walking out of her office. She took out her mobile phone and was about to call Savannah when Katrina walked toward her from the next office.

"What's the matter with Savannah?" Katrina's eyes fell on Fiona coldly.

Fiona shuddered to see her. After a pause, she murmured, "Anemia, I did tell you when I came back from the hospital that day."

"Really?" Katrina frowned, wondering if Savannah was faking illness to avoid a formal apology.

"Really." Fiona tried to be calm.

"Does she have to live in the hospital for so many days because of anemia?" Katrina didn't believe her words.

"Serious anemia might lead to death. Of course, she could be hospitalized. I suggest you study more medical knowledge, Miss Kaif," Fiona took heart and taunted her.

Katrina didn't expect Fiona dared to speak to her with this attitude. Before she could attack back, Fiona concluded in a hurry, "I have to go to lunch."

Then she went away.

Katrina snorted and slowly went to the tea room. However, when she passed the stairwell door, she could faintly hear a young woman's voice behind the door, and it seemed to be Fiona's voice.

Didn't she go to the canteen to have lunch? How came she was here?

Katrina frowned, glued her ears to the door.

"Savannah, how do you feel today? Still have a feeling of nausea?" After the stairwell door, Fiona held the phone, unaware of Katrina's eavesdropping.

"Well, I'm all right, thank you, Fiona, for calling me every day and coming to see me after work." Savannah appreciated her care, a little embarrassed.

"I know you will do the same for me. You must be very careful during pregnancy, take care of yourself." Fiona whispered.

"I really appreciate it, Fiona."

Behind the wall, Katrina's heart was beating fast.

Savannah is pregnant?

Is the baby in her belly Mr. Sterling's?

Without further thought, she went back to her office and called Charlotte.

"You mean, that bitch is pregnant with Dylan's baby?" On the other end of the line, Charlotte was too shocked to speak.

Chapter 530: One Last Time

"Yeah, otherwise, who else could that man be?" Katrina pursed her lips, "as you said, Kevin Wills has already returned to Italy, and there are no other men with her."

"No. That's not true! That's impossible!" Charlotte refused to believe it. "Dylan has not been with her these days. I didn't even see her! How can that bitch be with Dylan's child?"

"Are you one hundred percent sure they never met behind you? That bitch is so scheming that she might have seduced Mr. Sterling by some tricks! Charlotte, you have to do something. She has already

had a baby for the Sterling family, and now she's pregnant again. If she threatens the Sterling family with that baby in her... I'm afraid your engagement to Mr. Sterling will be unexpectedly canceled!"

Charlotte felt her neck strangled and suffocated.

Katrina was right.

In a few days, she and Dylan would hold a party to announce their engagement publicly.

If Savannah used her baby to arouse the old affection in Dylan, her engagement party to Dylan was likely to be in crisis.

The engagement to Dylan was something she had been dreaming about for a long time.

She wouldn't allow anyone to break it!

After nearly a week in the hospital, Savannah felt much better and was discharged.

Back in the Green Lake, Garcia sighed deeply when she found Savannah had lost a lot of weight after a few days.

"I don't know why your company always sends you on business trips recently, and you always leave without saying anything in advance. Look at you. You looked so tired, and your face so pale. You are not ill, are you?" Garcia said with concern.

"I'm all right, Garcia." Savannah forced a smile.

"Savannah, do you know... Mr. Sterling will hold a party tomorrow to announce his engagement with Charlotte?" Garcia asked carefully after a short hesitation.

Savannah nodded, her eyelashes quivering.

How could she not know? The closer to his engagement party, the heavier her mood was.

She didn't want to think too much, but she was always reminded of this by the people around her.

He would be Charlotte's fiancé tomorrow.

And he would be another woman's husband soon afterward.

"Savannah, I don't know what happened between you and Mr. Sterling. I won't force you if you don't want to say much about it. But do you really want to see Mr. Sterling be with another woman?" Garcia whispered.

Savannah lowered her head silently, but her mind wasn't silent.

"If you really don't want to give up on Mr. Sterling, I will back you up," Garcia added, encouraging.

Savannah took a deep breath, her eyes drooping on her flat belly.

In the evening, Savannah took a taxi to Beverly Hills.

Garcia was right.

She didn't want to give up on him, and she couldn't see him get engaged to another woman.

The unexpected arrival of the child in her belly gave her a glimmer of hope.

The child reminded her that perhaps her relationship with him had not ended.

She decided to try again.

One last time.

She didn't call Garwood and ask him where he was this time because she feared that he would blame Garwood or even avoid seeing her.

She went straight to Beverly Hills.

Kaiden lived here, and he would come back here no matter how late it was.

She could not go in without the household's consent, so she had to stand outside the door of the villa, keeping an eye on the cars coming in and out, waiting for him to come back.

The night deepened, and she didn't know how long she had been waiting. Finally, she saw the familiar car pulling in slowly to the villa.

Her eyes lit up when she recognized the car.

"Dylan!" She shouted as she ran after the car.

The car screeched to a halt, and the door opened.

However, the one who came out from the back seat was not Dylan, but a young lady.

Charlotte.

Dylan was not in the car. There were only Charlotte and the driver.

The engagement party would be held tomorrow. Charlotte went to look for Dylan in his company and wanted to discuss the specific procedure with him. However, Dylan was still talking business with a client, so she asked Dylan's driver to send her to Beverly Hills first.

Charlotte looked at Savannah coldly, clenching her hands.

Savannah finally came for Dylan, as she had been worried.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know Dylan and I are getting engaged tomorrow? Savannah, I've never met a cheeky woman like you in my life." Charlotte's sarcastic voice echoed in the quiet night.

"Oh, don't you remember what you did? You tricked me by quoting my words out of context and let Dylan get me wrong! How brazen you are to say that now!" Savannah coolly retorted.

"Oh, didn't you cheat Dylan from beginning to end? I just exposed the true aim of your staying at his side, and let him know that you're with him just to avenge your father! Savannah, there's no possibility

between you and Dylan. What are you still badgering him for? I will be his fiancée tomorrow, and I'll marry him soon! Why don't you go away now!" Charlotte's voice rose to a shriek.

"Tomorrow? Nobody knows what will happen tomorrow." Savannah said scornfully.

"What the hell do you want?" Charlotte gritted her teeth in anger.

"I have to talk to Dylan."

"No way! Stop pestering Dylan! Get out of here!" Charlotte cried with anxiety. She couldn't give Savannah a chance to talk with Dylan; otherwise, she would tell Dylan she was pregnant, and Dylan's heart might melt with pity for her! After that, he might change his mind and call off their engagement...

No, why didn't Savannah disappear from the world immediately?

Savannah ignored her and stood aside.

Seeing that Savannah was determined to see Dylan, Charlotte stamped up and down in a rage. But at the driver's urging, she had to turn back to the car reluctantly.

Just then, she saw a security guard coming by. She paused and called him over.

The security guard had seen this lady many times these days, knowing she was Mr. Sterling's girlfriend and would get engaged with Mr. Sterling tomorrow.

"What can I do for you, Miss Rowe?" He trotted over, and respectfully asked.

"That woman," Charlotte glanced at Savannah standing not far away, saying her order, "Drive her out of Beverly Hills. I don't want to see her again."

"Yes." The guard immediately replied. Then he walked across the road and went to Savannah.

"Miss, please leave at once."