

Midnight 541

Chapter 541: Her Painful Words Against Him

"It's far from the city proper. How do you get back?" Chris didn't force her.

"Just a few more steps to get a taxi." She went back like this every day.

Following her gaze, Chris looked ahead with a slight frown. It was a long walk to the taxi service point.

"Don't you have a car? It's not convenient to be without a car in such a big city."

He didn't think she could not afford a car. Many young girls would buy a car, regardless of their financial situation, as soon as they graduated from college. Even if she couldn't afford a luxury car, there were plenty of affordable options for young girls.

"Walking more is good for your health." Savannah smiled. She had planned to go back to Italy before, so she never thought to stay long in this city.

A smile of approval flashed in Chris' eyes.

"Okay, see you tomorrow." He waved his hand and pulled away from the studio.

Savannah continued her way. After she walked a while, she saw a black SUV parking ahead.

She stopped in spite of herself.

The door opened. Garwood got out, walking to her.

"Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling, is waiting for you in the car."

Savannah thought she would never hear the name again. She trembled a little as if she were in a daze.

There was a searing pain drilling into her heart, and the pain of the night of miscarriage seemed to revive.

She reacted, walking straight ahead as if she hadn't heard Garwood or seen the car.

She didn't know why he had come to her, but she didn't want to know. She didn't want to see him right now.

Dylan's face changed when he saw her running away without looking at him. He quickly got out of the car and shouted after her, "Savannah!"

She didn't stop but quickened her pace.

Hurrying forward a few steps, he caught up with her, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her over.

"Get in. I want to talk to you." He lowered his voice.

"I have nothing to say to you." Savannah didn't even look him in the eye, struggling badly.

Without more words, Dylan picked her up and threw her to the back seat of the car. Then he got in and slammed the door.

Garwood gasped, stepped back, and stood aside.

Inside the car, the light dimmed, and everything quieted down.

Savannah was so shocked that she reached the handle hurriedly, trying to open the door to escape!

He easily stopped her and locked the door. He moved closer to her, cornering her so that she could not move at all.

"What do you want to do? Did you forget what you've told me before, you don't want to see me again, right? Aren't you getting engaged to Charlotte? Why all of a sudden you appeared in front of me right now?" Savannah's voice trembled as she felt his hot breathing coming to her.

Not long before, she had tried desperately to return to him.

But when her heart was wounded, covered with cuts, and she had already given up on him, he came to tease her again!

He could feel her uneasiness and fear, as if there were a monster in front of her, ready to tear her to pieces.

He suddenly realized how much he had hurt her. His intention was only to punish her cause he felt betrayed, unknowingly, he hurt his woman badly. His eyes slid down to her flat belly.

There was a little life inside her not so long ago.

It was gone.

As his big hand fell down gently and covered her belly, he leaned over to her ear, murmuring in a husky voice, "still hurts?"

It took Savannah a few seconds to realize that he was talking about her miscarriage. She pushed him away and looked straight at him. "Why? Why are you suddenly so concerned about me?"

He drew her closer to him, staring at her. "Curtis, you remember? He saw you that night, and he just got back his sight. When I took Kaiden back to Chicago last week, he saw your picture."

Savannah froze. She didn't expect Curtis had seen her that night.

So...

That was why he came to her.

He understood that she didn't lie. She was really the girl who had saved him many years ago.

However, it came a bit late.

It didn't make her happy at all.

If only he had told her, he believed in her before she lost the baby...

Savannah knew that she could not blame him for not believing in her. He was still angry with her at that time, and it was such a coincidence that no one would have believed it.

A sad smile came to her lips. "That's all? May I get off?"

Dylan knew she might not be able to face him for a while. "Baby, my little woman. Let's pretend it never happened, okay?" He whispered as he tried to snuggle her into his arms.

However, she just felt sad and miserable at his sweet words now.

He could forget that she had made use of him before, but could she really forget how the baby died because of his unkind words?

"No!" Savannah pushed him away. "Let me out of the car!"

"No." He didn't move, eyes fixed on her.

"Mr. Sterling, in your perspective, I come back to you because I wanted to take advantage of your power and money. I begged you to hear me out, but you refused. I lost my child and bore the pain alone. I had had enough adversity in life, and nobody's with me. I shed tears silently and wished I'd never swallowed my pride and lowered my dignity in front of you but I'm stupid enough trying to win back your trust and love. You never give me a chance, Dylan. I know I went too far and have lied to you but honestly I didn't use you at all. The night you've come to Green Bay where you saw me waiting was the time I wanted to confess but you turn your back on me, leaving me with hatred and doubts. Tell me, how am I going to forget what you've done? Dylan, you never love me at all, your ego is bigger than your love," Tears slip down on her cheeks.

Added another painful word, "Don't forget, Mr. Sterling, that you have an engagement with Miss Rowe." She said coldly and wiped her tears.

"Fuck the engagement! You know exactly why I'm engaged to her. I never love anybody not even Charlotte at once because I am crazily in love with you. I'll tell her it's over!" Wasn't that because he was so angry with her at that time and wanted to punish her?

"It's your business. You don't have to report it to me. Please open the door." She turned away.

Her icy manner obviously annoyed him. He grabbed her suddenly and yanked her up against him, one hand at her back, holding her to him and the other fisting in her hair. He kissed her hard, forcing her lips apart with his tongue.

Savannah felt a sudden sickness and sank her teeth into his lips.

He released her out of pain, and the next moment he got a slap in the face!

There was no room to dodge, or probably he didn't want to dodge at all.

It was good if she could calm down and slap off her anger.

Savannah froze for a moment before she fumbled with the car lock and jumped out.

Garwood looked at Savannah's back as she ran away, surprised.

"Sir, shall I call Miss Schultz back?" He went back to the car and asked carefully.

Chapter **542: Some Scenes Were Taken Off**

After a long silence, Dylan replied in a gloomy voice, "No. She's too furious at this moment, I can't ease her anger. I will give her enough time to have peace for a while,"

He wouldn't let her run away like this. She was his woman and nobody could change it nor hinder them. He will definitely claim her back soon.

She was understandably annoyed now. She hadn't relieved herself from the pain of the previous days.

It didn't matter. He would give her enough time.

* * *

Savannah had two scenes today.

She had been quite restless since she met Dylan yesterday. Because of that, she fluffed her lines several times before she finally finished the first scene.

The director looked very dissatisfied.

The next scene was her play opposite Chris.

According to the script, the hero refused Angelina again after being seduced by her several times.

Angelina, a little impatient, forced a kiss on the hero. Instantly she got a slap in the face, which fueled her hatred against the heroine.

It was Savannah's first on-screen kiss. She knew it was nothing in acting but was still very nervous.

Since it was Chris's kiss scene, many staff members gathered around to watch them before the shooting began.

Even the actors from other crews came over.

With an "action," Savannah and Chris quickly got into their characters.

"Why are you so cold to me? Is Eva really better than me?" Savannah shouted desperately to keep the hero.

Eva was the name of the heroine in the Fashion Queen.

"You are better than Eva in everything, but I just don't like you." Chris looked back, a light of loathing in his eyes.

Savannah clenched her fist. There was a sad look in her eyes, with mingled indignation and jealousy.

People present all secretly applauded. Though this young lady, Miss Schultz, had no experience in acting, she had a talent and played well.

Then, as if determined, Savannah rushed over to Chris and tiptoed, ready to force a kiss on him.

"Cut!" shouted the director suddenly!

Savannah and Chris looked over in surprise.

"Mr. Pattinson, Miss Schultz, the script for this scene is being rewritten. Let's have a rest first..."

Why was the script rewritten all of a sudden? Savannah was a little surprised but didn't think much. She walked out of the studio for a drink.

About an hour later, a crew member handed her the new script.

Savannah picked up the script and looked through it as she headed to the studio.

The new plot of the play had completely changed.

After Angelina questioned the hero why he didn't like her, she did not force a kiss on him but poured the coffee on the hero's head and then walked away!

To be honest, Savannah thought it was much better than the previous kissing scene, and it was more agreed with Angelina's aggressive personality.

She would be more likely to leave the man proudly when she knew he didn't like her, instead of keeping pestering that man.

Besides, she didn't think Angelina loved that man very much. She tried to seduce the hero mostly because she didn't want to lose to the heroine.

In the studio, she saw Chris asking the director about the revised script.

The director looked helpless. After a pause, he whispered in a low voice, "it's the management's decision."

Chris had been in show bits for so long, and he understood immediately what that meant. The drama series was invested by Zagreb Film, and of course, its management could step in at any time. He didn't know why they suddenly rewrote the script, but he didn't ask more.

Savannah, however, immediately understood who had intervened.

It must be Dylan.

He cut out her kiss scene with Chris.

He was the boss, the main investor of the drama series. Who could say anything?

He could even cancel the shooting with a word.

* * *

The Sterling group.

Inside the CEO's office, the large desk was covered with papers—the scripts of Fashion Queen involving Angelina.

The secretary, standing beside the desk, was typing on an ultrathin laptop in her arms.

Dylan squinted his eyes, flipping through the papers.

When he noticed anything wrong, he would ask the secretary to write it down and inform the crew of Fashion Queen to revise it immediately.

The scenes involving kissing, wearing low-cut dresses, hugs with actors were all discarded.

Just then, Garwood knocked on the door and walked in. He motioned the secretary to go out first, and then he turned to Dylan, "Sir, the script for today's kissing scene has been revised."

Dylan nodded and went on reading the scripts.

Garwood glanced at the papers, which were covered with red marks, and could not help laughing out.

If Miss Schultz knew that all her scenes had been carefully reviewed by Mr. Sterling, how would she feel?

* * *

The scenes for Savannah's character were almost finished.

After two more episodes, Angelina would quit her job and go abroad to further her studies.

For the role of Angelina, this ending was undoubtedly not bad. She didn't have to fight with Eva any longer and could pursue her own new life. After all, she was also a good designer.

On this day, Savannah was waiting for her next scene in the restroom when she heard some noises and footsteps outside. She walked out and saw quite a few staff members walking to studio 5.

"What happened?" She stopped one of them and asked curiously.

"We're going to see some fun, come on!" The crew member winked excitedly and pulled her over together.

A palace drama series were shot in studio five today. In this scene, three maids who went undercover in their hostile country were caught and tortured.

When Savannah was pulled to the set, she saw three actresses dressed in ragged robes kneeling on the ground being whipped. Some actors who dressed like guards grabbed them on the shoulders to prevent them from struggling or rising. The three actresses were tied up and gagged, unable to cry for help. One of them almost fainted!

Their injuries looked really realistic, and their expressions were perfect as if they were really being tortured by those guards. No wonder so many people came to watch them!

Savannah paused when she found that one of the actresses looked familiar. She took a second look at her face, gasping.

One of those being whipped was Abby! And the other two were the z-list actresses who beat her with Abby in a warehouse that day!

Chapter **543: Something Must Be Wrong**

No, something must be wrong!

Was Abby's acting really that good? She looked as if she was really being tortured!

Savannah studied the expression and cold sweats on their faces carefully.

Could it be...the whip was not a prop for acting?

They groaned with pain, pale and wan. Blood oozed from their back...

"Oh my, look at the props, the blood! The scene is too perfect and realistic!" One of the staff members covered his mouth in amazement.

"Yeah! Those actresses are acting well. I can even feel the pain on their body!"

But Savannah was clear that Abby and the other two were not acting...

Who could arrange it? The answer was obvious.

Did the man arrange this scene to avenge her?

When they fainted to the ground in agony, a basin of cold water poured over them, waking them up again.

The three could feel nothing but pain all over them, but they were tied up and gapped, powerless to resist. However, people around all thought they were just acting.

After being doused with cold water, they fell to the ground and thought it was finally over. Unexpectedly, they were dragged up and pressed down to kneel on the ground again.

The guards behind them walked to the front of them, rolled up their sleeves, and struck them hard on the face!

Besides the burning pain on their faces, they were also extremely humiliated to be slapped in front of so many people. But when they struggled to run away, the guards pressed them back and gave them another slap in the face.

"Wow, I can't tell if they are acting or really being slapped. Their performance is really perfect." Someone exclaimed in a low voice.

Abby's pale face was busted open and bleeding. She wanted to cry and tell them she was not acting. Someone used the play to persecute her!

Their faces were covered with blood and distorted with pain. But they couldn't make a sound at all.

Finally, they fainted from the pain on the ground!

The director shouted cut and gave the actors who played the guards a look. Soon the three actresses have pulled away.

As the crowd was cleared away from the studio, Savannah went back to her restroom silently.

It took her a long time to recover from what she had seen. She was still a little shocked to think of Abby's bloody body and contorted features.

She lost in thought and didn't notice someone entered the restroom until the voice of a crew member said, "Savannah, your next scene is about to begin. Get ready. Zagreb Film arranged a designer to help with your dresses for the next scene. If you need any help, tell her to do it."

Savannah stood up and turned around, froze for a moment.

Behind the screw member was Katrina, and her face took on a ghastly expression.

The company sent Katrina here as her assistant?

Katrina didn't know why the company suddenly sent her to the studio to help. She was even more shocked when she saw Savannah.

"What are you waiting for? Help Savannah to iron her clothes for the next scene!" The crew member said impatiently.

Everyone was very busy in the cast. As long as Katrina could do some help, they didn't care about her title and status in the company. So the crew member's tone was not very polite.

Katrina gritted her teeth but didn't say anything. She picked up the clothes and went to the ironing board.

After ironing the clothes, she threw them on the table in front of Savannah.

Savannah was sitting on a chair, reading the script. She looked at Katrina's dark face with a cold smile, "You crushed the dresses. Iron them again."

Katrina knew she was deliberately finding trouble for her. But she was sent by the company to be Savannah's temporary assistant, she couldn't say anything at that moment.

After ironing the clothes again, she put them on the table carefully.

However, Savannah waved her hand and asked her to rework, without even a glance at the clothes.

Katrina blushed with anger, swallowed it, and did the work again.

Finally, Savannah picked the clothes up and went into the locker room. After a while, she came out. Katrina was playing with her phone on a chair.

"I'm thirsty," Savannah said.

"What do you mean?" Katrina looked up from her phone in disbelief.

"You are my assistant now, aren't you? It should be no problem to ask you to do something else, I guess." Savannah shrugged.

Katrina's face turned red with embarrassment.

"Savannah! Are you using me as a servant? I'm a designer, not your housemaid! You want too much!" She couldn't figure out why Savannah suddenly became an important character in Fashion Queen, but she couldn't control an impulse to snap back angrily.

"If my memory serves me right, Miss Kaif, when you asked me to pour a cup of coffee for you last time, you said that the employee should do whatever the company asks you to do. Do you forget? Didn't the company send you here to serve me? What's wrong with getting a glass of water for me? Or are you just strict with others and lenient towards yourself?"

Katrina stared with anger. She knew Savannah was intentionally getting back at her!

However, Savannah dared not do this herself. Someone indulged her so that she could fight back.

This guy, of course, was Mr. Sterling.

Who else in the company dared to send her to the studio to serve Savannah? After all, everyone in the company knew she was Mr. Sterling's fiancée's bestie!

Katrina frowned.

Dylan had done with Savannah. He was about to get engaged to Charlotte, wasn't he?

Why was he on Savannah's side again?

"What? Is my word not clear enough?" Savannah said in a harsh tone.

Katrina had no time to think more. She swallowed her anger and went to pour her a glass of water.

The next scene was about to begin. Katrina followed Savannah to the set with some clothes, a kettle, a small fan, and a folding beach chair.

Chapter 544: He Took It On Them To Avenge For Savannah

By the end of the day, Katrina was dog-tired, much more ashamed and furious. She had never been treated as an office girl like this.

As soon as she left the studio, she called Charlotte and told her all the events of the day in a huff.

Charlotte didn't respond for a long time.

Her biggest fear seemed to have come true.

Dylan delayed the engagement party again and again. He used his son as an excuse first and then said that he had to visit an old servant in Chicago. He had been back for a few days now, but he didn't even mention their engagement again...

She dared not bring it up, afraid he would be impatient.

However, after waiting for days, she only got the news that Dylan came to care about Savannah again.

Two days ago, Abby and the other two who had bullied Savannah were beaten to within an inch of their life on the set. They were sent to the hospital and couldn't get up yet! Who else dared to do this under the cover of acting?

It must be Dylan. He took it on them to avenge Savannah!

And today, didn't he humiliate her by sending her bestie to serve Savannah?

"Charlotte, I don't know what went wrong. But I held back my anger and didn't quarrel openly with that bitch, because you still need me to keep an eye on her in Zagreb Film. If it weren't for you, I would have quitted immediately!"

Charlotte had to comfort Katrina by saying, "Come on, don't be mad. I'll find out what's going on."

With that, she hung up and called the driver.

The Sterling Group.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Rowe, is here." The secretary reported at the door of the CEO's office.

Dylan looked up, not surprisingly, and motioned for the secretary to lead Charlotte in.

"Dylan, you've been back from Chicago for days. Why didn't you call me?" Charlotte grumbled and pouted prettily as soon as she walked in.

"Too much business. I didn't even go back to Beverly Hills these days." Dylan said drily.

Charlotte was a little disappointed. Dylan's words perfectly shut her mouth. He was too busy to get home, and how could she blame him for not considering their engagement party?

"I heard Katrina was sent to the studio as Savannah's assistant. Do you know that?" Charlotte asked directly.

"Yes. What's the problem?" Dylan did not bat an eyelid.

"Katrina is at least the chief stylist for Fashion Queen. It's not good to send her to serve Savannah..." Charlotte summoned her courage.

"To serve? The company is a place to create group benefits. Miss Kaif is the chief stylist, so it's good for her to go to the set to meet the actors face to face." Dylan's tone suddenly went cold.

Charlotte's face changed. She could feel the man's displeasure, but she still ventured to respond, "Katrina, anyway, is from a well-known designer family, and she is the first in the designer competition this year. Since she was sent to...help Savannah, her colleagues in the company have been all talking about her. She said she might as well quit if she were kept doing such work on the set. Dylan... Katrina is my old classmate and my best friend, please, be nice to her... Okay?"

A calm smile played on Dylan's lips.

"Well, I'm going to Zagreb Film and calling a meeting in the design department tomorrow. You and Katrina will be there. The present arrangement is really not suitable, I will personally redistribute the work and give you an answer," Dylan said slowly, his expression hard to read.

Charlotte nodded sweetly and sighed with relief.

She was going to marry Dylan, and of course, he would do what she wanted.

* * *

At noon the following day, Savannah returned to the office after finishing the morning scene.

She didn't come to the company these days after she suddenly took the role of Angelina.

Today, Jenkins called and said there was a meeting that all colleagues in the design department would attend.

As soon as she walked out of the elevator, Fiona, together with some colleagues, rushed over.

"Wow, our big star is back!"

"Come on," Savannah laughed at their exaggerated tone. "Big star? It's just a cameo role."

"To be honest, how did it come that you took the place of Sandy? You even played opposite Chris! That's amazing!" Fiona said admiringly.

"Oh, Chris, my Prince Charming! Savannah, is he hotter in person than on screen?"

In a film and television company, those colleagues could always meet film stars.

Chris, however, was not an artist signed by Zagreb Film. He was so famous that he had attracted numerous fans, including most of Savannah's colleagues too.

Savannah had to answer their questions one by one to satisfy their curiosity.

Just then, the sound of high heels came.

Everyone looked at the sound and saw Katrina. Beside her, there was a beautiful young woman in a Channel suit.

"Isn't she Mr. Sterling's fiancée, Miss Rowe?" whispered someone.

"Why is she here today?"

"It's said that the big boss will come to Today's meeting to redistribute the positions in the design department. Miss Kaif is Miss Rowe's good friend, so Miss Rowe came to accompany her?"

"That's possible. After all, Miss Rowe is Mr. Sterling's fiancée. She is also the owner of Zagreb Film after she marries into the Sterling family. It's not a big deal if she wants to attend the meeting."

Savannah narrowed her eyes at Charlotte's arrival.

"The big boss's fiancée is really beautiful and graceful. Oh, look at her skin, so flawless and white. And her suit, I guess it will cost me a year's salary!" An assistant designer exclaimed in a low voice.

"Not fiancée, not engaged yet. I heard there was a sudden delay in the engagement party." Fiona pursed her lips.

Fiona was Dylan's fangirl. Of course, she wasn't happy to know Dylan would marry, so she had no particular regard for Charlotte.

But whether she liked her or not, Charlotte was still Mr. Sterling's fiancée to all their colleagues.

Chapter 545: Katrina's Evil Act Exposed

All the envious glances and discussions were focused on Charlotte.

Katrina was more confident when she saw this scene.

Her best friend was the big boss's fiancée. What was she afraid of?

She took Charlotte's arm, glanced at Savannah, and snorted, heading for the conference room.

Mr. Sterling was going to hold a meeting today personally and asked Charlotte to look on. He was sure to give them a satisfactory explanation.

As for that bitch? Maybe she had bewitched Mr. Sterling by some means, but she could never beat Charlotte.

Thinking of this, Katrina straightened her back with a smile of disdain.

Savannah followed other colleagues into the conference room without a word.

Soon the man, tall and handsome, attractive and captivating, strode in accompanied by his secretary.

The noise and chatter in the conference room died down.

Jenkins got up and pulled out the chair for Dylan to sit down.

Dylan glanced silently at the staff in the room and whispered something to the secretary beside him.

The secretary immediately came forward and said, "I think you all know the purpose of today's meeting. Mr. Sterling wants to thank you for all the efforts the design department has made. The talents will not be suppressed neglected, but the incompetent one is not worth keeping on. So today, Mr. Sterling will redistribute the position and work in the design department."

No one dared to make a sound. They could not help but look at Katrina with admiration as they were waiting for the following.

Zagreb Film was just one of many companies owned by the Sterling group. Mr. Sterling arrived in person to redistribute work to a department of Zagreb Film. Surely, he came to back up Miss Kaif, his fiancée's best friend.

Was Miss Kaif getting promoted again?

Katrina exchanged a smug look with Charlotte.

The secretary's eyes glanced around and fell on Savannah.

"Miss Schultz has been working hard since she joined Zagreb Film. Many of her works are highly praised by Director Jenkins and have created benefits for the company. Therefore, the senior management of the company has unanimously decided to promote Miss Schultz as the chief designer of the design department. She will be directly subject to Mr. Sterling and does not need to report to anyone."

At this, everyone in the conference room gasped!

Recovering from her first stupefaction, Savannah looked up at Dylan. He looked calm and enigmatic as usual, his long fingers rapping rhythmically on the table.

Charlotte and Katrina were even more surprised. They had expected Dylan to fire Savannah today, but he promoted her instead!

Chief designer? Reported to Dylan directly? How could this bitch deserve such morality?

Charlotte, after all, was not Zagreb Film's employee, and she couldn't say anything. She gave Katrina a frown.

Katrina rose with much animation, looking at Dylan unfavorably. "Why is she?" She asked, unable to hold back her disagreement.

"The secretary just said that." Dylan glanced at her.

Katrina looked at Savannah with a sneer. "Worked hard? Created benefits for the company? Many colleagues have these achievements, right? Schultz is so young, how can she become the chief designer? I object!"

"She's right." A few colleagues were also stirred up by Katrina, whispering together.

"Schultz is not bad, but she has only been in the company for a short time and is too inexperienced to be the chief designer."

Dylan folded his hands, his eyes flashing with sternness.

"I'm afraid you are not in a position to have an objection." He said, a cold smile played on his thin lips.

"What do you mean?" Katrina looked at him in alarm.

The secretary coughed and, in place of Dylan, pushed a document to Katrina. "Miss Kaif, I'm sorry to inform you that you are dismissed from your position. From this moment on, you are no longer the designer in Zagreb Film, nor the chief stylist of Fashion Queen."

Her words brought on a storm. Everyone present thought Miss Kaif would be promoted this time and did not expect she would be fired!

Charlotte felt like she had been slapped in the face. Dylan fired Katrina? Didn't he humiliate her by letting her sit in on the meeting today?

Katrina was so angry that she couldn't even speak. It would have been better if she had resigned herself. She would be a joke if she was fired by Zagreb Film today!

"Why? What did I do wrong?" She blushed with shame.

Dylan glanced at his secretary.

The secretary immediately turned on her laptop and played a surveillance video on the projection screen.

The view of the design department was shown in the video. The secretary enlarged the image, and Savannah's seat was clearly seen.

Katrina stood next to Savannah as if ordering something, and then Savannah left, apparently heading for Katrina's office.

Katrina did not go but watched Savannah disappear. Then she picked up the design drafts on Savannah's desk and put the papers in her hand down before she left.

The video content surprised everyone.

Katrina covered her mouth with a pale face.

Apparently, this was the surveillance video on the day she sent Savannah to repair her printer and changed her design drafts. Then she accused Savannah of wronging herself in the meeting!

She had broken the security camera pointing at Savannah's desk before she changed the design drafts, but Dylan had found another spare camera!

"Is this a good reason to fire you?" Dylan asked without emotion.

"She did take Savannah's design that day?" Everyone began to whisper.

"So, Savannah didn't wrong her."

"She said Savannah is jealous of her, but it turns out that she is jealous of Savannah and wants to suppress Savannah. She must have intended to force Savannah to resign."

"Well, we all know this year's designer competition. Savannah got the first but quit before the award ceremony. Miss Kaif is not as good as her..."

"That's why she suppressed Savannah. She even asked Savannah to apologize to her openly. What a nerve!"

Katrina's face went from white to red, and her body shook with rage.

How did she continue her career in the fashion design industry if she was fired for such a reason?

What company would use her?

Charlotte looked no better. Katrina was introduced to be the chief stylist by her. Dylan was humiliating her by firing her best friend in this way, wasn't he?

Chapter 546: Don't Fail To Live Up To What I Expect Of You

The secretary noticed the unpleasant look of her boss and immediately turned to Katrina.

"Miss Kaif, do you want to leave by yourself or be taken away by the security?"

Katrina stood blushed and looked at Charlotte, seeing her as her last hope.

Charlotte was the last one who wanted to see Savannah get promoted. If Katrina left like this, no one could help her to watch Savannah any more. She bit her lip, looking at Dylan.

"Dylan, Katrina did do wrong, but she has also made contributions to the company with her efforts. Please forgive her this time and give her another chance," Charlotte said softly.

Everyone was silent. Now Miss Rowe interceded for Miss Kaif in person. Would Mr. Sterling change his idea?

Dylan gave Charlotte a deep, cold, silent look that made her shudder involuntarily.

"There are so many people who do great things for the company." He said drily.

Charlotte gasped. Dylan made his mind to take it out on Katrina today!

The secretary had already called the guard in.

They walked up to Katrina. "Miss Kaif, please."

Knowing that Charlotte was no longer able to help, Katrina rushed to Dylan and tried to defend herself.

Before she opened her mouth, Dylan waved his hand, and the hot coffee on the desk was overturned, hitting Katrina's hand!

Katrina shrieked from the heat as the cup fell to the ground and smashed to pieces.

Startled, Charlotte went over to help Katrina.

Katrina had spilled hot coffee on Savannah in the conference room before.

Did Dylan do this to avenge Savannah?

The secretary gave a wink, and the security guard went over.

Katrina, tearful and trembled, clutched her red-hot hand and left the conference room in the discussion and gaze of the colleagues.

Charlotte followed Katrina out in a hurry.

"Miss Schultz's promotion and Miss Kaif's dismissal notice will be issued by the personnel department in a few days," said the secretary, "It's almost time for the meeting to end. If nothing else..."

"Wait. I want to say something." Savannah, unexpectedly, interrupted her.

Dylan looked at her quietly.

"I'm not competent enough to take the position of chief designer. Please take your words back, Mr. Sterling." She said with an expressionless face.

The conference room quieted down. The colleagues looked at each other speechlessly, holding their breath. Did Savannah refuse the position of chief designer?

After a moment, Dylan said, "Everyone out. I want to talk to designer Schultz alone."

Jenkins immediately took all staff out, including Dylan's secretary.

The conference room became empty and quiet.

"Is there anything you can't say in front of my colleagues, Mr. Sterling?" Savannah kept her distance, quite nervous.

Dylan got up and slowly approached her. She backed away step by step until she hit the wall. He stopped, staring down at her.

"Do you really want me to do something in front of your colleagues?" He smiled a dazzling, crooked smile, his head cocked slightly to one side.

Savannah blushed and clenched her fist.

"I said you have the ability. You are qualified to be the chief designer. I don't want to hear you say no again." He said gently as if she was a frightened animal that would run away at any time.

She took a deep breath, knowing that his decision could not be changed easily.

"I see. What else do you want? Can I go now?" She bit her lip.

Her instinct told her that it was dangerous to be alone with this man.

Her estrangement made Dylan frown slightly.

In order to please her, he did so many things these days, but this little woman seemed to be unaware of his effort and disregarded his feelings.

But he should understand her feelings and sufferings.

Her wound had not been scarred yet, and he could not force her to accept him again too soon.

Finally, he stepped back and said with a sort of courtesy, "well, okay. Work hard. Don't fail to live up to what I expect of you."

With a sigh of relief, Savannah left in a hurry.

Dylan stood in the doorway, watching the back of the little woman as she hurried away.

Out of the office building, a slender figure was waiting at the bottom step.

Charlotte went up to Dylan as he went out of the office building and down the steps.

"Dylan," her voice was full of tenderness and grievance. "I didn't expect you wanted me here today so I could see Katrina fired and Savannah promoted. Did I do something wrong? Why... why did you humiliate me like this?"

Yes, Dylan brought her to Zagreb Film today, not to give her an answer she wanted, but to embarrass her!

"You don't know what you've done wrong?" Dylan gave a scornful laugh.

"I really don't know... Yeah, I did something to make you angry before, but I've been a good girl since I got engaged to you, and I didn't pick on Savannah again..." Charlotte panicked and explained quickly.

"But you let your best friend deliberately make things difficult for her, even asked Abby to beat her. Do you really think I know nothing?" His tone suddenly became harsh and cool, cutting Charlotte too quick.

"Dylan... I... I thought you were mad at her..." Charlotte hesitated.

"It's my business. No matter how angry I am with her, I won't let anyone hurt her." His tone was clipped, cold, and full of warning.

"I was wrong..." Charlotte murmured, knowing she could keep nothing back from this man. "But I just want to stop her from pestering you and didn't really hurt her..."

Dylan's face suddenly darkened. He put his hand around her neck, and his tone was quietly dead, "you didn't hurt her? You sent someone to hit her at the door of the hotel, trying to abort her child in this way, didn't you?"

Garwood found out about this three days ago.

He had doubts about the strange car accident Savannah and Kaiden had on his engagement day. Through monitoring the video, he found the car that almost hit Kaiden was a stolen car.

Chapter **547: Charlotte's Punishment**

It was not the owner who was driving that day.

After Savannah rushed to protect Kaiden and fell to the ground, the car left quickly without hesitation. Clearly, this was a deliberate action.

Therefore, he ordered Garwood to look into it.

After the investigation, he found that the one who drove that car was a local bludger.

The bludger confessed under torture that he had been bought off and instigated to drive into a young woman at the hotel entrance that morning.

From his call records, Dylan knew immediately the one who planned everything was Charlotte.

Charlotte told the bludger that the young woman was pregnant. He was asked not to kill the young woman but just to miscarry her, so the police would take it as an accident only.

He was waiting outside the hotel after he received a phone call, ready to hit Savannah, but did not expect a little boy ran toward Savannah. The car skidded and accidentally ran to Kaiden. Then Savannah rushed over to save Kaiden and hit the ground.

Though her miscarriage was not caused by the car accident, it had a lot to do with Charlotte.

Dylan tightened his grip on Charlotte's neck at this thought.

"Dylan, I...I'm sorry. I was wrong... Please..." Charlotte begged for mercy, her face growing purple.

Just then, the secretary drove the car out of the parking lot and saw this scene. Startled, she hurriedly got out and went forward.

"Mr. Sterling..."

Dylan came to his senses and loosened his fingers. His face was still gloomy.

Charlotte slipped and fell to the ground. Dylan ordered something to his secretary and then strode away.

The secretary gasped at her boss's order and whispered something at the bodyguards as she glanced at Charlotte.

Charlotte shuddered. Wasn't it over?

Sure enough, the two bodyguards went forward and took her by the arms, walking into the building.

"What are you doing..." Charlotte struggled as she cried in alarm!

But she couldn't work herself free from the bodyguards. They threw her into the cargo elevator and went directly to the rooftop.

On the rooftop, a cold wind was blowing, messing Charlotte's long hair about.

Before she returned to her senses, the bodyguards found a rope to tie her hands to the railing at the edge of the roof.

The office building was so high up that they couldn't see it clearly from down here.

All of a sudden, Charlotte was pushed to the edge of the roof, half suspended in the air. Her fear of heights almost drove her mad, and she was so frightened that her legs gave way, and she screamed.

But her shout for help died away in the wind.

The wind was too strong, and it staggered her. She couldn't hold her feet, and she might fall from the roof if the rope broke!

This psychological fear and suffering were worse than death.

She felt that she would faint at any moment, her tears and snot coming down uncontrollably.

"Get Dylan to let me go... Please, just let me go..." She trembled and could hardly utter a complete word.

The bodyguards took two steps back and replied coldly, "Mr. Sterling said it's just a lesson for you, Miss Rowe. Please think about what you did here, and we will put you down in the evening."

In the evening? It was afternoon now; did she have to be tied at the edge of the roof for hours?

"No! Don't go-" Charlotte cried as the bodyguards left.

At the same time

Savannah had just hurried back to the design department when she saw Fiona waving to her at her seat.

"Chief designer, congratulations!"

As soon as the meeting ended, Fiona heard from the design department talking about Savannah's promotion.

Savannah did not feel very happy. She forced a smile at Fiona's kind congratulation and said, "thank you."

"I heard that Mr. Sterling fired Kaif?" Fiona asked in a low voice, as if mysteriously.

Savannah nodded.

"It seems that the big boss is not very nice to his fiancée. I think he and that Miss Rowe might have broken up..." She murmured with a big smile.

If their relationship was good, how could he fire her best friend in front of so many people? Everyone could see he was embarrassing her deliberately!

Savannah didn't make any comments. She prodded Fiona on the forehead gently and said, "it's none of our business. Go back to work."

"None of my business? As things stand today, Mr. Sterling's engagement to Miss Rowe might be off. So, he will be single again, and my chance comes!" Fiona was entranced with her own picture.

Savannah laughed out. Fiona heaved great sighs as other colleagues did when she knew that Dylan got engaged. Now she knew Dylan might be single again and immediately cheered up. Did Dylan really have such great charm?

"Savannah, it's said that it is easier to move a man when he is disappointed in his previous love affair." Fiona continued, "he must be lonely and depressed and need another woman's care now."

"Fiona, you think too much... Even if the big boss broke up with Miss Rowe, the rich people like him would still have other women around him. Wealthy men have so many expensive and absorbing hobbies, and they always know how to enjoy themselves. How could they be lonely and empty?" Savannah felt amused.

"You are right. There may be another woman in Mr. Sterling's life." Fiona said abruptly as she clapped Savannah on the shoulder. "My sixth sense tells me that Mr. Sterling and Miss Rowe broke up all because of another woman!"

Savannah suddenly felt somehow guilty. She fell silent, afraid that Fiona would smell out something.

"What kind of woman could break up Mr. Sterling's relationship with Miss Rowe?" Fiona acted like a detective.

"You must have watched too many TV dramas," said Savannah helplessly, "all right, get back to your department. Even Katrina can be fired, and Mr. Sterling can also ask you to leave in any minute!"

"Yes, my chief designer," Fiona laughed and left.

Chapter **548: Savannah's Stardom**

It was already dark when Charlotte returned to Royal Villa.

She didn't know how she got back.

Only that she was already in a state of unconsciousness when the bodyguards released her from the roof.

After sitting against the wall for a long time, she rose unsteadily to her feet, holding on to the wall, cold and stiff. Then she took the elevator down and took a taxi home.

Back to the villa, her legs suddenly gave way, and she fell to the floor at the door. The servants came to support her in a hurry but were sent away by her.

Charlotte bit her lip and staggered up the stairs herself.

She didn't want anyone to see her so miserable.

Just as she entered her room, Ethan called to ask her how the engagement was going and why he hadn't heard from her about holding the engagement party again after so long.

Charlotte couldn't hold back her tears any longer and wept aloud, telling her dad that Dylan would never get engaged to her.

Ethan was shocked and asked why. Charlotte didn't dare to say that she had asked someone to drive into Savannah and almost hit Kaiden. She just sobbed that Dylan and Savannah seemed to have made it up again.

Ethan sighed after a long silence.

In fact, he was surprised and uneasy when her daughter called and said that Dylan had proposed and wanted to get engaged to her.

He knew how Dylan petted Savannah. How could he suddenly propose to his daughter?

The only possibility was that Dylan used Charlotte to annoy Savannah after they had a quarrel or something.

But Charlotte was so crazy about Dylan. She would not listen to him and might think it was a good chance even if she knew the truth.

So, Ethan just let them go. The Rowe family was in great trouble now. His old mother was badly ill in bed, while his son was still facing lawsuits in the detention center. He really had no time to lay a finger on his daughter's relationship.

Unexpectedly, his fears came true so soon.

"Charlotte, don't cry. Mom, dad, and grandma will always love you and care about you. Come back home, okay?" Ethan comforted his daughter.

Charlotte's crying stopped.

Back home?

One last step, and her dream would come true.

How could she let it go and went home after her dream broke in the wind?

"Dad... I'm not going back. I'm sure Dylan will come around." She shook her head firmly.

"If he would change his mind, he would not have suddenly canceled your engagement. Why should you stay there and beg for nothing?" Ethan sighed.

"I don't care. I'm staying here. I can't see Dylan being taken away by Savannah again!"

Ethan was about to speak again when the phone clicked dead. His daughter had already hung up.

* * *

Fashion Queen was starting on television and video websites. It was rapidly gaining ground in the ratings and surpassed that of the TV series of the same period, claiming the top rating spot.

Unexpectedly, but not surprising, Savannah's part in the play, the role of Angelina, became an overnight hit. Online topics that mattered to her was even hotter than that of the hero and heroine.

This Sunday, when Savannah got up and updated her Twitter, she was shocked by the overwhelming comments, private messages, and the number of new followers.

"You kept your part fresh and exciting. Compared to the perfect leading role, Angelina has her own personality, a real character."

"I like Angelina. She's an able woman, but there's also a little girl in her heart. She behaves so aggressively and competitively just to protect herself from being hurt."

"I like you. You look better than charming."

"If I were Angelina, I would also be unhappy if another girl suddenly comes to steal the show."

"I cried when Angelina said goodbye to her colleagues at the airport before she left to study abroad. In fact, Angelina is not bad, just too proud."

"If I were the hero, I would choose you! You are the real Fashion Queen, much better than Eva. No, actually, even the leading man is not worthy of you, you deserve a better man!"

"Looks like you're acting for the first time, aren't you? Amazing!"

"Hope you can do more acting!"

"I wish there was a sequel to Fashion Queen. You can come back!"

Savannah realized she became popular with the role of Angelina.

Some of the audience preferred negative characters who had shortcomings than perfect protagonists.

Just then, the phone rang.

"Hello?" Savannah answered the phone, her drawing voice sounding lovely.

"Not up yet?" There came a familiar male voice with a smile.

"Chris?" Savannah started up in bed.

Most of her scenes were with Chris, but she didn't have any personal contact with him.

After the shoot, she never met Chris again.

She felt extremely flattered to receive his phone early in the morning.

"Well. It's me."

"What's the matter?"

"Fashion Queen is the highest rated metropolitan drama series of the year. They're having a party tonight. Would you like to be my date and go with me?" Chris asked gently.

"Your date?" Savannah was stunned.

"Yeah."

Even if Chris needed a lady to accompany him, he should look for the actress who played the leading role of Eva or find a female star who was well-known in showbiz...

"I... That's not right..." Savannah hesitated.

"You don't have confidence in yourself?" Chris laughed.

"Well," since he called in person and invited her kindly, it was not good to refuse him. "See you tonight."

In the evening, Chris drove to Green Bay to pick up Savannah at the appointed time.

When he arrived in his Lotus, all servants and maids looked out in wonder.

"Savannah, he's not the big star Chris Pattinson, is he?" Garcia looked at the man with eyes wide as he got off the car.

"Yes. That's him." Savannah laughed.

"He's here! Oh, my gosh!" Garcia was not young, but all the women liked handsome men.

Chapter 549: She Will Not Act Again

"Nice to see you, madam," Chris, very approachable, smiled and gave Garcia his hand-friendly.

After shaking hands with Chris, Garcia was momentarily unable to speak with excitement.

Savannah laughed. Garcia would not wash her hands for at least two days.

Chris was really good at pleasing elders.

Although he was a big star, he was easy to get along with and never put on airs, no wonder he enjoyed great popularity.

"Are you ready to go?" Chris smiled and looked at Savannah.

Savannah nodded, said goodbye to Garcia, and got in the car with Chris.

At the door, a maid watched Savannah leave in Chris's sports car, hurried back to the house, and dialed a number.

"Sir, Miss Schultz was picked up by Chris Pattinson. They seem to attend the celebration party for the Fashion Queen."

"Stop!"

At the same time, Dylan, in a moving Lamborghini, ordered coldly after he hung up the phone.

The luxury car creaked to a halt on the side of the road.

The bodyguard, sitting in the driver's seat, looked at his boss through the rearview mirror, wondering what happened.

A few seconds later, Dylan spoke quietly, his expression unreadable, "turn around, go to Sovereign Hotel."

"Ah?" The bodyguard was stunned, "but you have an appointment with Mr. Johnson..."

"Ask the secretary to inform Johnson that the business will be discussed later tonight," he said with a very emphatic pronunciation.

The bodyguard gasped. Tonight's business was worth billions of dollars, and the customer came to LA from Europe in person. Mr. Sterling had attached great importance to the business.

He did not know what had come over Mr. Sterling to make him change the schedule so abruptly. But whatever it was, it must be worth more than this business.

Without asking more, the bodyguard turned the steering wheel, rushing towards Sovereign Hotel at full speed.

* * *

Sovereign Hotel

Chris walked into the banquet hall with Savannah on his arm. Flashbulbs started popping everywhere.

Savannah knew there would be media at the party, but she didn't expect so many.

The role of Angelina suddenly attached to high popularity, even more, welcomed than the leading lady. What's more, the male companion beside her was one of the most popular male stars. As expected, she attracted the attention of a lot of reporters.

"Mr. Pattinson, why are you at the party with Miss Schultz today?"

"In the play, you have a lot of scenes together, are you dating in real life?"

"Miss Schultz, it's said Fashion Queen is your first play, but your performance is not bad. Is there any instruction or advice from Mr. Pattinson?"

Compared to Chris, who handled the questions from the reporters skillfully, Savannah was much more nervous. Though she had been a still model and was used to facing the camera, she had never been the center of so many reporters' attention like today.

Chris seemed to sense her nervousness. He leaned over and whispered to her ear, soothing her gently,

"Don't be afraid. It's up to me, and all you need to do is keep smiling."

Chris's comfort made Savannah feel much relax. She met the reporters' eyes with her sweet, hospitable smile and listened to Chris calmly.

Chris dealt with the reporters skillfully. He was polite to everyone, and his replies were neat and elegant. When a tough reporter tried to embarrass him, he hedged the question with dexterity. Savannah looked

at Chris with admiration. It was really not easy to be a big star. Besides good appearance, skillful acting, his EQ needed to be high enough to deal with the media.

"The role of Angelina was regarded with great favor online, and the audience doesn't want Angelina to leave the screen so soon. They even want the hero to be with Angelina. You had such good cooperation for the first time. Would you bring Angelina back in the next season of Fashion Queen?" A reporter asked.

"Angelina will not be back." A man's cool voice came with certainty before Chris could answer.

People present looked back towards the voice in amazement.

A tall, elegantly dressed, attractive man walked in as the crowd fell apart voluntarily.

"Mr. Sterling is here today!" The group of reporters immediately went around about Dylan.

"I'm just passing by," Dylan said simply, his eyes drifting around the banquet hall and falling on Savannah. Then he stared at her arm held by Chris.

Savannah did not expect him to come. Shocked by his sudden arrival, she held on to Chris' arm with a tenacious grip, shrinking back to him in spite of herself, only to see Dylan's eyes become darker.

Though Zagreb Film was owned by the Sterling group, Mr. Sterling, the big boss, had never been a celebration party like this.

How could those reporters miss such a chance to get some fresh topics?

"Mr. Sterling, what did you mean by saying Angelina will not be back?" A reporter turned to Dylan and asked.

"This role is loved and welcomed by the audience, and it made Miss Schultz popular overnight. Why not get her back in the next season?" Another reporter asked eagerly.

"It's better for a good character to be kept in the audience's memory only. It's a good end for Angelina. What's more," after a pause, he continued, "It's only a temporary decision to let Miss Schultz take Sandy's place to play the part of Angelina. Fashion Queen is her first play and will be her last. She will not act again."

"Why?!" His words brought on a storm among the reporters.

"Some media friends should have known that Miss Schultz is a designer of Zagreb Film. She has talent in fashion design, and she has just been promoted to the chief designer of the design department. We cannot run after two horses at the same time. So, Miss Schultz will not join showbiz."

"So that's it..." The reporters sighed in sudden realization.

Savannah didn't expect the man to decide her career in public.

Although she had no interest in acting, and she had decided to put on the focus of her work on fashion design, she did not like her work or life to be mastered by him so rudely.

She knew why he said that. He still took her as one of his belongings and didn't want her to touch showbiz, the incredibly complicated world.

Chapter 550: Just Break The Contract

This man had always been so high-handed.

He would always do whatever he wanted, showing little regard for the feelings of others.

Savannah was suddenly annoyed by his confident manner.

Just then, the hall was filled with soft music. The lights dimmed, and many guests began to step into the dance floor.

She grabbed Chris by the arm, heading for the dance floor.

Chris, a little surprised, didn't refuse her. His left arm hooked her around the waist, and his right hand on her shoulder. They began to dance to the romantic music.

Dylan watched the man and the woman dancing on the dance floor, his eyes burning with some unfathomable emotion.

The dim light fell on his face, the antagonism in his eyes increased imperceptibly.

Finally, the music died.

Chris was about to go down with Savannah when Dylan ambled toward them.

"Mr. Sterling." Chris greeted him gently.

"May I borrow your partner?" Dylan asked Chris, and his lips quirked up in a half-smile.

Savannah held on to Chris, hoping that he could refuse.

However, Chris had no reason to say no. Savannah was Dylan's employee, it seemed nothing for her to dance with her boss.

Turning to look at Savannah, Chris said with a smile, "Mr. Sterling came alone today. Would you like to dance with him?"

Savannah wanted to shake her head but afraid that the man would do something sores in public if she said no.

"Looks like Miss Schultz agreed," Dylan said as he took Savannah's arm, pulling her to his side, and walked into the dance floor.

Before Savannah could react, he draped his arms around her waist and moved slowly under the dim light and the soft waltz.

She could feel him grip her waist so tightly that there was no room for her to move.

"Dylan, what are you trying to do?" She whispered.

"I should have asked you that." He squeezed his hand, pulling her tightly against him. His tone was full of jealousy and dissatisfaction. "Are you allowed to participate in the celebration dinner with a male star? Are you allowed to dance with him and be so intimate?"

He had comforted himself that she had just lost her child and was still angry with him. So, he tried to understand her bad mood and let off her coldness.

But he could hardly control himself when he saw her and another man holding hands and smiling in the crowd.

Only then did he know that his indulgence was too much.

It was unbearable to watch her go out with another man, even if they had just a working relationship.

"It has nothing to do with you. Don't forget, we've divorced." Savannah gritted her teeth as she avoided the deliberate body contact and touching from his hot fingers.

"I'm your boss, too." He was annoyed.

"I want to go, okay?" Savannah tried to free herself.

"You have no choice," he said sardonically, "after the dance."

"Dylan, please don't go too far --" before Savannah had finished her words, he turned around with her and changed steps smoothly and expertly, whispering in her ear in a low, evil voice, "Be good, baby. I won't let you go after you dance well with me."

She clenched her teeth, knowing that he meant what he said, and not daring to struggle again. But she could pretend to be awkward and stepped on him a few times to vent her anger.

As expected, he didn't give up the opportunity to take advantage of her during the piece of music, including touching her buttocks several times.

Finally, the song ended, and the lights came on.

Savannah blushed and pushed him away. She left through the side door without even saying goodbye to Chris.

After that day, everything was as usual.

The man didn't come to harass her again.

Savannah returned to the company and devoted herself to her job.

Acting was fun, but she was a designer. She preferred costume design to acting, and she never thought of entering showbiz.

Fashion design was the career she wanted to work all her life for.

So, when she was invited to variety shows after the role of Angelina became a hit, she didn't hesitate to say no.

She didn't plan to act again even if Dylan didn't announce it publicly.

But Dylan's bossiness that night brought the disobedient psychology out of her.

Why did he have to decide her life?

Why did he always start when he wanted and stop when he wanted to stop?

This day, she received a call that invited her to participate in a reality show.

The reality show was organized by a popular streaming video site and aired every week. It invited popular stars or celebrities to challenge themselves in some games.

The role of Angelina in Fashion Queen had popularity among the audience these days, and that was why Savannah was invited.

She was about to refuse as usual when the man's face came to her mind.

Savannah swallowed the refusal and agreed.

She almost laughed out at the thought of the man's angry face with his nose out of joint.

The production team immediately set up a time and place for her.

The night after she made an appointment with the reality show, she got a phone call from Dylan, not surprisingly.

"You forgot what I said?" The man's voice on the other end of the line was as gloomy as his face.

He knew she was going to take part in the reality show.

"You just said I'm not going to act anymore. It's not acting. It's a variety show." She snorted.

"That won't do. Let me make it clear—you are not allowed to appear on camera after Fashion Queen. If you want to be famous or be praised, I can make you enjoy it in other ways!" Dylan said sullenly.

He knew her character, and he believed she was a good girl. But showbiz was too complicated for her. She was young and vulnerable to temptation.

"I'm sorry, but I've already promised the reality show and signed the contract." She's not trying to win popularity. She was just trying to anger him.

"Just break the contract. I don't mind paying breach of contract damages for you."