

Midnight 561

Chapter 561: What About Eating Me?

Edmond, however, seemed to be shocked and despondent by such words.

"At that time in the warehouse, Mr. Sterling's men said that the woman I love has the heart of a devil. I never believe them until now. I was too stupid to get myself hurt by you again and again." He smiled sadly.

With that, he broke the connection.

Charlotte was relieved to know that Edmond was leaving. He wouldn't be caught by the police, and she wouldn't be implicated.

In the evening, she ate a bit more at dinner time with a much better mood.

She just finished eating when a maid hurried in.

"Miss, you have a guest," said the maid.

"Who is that?"

"The same lame man who came to our house the other day to look for you."

Edmond?! Hadn't he left LA?

Why did he come to Royal Villa again?

Charlotte broke out in a cold sweat from the scare. She dropped her fork and walked out of the villa.

Not far from the door, Edmond stood under a tree, thin and distressed.

"What do you want? Didn't you say you were going to Vietnam tonight? Why are you still here? How dare you come to me? Are you crazy? If the police find out we're connected, we're both screwed!" Charlotte stormed over.

Edmond stared quietly at the young woman in front of him. His eyes flashed sadness, but his expression was somehow unreadable.

This was the girl he had loved since he was a student, the girl who he would like to do anything for her.

But what about her? She had always regarded him as something worse than mud under her feet.

"I only want to ask you once more in person, are you sure you don't want to go with me?" Edmond asked quietly, his face composed, giving nothing away.

Charlotte wanted to scream with frustration.

"Didn't I make it clear on the phone, or are you deaf? Well, I'll say it again. I'm not going with you! I don't like you. I will never be with you in a lifetime! Do you understand?"

A sad and twisted smile crept over Edmond's face. His heart was like dead ashes.

Suddenly Charlotte had a bad foreboding. Before she had time to think about it, Edmond raised his hand, in which there was a brown glass bottle. He quickly unscrewed the cap and threw the contents of the bottle to her!

She flung up an arm, and meanwhile, the dark brown liquid sprayed her face with an acrid smell!

A sharp and tingling pain tore the skin of her face!

"Ahhhh!"

Charlotte's scream rang through Royal Villa. She covered her face and squatted down!

Edmond watched her suffering calmly. The strange smile on his face spread as he muttered,

"You think I'm not good enough for you, don't you? Now we are well-matched! I'm disabled, and you're disfigured! Haha! What a good match!"

* * *

The hospital.

After several days of observation, Savannah was in good physical condition and could be discharged from the hospital at any time.

In fact, Savannah felt that she could be discharged from the hospital earlier. She could not be more fragile than a child.

What's more, it was too boring staying in the hospital for so long.

Olivia was so busy that she could not come to accompany her every day.

Fiona had to work, too.

It felt like she was imprisoned.

But Dylan was always too nervous and insisted that she should stay in the hospital for a few more days.

In the afternoon, she watched TV on the bed as usual.

Dylan sat on the couch next to her, peeling fruit for her.

These days, she kept clamoring to be discharged from the hospital. He came from the company early every day to accompany her and stop her from making an early discharge.

The little woman was quite unpleasant about it. Every time he came, she deliberately ordered him to peel fruit, change the channel, pour water for her, and even acted like a pettish to let him give her a massage. She wanted to wear out his patience so that he would let her go home.

However, he practically waited on her hand and foot every day, docile and obedient to her.

Dylan glanced at the lazy cat staring at the television.

Fashion Queen was on the air now.

Savannah had just got into the middle of an exciting part when he picked up the remote and changed the channel.

"What are you doing?" She jumped up immediately.

"Change a program. Brainless TV shows will make you brainless too." He said simply as he peeled the apple.

"Come on, the brainless TV shows' seems to be produced by your company, Mr. Sterling." Savannah teased.

"I don't care." He laughed.

Even though he had cut most of the intimate scenes of Chris and her, he was still annoyed by their close conversation.

If it weren't for the fact that this was her first acting, and he didn't want to disappoint her after she had spent time and energy in Fashion Queen, he would have deleted all her scenes!

Savannah knew his mind, of course, and curled her lips helplessly.

"You need more vitamins for immunity enhancement." Dylan put a piece of apple into her mouth, changing the subject.

She took two bites without removing her eyes from the television.

"I don't want to eat apples now," she pointed to the pitaya in the fruit basket. "Help me with the pitaya, will you?"

Since he didn't let her watch Fashion Queen, he'd better not blame her for fondling him.

Dylan laughed, put down the fruit knife, and gently grasped her collar to make her face him.

"Don't want to eat the apple? What about eating me?" He leaned over to her, his voice low and husky.

"Well, what a nerve!" Savannah grumbled coquettishly.

Dylan's heart fluttered. He felt her every movement was tempting him, and he leaned forward to kiss her.

"Well... Dylan... We're in the hospital!" She blushed and turned away her head. Why was his right hand suddenly on her ass?

Chapter 562: I Just Feel Pain For You

Dylan didn't stop. He grabbed her wrists and held them behind her waist. He was about to take the next step when the door was knocked on twice.

Disturbed, he raised himself disapprovingly, trimmed his collar before he said, "come in."

The door opened, and Garwood walked in. With a glance at the mess on the bed and Savannah's red face, he knew he showed at a bad time.

"It's about Miss Rowe, sir," he coughed to break the embarrassment.

Dylan paused for a moment, and calmly patted the woman on the hand.

"Wait here, I'll be back in a moment," he said before he followed Garwood out of the ward.

He came back ten minutes later.

"What's wrong with Charlotte?" Savannah asked hastily.

"She was disfigured by Edmond with sulfuric acid and lost one of her eyes." Dylan looked at her.

Savannah gasped.

"It was last night. Edmond had planned to smuggle to Vietnam. Before he left, he went to Royal Villa and wanted Charlotte to go with him, but she refused. Edmond, whose emotion changed from love to hate, threw a bottle of sulfuric acid to her face. After he was sent to the police station by a security guard, he confessed everything to the police, including the kidnapping of you and Kaiden, which was suggested by Charlotte."

Savannah knew that Charlotte would never escape punishment this time, but she did not expect she would have such a tragic end. Now Charlotte was not only disfigured and blind but also facing prison.

Edmond liked Charlotte so much. He would not have done anything to hurt the woman he loved if he hadn't been so disappointed and angry.

Charlotte, however, didn't deserve sympathy.

After all, she had to pay back her own debt.

A kidnap and attempted murder case was going on. Edmond would have to go to court and spend a long time in prison.

Charlotte, the main culprit, was temporarily released for medical treatment due to severe burns on her face and blindness. She would be first treated in the detention center hospital and then prosecuted after her situation was stable.

Ethan and Joanne arrived from Chicago in a hurry.

After what had happened to Lionel and Granny Rowe, that could be imagined how shocked and grieved Ethan was now.

According to Garwood, Ethan passed out when he heard about Charlotte and was taken to the hospital. Then he struggled to come to LA.

Everyone in the Rowe family suffered a lot these days.

But Savannah did not feel sorry for them at all.

When Savannah was discharged from the hospital, Dylan wanted her to move straight back to Beverly Hills, and Kaiden couldn't agree more.

However, Savannah felt it was not suitable for her to live with him before they remarried.

Old Sterling also advised Dylan to send Savannah back to her house first, saying that it was better to pick her up from her own house on their wedding day.

Dylan had to follow her wish and sent her back to Green Bay on the day of her discharge.

Two days after leaving the hospital, Savannah went back to work.

Her colleagues, including director Jenkins, knew nothing about the kidnapping.

Fiona apparently did not say anything about Savannah and Dylan to anyone in the company.

In the evening after work, Savannah went out of the office building and saw a familiar white car parked not far away.

The driver pulled the back door open, and Joanne came out, walking slowly to her.

"Why... Why didn't you tell me before you took revenge on the Rowe's?" Joanne muttered. Her face was tired, and she looked ill.

What the Rowe's suffered these days, of course, also affected her.

Savannah knew that Charlotte must have told Joanne and Ethan about her revenge.

Joanne must have known that she had framed Lionel up to break up the relationship between the Rowe family and the Sterling family, and it was she who reported Lionel and made Granny Rowe insane.

"Now that you know about my revenge on the Rowe's, you should know why I did it. Years ago, Granny Rowe killed your ex-husband, my father. Dad's car accident was arranged by your current mother-in-law, who had someone break the brakes on dad's car. And then she lied to you, telling you that I died with my father, which was a great shock to you so that you could marry her son. Now they paid the price, and they deserved the punishment." Savannah said calmly.

Joanne stood, staring at her with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I understand," Savannah continued. "you've been living with the Rowe's for so many years, and you are in agony about them. But I don't feel sorry at all. Yes, their business and their life are almost ruined by me, and I should be satisfied. But how can they ever make an amendment for killing my father? Can they bring my father to life? I don't even think it's enough! I took my harsh revenge to give justice for my father. I was alone when dad died. You can't blame me,"

Joanne was shocked to know what her daughter had done to the Rowe's from Charlotte, and it was the Rowe family who murdered her ex-husband. She still had not recovered completely now.

In her mind, her mother-in-law was just stern and a little unkind. She never thought she had done such a wicked thing in order to let her marry Ethan.

"Savannah," she calmed down and said with a trembling voice, "I came to you not to blame you for what you have done. I just feel pain for you. Why didn't you tell me earlier? If I had known it, you wouldn't have to carry such a psychological burden alone."

Savannah said nothing but turned her face away.

Joanne knew that her daughter still couldn't let go of the hatred, and even though she was on the side of the Rowe family. She held her hand and wanted to pull her into the car.

Just then, Savannah noticed that the wedding ring on Joanne's fourth finger of her left hand was gone, leaving only a faint ring mark.

"Mom..." she paused.

Chapter 563: I Only Hope You Can Forgive Us

"We've divorced," Joanne said simply.

Savannah gasped, at a loss of words.

"Padgett's accident has nothing to do with Ethan, but I can't live in the Rowe family as the wife of the murderer's son. I feel guilty for Padgett every day in the Rowe family. Ethan knew my mind and agreed. I know you've always been a little resentful of me because you think I've been favoring and defending the Rowe's. In fact, I really don't care if I'm the wife of a rich man or not. The happiest days in my life are the period of time when I was with you and your father. I hope your father won't blame me for living so many years with the family who had killed him." Joanne wiped her eyes as she whispered.

Savannah seemed to see the strong soul under Joanne's weak appearance.

Mom really loved dad.

It never changed.

After more than ten years and knowing the truth of the accident, she could leave the Rowe family without hesitation and tell her ex-husband in her way that her heart had never betrayed him.

Her divorce with Ethan was about two families, and she must have taken a lot of effort to persuade her father, the master of the Morton family.

But she did it anyway.

Dad, your life had been worth it.

Even if you could never come back, you are still in mom's heart.

Savannah recovered herself and asked, "mom, where do you live now? Back to Morton's house or?"

"Let's talk about this later." Joanne gently held her hand and said, "I'll take you to Royal Villa first. Ethan wants to see you. He wants to apologize to you personally for what his mother had done."

Savannah paused and gave a wry smile. Could apology help?

But she still nodded at her mother's look of expectation.

They got into the car. In a short while, they arrived at Royal Villa.

Savannah followed Joanne into the house.

In the living room, Ethan had been waiting for a long time. He got up from the sofa when he saw Savannah coming in.

"Savannah..."

Savannah looked at Ethan, shocked.

The man was much thinner than before, almost out of shape. His eyes had sunk in, and under them, there were dark rings.

His tall body even reeled a little the instant he rose. Fortunately, the housemaid next to him supported him in time so that he was able to regain his balance.

It was normal for him, the head of the family, to be a little haggard from his recent worries, but he looked more than tired.

Ethan waved for the maid and other servants to leave.

The living room became quieter. Joanne and Savannah sat on the sofa opposite Ethan.

"Savannah, I don't know what to say, but I didn't know what my mother had done until I found the police officer who was bought over after your father's car accident. Yes, she hired someone to break the brakes on your father's car and caused your father's death. After that, she bribed the police officer to hide the truth of the accident. I know it cannot be excused, and an apology will not atone for the sin my mother once committed, but I really don't know what to say other than sorry. I hope you're a little more satisfied with what the Rowe family had suffered these days and that you can let go of the hate and not let your mother worry about you." Ethan said sorrowfully. He looked whiter after making a long statement.

"Ethan, talk slow," Joanne whispered.

Ethan looked worried when Savannah did not respond. He staggered to her and fell to his knees in front of her!

"Ethan!" Joanne, shocked, tried to help him up, but Ethan gently pushed her away.

"My mother is blamed for your father's death. Savannah, I'm sorry... I'm really sorry..." Ethan looked at Savannah, pleading, "as her son, I can't fling off such responsibility. We deserve this punishment, and I won't say no, even if you want my life. Now Lionel is going to jail, and Charlotte is blind, my mother is worse than death in this situation... She was crushed with grief after she heard about Charlotte. She collapsed in bed and talked to herself every day, crying that there's a ghost around her... And my company also has difficulty in recovering from poor performance. I know, these are our retribution. I only hope you can forgive us and let bygones be bygones."

"I can't forgive those who killed my father in place of him," Savannah said after a long pause, "I'm sorry."

She didn't know if her father would forgive the Rowe family or not. The old woman who killed her father, however, had to live in fear for the rest of her life and would never be forgiven.

Ethan, though a little innocent, was the son of the sinner.

She could not be softened to say she would forgive them.

Ethan sighed with despair, and suddenly, his face twisted as if he were suffering from extreme pain. Then, he bent over and spat out a mouthful of blood!

Savannah stood up in shock.

"Someone!" Joanne cried as she went to him in a panic but apparently not surprised.

A maid hurriedly came over with some medicine and a glass of hot water.

Joanne helped Ethan sit on the sofa and fed him the pills adroitly, and then she pulled off a tissue to wipe his mouth.

Ethan took medicine. After resting for a while, he recovered his strength, looking much better.

"Don't be afraid, kid. I'm fine." Ethan drew a deep breath and said to Savannah.

"Are you okay?" Savannah came to her senses and watched the maid mop the blood on the floor away.

Joanne took a look at Ethan and sighed.

"Savannah," she turned to Savannah with sadness. "Ethan got liver cancer a few years ago. He recovered after a liver transplant and had been in a good spirit in the past few years. He handled the business of the Rowe group to Lionel and lived with me abroad, actually, also because it was helpful to his health. Since what happened to the Rowe family, one followed on another, he had been carrying everything on his shoulders and overworking... and his cancer recurrence. He's not so lucky this time. The cancer cells spread rapidly, chemotherapy and surgery are largely useless. The doctor said..."

Chapter 564: It's Just A Nightmare

At this point, Joanne stopped herself, covered her mouth, and started to sob.

She couldn't bring herself to say the rest.

Ethan was at death's door.

Although Joanne rated Granny Rowe for killing her beloved ex-husband, she also had feelings for Ethan, who had taken care of her for so many years. Now Ethan was at the point of death, how could she not be sad?

Savannah understood why the man looked so ill in such a short time, unable to speak.

That old woman killed her father, and now her son, Ethan, was ready to die somewhat because of her.

Was that a life for a life? She had always felt that her revenge was not enough, but now... that was enough, right?

But she wasn't happy at all.

Finally, she looked at Ethan and said quietly, "I will never forgive your mother. You may think I'm evil, but even now, I still sincerely hope she can go to hell. But you...I thank you for taking care of my mother for all these years."

"I'm sorry... I'm really sorry..." Ethan mumbled with red-rimmed eyes.

Savannah gave Ethan a pitying look and turned to leave.

Joanne asked the maid to take care of Ethan and caught up with her daughter.

They stopped at the door.

"Savannah, I'm afraid Ethan just has a month or two left..." Joanne took a glance into the villa and choked up again.

Savannah patted Joanne on the back, offering silent comfort.

"Though I've divorced him, I want to take care of him for the rest of his life. After all, the Rowe family is almost empty now... I can't see him being alone in the last part of the journey of his life." Joanne tried to calm down.

"Yes, of course," Savannah wasn't surprised by her decision. "Mom, come to Green Bay for me if you need any help. You're not alone."

Joanne nodded with a red nose.

After talking with Savannah for a while, Joanne asked the driver to drive over and saw her daughter off.

Savannah, with mixed feelings, watched her mother standing in front of the door waving her good-bye.

Ethan's love for her mother was undoubtedly true and deep.

He had waited patiently for Joanne's love and taken good care of her over the years.

When Joanne learned the truth about her ex-husband's car accident, she suffered a lot. She did not want to live in the Rowe family anymore and wanted to get a divorce. So, he said yes immediately, not only because he used to pamper her, but also because he knew he was not long for this world.

Today, he apologized to her also for the sake of her mother.

After all, he didn't have to bother apologizing to her when he was so sick and dying.

This apology was not so much for her as for her mother.

He wanted to have Joanne's forgiveness before he died.

Though Joanne was unfortunate to lose her ex-husband, she was lucky to meet another man who loved her so much.

* * *

In the dream, there was thick mist everywhere.

Padgett stood in front, smiling at Savannah.

For some reason, Savannah felt that her father came to say good-bye to her.

"Dad..." Her nose suddenly twisted, and she began to weep.

"My little princess," came Padgett's loving, soft voice. "Take care of yourself and your mother. Don't cry."

"Dad, don't go!" Savannah tried to hug him, but somehow, there was always a layer of fog between her and her father that she couldn't touch him.

"Savannah, my love, if dad continues to be around you, you will never grow up and never put the hatred down. You have found your happiness, haven't you? A man who loves you more than dad does is around you to protect you, and I'm relieved."

"Dad, do you still hate the Rowses? Hate mom for living with those who killed you?" Savannah choked out through tears.

Padgett's ever young, handsome face broke into a meek smile, and he shook his head.

"No. I'm grateful that you and your mother had appeared in my life, even only for a short period of time. My short life is worthwhile. Nobody else matters. And I'll never hate your mother. I love her. Savannah, remember, don't let yourself live in the hatred. A person trapped in hatred will never be happy, even if the revenge is successful. Love is always a hundred times better than hate."

"I see, dad." Savannah nodded tearfully.

Padgett smiled with relief, and his figure glistened faintly in the mist and then faded away.

"Dad—"

Savannah let out a cry, and her tears ran out of her eyes.

At the same time, she was clasped in a man's hot arms.

"All right, it's just a nightmare. It's okay, don't cry..." A low, soothing voice floated into her ears.

The warmth of his arms and gentle voice made her stop crying, and she opened her eyes.

She didn't know when Dylan came to Green Bay. Now he was sitting on the edge of her bed, holding her in his arms.

The white moonlight shone through the window on his shoulders.

She stared at him, blankly. Suddenly her bewilderment suspended as if she had found the warmest harbor for her restless heart. She threw herself into his arms, closing her eyes.

She went to bed early after returning from Royal Villa today but didn't expect to dream about dad. Maybe it was because Ethan apologized to her, and she felt a little uncomfortable knowing his illness.

"A bad dream? What happened today?" Dylan asked in a low voice, patting her on the back.

Thinking of her father in her dream, Savannah felt sad again.

"I dreamed about dad. He said he was leaving and would not appear before me again..." Her eyes turned red.

"That means he's over it. He went to heaven. You should be happy for your father. Maybe he thought leaving you would help you grow up and let go of your obsession." He caressed her hair.

Yes, that was what dad said in her dream.

She winked back her tears and let out a breath as if a heavy stone had been lifted from her heart.

"Didn't your father tell you before he left that someone would take care of you in place of him?" He asked in a low voice as he twirled a strand of her silky hair around his finger.

Suddenly he slipped down, and the next moment a shining diamond ring appeared in his right hand like magic.

Savannah was shocked to see that he slowly put the ring on her ring finger.

Chapter 565: Your New Job Won't Be Dull

The ring fit her perfectly.

"Dylan..." She murmured, and her throat seemed to be stuck.

"I'm here, baby," his deep voice was as warm as a hot cup of coffee, melting her in it.

"Have you decided?" She bit her lip, and her heart had never been so soft.

Do you really want to marry me?

"My mind was made up that night ten years ago when a girl risked her life to pull me out of the fire." He whispered as he took her hand.

"Then you can't take back your words. You promised to love me forever, Dylan Sterling and I'll be your wife, no matter what comes along our way," She said seriously while looking in his eyes.

He pressed her hand to his chest against his heart, making her feel the beat of his heart.

She felt his powerful heartbeat and couldn't help leaning forward to find his lips.

He responded immediately, holding her closer, and felt her against the length of his body. Her tongue was in his mouth, claiming him, full of enthusiasm.

She wanted him, and this did strange, delicious things to his insides.

The temperature in the room was rising...

* * *

The next morning, Savannah rose in the warm morning light.

She recalled Dylan proposed to her after a nightmare the night before. Her emotion swelled and subsided, and she kissed him and even demanded sex from him...

At last, she slept in his arms like a baby.

The man seemed to be the best remedy for insomnia.

On the quilt and sheets, including on her body, there was faint ambergris mixed with the sweet smell of shaving water.

Her lips were slightly swollen. It looked like he got up early and kissed her for a while before she woke up.

Savannah buried her face in her arms as if to hide her embarrassment. Taking a breath, she calmed down and jumped out of bed to wash and change.

It was not Sunday, and she had to work today.

Maybe it was too comfortable to sleep in his arms, she overslept and was going to be late.

When she came downstairs, she saw Dylan sitting at the table, reading emails on his tablet.

She grinned. This man was really energetic. He slept late but got up early every day and had to work early in the morning.

He was a real workaholic.

However, she had to say the way he sat by the window doing business was really attractive.

Early morning rays of sunlight were crossing the window and falling on him. His long eyelids were slightly drooping. He had a noble nose, and his thin lips were pressed into a straight line habitually because of thinking... Oh, he was freaking hot.

She had the impulse to rush up to tear off his clothes mercilessly and lay him down...

Savannah blushed at this thought.

Holy shit! What was she thinking about?

She roused herself and made her way to the door without more hesitation.

"Come to breakfast first." Dylan looked at her as she hurried towards the door.

"Oh, no. I'll be late." Savannah swallowed at breakfast on the table but didn't stop.

"Come here. Eat before you go. No one will deduct your pay even if you're late." Dylan frowned.

She stopped short. Well, Zagreb Film was his company. He could decide whether to deduct her wages or not.

She walked hesitatingly to him, still mumbling, "well, I don't have to eat at home. I can buy some bread on the road... It's better not to be late."

Although no one knew about her relationship with Dylan beside Fiona and Jenkins, she didn't want special treatment.

"You want me to feed you?" He carried a plate of golden fried eggs and bacon sausage to her front.

Knowing he was serious, Savannah sighed and sat down, picked up her fork, and began to eat.

After finishing the plate and a glass of fresh milk, she got up and was ready to go when he stopped her again, "wait."

"What else is there, boss? I'm really going to be late." Savannah gave him a wry smile.

"We are going to have a wedding soon, and we will spend at least half a year abroad for the honeymoon after the wedding. Quit your job, and I'll explain to Jenkins." Dylan said as he wiped her mouth with a tissue.

Savannah paused.

"I'll be very bored after resignation." She puffed her cheeks.

He chuckled and pinched her pinky cheeks.

"How can you be bored? There's a lot to do as Mrs. Sterling, such as..." he leaned close to her ear and whispered, "give Kaiden a brother or a sister."

"No," She pushed him away and pursed her lips. "I'm not going to be a housewife anyway. I like this job so much that I don't want to quit. You have just promoted me... I'm the chief designer now!"

"Rest assured," Dylan smiled and picked up a document in his hand and handed it to her. "This time, your title is bigger than the chief designer, and your new job won't be dull."

Savannah pulled the document out of the paper bag and read it quickly.

She froze for a moment.

This was a copy of the documents of transfer.

Dylan bought K&G, a medium-sized design company, and transferred it to her.

She was already the legal representative and head of K&G.

She was inarticulate with astonishment.

"From this moment on, you will be the boss of K&G. This job will give full scope to your talents. K&G is very mature in the fashion design industry, with six brands and more than one hundred employees in LA. Such a company is most suitable for you. After all, you are just starting out, and it's easier for you to start with a small company." Dylan said.

Savannah appeared quite moved, and a bit shook. She didn't expect him to be so considerate. Her heart throbbed heavily. Her nose stung again, and she threw herself into his arms.

* * *

Savannah decided to finish the rest of her work at hand before she quit.

After the handover with Jenkins, she walked out of the director's office and saw Fiona coming over from the planning department.

Chapter **567: You Work Too Hard**

This was the first time for Dylan and Kaiden to pay their respects to Savannah's father.

Kaiden behaved as good as gold and said a lot to his grandpa. Savannah couldn't help laughing when she heard him whispering, "Are angels in heaven beautiful?" and "I will take care of mom."

Then Dylan took out some food and flowers and put them in front of the tombstone before they left.

As the wedding banquet was around the corner, Savannah was busier and busier not because of the wedding, but her work

In the evening, Savannah was still at K&G, working on a design project.

This was the first brand created by herself after she began to manage K&G. She devoted all her energies to the brand these days.

The name of the new brand was—Young.

Its main target market was young female consumers who liked trendy clothing. The brand style was elegant, sweet, and noble, suitable for young women between 18 and 28 years old for formal occasions, such as interviews, daily work, important dates, and all kinds of banquets.

Outside the office, a very dignified and charming man, dressed in a fine gray suit, stepped out of the elevator.

Tina looked up from her PC when she heard the footsteps and hurriedly stood up.

"Mr. Sterling."

Everyone in the company knew that K&G was bought by Mr. Sterling and given to Miss Schultz, its current boss.

It was said that Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz were getting married soon.

Dylan nodded and glanced at the closed office door.

"Miss Schultz's still at work. Shall I announce your arrival with her?" Tina asked.

"No," Dylan raised his hand to indicate to Tina to continue her job. Then he walked gently toward Savannah's office.

She was so involved in her work that she didn't even know the door opened and someone came in.

She did not look up until she heard the footsteps and muttered,

"Tina, why don't you get off work, I'll go by myself..."

Before she finished, a pair of arms with familiar heat wrapped around her from behind, pulling her into the man's chest!

Her eyes bugged for a moment before she reacted, turned, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, my. I was so frightened. Why don't you call me?"

The warm rays of the evening sun, filtered by the pale blue curtains, slanted into the room as only blurry shadows.

Dylan held her waist in both hands, his eyes drooping slightly as he glanced at the papers strewn across the desk.

"I wouldn't have given you K&G if I'd known it. You work too hard." His voice was gentle yet laden with dissatisfaction.

He never knew that the little woman would have become a desperate able woman.

She was so busy that she couldn't even get home at off-hours.

He called her when he came out of his company, but she didn't answer the phone. Then he called Garcia and knew she hadn't returned yet. So he drove to K&G directly.

"Young is my first original brand, and I want to make it as better as I can," she played the woman and shook his hand in disapproval with chagrin on her face. "You gave me K&G, but I don't want to always rely on you. I don't want to waste your money or make the company suffer loss..."

Looking at her serious expression, Dylan could not help laughing. His heart gave a throb and began to fill with warmth.

Before, he didn't know what he liked about her.

It was not until this moment that he knew it was her steely and unyielding spirit that touched him most.

In the eyes of outsiders, a small still model like he was eye candy only.

But she was not content to be valued just for a beautiful face.

He should have known that she was the same girl who had saved him from the five years before.

She was so persistent, even stubborn in the fire that night.

At that time, she did not know him, and obviously several years younger than him, but she worked with all her might to save him, exhausted herself to drag him out of the fire regardless of the danger.

"Well. It's okay to work hard, but don't forget our thing," said Dylan softly.

Savannah knew he was referring to the wedding.

"I've drawn up my guest list and gave it to Cooper yesterday. In addition to my mother, Olivia, Mat, my colleagues in Zagreb Film, I also invited the director of the orphanage and a few teachers, kids, and..."

Here she stopped abruptly, raised her face, and looked tentatively at him.

Dylan knew what she was thinking.

She wanted to invite Kevin.

Kevin was such an important person in her life. How wouldn't she want to share her greatest happiness with him?

She was just afraid he would be jealous and stop her.

That's right. Even though he knew she was going to marry himself and couldn't possibly have anything more to do with Kevin, he still didn't want her to meet Kevin.

However, as long as she was happy, he would swallow all his unwillingness.

He gave her hair an affectionate stroke and said, "call Kevin and ask him to come back for our wedding."

"Are you sure?" Savannah asked in a happy surprise.

"Am I that mean to you?" Dylan looked a little unhappy.

"Well..." Savannah hesitated and decided to change the subject, "All right, I'm hungry now. Why don't we get something to eat?"

"Sure, my babe," Dylan laughed, took her hand, and walked out of the office.

* * *

Though Dylan had agreed to invite Kevin to their wedding banquet, Savannah still didn't know what to say to him.

To avenge her father, she asked Kevin to go back to Italy, and she hadn't made it clear to Kevin yet.

What would Kevin think of her if she told him she was not angry with him at that time but stayed to revenge, and now she had made up with Dylan?

Maybe Kevin was still in Italy waiting for her to change her mind and forgive him...

The more she thought about it, the more she felt guilty.

She agreed to be Kevin's girlfriend because she hadn't got her memory back and wanted to avoid Dylan.

But looking back, she thought she was really too selfish.

Chapter 568: Time Cures All Things

Savannah was very entangled and did not call Kevin for several days.

After days of hard work, she could finally get off work before dark today.

The mainstay products of the Young series had finally been settled, and the production department and marketing department took over the remaining work.

Savannah stretched as she stepped out of the elevator, but she froze for a moment when she walked out of K&G's office building.

There Kevin stood, quiet and gentle, with the red sunset blazing behind him.

He had lost a lot of weight, slimmer and taller, looking into her eyes with great tenderness and fondness.

Savannah, with her heart in her mouth, moved slowly towards him.

"Kevin, why did you suddenly come back?"

"I hear that you're getting married. I want to congratulate you in person." Kevin said quietly.

Savannah didn't expect that he already knew and caught her on the hop.

Well, old Sterling had given some old friends advance notice of the wedding, including the Smith family.

Robert Smith had a strangely close relationship with Kevin, and he must have told Kevin about that.

She was so embarrassed that she couldn't look him in the eyes.

"Kevin, I'm sorry..." She looked at him and whispered, "I deceived you when I said I was mad at you and asked you to go back to Italy some time ago. Actually, I didn't get angry with you for causing the accident. At that time, I learned that my father's death had something to do with the Rowe family, and I wanted to get revenge on the Rowes, so I decided to stay. I didn't want you to worry about me in this matter, so I pretended to be offended and said I didn't want to see you again."

Kevin's face changed slightly as if he was lost in thought. After a long silence, he sighed with sadness and said,

"It was very careless of me to ignore your mood at that time. I really didn't expect such a thing to happen to you."

"Rest assured, Kevin. This is over. The Rowes had paid the price for their misbehavior, and I don't want to pursue it any further," Savannah said, with assumed airiness.

Kevin gazed at her with a look of loss in his eyes. Of course, he could guess how Dylan got closer and closer to her, and finally, they made up during her revenge.

"If I had not left you when you asked me to go back to Italy at that time, would everything be different now?" He asked quietly.

Savannah made no reply.

She didn't know, either.

If Kevin had not left and stayed with her in LA, she might not have had the chance to contact Dylan and fell in love with him again. Moreover, she would not have recovered the memories relating to Dylan after the car accident created by Charlotte.

In that case, it would be impossible for her to marry Dylan now.

But there were no ifs.

Kevin looked remorseful. How he wished he had never left her!

"Oh, Kevin, I remember everything," she said, trying to change the subject. She didn't want him to feel sorry for anything.

"Really? That's great." Kevin said with a melancholy smile.

He should be happy that she was all right now, but that meant she remembered her past with Dylan.

That meant she was back with Dylan once and for all.

The girl he had kept in his heart for years eventually became another man's wife.

"Kevin, did you just get off the plane? Where do you live now? Did you eat? Why don't we have dinner first?" Savannah broke the silence.

"No," Kevin recovered and said, "I still live in the old apartment. The housekeeper's ready to clean it up for me. You must be tired just after work. Have a good rest and get something to eat, don't worry about me. I will be at your wedding on time."

He knew that K&G in the office building was a gift Dylan had just given to Savannah.

It seemed that the man really loved her.

He could be relieved.

Kevin turned and walked away.

Savannah watched his thin back until he was out of the way. She knew he was hurt, and his sad expression pained her.

But she also knew she could not do anything to comfort him. Giving him any more hope, as she had done the last time, would only cause him more harm.

It's better to have short, sharp pains than long, dull pains.

Savannah heaved a long sigh.

Time cures all things.

Kevin walked over to his car and pulled the door open.

"Brother."

A brisk girl's voice stopped him.

He knew who it was at once and turned.

Not far away stood a slim girl in her early twenties. She had fair hair and pure white skin. Not far behind, a Lincoln was parked, and a few plainclothes guards kept looking around now and then as if they were protecting her.

Apparently, the girl was from a very good family.

She was Robert's only daughter, Kevin's half-sister, Cecelia.

Kevin didn't expect her to come looking for him.

Many years ago, he had met this sister when Robert first found him.

She was still a young and innocent little girl at that time.

While Mrs. Smith was disgusted to learn of his existence, Cecelia was more curious about him and always asked Robert to bring her to see him.

Kevin had no feelings for his half-sister, but underneath, his feelings were very mixed.

Both he and she were the children of Robert.

Compared to her, a pampered princess, he was only a bastard, who had been parentless since he was a kid and grew up in an orphanage.

Their ways of life were worlds apart.

The little princess had sprouted up since he last saw her.

She should be studying at college at this age.

Cecelia took a few steps closer.

"Brother, dad knows you are back. He wants you to go back for dinner tonight."

"Sorry I'm busy today." He said simply and turned to get in the car.

Cecelia took two steps ahead hurriedly and blocked the door with her petite body.

"What about tomorrow?"

Chapter 569: Kevin's Refusal

"Not tomorrow," replied Kevin in a firm tone.

"What about the day after tomorrow?" Cecelia added.

"I'm not available for dinner with you, I have other work to do. Can you get out of the way?" Kevin frowned impatiently.

"I know you came back for the wedding of the woman you love. Would you rather go to the wedding of a woman who doesn't like you than have dinner with your family? Dad misses you so much!"

Kevin's face changed when she mentioned Savannah's wedding. He looked at his sister, who had been pampered by everyone since childhood and was not afraid of anything.

"That's your family, not mine. As to whose wedding I will attend, it's my private business, not yours. I repeat, out of the way!" He snapped.

Perhaps because the chill in the man's eyes that didn't match his reserved temperament scared Cecelia, she slowly moved away.

Kevin got in the car and stepped on the gas, speeding away.

Cecelia stared at the car as it faded into view and sighed.

"Miss Mr... Mr. Wills has gone. Shall we go back?" Two guards came over quietly.

Cecelia thought and said, "take me to the apartment where my brother lives." At this, she walked toward Lincoln.

The guards dared not disobey her words. They looked at each other, and busily followed her up.

When they were almost at Kevin's apartment, Cecelia asked the guards to stop the car and got out.

Kevin might be unhappy to see her getting off a luxurious car and followed by guards, which reminded him of their different treatment again.

She'd better walk there by herself.

"Miss..." The guards hesitated. They were told to protect their young lady all the way when she was out and not allowed to be ten steps away.

Even in the school, there were plain-clothes guards protecting her in secret. Cecelia did not like being followed in this way, but as a member of the Smith family, she couldn't refuse.

However, this time she was determined.

"Well, just wait here. I'll go by myself."

Cecelia stopped at Kevin's apartment block. She dared not go up directly but stood still looking up at the window of the room where he was.

Kevin was blowing his hair after taking a bath. The housekeeper had already prepared food for him. However, he had no appetite at all.

After a few bites, he picked up a magazine and sat on the balcony.

When he stood up for water, his attention was suddenly caught by a familiar figure downstairs. Looking down, he saw Cecelia standing there.

His face changed. Did she come back with him? What did she want?

He dropped the magazine and took an elevator downstairs to Cecelia.

Cecelia didn't look embarrassed when she was caught. She giggled as Kevin strode to her.

"Brother, do you want to invite me to your room?"

"Cecelia, what do you want?" Kevin asked in an unfriendly tone.

"I just want you to go back to the Smith family for dinner, any day. Just promise me, and I'll leave soon."

"I said I don't have time!" Kevin said coldly.

"That's all right. I bet you'll stay in LA for more than a few days. Take your time and let me know when you are free. I'll be right here waiting for you!" She smiled, apparently unaffected by his formal tone.

Kevin had no idea what to do with this girl.

Robert would at least give in to his coldness. This girl, however, obviously did not know where the limit was. Shouldn't she be shamefaced when he gave her cold shoulders every time?

"Okay, take your time." Kevin's face turned blue.

She would give up and leave after being left out in the cold for hours.

Then he turned and went upstairs.

It was growing late.

Kevin finished JK's business and called Dan. After discussing the company's new game with him, he ended the call and prepared for bed. He changed into his pajamas and went to close the window, but his hand paused in the air.

The street lamp had come on early, and the small figure was still standing downstairs.

Kevin was a bit surprised. He began to feel that the girl was really quite tough.

He closed the window and pulled the curtain as if he didn't see her. Then he turned out the light to go to bed.

Maybe it was because of the jet lag, he tossed uneasily and couldn't fall asleep.

After a while, he heard the sound of the pattering on the window.

It was raining.

She should have gone now.

Kevin jumped out of bed and opened the curtain a crack, only to find Cecelia still standing downstairs.

Because of the rain, the girl hid under a nearby plane tree.

But even so, her clothes were damped by the rain.

He frowned and finally grabbed a coat from the hanger, carrying the umbrella downstairs.

"That's enough. Go back!" He wrapped the coat around Cecelia and said in a commanding voice.

"Do you agree to go home to eat?" Cecelia looked at him with a red face.

Kevin had only seen this sister several times. In his mind, she was the same as other girls from rich and powerful families, delicate and proud. But at this moment, he found she was somewhat stubborn and iron-willed. He suddenly remembered his first meeting with her many years ago.

Robert had just found him that year, and he just learned that he was the governor's illegitimate son.

Robert often came to see him privately, and once Cecelia, who was still in high school, came with him.

The street park was already cleared by guards. It was empty except for Robert and Kevin talking on a park bench.

He did not want to listen to Robert's confession to him and his mother, not to mention going back to the Smith family. He glanced around absently, his mind still dazed. Then he saw a pretty little girl poking her head out of the window of Robert's extended bullet-proof luxury car and quietly looking at him.

She was dressed in her school uniform, with long delicate braids and large bows at the ends of her braids. Her clear eyes were full of curiosity, but there was no disgust as he had expected.

Chapter **570: Daddy, Your Bride Is Back**

Kevin knew she was Robert's only daughter and his half-sister.

While Robert went aside to answer the phone, Cecelia ventured out of the car and walked up to him like a small deer.

"You're my brother, aren't you? Hello, brother, my name is Cecelia." She introduced herself with a big smile, her eyes flashing.

He had expected the sister to hate him because no one would like her own father had another illegitimate child.

But this little girl was different.

The sincerity in her eyes told him she did not look down upon him. She was really as sympathetic and concerned as Robert about him and thought he had suffered a lot out of the family.

However, he turned his head to one side and ignored her.

It was not because he disliked this younger sister, but subconsciously, he felt there was an immeasurably vast difference between them.

He refused to admit he grudged her for living a happier life than him.

Undaunted, Cecelia took out a piece of half-eaten chocolate from her school bag and handed it to him.

"This is my favorite chocolate, brother..."

He knew she meant well, but he couldn't control his temper and knocked the chocolate bar to the ground.

"You want me to eat what you left? I am not a garbage collector!" He muttered fiercely.

Other little girls should have cried with vexation or turned away. Cecelia, however, said nothing but picked up the chocolate.

"I'll buy you a new one next time," she said.

She didn't change after all these years.

She was still so persistent, trying her best to please her poor, rootless brother. It seemed that she just wanted to let him feel more warmth from the family and help her father to pay more debts.

Kevin turned his mind back. Finally, his voice relaxed.

"All right. I'll meet him sometimes."

He would not go to dinner with the Smith family.

But Robert had at least helped him a lot in recent years, including sending Savannah and him abroad three years ago. So he should at least meet Robert and thank him.

Although his attitude was still cold and the date was not determined, Cecelia knew that it was good enough for him to say so and that he would certainly do if he agreed.

"Then, dad and I will wait for your call. Tell us when you're free." She smiled.

Kevin sighed and raised his hand to wipe the rain away from her hair.

"Take the umbrella and hurry home. Don't worry about your parents." He handed the umbrella to her and said.

He was used to living alone. But Cecelia was different. She had a family, and they cared for her.

Cecelia froze for a moment, feeling the temperature of his fingertips pass through her hair into her skin. Suddenly, her heart beat fast. Then she calmed down, took his black umbrella, and turned around.

But she stopped after a few steps and looked back.

"What's the matter?" Kevin frowned.

"I want to ask you a question..." Cecelia hesitated.

"What?"

Cecelia pursed her lips and asked, "do you really like that woman so much?"

In fact, three years ago, she had heard from her father that her elder brother, with the help of the Smith family's power, took that woman to Balfour Sanatorium to shelter from Dylan Sterling's search. And later, her father helped them to Italy.

She never thought her brother would ask dad for help for a woman who didn't like him. He even gave up his career and accompanied the woman abroad for three years.

That woman must have a very high position in his heart.

Later she learned that the woman was Savannah Schultz, her brother's childhood sweetheart whom he knew in his orphanage.

Cecelia felt envious and disturbed when she saw what her brother had done for Schultz. She didn't know why.

Now Schultz was going to get married, but the groom was not Kevin.

However, Kevin still hurried back to attend her wedding and wanted to bless her personally.

She couldn't get across to herself why he loved that woman so much.

The rain relented, and her question was clear in Kevin's ears.

He didn't expect her to ask this question. After a long pause, he finally nodded.

"But the man she loves is not you. After you paid so much for her, she still chose another man. Why are you still so willing to attend her wedding?" Cecelia couldn't figure it out.

"You are too young to know about feelings. There are no reasons. You'll see when you grow up." Kevin said helplessly.

"I'm not a little girl. I'm a grown-up!" Cecelia curled her lips as though she disliked being treated like a child.

He stared at the girl in front of him. Her long dark chocolate hair was falling around her shoulder, damp with the rain, and her wet clothes molded round her body, accentuating her graceful figure.

Kevin immediately withdrew his gaze.

Indeed, she was no longer a little girl.

She had grown up to a beautiful woman. But in his eyes, she was still that girl who shared her chocolate with him that year.

"Hmm. You are a big girl now, not a little girl." His lips rose slightly into a half-smile.

Cecelia knew from his tone that he still took her as a little girl. She pursed up her mouth, turned, and walked away.

When Savannah returned to Green Bay with a heavy heart, she saw Dylan and Kaiden sitting on the sofa in the living room, watching TV.

"Daddy, your bride is back!" Kaiden elbowed his father as Savannah walked in.

After he knew his daddy and mommy was getting married, he learned two new words, bride and groom.

Savannah walked over to Kaiden and picked him up, lightened up by a big kiss from the boy.

Sweet and lovable kids were great stress relievers.

Dylan's face was getting a little ugly by the intimate manners of the mother and the son.

"Kaiden, keep away from my bride."

"Unless you give me a bride!" Kaiden pressed himself to Savannah's bosom and made a face at Dylan.

"I'm afraid no girl wants to be your bride," Dylan laughed.

Kaiden's round face turned red with anger, and he waved his small fist.