

Midnight 591

Chapter 591: He Gave Her The Final Blow

Savannah took his hand and walked away from the banquet hall to the empty terrace, not far away.

She couldn't bear to part with him like that!

She didn't believe he left her really because of the reputation of his family!

Now that she met him today. She'd rather be stabbed in the heart again than be kept in the dark!

Dylan tried to shake off her hand, but she held him so tightly that he couldn't pull back his hand.

Afraid of attracting other guests' attention, he was dragged by her onto the terrace without a word.

It was very quiet on the terrace, except for their breathing and the low chirp of insects in the night.

"Miss Schultz, what do you want to do?" Dylan asked coldly as he withdrew his hand and took two steps back to keep his distance.

"Dylan, Kevin wants me to go back to Italy with him. I'm going to say yes. After leaving with him, I will never come back." Savannah stared at him.

She seemed to notice a furtive bitter look in his eyes, but when she looked carefully again, she only found coldness.

"Oh, congratulations." He said simply. His face remained impassive and calm under the silvery moonlight.

Her heart seemed to be split open by a sharp knife. Though she had expected his answer, she still hoped that he would regret it and that he would hold her back and tell her there was a reason for his indifference these days...

But no.

All she got was his cold answer again.

Still not wanting to give up, she clenched her fist and asked with a twang, "nothing more?"

He paused, slipped one hand into the pocket of his trousers, and raised his thin lips to a half-smile.

"If you're going to get married, tell me in advance, and I'll send a gift. Anyway, you're the mother of my son --"

In despair, Savannah raised her hand and slapped the man in front of her on his face!

He took her wrist, his eyes sank, and he dragged her fiercely in his direction. She leaned forward, almost into his arms, but before she could touch him, he forced her to stop.

"Miss Schultz, don't think I'm still your man," he said grimly. "We have nothing to do with each other. You have no right to hit me."

She stared at him in absolute misery.

He held her wrist with such unsparing force that she could almost hear her bones crunching.

One could only be so cruel to the person he didn't feel love.

But...she still did not want to give up, still making a final struggle.

"Do you really not love me at all, really want to see me with another man? I want you to look at me and answer me seriously." She stared into his cold eyes.

"Yes." He gave her the final blow.

Her heart sank within her, and she reeled a little as if she would collapse the next moment. But he pulled his hand away and did not mean to hold her.

When he turned to go, she felt like an elk driven to the cliff with no way out. With the last ounce of her strength, she rushed to him and hugged him from behind. Tears streamed down her face.

"Dylan, don't go! Don't leave me, please!"

He paused and turned slowly.

She stood on her tiptoe, put her arms around his neck, and kissed him, not fearing disgrace or his teasing.

She trailed her soft lips on his, and her tongue tried to open his mouth. She exhausted herself to ask him back.

An overmastering passion burst out after being compressed for a long time, making her no longer able to control her true feelings!

She knew what she was doing was humble, but she would have regretted it more for the rest of her life if she didn't have a try.

Dylan didn't seem to expect her to suddenly kiss him. He froze and even kissed back involuntarily, but all of a sudden, he recovered and pushed her away.

She staggered back and was about to come forward again when a familiar young female voice came,

"Dylan!"

Shocked, Savannah slowly turned and looked over.

Fiona, in a blue dress, ran to the terrace. She called him his name directly.

Did he bring Fiona to the party tonight?

Savannah felt as though her heart was pricked by needles.

Dylan squinted, breathing a sigh of relief at Fiona's arrival. He went over and said gently, "looking for me?"

The tone was full of intimacy. It was not like a boss talking to a secretary.

Savannah's heart sank and chilled.

His relationship with Fiona was clearly closer...

Fiona looked a little embarrassed. She looked at Savannah as if she wanted to say something.

Dylan took Fiona's hand and suddenly pulled her over.

With a low exclamation, Fiona bumped into his arms with red ears.

Savannah couldn't bear to see that anymore. She bit her lip hard and ran quickly away from the terrace.

Fiona opened her mouth subconsciously but was stopped by Dylan coldly.

"Don't shout." At the same time, he let go of Fiona's hand and stepped back.

Fiona gasped and shut up.

Savannah ran inside and saw that the feast had already begun.

The lights in the banquet hall dimmed, and all the lights were gathered on the stage.

Good, at least, no one could see her face full of tears.

She dried her tears and puffed out her chest as if nothing had happened.

On the stage, Raymond, the host of the evening, walked up on a crutch. After his opening remarks, he said, "Today, I'm glad you could come to the party. It's only a friendly dinner with my old friends. And there's another thing I want to announce."

The guests quieted down.

Raymond took a deep breath, his eyes fell at Savannah, and a loving, emotional smile spread from his lips.

"Many years ago, my only daughter had a family before she married into the Rowe family, and had a daughter, but they were far apart because of some misunderstandings. Today, I want to introduce my granddaughter to you," Raymond said as his eyes settled on Savannah. "Savannah Schultz!"

Chapter 592: He Still Loved Her

Off the stage, Savannah was stunned.

She didn't expect her grandpa to throw a party today to make her identity known.

All the guests turned to look at Savannah as they whispered to each other heatedly. They were all surprised to know K&G's new young boss was the granddaughter of the chairman of the Morton group.

Savannah became the center of attention.

"I didn't expect her to forgive me when I came to LA, but I still didn't come in vain. I'm glad to see her talent in design, but at the same time, I regretted what I had done and felt guilty. If I brought her back to me earlier, she might have made such an achievement earlier. Even though she would never call me

grandpa, I decided to give her the Morton group. Savannah Schultz will be my heiress, and I hope she will accompany me back to Chicago and take over the business slowly."

There was another uproar among the guests.

Mr. Morton left his fortune to his granddaughter; he had just claimed it back?

Joanne was Raymond's only daughter, and Joanne had only one daughter. It was normal that Miss Schultz would share the Morton family's property, but it was shocking that all of it would be given to a girl under the age of 25.

"It seems that Mr. Morton really loves his granddaughter..."

"Yeah. Mr. Morton has always been steady and even-tempered. I think he decided to hand over the group to his granddaughter because he felt guilty for her."

Someone shook his head in disapproval.

"I don't think he gave the company to her out of a sense of guilt only. Mr. Morton has an excellent judge of people. He must trust his granddaughter. Although Miss Schultz is young, she's talented in design. She should have been the winner in the designer competition not long ago, but she withdrew from the competition for some reason. What's more, shortly after taking over K&G, she launched Young series and attracted an overseas company YSHEN to cooperate with her... There are few young people in their early 20s who can do this! If you ask me, Mr. Morton should be glad he's found the right successor!"

A murmur of approbation and envy ran through the guests.

Dylan, standing in the dim light at the door, was listening quietly to the murmurs.

Next to him, Fiona just recovered from the shock of Savannah's real identity as the granddaughter of Mr. Morton.

Amid the congratulations, the dinner reached its culmination.

Dylan watched Savannah being greeted on the stage by the housekeeper and servants from the Morton family like a princess, his eyes twinkling with some unreadable emotion. Then he turned around and marched out of the hotel.

Fiona quickly followed up.

Out of the hotel, under the streetlamp, Dylan pulled open his car door and said without looking back, "you can take a taxi home."

"Why?" Fiona asked in a whisper, her word particularly clear in the quiet night.

Dylan paused.

"Why don't you tell Savannah that you still love her?" Fiona summoned up courage and continued, "When K&G was said to have committed plagiarism a few days before, you did your best to find out the theft and the one behind the scenes. To get Savannah out of the trouble as soon as possible, you bought that theft to surrender himself! Tonight, you came to Mr. Morton's dinner party for nothing but to see Savannah return to the Morton family! Just now, when Mr. Morton announced that Savannah was his

granddaughter and heiress, you looked relieved... You clearly care about her! But why did you suddenly cancel the wedding? Why did you bring me to you to annoy her and make her jealous? Are you deliberately trying to make her give up on you and get her to leave you? She's going abroad with another man now, and she may never come back! Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Shut up!" Dylan's face changed.

Fiona gasped. She really couldn't understand what he was thinking.

Why did he concerned about Savannah, afraid that she would be hurt, while he behaved so cold and distant to her?

"Don't talk nonsense to her if you still want to stay at the headquarters. Swallow all your guesses!" He ordered her coldly.

With the warning, he climbed into the car and sped on his way.

* * *

A month later.

Cold weather set in abruptly with a killing frost.

At the crowded airport, Savannah, wearing a warm yellow coat and her hair in a ponytail, stood at the gate of the airport with a draw-bar box at her feet. She looked like a college girl who hadn't graduated yet. No one would believe she was a four-year-old boy's mother and the heiress of a large group.

She held Kaiden by the hand as she said goodbye to Kevin.

Kevin had a suitcase at his feet too.

However, their destinations were different, and their boarding gates were different.

Savannah and Kaiden would be on a domestic flight to Chicago, while Kevin would board a flight to Milan, Italy.

"I'm sorry, Kevin." Savannah looked at Kevin, feeling guilty.

A week ago, she made her mind clear to Kevin.

She wanted to leave LA temporarily, but she wouldn't go back to Italy with him because she didn't want to take him as the balm of the pangs of disappointed love. It was really unfair to him.

It had cost him three precious years. She must stop being so selfish.

The place she chose to go to was Chicago.

She decided to accompany Raymond back to the Morton group and learn how to manage a group by heart. Staying far away from the sad city, she could also calm down and devote herself to fashion design.

Kaiden would go with her.

Knowing that she was taking Kaiden to Chicago, Dylan didn't stop her.

However, old Sterling was unwilling to separate from Kaiden. But he had to agree and could only vent his anger on his devil son.

If Dylan had not changed his mind and canceled the wedding, Savannah would have been his daughter-in-law. How would his grandson leave with his mother? He could only ask his grandson to make video calls to him every day and fly back to LA to visit him every once in a while.

Chapter 593: I Don't Want You To Go

The only winner was Raymond.

He was filled with joy to learn that his granddaughter, and his great-grandson, was willing to go back to the Morton family.

As for Joanne, her ex-husband, Ethan, was getting worse and almost on his deathbed. The medical resources in LA were better than elsewhere, and it was not suitable for critically ill patients to move around. So she stayed in LA to take care of him, intending to accompany him to finish the last journey of his life.

Kevin was disappointed about Savannah's decision, but he didn't show it. He came back to attend Savannah's wedding. Since Savannah decided to leave the city, it was meaningless for him to stay, so he left the business of JK to Dan and chose to go back to Italy.

After they said goodbye outside the gate, Savannah and Kaiden went to check-in.

Kaiden looked back now and then, and walked slowly. Finally, he stopped and murmured, "Mommy, how long are we going to be with your great-grandfather?"

Though he was angry that daddy didn't marry mommy and left them, he was still a little upset at the thought of being taken away from the city he was born and not seeing daddy for a long time.

Savannah didn't know how long she would stay in Chicago, maybe one or two months, maybe half a year?

Or, just keep living there...

She was still holding a glimmer of hope before, wondering whether he canceled the marriage and left her because of any difficulties or pressure...

But after the dinner party that night, his unfeeling remark dashed her hopes.

Looking at her beloved son, she let go of his plump little hand, knelt down, and said quietly, "he's not coming to see us off."

"He's a bad man! Never mind, mommy, you still have me. I will take charge of you!" Kaiden put up his hand and touched Savannah's face.

Savannah recovered from her sadness, a little amused. "Well, mommy will depend upon you when you grow up."

Then she took the little boy by the hand, straightened up, and walked on.

Meanwhile, outside the gate.

Kevin watched their back disappear and turned in the direction of the international airlines.

After a few steps, a familiar girl's voice came from behind.

"Brother!" She sounded a bit hurt and a little annoyed.

Kevin turned around and saw Cecelia running to him with a Mickey pack on her back.

It was not the weekend. From her appearance, it looked that she had slipped out of school.

Not even a bodyguard was behind her.

"Why are you here?" He knitted his eyebrows.

"Why not tell me about your leaving!" Cecelia stamped to his front.

Kevin felt amused. Why should he report to a little girl before he left?

"And you laugh at me!? I won't let you go!" Cecelia puffed and held his hand as she cried unhappily. She thought that Kevin would stay when Savannah refused to go back to Italy with him. She didn't expect him decided to leave alone.

"Cecelia!" Kevin gave a low, angry yell. Although he was always refined and gentle and was not easily get angry, he looked stern and terrible when his face fell.

Cecelia drew her hand back, nervously at his straight face, but she was still angry and unwilling.

"I don't want you to go, brother. Will you stay? It's not easy for you to come back... We've met no more than three times!" She bit her lip and squeezed out a tear.

Looking at her twisted face, Kevin shook his head helplessly.

"Do you want to be a disgrace crying in public?" He sighed as he raised his hand to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"I don't care! Don't leave, brother!" Cecelia tried to let him stay with all her powers aroused.

Kevin arranged her messy silky hair and said with a trace of sadness, "I've been roving about since I was a child, living in one city and then another. Even if I don't go this time, I can't stay in LA forever."

Cecelia stared at him with disappointment. Besides her parents, Kevin should be the one who was most intimately related to her, but he had always kept a distance from her.

"Well, will there ever be a time when you're willing to stay in one place forever and never leave for another girl?" She asked quietly.

Kevin's eyes twinkled with an alarming light. He seemed to have sensed some special and dangerous feelings in her tone.

He suddenly remembered that night when he had driven her back to her home, she kissed him before leaving.

Maybe he overthought.

"I never thought of that." He avoided her eyes and then turned around, heading for the gate.

As if realizing she couldn't stop him from leaving, Cecelia ran after him, stood on her toes in front of him. Wrapping her arms around his head, she kissed him, long and hard.

His lip was clean and soft, with a hint of sweetness, making her unwilling to let him go.

The airport was a place for separations, and so many couples kissed each other before they parted here, so they didn't get much attention.

This kiss was hotter and stronger than the one she had given him that night.

Kevin didn't react until she tried to part his lips. He pushed away from her hard, his eyes blazed with shame.

"Cecelia, do you know what you're doing?"

If they were not in a public place, he would have lifted her up and threw her out!

As for her last kiss, he could ignore it as a good-bye kiss.

But how did he explain what she did just now?

Was the girl mad? Didn't she know the disregard of ethical rules would ruin her?

He was her brother, and she was his sister!

Cecelia, under his furious stare, involuntarily licked her lips at the aftertaste.

Kevin had a way with him and seemed to attract a lot of girls, but he was not aware of his charm himself.

And she was trying to seduce him and eat him.

But it was a pity that she did not have enough sex magnetism to seduce him successfully.

Chapter 594: She Was In Full Bloom Now

"Well, since I can't keep you, at least I should give you a gift that you will never forget." She quirked up her pink lips, her eyes sparkling.

With this crazy kiss, he should be able to think of her after he left and would not forget her in a short period of time.

Kevin, with a black face, bypassed Cecelia and walked towards the gate.

* * *

Chicago, Five months later.

The Morton group.

Savannah leaned over her laptop, revising a recent design on CAD.

After coming to Chicago, she was taken by her grandfather to the Morton group's board of directors and was introduced to the main shareholders and senior management.

To get to know the group's business, she had worked in almost every major department, from marketing to administration... No matter what her position was, she was thorough and meticulous in her work and did quite well.

After that, she went back to her profession as the manager of the design department.

In about half a year, she became familiar with the internal management of a company and the main business of the Morton group, and her status as a junior owner of the group had been largely known.

From her third month in the group, Raymond began to hand over some of the business to her and gave her full authority to act.

At first, Savannah was nervous and even refused, fearing that her lack of experience would ruin the group's important business.

But Raymond was determined to let her do it. He never suspected her ability and thought it was better to train her through practical experience than mere talking. All he wanted was to cultivate his granddaughter into a future heiress soon.

Since Raymond had confidence in her and insisted, Savannah gave it a try. After a good beginning, she negotiated several deals on behalf of the group and grew into a professional step by step.

Raymond, with his secretary, followed him, came to the design department.

"Sir, you really have an experienced eye," said the secretary flatteringly, "Miss Schultz is amazing that she knows the rules and does a good job in less than half a year, and negotiated several successful sales on behalf of you. It seemed that you could hand over the group to her early to enjoy your time in retirement."

Raymond gazed at Savannah, who concentrated on her work, also very pleased. Savannah, wearing a blue suit, was like a water lily, clean and beautiful. In order to look mature and dependable, she especially changed her hairstyle to loose waves.

She was now a grown-up woman. There was an aura of elegance about her, and the melancholy in her eyes made her a bit mysterious.

Raymond, of course, knew where the melancholy came from.

It was all about the powerful man in LA.

The way to get over the emotional pain quickly was to start a new relationship. In fact, he intended to introduce some local gentlemen to her granddaughter, but she was completely not interested in them. Later, Kaiden perceived his intention, and in order to prevent his mommy from making a new boyfriend, he followed her all day and made a noise when Raymond arranged private dinners for Savannah and other men. Knowing that Savannah also didn't have that mind, Raymond finally let it go.

Drawing back his thoughts, Raymond knocked on the office door.

"Come in, please," Savannah answered without looking up.

Raymond walked in, smiled, and said, "Savannah."

"Mr. Morton," Savannah stood up.

Actually, she had been calling Raymond grandpa for a long time, but she still called him Mr. Morton when they were in the company.

Raymond motioned for her to sit down on the sofa.

"I just wanted to tell you something."

"What's it?"

After a short hesitation, Raymond said, "there's a big deal next week, and I'd like you to be in charge of it. But the client is in LA, and you'll have to fly there in person."

Savannah froze up as if there were rifles stirred by a small stone cast in the lake of heart.

After coming to Chicago, she was so fully occupied by her work that she had no time to think about that man, or maybe she just tried to bury him at the bottom of the heart.

For half a year, she was quiet inside and hoped the pain would fade away as time went by.

She had thought that days would pass like this until her grandpa suddenly mentioned the city where that man was.

Her expression changed from bewilderment to somber as the familiar pain came to her heart.

Why couldn't she forget him?

Why didn't she lose her memory when she should?

Seeing her struggling, Raymond smiled and said, "it's okay, I'll let someone else handle the deal if you don't want to go."

But Savannah knew she had to go. How could she be the successor of the Morton group if she even didn't dare to face her failed relationship?

How could Raymond trust her if she was as immature as a little girl who delayed her work because of a man?

Could she refuse to deal with people in LA all her life?

"Leave it to me," she took a breath and said, "I haven't gone back to LA for months, and I also need to deal with some of K&G's business personally. I'll go."

"Okay." Raymond nodded with relief when he saw her resolute attitude.

* * *

A week later, Savannah got on a plane back to LA with her assistant and Kaiden, who had not seen old Sterling for a long time.

A dark blue Rolls-Royce was waiting at the airport gate for them.

Cooper got out of the car and came over.

"Miss Schultz, young master, how have you been doing?"

Miss Schultz was wearing a canary yellow dress, looking more confident and attractive than half a year ago.

She was in full bloom now.

"How are you, Cooper?" Kaiden jumped to him and asked. "How is grandpa?"

"Good, your grandpa, misses you a lot," Cooper smiled. Then he looked at Savannah, "Mr. Old Sterling asked me to pick up you and the young master to Sterling's house for dinner."

Chapter 595: She's Afraid To Face Dylan Again

"Thanks for your invitation," Savannah replied politely and then looked at her son. "Kaiden, would you like to go to dinner at your grandpa's house with Cooper? You can stay there for a few days so that mommy will pick you up when I finish my work, okay?"

"Miss Schultz, don't you come together?" Cooper asked in surprise.

"Well, I'm here to talk business with the client of the Morton group. I have to go to the hotel and get a lot of preparation before that." Savannah found an excuse. Cooper didn't insist. He knew she feared that she might meet Dylan in Sterling's house. He nodded and drove away with Kaiden.

Savannah watched the Rolls-Royce disappear, and for a long time, did not speak.

She didn't want to admit she had expected Dylan to come to meet them. She was still longing to see him in person to see how he was. Since Cooper knew she was back, Dylan must have known it too. But he didn't show up.

There was a moment she wanted to ask Cooper how he was doing, but she had to forbear.

For five months, she had nothing to do with him, except for the occasional phone call to Kaiden from him.

Between them, the distance became farther and farther. It saddened her to think they end up miserably, and the one who was severely affected was her son. She saw how her young boy tried to accept what had happened to them. The pain was unbearable, but she knew Dylan's attitude was way uncompromising.

"Miss Schultz, do you want to start for the hotel first?" The assistant interrupted her thoughts.

Savannah nodded and got into another car with the assistant, heading for the hotel.

The business in LA went well. Three days later, Savannah reached a basic agreement and signed the cooperation contract with the client.

After that, she met Joanna, who stayed in LA, taking after Ethan.

Ethan, after fighting with illness for months, was almost ready to die.

The doctor said he could live only a few days.

Lionel was still in prison, and Charlotte became blind and disfigured, also in prison, so they couldn't prepare their father for his end. Granny Rowe, paralyzed in bed, was also unable to come.

Savannah couldn't help sympathizing with Ethan. He should be someone who had it all, but none of his family could accompany him at the last minute of his life.

Savannah still had little good to say of any of the Rowes, but just in case Joanne would feel overwhelmed when Ethan suddenly passed away, she decided to stay in LA for a few more days to lend Joanne a hand.

In the middle of this night, Savannah had just returned to bed after finishing her work when her mobile phone rang sharply.

Ethan died.

Joanne, his former wife, helped to put his house in order and made arrangements for a funeral.

Ethan's body would be sent to his hometown Chicago and buried in the Rowe family's graveyard after the last ceremony.

Savannah accompanied Joanne all the way and helped to receive guests in Ethan's memorial service.

It was a drizzling and cloudy day.

The farewell ceremony took place in Royal Villa. Joanne didn't invite too many people. It was attended only by relatives and close friends. After Joanne's brief speech, the guests came to show their last respects one by one.

Savannah sat on a chair not far away, watching Joanne, and was ready to do some help when she was needed.

Just then, a voice sound from the door of the mourning hall.

"Mr. Sterling, thank you for visiting."

Savannah froze.

The Sterling family had a good relationship with the Rowe family, but Savannah didn't expect Dylan to come.

Dylan, dressed in black, looked grave as he stepped into the hall quietly, followed by his subordinates.

She hadn't seen him for half a year. He looked a little thinner, still so cool. The natural dignity and indifference between his eyebrows made her hold her breath and dare not move.

"Mr. Sterling," Joanne, despite her resentment toward the man, tried to be polite when he came in.

"My father is not feeling well, so he asked me to show our respects to Mr. Rowe." Dylan put a bunch of chrysanthemums in front of the coffin and bowed in homage. Then he nodded to Joanne, "take care, Madam."

"Thank you," Joanne replied coldly. "Come in and sit down, please."

"No, thanks. I don't want to bother you." Dylan said simply.

Joanne nodded and asked a servant to send him off.

Dylan turned and led his staff out of the hall.

He didn't even give a glance to Savannah, who was not far away from Joanne.

Savannah saw him walk out of the hall, her heart hanging in her throat, and she could not move for a long time.

Abruptly she stood and ran out of the door.

Seeing his back, Savannah finally managed to restrain her trembling and shouted out, "Mr. Sterling!"

She couldn't help feeling sad. She terribly missed him.

When did she have to address him as Mr. Sterling?

They were almost strangers.

Dylan stopped, motioned his subordinates to get the car, and then slowly turned around.

She looked at his handsome and cool face, her heart beating hard.

"Long time no see," she murmured, clenching her hands to calm down.

"Well, it's been a while." His expression remained impassive.

"How have you been recently?"

"Not bad."

A bitter smile of self-mockery played on Savannah's lips.

Yeah, what did she expect him to say? I miss you so much over the past half-year?

It seemed that he had really been over her.

At this point, she still had the unrealistic illusion that he still loved her. She even imagined that he would hug her in his arms tightly when they met again.

Making an extraordinary effort not to weep, she walked slowly up to him and stopped in front of him. Her eyes glued into his thin face. She was shocked to see him changed drastically.

Chapter **596: Do You Still Want Me?**

"Dylan," Savannah said quietly, staring into his eyes, "you called off our wedding because you were afraid of malicious gossip. You didn't want to be laughed at for marrying the cousin of the murderer who killed your nephew. But now, I won't disgrace you anymore. Do you still want me?"

Dylan gazed at the little woman in front of him. He missed her so much but he had to stay away from her to avoid hurting her.

To attend the funeral, she was in a white dress, with no makeup, like a clean and pure attractive lotus.

He hadn't seen her for months, and she became even more beautiful.

She was no longer the young, ignorant girl who was sent to his bed as a gift by her fiancé three years ago.

She was no longer the little woman who had to rely on him five months ago. She changed instantly in good faith.

Now she was the Morton Group's heiress, Raymond's granddaughter, a young and talented fashion designer. K&G was well managed by her. She had been transformed from a small daisy into a charming rose in full bloom.

But he was not qualified to pick the rose now.

"Oh, I heard you've been on the board of the Morton group. Congratulations, Miss Schultz. It seems that we are not fated to be together. I'm sorry, too. I wish you a brilliant career, and I hope you can find someone who truly loves you as soon as possible. Someone who will cherish you like a princess,"

He knew she didn't go to Italy with Kevin.

Savannah bit her lip. He answered her with those unfeeling words again.

No matter how hard she tried, she was still not worthy of the position as his wife.

Even though she was now Raymond's granddaughter and a big group's heiress.

Her heart ached. She wanted to ask him so many why's and how.

"Mr. Sterling, the car is ready..." A familiar young woman's voice interrupted the silence between them.

Savannah looked towards the voice and saw Fiona got out of a luxury car. It seemed that she had been waiting for him in his car.

Fiona, smartly dressed today, looked full of femininity. She had changed from a small staff into a senior elite white-collar.

Apparently, she was still Dylan's secretary in the head office of the Sterling group.

What's more, she seemed to be getting closer to Dylan.

Without his help, she wouldn't have gotten this far.

What's their relationship now?

Savannah's voice cleaved to her throat, and she did not know what to say.

Fiona took a deep breath and broke the embarrassment, "Savannah, it's been a long time."

Dylan walked over to Fiona and took her hand.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. I was temporarily delayed by an acquaintance. We may go now." His voice was very gentle and full of tenderness.

Savannah stood there, stupefied. Her heart was transfixed with the swords of the dolours as she watched Dylan holding Fiona's hand walking to the car.

The initial pain didn't go away after five months, it got worse when it recurred.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

Fiona looked back as she walked, gasping when she saw Savannah's appearance. "Mr. Sterling, wait a minute..."

The man beside her, however, looked grieving as he walked straight ahead to the car and got in.

Fiona could only get into the front passenger's seat after him.

After the car disappeared from sight, Savannah wiped her tearful eyes and did her best to pull herself together, and looked unconcerned.

Meanwhile, the black car was belting along the road.

Fiona looked at the increasing number on the dashboard and could not help but grasped the handrail on the door. Then she glanced at the man in the driver's seat.

Dylan wore a darkened face. He was always self-possessed and sober-minded, and she had never seen him so excited with emotion.

He must miss Savannah very much after months, and he was more upset than Savannah when he said hurtful things to her and behaved so intimately to another woman in front of her.

But why did he have to pretend to be indifferent and even adopt a gruff attitude?

Fiona was still confused.

Finally, she summoned courage and asked, "Mr. Sterling, you asked me to accompany you to Royal Villa today because you feared you were not able to control yourself when you met her, right?"

Dylan's gloomy face became darker. He slammed on the brake, and the car came to a dead stop at the roadside!

Thanks to the seat belt, Fiona didn't get hurt. But when she turned towards Dylan, she found him hit his head against the front glass! He didn't wear a seatbelt!

"Mr. Sterling, you're injured..." Fiona gasped as the blood streamed down from the wound in his head. She scrambled to take out the phone to call the hospital.

"Get out." He ordered coldly, pulled out one tissue, and pressed it on the wound. In a short while, the white tissue was soaked in blood, but he didn't seem to know the injury.

Fiona dared not say a word. She got out of the car, watching the car galloping away helplessly.

The man lost control of his mood completely when he met Savannah again, and he even disregarded his safety.

No one would believe he had no feelings for Savannah.

When Savannah returned, she saw Joanne standing at the door and seemed to be waiting for her.

Joanne knew who Savannah was looking for, of course, and she followed her out. She watched what happened between her daughter and that man, including Fiona's appearance. She could barely restrain herself from rushing to take her daughter away, lest she should continue to be subjected to the man's indifference, but she bore it down and went back first.

"Savannah, have you just gone to see Dylan?" She asked sadly.

Savannah made no reply but lowered her head.

"After all these days in Chicago, you still miss him." Joanne sighed.

"Mom, I will try to forget him... He doesn't love me anymore," Savannah clenched her hands and slowly lifted her head again.

Chapter 597: Will You Accept My Proposal?

Joanne touched her daughter's hair and said nothing.

It would not be easy to forget that man.

The day after the ceremony, Joanne planned to go back to Chicago with Ethan's body.

However, Savannah still had some business to deal with and would return to Chicago a few days later.

The night before Joanne's departure, Savannah went back to Green Bay and invited Joanne to have dinner together.

She was going to call Cooper and asked him to bring Kaiden to have dinner with Joanne, but Joanne said she had some private words to tell her and wanted to eat with her alone.

In the evening, the mother and the daughter sat at the table, enjoying rare family time.

When Garcia served the last dish, Savannah picked up her fork and said, "Well, let's get started."

"Wait a minute." Joanne, however, didn't move but kept looking toward the door.

"What are you waiting for?" Savannah wondered.

Just then, footsteps came from the porch, and a tall, handsome man came in.

"Thanks for having me, madam," he greeted Joanne politely and then smiled at Savannah.

"Kevin, why are you here?" Savannah stood up in surprise.

Kevin was back from Italy?

Joanne smiled and walked over. She welcomed Kevin in and sat him down at the table.

"I asked Kevin to come over. He returned home this time to deal with some business of JK. I know you are good friends, and he had taken care of you when you were at the orphanage. You haven't seen each other for a long time, so I asked him to have dinner together." Then Joanne turned to Kevin with a kind smile, "Kevin, make yourself at home. There's a room available, you can spend the night here if you chatted late."

Savannah realized why her mother wouldn't let Kaiden come tonight.

She was trying to fix up Kevin and her at supper tonight.

Kevin looked extremely flattered, as though he had just sensed what Joanne meant. But he soon recovered his usual calm and gentle posture.

Joanne was quite satisfied with this gentleman. She had heard a little bit about Kevin's feelings for her daughter. She knew they had been together before Savannah recovered her memory.

It was a pity that they missed each other.

If only they could be together again.

Savannah could only get over Dylan by getting into a new relationship.

That was why she invited Kevin to dinner tonight.

After dinner, Joanne found an excuse to leave first, saying that she had to gather together Ethan's belongings tonight so that she could leave for Chicago tomorrow morning.

Savannah and Kevin saw Joanne off at the door.

"Kevin, I'm sorry." Savannah said in a low voice, "My mom's just too worried about me. You don't really have to stay here, and I don't want to waste your time... I'll talk to her tomorrow and tell her not to do it again."

"Savannah," Kevin interrupted her.

Savannah looked at him. His eyes were clean and gentle.

"Even if your mother didn't call me, I'd like to come and see you," Kevin said, looking affectionately at her. He heard that Savannah came back for business when he returned to LA this time, and he had always hesitated to meet her. Yesterday, Joanne called to invite him to dinner, so he agreed.

Savannah understood his intention. She lowered her eyes and sighed, "Kevin, I don't want to use you to get out of my last relationship. It's not fair to you. I blamed myself the last time I did that."

"If I can help you forget the unpleasant people and things, I don't mind being used by you." Kevin's gentle voice wandered in the night, just like the soft night wind blowing into her heart, making her warm. Her nose suddenly stung.

Kevin looked at Savannah in front of him. She was the girl he had loved since he was a teenager. Once, he was determined to take care of her forever and let her live the best life.

But now, the man of her choice couldn't give her happiness, and even hurt her again and again. What was he waiting for?

He had given her five months to think and settle down.

If she still refused him, he would not harass her again.

If she nodded, he would never turn his back on her, and he would be her patron saint for the rest of her life.

Taking a breath, he pulled out a ring from his pocket and got down on one knee.

"Will you give me a chance?" He asked in earnest as he held her hand.

He had had the ring ready five months ago. But she had not agreed to go to Italy with him.

Undaunted, he kept the ring, hoping that one day she would accept it

Savannah looked at him in amazement, and her breath was taken by the diamond ring on his finger. She paused for a moment before she recovered and shook her head.

"Kevin, I'm sorry... I can't."

"You hate me?"

"Of course not."

"You can't live with me?"

"I didn't mean it like that," Savannah looked at him. Such a man was Prince Charming in the eyes of many girls. She should be very happy if she could live with him, but...

"Since you don't hate me and would like to live with me, give me a chance to take care of you." Kevin looked at her tenderly.

"No, Kevin..." Savannah took a deep breath and decided to make her mind clear, "you know, I had been planning a wedding with him and now... I'm not quite over it, and I can't take you as a substitute and marry you before I've forgotten all about him..."

"I don't mind." He interrupted her again.

Savannah looked into his loving eyes and felt as if the door of her heart was slowly opened by him.

Her eyes blurred for a moment, both from relief and happiness.

Kevin gently wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Miss Schultz, will you accept my proposal to be my wife?"

This was what he had wanted to say to her long ago, though much too late.

Chapter **598: Now, We Are Even**

"Say yes," a voice said in Savannah's heart.

There was probably no other man in the world besides Kevin, who would be so nice to her.

The man she wanted to spend her life with had already given up on her. What was she waiting for?

Just let go of everything.

For the man who loved her so much, and for herself, she should promise him.

Driven by the voice, she raised her hand unconsciously and let the ring slip into her ring finger.

The moonlight was beautiful tonight.

* * *

The next day, Joanne heard from Savannah that she was going to marry Kevin.

Joanne was amazed that the young couple had progressed so quickly.

But that was exactly what she wanted to see. She was relieved to see her daughter find a man who really loved her.

Kevin was her childhood friend, and they grew up together, what's more, he had even given up his career for her and taken good care of her for three years. He was a reliable man.

They decided not to make the wedding too big or extravagant. Soon after that night, Kevin asked Dan and his secretary to arrange it.

Their wedding would be held in LA in two weeks.

* * *

The Sterling group.

Fiona was just talking to another secretary about business when the elevator door opened and Savannah, with her assistant, stepped out.

"Savannah? Why are you here?" Fiona went over to her and asked in surprise.

"I think it would be better for you to call me Miss Schultz." Savannah looked at her coldly.

Fiona was a little embarrassed.

Savannah was now the future heiress of the Morton group and the designer director of its design department. If she was no longer her friend, she should address her respectfully as Miss Schultz in public.

"Okay, Miss Schultz, what do you come here for?" Fiona sighed. She could live with Savannah's hostility towards her, but she couldn't explain.

"I want to see Mr. Sterling," Savannah said quietly.

Fiona looked at the door of the CEO's office, hesitating, "but..."

Savannah knew what she was going to say. Dylan must have told her he wouldn't see her. The thought made her very uncomfortable, but she quickly recovered.

"I came to Mr. Sterling for business. I don't think you, his secretary, have the right to refuse the visit from the designer director of the Morton Group, on behalf of your boss." Savannah said coldly.

After a short pause, Fiona nodded and said, "Okay, please wait a moment." Then she hurried to the CEO's office.

After a while, she came back quickly and whispered, "Come on in, please, Mr. Sterling is in."

Savannah walked straight into Dylan's office without giving Fiona another glance.

Dylan stood at the French window, tall and handsome. He looked cool in a silver-gray suit, and every detail in him was so perfect that he could still easily take her breath away.

"What business do you want to talk about with me, Miss Schultz?" He asked strangely as if he didn't believe she had come for business.

Savannah looked at him, wondering why he looked much thinner.

Too busy? Or...

The thought of Fiona outside the office made Savannah dejected.

Indulging in sensual pleasures could also cause people to become thinner.

Taking a deep breath, she put a check on the table and pushed it to his front.

"What do you mean?" Dylan frowned and glanced at the number on the check. The huge sum was enough to buy a mid-sized company.

"I must thank you for your previous kindness. You bought my parent's house in Green Bay back, and the Schultz's factory then returned them to me. You also gave me K&G. I've made a lot of money working with YSHEN while I've been running K&G, and with my grandfather's advance on my future salary, I should be able to pay you back." Savannah said in a business tone.

The check was enough to cover the market prices of Green Bay, K&G, and Schultz's factory.

Having decided to forget him, she wanted to make a clean break with him.

She now had the ability to give all that he had given her back to him.

In this way, they could make a clean break.

The atmosphere in the office cooled down. Dylan didn't say anything. An imperceptible cold gleam of loneliness passed over his handsome face and then quickly disappeared.

"Now, we are even." He said quietly.

An unrelenting throb of pain grabbed Savannah's heart. She felt she was relieved when she threw the check with those words to him, but now all that left in her heart was sad.

"Good," she took a breath and continued, "Now I want to speak on some private business."

Dylan frowned at her.

"Kevin and I are getting married next week, and we will have a simple wedding at the Century Royal Hotel. You are invited to the ceremony, Mr. Sterling." Savannah said as she handed over him an invitation card.

Dylan caught his breath, staring at the card.

"Congratulations. I'll be there." He said stiffly.

Savannah nodded and turned away.

The office became deathly silent. Dylan looked defiantly at the invitation card on the desk, his eyes flat, his face pale.

He didn't even hear the knock on the door soon after.

"Mr. Sterling?" Fiona pushed the door in after she didn't get a response for a long time.

Then she noticed something wrong with Dylan. She followed his gaze and saw the exquisite white invitation card on the desk.

It was a wedding invitation, and the names on it were... Savannah Schultz and Kevin Wills!

Their wedding was next week!

She gasped and looked up at Dylan.

"Go out. Close the door." His voice was cold and firm.

Fiona dared not ask more. With a shudder, she left quietly and closed the door.

As the door closed, Dylan hastily pulled open the drawer and pulled out a brown medicine bottle. He carried several small white pills to his mouth and swallowed them.

After several minutes, he didn't seem to be getting any better.

He brushed himself to his feet and rushed out of the door with car keys in his hand

Chapter 599: His Condition Worsen

Bearing the pain in his head, Dylan took the private elevator down to the underground parking, got in his car, and started the engine.

The car drove away from the parking and rushed forward like an angry fiery dragon. Suddenly it lost control and ran into the flower beds at the roadside!

When Dylan came to life, he found himself in a hospital bed, and he saw a familiar, worried face before him.

"Awake at last." Jacob let out a sigh of relief.

Dylan stretched his limbs. His head was dreamy and dazed after taking some hits, but he was not hurt.

Jacob helped him to sit up and looked at him, his face grim.

"You had an accident on the way. What's going on? I just gave you an examination and found that you have just taken the medicine. Didn't I remind you not to drive or exercise after taking the medicine? It's easy to have temporary hallucinations within half an hour after taking it. You're lucky to get off with just a few bruises!"

"Anyone know about it?" Dylan frowned.

"No one knows," Jacob sighed. "The police took your phone and called Garwood after your accident. Garwood brought you to me. All I told Garwood was that you were probably driving in a distracted manner before you hit the flower bed and didn't get hurt. I told him not to tell your father."

Dylan's face relaxed a little, and he said, "I just took some medicine at the office, but I still don't feel well. So I want to come to you."

Jacob's face changed.

"Do you still feel sick after taking the medicine? Did you take the dose I told you?"

"Well. One more was added, but it didn't work very well."

Jacob didn't speak for a long time with a complex expression.

"My condition is getting serious, isn't it?" Dylan immediately knew what his friend meant.

Jacob swallowed and tried to comfort him, "You know you have to take regular medicine and maintain a calm mind, and you should not..."

"I want to hear the truth." Dylan interrupted him with a cold and calm tone, however, he failed to hide the pain that was drawn in his pale face abruptly.

After a short pause, Jacob nodded, "yes."

Dylan's face changed slightly, but there was no sign of any great sadness anymore as he knew his fate.

"Well, I see. I have to go." Dylan got out of bed with a straight face, picked up his coat on the hanger, and walked out of the ward.

Jacob looked after him anxiously, reaching out his hand, trying to stop him, but he finally sighed and saw his friend disappear behind the door.

* * *

There were three days left before the wedding.

Kevin left all the business of JK to Dan and his subordinates, and he devoted himself to the details of the wedding ceremony. He accompanied Savannah to try on banquet dresses and discussed with wedding planners for the decorations of the ceremony.

By their mutual decision, the wedding would be a low-key affair. They had only invited some old friends, including the old director, teachers, and children of the orphanage, Joanne, Garcia, and Dan.

Kevin had booked a flight to Italy. After their wedding reception, they would fly to Europe for their honeymoon.

They decided to take a trip around Europe and then return to LECCO's town in Milan to enjoy some leisure time.

Savannah acquiesced in all the plans Kevin had made for them. She smiled more often and seemed to be in a much better mood. They talked and laughed when they tried on wedding dresses in the wedding dress shop.

Whether or not her smile was disguised or genuine, she was willing to take the step, and that was good.

This afternoon, Savannah got a call when she was trying on a wedding dress in a wedding dress shop with Kevin. A client of the Morton group invited Savannah and her assistant to dinner in a five-star hotel to celebrate the success of their cooperation.

Kevin offered to drive Savannah there, but Savannah didn't want to bother him.

"No, Kevin, you can go ahead. I will meet my assistant first."

"Okay," Kevin touched her hair softly as he said, "call me when you're done over there. I'll pick you up."

Savannah nodded with a sweet smile.

Kevin got her out and saw her get in a taxi. He was just about to turn around and head back to the wedding shop when a polite voice stopped him,

"Mr. Wills, wait a minute."

His face changed slightly, and he turned to see a bodyguard of the Smiths walking towards him.

"Miss Smith is here. She wants to see you. Over there, please."

Kevin could guess why Cecelia was here.

The marriage didn't get much out of the way, but the Smiths knew it.

Two days ago, Robert called and asked about it. He acquiesced.

Robert was in a supportive attitude for his son's marriage with the daughter from the Morton family. The only thing he couldn't bear was that his son's wedding was so silent, and he wanted to help make it grand.

The young master of the Smith family deserved to have a royal wedding.

Kevin refused, saying that he and Savannah preferred a low-key one.

Robert had to let him have his own way, but Kevin didn't expect the girl to come.

He followed the guard straight to the garden across the street.

Apparently, the street garden was cleared ahead of time by the guards. No one was seen, and it was very quiet.

"Miss Smith is over there," the guard gave a direction.

Kevin walked slowly over and saw Cecelia sitting on a park bench with her shouldered backpack on her back. She stared blankly to the front, like a lonely, abandoned cat.

He hadn't seen her for five months. She seemed to have lost some weight.

It was school time. She was supposed to have sneaked out of school again.

Hearing Kevin's footsteps, she jumped off the bench and walked towards him.

"You're going to marry Savannah?" she asked, looking a bit pale.

Kevin nodded, then frowned.

"Did you get out of school again? Go back now!"

As the words died down, Cecelia was about to cry.

"Why? You know Savannah doesn't really love you, don't you?"

Chapter **600: The Little Girl Became Crazy**

"Do you know about love? Go back to your school!" Kevin's face sank.

He sounded impatient, as if he was coaxing a naughty kid.

"I said, I am not a child! Why don't you understand me? Is it hard to absorb all my words?" Cecelia blazed with a red face.

"I repeat, hurry back to school, or I'll call your father!" Kevin said threateningly.

The little girl was the only daughter of the Smiths and had always been strictly disciplined. She would be punished if Mrs. Smith knew her daughter secretly ran out of school today.

Cecelia suddenly burst into tears. She was so upset when she heard that Kevin would be going to marry Savannah.

Kevin couldn't see girls crying. He was disconcerted by her tears and raised his hand to wipe her tears. But her eyes kept streaming.

"Fine, well, don't cry. I won't tell your parents." He comforted her helplessly.

"I don't mind that! Call them if you want, the hell I care," Cecelia whimpered and acted like a child whose favorite toy had been taken away from her.

She felt pain for him. She cried because she knew Savannah didn't love him, and she was worried about him.

"You are still too young. You will know about love when you are a little bit older. When you really meet a person you love, you won't care about gain and loss. As long as I can be with her, I won't think of anything else. Just looking at her smile is enough." Kevin said softly.

Cecelia stopped crying. Suddenly she raised her heels and flung her arms around his neck, and quickly kissed him.

She caught him unprepared and stood back to the spot before he reacted.

"Let me say that again. I am not a child! I have been into someone! Do you want to know who he is?" She stared into his eyes, provoking him without holding back.

Kevin could almost hear the girl's heart pounding. The stubborn and determined look on her face shocked him.

"Cecelia, are you crazy? How could you be like this?" He ground out between clenched teeth.

He had taken her first kiss in the car and the second kiss at the airport for her fun.

But this time, after hearing her express her feelings directly, how could he find another excuse?

His guess came true. This little girl actually had special feelings for him...

What on earth was the young girl thinking?

He was her brother!

He could accept her naughtiness, but such a thing was completely unacceptable!

Cecelia looked intently at the handsome man in front of her and said, "I'm not mad. Do you still think I'm a kid? I just want to prove to you I've grown up. If you don't believe me yet, I don't mind showing you more --"

With that, she lifted her hands and unbuttoned her coat. It slipped off her shoulders so that the only white bra was left.

The girl's beautiful half-naked youthful body showed before him.

Although there were only two people here at the moment, she was bold enough to behave like that in broad daylight!

Kevin had never felt so angry in his life. He lifted his hand and slapped her in the face, mercilessly!

Cecelia's delicate cheek immediately swelled.

He picked up the coat on the ground, wrapped it around her, and pointed to the gate of the park.

"Go! I never want to see you again!"

"Brother --" Cecelia fought the pain in her face and rushed over.

"I don't want to repeat it. Leave me alone," Kevin was more annoyed. Did she still know he was her brother?

She knew he was furious this time, otherwise, he would never lift his hand against a woman.

She felt he would tear her to pieces if she kept on pestering him.

With a red nose, Cecelia wiped her tears and ran toward the gate of the garden.

Kevin looked at Cecelia as she ran away, and his head was throbbing.

He didn't know when the little girl began to care for him. He can't accept her because he knew she's related to him.

After standing in the park for a long time, he cleared his mind and left.

* * *

Savannah and her assistant arrived at the hotel. According to the address given by the client, they went to the third floor and found the room.

Harman, their client, had been waiting for them for a long time. He got up and smiled when Savannah walked in with her assistant.

"Miss Schultz. I'm so glad you could come."

"It's my pleasure to have dinner with you, Mr. Harman," Savannah said politely. "It's on me today."

"Oh, don't mention it. You can treat me next time when I go to Chicago." Harman laughed.

"Yes, and besides, I will never let the beauty pay." A husky male voice came as a young man entered the room with a subordinate followed him.

"Oh, Mr. Murray is here. Please come in and sit down," Harman laughed.

Savannah turned in surprise.

The coming man was Abby's lover, Andrew Murray, who had sexually assaulted her on a yacht.

"Mr. Murray is also a partner of our company," Harman said to Savannah, "when I called you just now, Mr. Murray was entertaining his clients here. So I asked him to come to dinner with us together. Miss Schultz, do you mind?"

Savannah knew that Harman was just kind and wanted to introduce more clients to her, but he didn't know the old feud between her and Andrey. She didn't know what to say. She was representing the Morton group at the moment, and how could she say no?

Harman waved his hand and asked the waiter to serve dishes.

Throughout the meal, Andrey kept pouring Harman wine.

Savannah didn't drink, so Harman served her a fruit drink instead.

After having several drinks, Harman was a little overwhelmed. He got up and went to the bathroom with the help of his secretary.

The room became silent.

