

Midnight 481

Chapter 481: Granny Rowe Dinner Invitation

"What do you mean? Is it my fault Charlotte lost face tonight? Should I not have been in a hurry to announce their relationship in front of the guests?" Granny Rowe looked awful.

"Forget it. Charlotte will be more upset if she hears us." Joanne said quickly. She doesn't want to offend her mother-in-law, but she can't afford to witness how her own daughter was treated unfairly.

Frowning, Granny Rowe grunted and went back to her room. She is planning to help her granddaughter to be Dylan's wife. After all, having Dylan's married to Charlotte will bring good fortune into her family and would widen their influence across the globe. She doesn't care what Joanne will think about her action pairing Dylan and Charlotte.

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The next morning, Charlotte looked much better when she was eating breakfast with her family.

"How did you sleep, dear," Joanne asked anxiously.

"I'm fine," Charlotte replied and slowly finished a chicken sandwich.

Joanne sighed with relief. She poured a cup of milk and handed it to Charlotte.

"Joanne, ask Savannah to come for dinner tonight," Granny Rowe suddenly said.

Joanne and Ethan were stunned, as was Lionel. After a long pause, Joanne said in surprise, "Ask Savannah to come for dinner? Why?"

Granny Rowe sniffed, "anyway, she's your daughter, so she's part of the Rowe family. I haven't met her officially since I came to LA. I'm not that narrow-minded as you might think."

Joanne wasn't sure what her mother-in-law wanted to do. She was afraid that she might hurt Savannah, but she could not refuse. At that moment, Ethan patted his wife's hand and whispered, "mom's right. You've even prepared a room for Savannah, why not ask her to come often?"

Joanne had to nod, "well, I'll call her."

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Early this morning, Garwood came to Savannah's apartment to pick her up. She was going to move to Green Lake today.

Garwood helped to carry her luggage into the trunk and opened the front driver's seat for her.

When they arrived at her house in Green Lake, Garcia was already waiting for her at the door. She was too lonely living here alone, and she was so happy to learn Savannah would move back.

When Savannah and Garcia were talking, several men and women in suits came over and bowed to Savannah respectfully, "Good morning, Miss Schultz."

Savannah turned and looked at them in surprise.

"You are --"

"They are the servants that Mr. Sterling arranged for you," Garcia said with a smile, "this is the driver, Davis. And these two Michelin chefs, who will be responsible for your meals. And Tina will be responsible for your daily life..."

"Wait a minute..." Savannah was surprised and amused, "I don't need so many people! I can do my own stuff, please tell Dylan not to bother putting a lot of people here,"

"Miss Schultz, this is what Mr. Sterling wants." Garwood laughed at the door.

"But I don't need so many people! That's a gross exaggeration. Does he want to hire two more to bathe and dress me, too?" Savannah was speechless.

"Oh, I guess Mr. Sterling would like to bathe and dress you himself," Garwood jokes.

Garcia and the servants laughed. Savannah flushed and had to accept this arrangement. Hearing Garwood's joke, Savannah's face turned red.

"I...I just want some privacy," instead of arguing, she blurted out a nonsense reason. People surrounded her didn't bother to say another word. They left immediately. And Garcia guided her towards the master bedroom.

When she was sorting her clothes in her room upstairs, she received a phone call from her mother.

She was surprised to learn that Granny Rowe invited her to dinner.

After she destroyed her birthday party last night, Granny Rowe must still be very annoyed at her. How could she invite her to their house for dinner? She knew Granny Rowe will not let her off easily.

Well, just go and see what the old lady wanted to do.

In the evening, Davis drive Savannah to Royal Villa.

Joanne, who had been waiting for her daughter at the door, gave her an embrace with a smile. She looked at the Benz behind Savannah and the driver in the car, whispering, "Savannah, the car and the driver..."

"Well, arranged by Dylan."

"Do you live together?" Joanne gasped.

"No. I live in Green Lake now. My uncle sold it when my father died, and then Dylan bought it back and gave it to me."

Joanne stood stunned, lost in the memory of the past. She looked at her daughter with fixed feelings.

Not long ago, Savannah and Dylan seemed to be giving each other the cold shoulder.

Now, they made up?

Ah, she really couldn't figure out young people's minds.

But it seemed that Dylan was really nice to her daughter.

So, she could be relieved.

She took Savannah into the dining room, where the dishes were served, steaming hot.

Granny Rowe looked at Savannah and nodded to her in a polite manner, "Savannah, please come and sit down."

"Lionel's still at work and hasn't returned. Charlotte isn't feeling well, and she's resting in her room. Let's eat first," Ethan said to Savannah kindly.

Although Granny Rowe was polite to her, Savannah could see that there was still a controlled irritation in her look. But why did she invite her over for dinner?

Savannah smiled back and sat down quietly.

After dinner, Joanne was about to take Savannah into her room to talk when Granny Rowe said, "Joanne, I would like to speak to Savannah alone."

"But..." Joanne looked at Savannah and hesitated.

"Mom, go ahead," Savannah said calmly.

"Are you afraid that I'll hurt your precious daughter?" Granny Rowe shook her head half-jokingly.

"Mom and Savannah are getting along fine. Rest assured." Ethan laughed and pulled Joanne away.

When there were only two of them in the living room, Granny Rowe tossed her head haughtily and looked straight into Savannah's eyes. The soft smile had gone from her face.

Chapter 482: Stop Pestering Dylan

"Savannah Schultz," Granny Rowe said grimly, "I can admit you're Joanne's daughter, but you have to remember, you will never be the daughter of the Rowe family. The real lady of the Rowe family is Charlotte. She should possess the best. So, don't argue with her for anything or anybody. I don't care what relationship you have with Dylan before. But now, you should quit immediately, and stay away from him!"

A cool smile played on Savannah's lips as she listened.

The Rowe family were so arrogant and selfish.

What did Granny Rowe think she was?

She was Joanne's daughter, no matter if the old lady admitted it or not!

As for the daughter of the Rowe family, she didn't care!

"Don't you understand?" Granny Rowe gritted her teeth, "I told you to stop pestering Dylan. Maybe I could treat you like half a granddaughter!"

Savannah almost burst out laughing. Wasn't the old lady too arrogant to think she would like to be half her granddaughter?

Bah!

"But I'm going to rob all Charlotte likes from her. The more she likes Dylan, the more I want to take him away from her." She tilted her head and sneered.

Granny Rowe was so angry that she couldn't say a word, her face turned red and twisted.

She didn't know this wicked girl was so tough!

Savannah stood up, approaching Granny Rowe. "In short," she leaned over and whispered, "whatever your granddaughter wants, I will never let her have. I will keep her alive in tears."

With that, she turned and walked towards the door.

Granny Rowe collapsed on the sofa in a daze and couldn't bring her fingers to life for quite a while!

After Savannah returned to Zagreb Film, she took over the styling work of a new play and spent almost every day on the production team.

This day, when she was working on the design of the next play in the studio, she heard a clearly commanding noise from heels at the door.

Looking up, Savannah saw Charlotte pull over the door curtain and rush towards her.

"You bitch! You got my grandma into the hospital!!" She cried in anger as she lifted her hand to slap her.

Savannah flung her arm quickly to grab Charlotte's wrist, giving her a smack in her face with another hand!

The slapping sound echoed in the empty studio!

"You dare to slap me?" Charlotte took a step back, covering her swollen face in disbelief.

"Why not? Who do you think you are? I was only defending myself when a mad dog came upon me and attacked me!" Savannah crossed her arms.

"You bitch!" Charlotte's eyes were red with anger. She glared at Savannah and shouted, "What did you say to my grandma yesterday? She was attacked by high blood pressure and was sent to the hospital! I'll fight it out with you!"

Oh? The old lady was sick?

Savannah smiled with satisfaction. No wonder Charlotte charged in like a mad dog, it was because her patron fell.

Before Charlotte rushed over to start another fight, Savannah picked up the scissors on the table in front of her, pointing the tip at Charlotte!

"What do you want?" Charlotte stopped and looked at Savannah in horror.

"Self-defense. The scissors are sharp for clothes. I wonder how it works in your face. Want to try, Miss Rowe?" Savannah's lips curled in a sly smile.

Charlotte, with a pale face, didn't dare to touch her again. She rolled her eyes, and an idea came to her mind.

"Help! Someone! Help..." She began to shout.

Didn't Savannah use this trick to trap her in front of Dylan? She would like to give Savannah the taste of being framed too!

Here was the place where Savannah worked. What if Savannah's colleagues saw that she pointed a pair of scissors at her?

Savannah understood what she was trying to do. She tried to cover her mouth as her voice grew louder, only to hear a young female voice coming outside.

"What's it?"

The sound was so familiar. Savannah paused, looking at the coming girl, her eyes glowing with excitement and joy.

Charlotte held the girl by the arm as if she had just been bullied.

"Call the police... The stylist just got a pair of scissors to stab me... Did you see that? She still has scissors in her hand!"

The girl, however, hit Charlotte's hand off with a sneer. "I didn't see her take the scissors. I saw you were going to hit her. She was just defending herself."

Charlotte was stunned, not expecting the girl would side with Savannah. She looked closely at the girl in front of her and found that she seemed familiar.

"So? Do you still want to call the police?" The girl pulled out her cell phone and shook it in front of Charlotte.

Charlotte took a deep breath and gave Savannah a hard stare, stomped her foot, and left.

As soon as Charlotte disappeared from their sight, the girl looked at Savannah with her usual bright smile. "Savannah, why not contact me after you came back! If I hadn't seen your latest update on Twitter, I still don't know you're back! Do you want me to break up with you?"

Savannah rushed to hug the girl, tears out of her eyes.

"Olivia!"

The girl in front of her was Olivia. They had not seen each other for three years.

Compared to the little model three years ago, Olivia had longer hair and became more feminine, looking more confident.

Of course, Savannah didn't forget her best friend. Although the memories they had after she knew Dylan was not clear now, she still kept this friend in her heart.

They hugged each other for a long time before they sat down to talk over what had been going on in the past three years. Olivia finally knew why Savannah disappeared three years ago.

"I told you that Charlotte approached you up to no good. She ruined your wedding and stepped in between you and Dylan three years ago, and now she still didn't give up? It's lucky you didn't forget me, or I'd die of grief..." Olivia put on a wounded expression, as she said.

Chapter **484: Old Mrs. Rowe Offered Help To Dylan**

If she couldn't guarantee her own granddaughter's happiness, how could she deserve to be the elder of the Rowe family?

"Charlotte. Don't cry. Grandma is always your patron. I'll help you get Dylan. Even if Savannah had given birth to a child for him, Dylan's legal wife would only be you." Granny Rowe said with great assurance after pondering for a moment.

Charlotte didn't know what her grandma was going to do, but since she promised her, there must be a way. She wiped away her tears, nodded, and said, "Thank you, grandma."

After Charlotte went back to her own room, Granny Rowe closed her eyes and considered for a moment. Finally, she made up her mind and phoned an old trusted subordinate from the Rowe group in Chicago.

Besides official business, this old subordinate often helped to deal with important confidential matters in private.

She discussed the plan with him for a long time over the phone. There was a satisfied smile on her face when she hung up.

* * *

The Sterling Group

An atmosphere of tension filled the CEO's office.

The senior manager had just reported his negligence in the overseas business. He bowed his head, waiting for his punishment in front of Dylan's desk, cold sweat gathering on his brow.

As the leading domestic corporation, the Sterling group had also planned for the expansion of the company's foreign activities.

Since last year, Dylan had been invested more manpower and material resources in the overseas business to further squeeze into the Northern European, Australian, and New Zealand markets.

Not long ago, the governments of the three Nordic countries jointly launched a bidding program for the USA, inviting the business leaders to come to their countries for win-win development.

Dylan immediately made a business plan for the project and decided to win the bidding within half a year.

Unexpectedly, one of the most important data for the project was stolen in the final stages of the bidding plan. This data was crucial to the success of the final bid, and there was little chance for them if the data couldn't be found back in time.

The senior manager, who was in charge of the bidding in northern Europe, nearly fainted with fright at that time. He immediately reported the matter to Dylan and flew back to LA.

Garwood was also stunned. He knew how much Dylan valued the project.

If they failed at the final bidding, he wouldn't be surprised if Dylan would fire the manager at once!

The silence lasted for a long time. Dylan leashed his anger and did not say a harsh word. Then he asked the manager to leave.

The senior manager, relieved, nodded, and left the office hurriedly.

"He should be blamed for neglecting his duty," Garwood said, surprised that Dylan didn't lose his temper or even reproach that manager.

"It was not an accident," Dylan smiled an iron smile.

"You mean, there's a theft? Who could it be? We have no strong competitor in northern Europe this time." Garwood shook his head in a dubious way.

"Check it out," Dylan ordered coldly.

"Yes, sir!" Garwood nodded immediately and left the office.

"Mr. Sterling, " the secretary knocked on the door soon after Garwood left, "old Mrs. Rowe is here and wants to see you."

Dylan gave a slight frown. Why did that old lady show up in person?

A few minutes later, Granny Rowe was led into the office by the secretary.

She looked sharp in a black satin dress, with her gray-haired hair pulled up.

"Dylan," she smiled amiably.

"Madam, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I just haven't seen you for days. Today I stopped by your company and dropped in on you."

"I've been busy with work," Dylan said drily.

"Oh, really? Are you busy bidding for the Nordic project?" Granny Rowe said carelessly.

"You're well informed, Mrs. Rowe." Dylan raised his eyebrows, looking at the old lady.

Granny Rowe laughed, "I'm not well-informed. However, I did hear that you've been very busy with a Nordic project recently, and you got into trouble."

"What do you want to say?" Dylan knew what happened perfectly well now, but his expression didn't change.

"I know you're in a lot of trouble. Sounds like...some classified documents are missing? Oh, you might lose the bid. Don't you think it a pity to give it up when it is nearly completed? My family has the right

connections in northern Europe. Shall I send someone to help you?" Granny Rowe suggested with a confident smile.

"Thank you. Mrs. Rowe, but I don't want to bother the Rowe family." The expression on Dylan's face was even colder.

"No trouble at all. I can help you find an important document. All I need is an engagement between you and Charlotte. What do you think of the deal?" Granny Rowe said gently.

"That's what you want?" Dylan looked gloomy.

"Well, why not think it over before you decide? I have to go first. Proceed with your work." Granny Rowe turned and left. She was confident that Dylan would agree.

She was also from a business family. Her husband, her son, and her grandson were all businessmen. She knew how important such an international project was for a businessman.

After so much investment, Dylan was absolutely not reconciled to the final failure!

He must not refuse her offer.

Dylan's expression became sullen as the door closed.

A moment later, Garwood entered, looking much more serious.

"Sir, we got it. It has just been discovered that a senior worker of the Rowe group was sent to northern Europe a few days ago by Granny Rowe. What exactly had he done is unknown. But what a coincidence! He arrived just a few days before our document was stolen..."

Shadow gathered at Dylan's eyes.

Sure enough, data theft was associated with Granny Rowe.

It seemed that the old lady had planned on threatening him with the project.

Garwood had just heard from the secretary that Granny Rowe had come to see Dylan.

"Granny Rowe did it...? Why?" Garwood guessed something, shocked.

"For her precious granddaughter," Dylan grunted.

Granny Rowe resorted to this means to get Charlotte and Dylan together?

Garwood couldn't believe it, but he had to.

After chatting with Olivia for a while online, Savannah stretched and climbed onto her bed.

Just then, her cell phone rang.

Savannah picked up the phone, glancing at the screen.

It was Kevin.

Chapter 485: I'll Think About It

"Hello?" She hesitated for a long time before she answered it.

"Savannah," from the end of the line came Kevin's slightly husky voice.

He sounded very strained and sad, and she could almost see how gaunt and dispirited he was.

Kevin used to be elegant and graceful, never like this. He reduced to this all because of her; she was too cruel to let him go back to Italy alone.

But she had to be cruel.

She would explain it to Kevin that she revenges her dead father.

"Yes?" Her tone was indifferent and detached.

"You moved to Green Lake?" asked Kevin; his voice was a little plaintive. He knew Dylan had bought back her house in Green Bay for her. Now that she had moved into it, did it mean she had made up with Dylan?

"I don't need to explain my private affairs to you. We'd better keep our distance for a while and reconsider our relationship."

"I know. You're still mad at me. Don't worry, I won't bother you before you forgive me. I just want to tell you that I'm leaving. I'll fly back to Italy at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning. Can you come and see me off?" Kevin's voice was pleading.

Savannah bit her lip, on the verge of tears. Finally, she steeled herself and said, "I'll think about it."

Then she hung up the phone.

Holding the phone, she remained motionless for a long time.

She had to be cruel. In fact, Kevin didn't have to go back to Italy alone, since she didn't go with him. But she asked him to leave. She didn't want her revenge plan to involve him.

Perhaps she was so lost in thought that she didn't notice the thoughtful gaze falling on her.

"Who are you talking to?" A man's charming and low voice flew into her ears.

Startled, Savannah loosened her grip, and the phone fell to the ground. She turned around and gasped at Dylan.

"Why are you here?"

Today was his first visit to Green Lake since she moved into the house.

He bent to pick up the phone and handed it to her. "You haven't answered my question."

"I... I..." Savannah knew that there was nothing she could hide from this man. Playing tricks on him would only annoy him. "It's Kevin. He asked me if I lived in Green Lake and said he was going back to Italy."

Dylan's face tightened when he heard Kevin's name but then relaxed. He pulled her into his arms and lay his head on her shoulder.

"It's my turn to answer your question," he murmured.

"Oh?"

"Didn't you ask me why I came? Because I've been thinking about a little cat all day." He breathed against her ear.

She blushed. Was he flirting with her?

"Now that you're back, I have a lot of rules. You're not allowed to contact any man who has an intention on you again." He muttered a threat like a capricious child.

"Hmm," her voice was scarcely audible.

Satisfied, he picked her up and sank down together on the couch, cradling her on his lap. Then he buried his head in her hair, taking a deep breath as if he could draw energy from her.

She was nervous at first, afraid he would take a further step, and even prepared for it.

Since she chose to return to him, she should expect such a day.

Although she had even had a baby with him, that part of memory was still blank for her. The feeling of strangeness towards him still existed, and she felt alarmed when he approached.

Unconsciously, she was so nervous that her palms were sweating. She tensed herself like a cat waiting for battle.

But then she knew she worried too much.

He didn't move on or even make a sound.

Savannah quietly turned her head, only to find that the man had fallen asleep!

How tired he was!

She freed herself from his arms and stood up quietly, trying not to disturb him. Looking back at his sleeping face, she was attracted unconsciously.

Though this man was always masterful and autocratic, he looked like a cuddlesome boy when he was asleep. Looking at his sleeping face, she wanted to feel how his eyes shine in a smile and how his lips move in a kiss. His dark eyebrows sloped downwards in a serious expression, as though he was still bothered by something in his dream.

Why was he so quiet and behaved today? Did something happen?

She turned off the light before she went out, just to see Garwood waiting outside.

"Miss Schultz. Is Mr. Sterling still in your room?" Garwood asked, glancing through the door, and then gave a gentle laugh.

"Oh, well," Savannah replied, a little embarrassed by his smile, "he's asleep. I don't want to disturb him. Let him rest in peace."

Garwood nodded.

She hesitated for a moment and asked curiously, "Garwood. Is something bothering him?"

"Ah? He told you?" Garwood blurted out.

Sure enough, something happened!

"He didn't say anything to me. What's come over him?" Savannah looked at him.

Garwood sighed and whispered about the data theft and the Nordic project.

"How could such an important document be stolen? Did a competitor do it?" Savannah frowned.

Garwood shook his head and took a deep breath. "No. It's old Mrs. Rowe, I'm afraid."

"The old lady wants to force Dylan to be with Charlotte in this way?" Savannah immediately understood, shocked.

Garwood nodded and sighed, "Mr. Sterling's been working on this project for half a year, and we've invested a lot of money and time in it. If we lose the bid, the resources previously committed might have been committed to vain. It would be really a pity."

Savannah's face darkened, but not surprised.

People in the Rowe family would always do anything to achieve their goals.

Years ago, in order to make her mother marry into their family willingly, they killed her father.

Now, not unexpectedly, they threatened Dylan with his company.

Granny Rowe and Charlotte were really unreasonable. What if they got Dylan's promise to marry Charlotte?

Would they be really happy?

Anyway, she would never let them get what they wanted.

"Did Dylan compromise with her? He must be determined to win that bid..." said Savannah tentatively.

"Mr. Sterling hates to be threatened. Don't worry. The Rowe family is not a problem." Garwood said with a slightly sardonic smile. Obviously, he felt nothing but contempt for such dirty means.

Chapter 486: Baby, Where Did You Go?

Savannah let out a sigh of relief, but then frowned.

"What if Granny Rowe refused to give him back that document?" She was still a little worried.

"There're ways and means. Don't worry, Miss Schultz." Garwood comforted her.

"Garwood, don't tell Dylan I know this."

"I know." Garwood nodded immediately. In fact, he was told not to tell Miss Schultz so that she wouldn't have to worry about it.

After a few words with Garwood, Savannah went back to her room.

The man on the sofa was sleeping soundly. It looked like... he was really exhausted. This trouble had really eaten him up.

In her mind, he was always powerful and fearless, and no difficulty could ever obstruct his pace. But she never thought such a strong man would also be tired.

She took the blanket from the bed and laid it over him. Suddenly, her hand was seized, and she was pulled in his warm arms!

She uttered a low exclaim, not expecting him to make a surprise attack.

The couch was not big enough for two people to lie on, so Dylan hugged her hard so that she would not fall down.

Several times she tried to get herself out from his arms and sat up, but failed.

"Baby, where did you go?" He whispered, breathing to her ear.

"I see you tired and don't want to disturb you, so I go out first." She could feel that the man's energy was renewed after ten-minute sleeping.

"Don't get out of my sight without my permission." His arms tightened as he touched her delicate earlobes casually.

He held her so tight that she was a little breathless and had to give in, "Okay..."

"Say it again," He raised his eyebrows.

"I won't go out of your sight without your permission," she repeated, amused.

"Delete Kevin's contact number." He continued.

Savannah smiled wryly. She thought he'd forgotten that call, but he still cared about it.

"Yes, Mr. Sterling," she said helplessly.

"Good girl," Dylan gave her a kiss on her neck, satisfied.

She found it not so difficult to deal with the man. Men and children had a lot in common. He was just like their Kaiden and she couldn't resist their charms, always defeated by them.

As long as she obeyed his wish and didn't go against him, he wasn't that tough.

She had just breathed a sigh of relief, but then she was startled to hear his voice again.

"Why did you come back to me? Just disappointed in what Kevin did?"

Savannah swallowed, a little guilty and nervous.

"What?" Dylan frowned at her silence. He only asked casually, not expecting that she would be so upset.

She quickly straightened up her mood, huddling herself in his arms. "I hate to part with Kaiden...I feel sorry for him," she murmured in a pitiful way.

He had not the faintest suspicion of her words. Kaiden was her own son, and she had parted from him for three years. No mother could give up her child easily.

But he was still uncomfortable. So, she stayed only because of that small guy?

Should he thank his son for making her stay at his side?

Two days later, Savannah walked into a detective agency on the twentieth floor of a building.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" asked the middle-aged private investigator sitting opposite to her. He was thin and tall and seemed intelligent.

"I would like you to check into the boss of the detective agency next door, Edmond Gibbons."

"You want to check the detective next door?" asked the detective in surprise. It was the first time for him to receive this kind of case.

"That's right," Savannah answered in the affirmative, slightly raising her beautiful chin.

"What do you want to know about him?" Surprised as he was, the private detective was professional and quickly got into the groove.

"A few days ago, Edmond, together with his old classmate, Charlotte Rowe, nearly killed me. He pretended to be my appointed driver and deliberately tricked me into his car, trying to kill me by poisonous car exhaust. Fortunately, I escaped. I have no evidence, and I can't sue them. I hope you can help me find the evidence that they attempted murder. After all, even if I go to the police and could send Edmond to prison, Miss Rowe could say she didn't know about it and escaped punishment by law."

The private detective pondered for a moment and then nodded. "I see. Rest assured, Miss Schultz, I'll give you a satisfactory reply as soon as possible."

Savannah nodded, stood up, and left the detective agency.

Outside the building, she glanced back and breathed a sigh of relief.

There was fierce competition in the private investigation industry too.

The private detective, Edmond, in the same building, was a strong competitor of the middle-aged detective she had talked to. Because of this, she committed the matter to this detective, and she believed that in order to defeat his competitor, he would work harder to help her.

She was confident that the result of his investigation would give her a surprise.

Hardly had she stepped out of the elevator when she encountered an acquaintance, Charlotte.

Opponents always meet.

Needless to say, Charlotte came to meet Edmond.

Charlotte grunted and rolled her eyes, holding her head high.

Being ignored, Savannah twisted her lips in an ironic angle and, when she passed Charlotte, she threw her right leg and gave her a shove, tripping her.

Charlotte stumbled and pitched forward. Luckily, she balanced herself on the wall and didn't fall down, but some people next to them caught the scene and laughed out.

Annoyed and embarrassed, Charlotte jumped upon Savannah and lifted her hand!

Savannah had expected her movement; she caught her hand that rose to slap her, pushing her away unkindly.

"If you want your name to be seen in tomorrow's trending hashtag, I won't stop you. I'm just a small model, and I'm not afraid to make a scene. Go on if you like." Savannah said with a sly grin.

Charlotte paused, gritting her teeth.

Yes, if any passer-by recorded a video when she hit Savannah and posted it online, only she would suffer a loss. She was the daughter of the Rowe family, but Savannah? She was nobody now.

Chapter 487: Have A Nice Flight

What's more, if things got worse, reporters might dig out Savannah's identity as Joanne's own daughter, the granddaughter of the chairman of the GTN group. Thus, the Morton family had to admit Savannah's identity and took her back under public opinion pressure.

It was not what Charlotte wanted to see.

She pulled away her hand and gave a snort. "Don't be so smug. Do you think you're gonna win by pestering Dylan? Unfortunately, he'll still marry me at last. You'll see."

Savannah chuckled, "I know your means. Well, It's... awesome."

Charlotte's face stiffened, and then she threw her shoulders back and lowered her voice, "so what? Anyway, I'll be his wife. Even if you made up with Dylan, you're doomed to failure. Wait and see, Dylan will break up with you and be with me soon!"

She knew what her grandmother had done. So, she was very confident that Dylan would choose her even for the Nordic project!

At first, she was a little worried that Dylan might get angry for being threatened. But he didn't say anything or blame the Rowe family.

Grandma was right. The business was always of the utmost importance for men, especially a successful businessman like Dylan.

This kind of project was a biggie, not exactly the sort of project a team could do overnight. Dylan had to be responsible for his company, for his father, and for all the efforts of his staff. He couldn't see the failure of the bidding, absolutely not.

He was wise enough to know how to choose.

Seeing her confidence, Savannah smiled, "if you want a husband who is not into you, I won't stop you. But remember," after a pause, she said, "even if Dylan marries you, you wouldn't be able to get his heart. Even if you become Mrs. Sterling, I'll still be with him. What keeps you accompanied only by countless lonely nights."

"Shame on you!" Charlotte was choking with anger!

Savannah gave a scornful smile, crossing her arms at Charlotte's anger.

She was shameless, so what?

What she wanted was to destroy the Rowe family's happiness and prospects! She didn't care if they thought of her as a siren or fox!

Charlotte, fearing that she would be in a fight with her if she stayed longer, stomped to the elevator.

Savannah smiled loftily and turned away.

After getting into a taxi, she calmed down and suddenly remembered that today was Kevin's departure day.

He wanted her to see him off, but she didn't know if she should go or not...

Maybe she shouldn't give Kevin any hope.

Since she had been cruel to him, she should maintain a hard and indifferent parting.

But it was hard not to go. She didn't know when she could see Kevin again after he left.

After struggling for a long time, she finally decided. She didn't have to show up, and she could quietly see Kevin off.

Savannah checked the time and asked the driver to divert to the airport. When the taxi stopped at the gate of the airport, it was almost time to go for the security check.

Not far from the security gate, a familiar figure in a trench coat was standing there alone, looking around from time to time, with two suitcases at his feet. A look of disappointment passed over his face.

Kevin...

Savannah stepped aside to hide behind a wall, her heart pounding in her chest.

He had been recovering from his broken leg, but he lost a lot of weight and looked in a low spirit.

Kevin, I'm sorry... She murmured to herself.

As if he was sure whom he was looking for did not seem to show up, Kevin picked up his suitcase, walking silently towards the security gate.

Savannah could not bear to see the scene any longer; she turned and walked away. After a few steps, she heard a trembling male voice from her back.

"Savannah..."

Startled, she turned slowly.

Kevin was standing behind her, his bloodshot eyes fixed intensely on her, and his suitcase dropped from his hand.

"Now that you came to see me off, why don't you show up?" He looked at her entreatingly.

Savannah could not say a word. She gripped her fingers so savagely that every finger-end was stinging. She must harden her heart.

"Savannah," Kevin got up the courage to her front and took her hand, venturing, "are you still angry? If you want me to stay, or if you want to go to Italy with me, I'll..."

"No, you think too much," Savannah took out her hand, looking at him coldly. "After all, you had taken care of me for so long. I don't want you to think of me as ungrateful. So, I came to see you off."

The hope in Kevin's eyes was gone. He looked so disappointed that he didn't speak for a long time.

Savannah turned her head to avert his eyes, worried that, seeing him, she might be softhearted, and told him everything.

She turned to leave, but Kevin took a few steps towards her, holding her in his arms. She bit her lip and tried to disentangle herself from his arms.

"Savannah, let me hug you, for the last time, please," he said as he restrained the sadness in his voice, "think of it as the last gift you give me before we get separated, will you?"

She couldn't resist and finally stopped struggling.

Several minutes later, Kevin reluctantly released his arms.

Savannah took two steps back and hung her head.

"Have a nice flight." With that, she turned away without any hesitation. She didn't look back because she was afraid that she would break down and tell him the truth.

If Kevin knew that the reason why she stayed alone was to avenge her father on the Rowe family, he would surely stay with her and even finish it for her.

It was all her own business, and she didn't want to involve Kevin. He had done too much for her. This time, she wanted to do it all by herself.

Lowering her head and clenching her fists, she walked straight ahead. Suddenly, she bumped into someone.

Chapter 488: Don't Be Shy

Savannah stumbled back, dizzy and nearly falling, but was pulled back in time by a pair of long arms.

Looking up, she forced a smile and, with the words thank-you in her mouth, the bitter smile froze on her face when she saw clearly the man in front of her.

Dylan.

His face looked gloomy under the dull sky, the dangerous light in his eyes, making Savannah shiver unconsciously. He raised his hand to wipe away the lingered tear upon her eyelash without a word.

She didn't expect him to show up at the airport. Did he come by to see if she came to see Kevin off?

She was so nervous that her palms were all cold and sweating as if she was caught by her husband. She was even more worried that she might provoke him or broke the relationship that she had just built with him.

Dylan didn't say anything. With a cloudy face, he gripped her hand, striding to his car.

In the front passenger seat, Savannah stirred uneasily. She did not know how to explain to him, afraid of making things worse with more explanation.

After all, he had seen her come to the airport. How could she explain? Could she say she didn't come to see Kevin off?

And maybe he had seen their last hug...

She shuddered at the thought.

Dylan could see her nervousness. He fastened the safety belt for her, the chill of his fingertips made her more frightened.

Then Dylan started the car and drove away.

He kept silent all the way, and of course, she did not dare to speak.

The car came to a screeching halt at Green Lake. He got off first, went to her side, wrenched the door open, and lifted her out of the car, walking quietly into the house.

Savannah had no idea how angry he was or what he wanted to do, but as long as he could keep calm, she was prepared to accept any punishment.

She wound her arms around his neck, biting her lips and holding back her breath, trying not to smell the coldness from his body so as to be less nervous.

In the house, two servants and Garcia changed their faces when Dylan kicked the door open with Savannah in his arms.

The three of them shivered and dared not make a noise.

He took her upstairs to her room, kicked the door shut, and threw her onto the soft bed. Standing beside the bed, he gazed up at her through long lashes and began to undo his pants and pull the zipper.

His movement was smooth and charming and a bit sexy. It didn't make her disgusted but quickened her heartbeat.

"Dylan..." Savannah knew what he was up to, staring at him with wide eyes.

He stared down at her for a moment, then he grabbed her suddenly, and flipped her over, took down her pants. It took Savannah by surprise. He pushed both her knees up to the bed, so her behind is in the air, and he slapped her hard.

Before she could react, he plunged inside her.

"Ahh!" Savannah uttered a soft cry of pain.

There was no foreplay, not even caressing or flirting.

His mouth was open slightly, and his breathing was harsh. He slammed mercilessly into her, and he didn't stop. She moaned, and he pounded on and on, merciless, a relentless rhythm, to vent his anger and jealousy.

Her body quivered, bowed, a sheen of sweat gathered over her. She did not resist but relaxed her body to meet him.

Her flattering manner pleased him, and his thrust softened a little. He leaned over and nibbled at her pink earlobe, whispering in a husky voice, "dare you to see him secretly again?"

"No..." She had fallen into the feeling of fullness, melting around him.

Suddenly, he sped up, asking, "have you ever had sex with him?"

"No..." She had not expected the man to ask this. He must have been thinking of it and being jealous every day. The thought amused her.

"Really?" His tone became much softer.

"Really! Ahhh! Dylan, you're hurting me. Could you please be gentle, this isn't pleasurable at all!" She screamed.

Satisfied, he slowed down and dropped his passionate kisses on every inch of her body before continuing his next attack...but this time, it became passionate as if he's giving all his love and compassion.

* * *

The sex continued well into the night. They didn't even eat or go to the bathroom.

Savannah lay in bed, too tired to lift a finger.

"Baby, go down to dinner," whispered that freaking hot man.

Savannah was awake now. She flushed and sat up, holding the quilt to cover herself.

"Oh... I'll go downstairs right away. You go first."

He had dressed well and seemed to have a much better mood. Knowing that she was still ashamed, he bent down to look at her, teasing, "you've given birth to a child for me, don't be shy."

"Go ahead, I'll be right there." She pressed her hands against his arms and said in a low voice.

"All right," he sighed and shook his head and gave her another soft kiss to her thin lips, turned around, and went downstairs.

She quickly blushed while looking at his disappearing back.

Savannah got dressed and suddenly remembered something.

He didn't use condoms.

"Dylan Sterling, you've tricked me again!" She scolded him silently.

She didn't plan to have a little bun without a proper plan so soon while her revenge hadn't completed yet.

There was no morning-after pill at home. She had to find a chance to buy it first.

She made up her mind and went downstairs. The dishes were already served. Dylan was watching the ball game on the sofa, waiting for her.

"Where're you going?" He raised his eyebrows.

"I want to go out for a walk..."

"Have a bite first, and then I'll go out with you," Dylan walked over to her and took her hand. He was afraid she would faint on the way.

Savannah didn't insist, afraid that too much would arouse his suspicion. What if he found out she was going to buy the pill?

It took a lot of work to get him down, and she didn't want to anger him so soon.

Fortunately, she was in her safe period.

She sighed imperceptibly and sat at the table.

* * *

A week later, Savannah received a call from the private detective. Hearing that he had got what she wanted, she immediately went to the detective agency.

In the office, she asked eagerly, "well, did you find anything?"

The private detective pulled out a brown paper bag and pushed it toward her.

"This was part of a private conversation between Mr. Gibbons and Miss Rowe, in which they mentioned that Mr. Gibbons tricked you into his car and tried to suffocate you with the exhaust gas. Though it was not direct evidence, it's enough for you to take them to the police to sue them."

Chapter 489: The Truth About The Girl Who Saved Dylan

Savannah took the brown paper bag with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, well," the private detective said haltingly, "there's one other thing I've found in the investigation. I don't know if you need it."

"What's it?" Savannah raised a suspicious glance.

"They mentioned someone's lifesaver in their conversation..."

Savannah recalled something and immediately sat up, her pupils dilating with shock, "Can you tell me more about their conversation?"

"I've prepared another recording. You can check it yourself," the private detective said as he took out a recorder pen and handed it to Savannah.

Savannah turned the recorder on immediately.

"...Charlotte, after all you've done for that man, he still chose another girl. Why don't you just give up? Leave him!" This bitter voice should be Edmond's.

"Enough! You know I don't want to hear this!" Charlotte's voice was impatient.

"I wish you'd wake up! Three years ago, I investigated Eric and found evidence of his embezzlement for you to use against him. In order to stop Mr. Sterling's wedding, you threatened Eric with that evidence and asked him to tell Mr. Sterling that you were the girl who had saved him. But even he believed you're the one he had been looking for, and postponed his wedding ceremony because of you, even after Savannah left, he still didn't be with you! You've been waiting for him for three years but failed to move him! Now Savannah came back, and you won't have any chance!"

"All right! Edmond, I came to see you because I'm in a bad mood. I want to talk to someone who understands me and knows to comfort me. You will only make me more upset. If you kept saying that, I won't come to see you again."

"Charlotte... Well, I won't say that again..." Edmond finally gave in.

Savannah pressed the stop button, her heart beating violently, and her mind was in a bit of a mess.

That was to say, the girl who had saved Dylan's life, the girl Dylan had been looking for, wasn't Charlotte.

Had it not been for her investigation in Charlotte and Edmond this time, the secret might never have been discovered.

Charlotte, who looked so sweet, so delicate, and so harmless, was so scheming that she had resorted to a series of means to get the man she wanted.

Because Dylan took her as his lifesaver, though they were not together, he had never been hard on her over the years.

Savannah would like to show Dylan the recorder right now to expose Charlotte.

But it was too boring in that case. And the recording alone didn't seem to be enough. What if Charlotte said that she fabricated the recording to incriminate her?

Savannah thought for a while and then twisted her lips.

After leaving the detective agency, she called Garwood and asked him to come out alone and meet her at a café.

In the café, Savannah told Garwood she needed his help.

"Why do you ask me to do this?" Garwood wondered.

"You're Dylan's best assistant. Eric will only believe it if you sent the word."

"What do you want?" Garwood didn't understand.

"Just do it. Don't tell Dylan about this yet. Anyway, Dylan will know what's going on." Savannah's tone was assured.

Garwood still wanted to ask more, but Savannah stopped him with a sweet smile. "He asked you to meet my requirement, didn't he?"

Garwood paused and finally nodded.

He didn't know why, but he felt that Miss Schultz in front of him seemed not the same as before, even much different from when she just came back from Italy.

She looked like a timid and simple girl when she was with Mr. Sterling three years ago, and she became much more confident and independent when she returned from Italy. But now, she was hard to read.

* * *

When Eric walked into the office early in the morning, he heard some of his subordinates whispering,

"Haven't you heard of it? The corporate headquarter seems to be preparing to audit the accounts of the branch office in Chicago!"

"Ah? Why are they going to check our accounts, all of a sudden?"

"Who knows? Maybe there's something wrong with the senior management here?"

"It's a possibility, otherwise, why only the branch office in Chicago?"

Eric stopped, breaking out in a cold sweat, a guilty feeling creeping over his heart.

He walked into his office and closed the door. The noise of discussion outside smothered him.

If the headquarter examined the accounts, his embezzlement of public funds would be discovered sooner or later!

Why did the big boss want to examine the accounts of his branch office in Chicago?

His face darkened as if struck by a sudden thought.

Recently, it was said that Charlotte and Mr. Sterling were getting closer and closer, and they were about to get engaged.

Could it be that Charlotte exposed his embezzlement to please her future husband?

She was the only one who knew his embezzlement, and he couldn't think of anyone else to report him.

He phoned Charlotte with a sullen expression.

"Miss Rowe, hope that you're well."

"Eric?" Charlotte didn't expect him to find her again, frowning. "What're you calling for?"

"The headquarter prepares to audit the accounts in its branch office in Chicago, do you know why?" Eric asked coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Mr. Sterling's always trusted me. He's never checked the books, but now he's going to check mine. You must have said something to him! Only you know my affairs." Eric ground his teeth.

"What's the good of telling Dylan your affairs? Am I crazy?" Charlotte felt amused and exasperated.

"You wouldn't have told Dylan before because you were afraid that I'd end up exposing you too. But now it's different. Everybody says that you're going to marry Mr. Sterling. In order to win the Sterling family's favor, it's normal for you to betray me! Besides, you've got all my incriminating evidence and didn't return it to me!" Charlotte refused to give him back the evidence of his embezzlement, which had kept him on edge for three years.

"I didn't tell Dylan about you. As for the reason why they want to check accounts, I don't know! Maybe you've been reported by others? It's none of my business."

Chapter 490: The Deal Three Years Ago

"Really? Give me back the evidence of my embezzlement in your hand; otherwise, I don't trust you!" Eric gritted his teeth.

"Enough! Eric, after the deal was done, we agreed not to contact each other again to avoid suspicion from others. Don't call me again!" Charlotte hung up impatiently.

She was able to control Eric with the evidence in her own hand. How could she be so stupid to give it back to him?

Holding the phone, Eric got more agitated. He thought Charlotte was just playing games on him.

If it wasn't her who told Mr. Sterling on him, who else could it be?

Now she still refused to give the evidence to him. Something must be wrong!

* * *

Charlotte had been a little upset since she got the call from Eric.

Being audited was always a serious matter. Would Eric be desperate to find her trouble?

In the evening, she walked out of the room and went downstairs for dinner in a languid manner.

"What's troubling you, baby?" Granny Rowe, seeing her dear granddaughter weak in spirit, took her hand and asked in concern.

"It's nothing, grandma." Charlotte braced up, forcing herself to smile. Of course, she dared not share her trouble with her.

Granny Rowe thought she was still upset because of Dylan. She gave her granddaughter a gentle pat on the hand.

"Don't worry, baby. I promised you, in a few days, Dylan will leave Savannah and come back to you." Granny Rowe comforted Charlotte as she squinted Joanne sitting opposite her.

The deadline for the bid project was coming up. Without those important files, the Sterling group had no chance of winning the bidding. She believed that Dylan would compromise.

Joanne frowned, knowing that her mother-in-law said that not only to comfort Charlotte; she was also telling her that Dylan would only belong to the daughter of the Rowe family, and Savannah's hope was but vain.

Taking a breath, Joanne was about to argue with her mother-in-law when her husband next to her gave her a gentle pull. She had to swallow her displeasure.

Charlotte blushed at her grandmother's words and nodded shyly.

Just then, a maid came running up, whispering, "Miss, you are wanted outside."

"Who is it?" Charlotte turned black.

"Mr. Naik, from Chicago."

Charlotte's heart missed a beat. Damn it, Eric flew to LA to find her!

"Who's looking for you, Charlotte?" Ethan asked in surprise.

"Oh... A friend from Chicago. I'll go out and have a look. You eat first," said Charlotte as she hurried out of the house.

Under the streetlamp, Eric stood with a gloomy face. He took a taxi here as soon as he got off the plane.

"What do you want? I made it clear I didn't report you! It's none of my business!" Charlotte pulled him into a corner angrily.

"Besides you, who else knows about my embezzling public funds? Well, now that you're going to marry into the Sterling family, you've forgotten who put you in this position! If I hadn't told Mr. Sterling his lifesaver was you, do you think you'd have a chance to get him? Since you're ungrateful and burn your bridges, I don't mind dying with you! You reported me, and I'll tell Mr. Sterling what you did! I'll tell him you're not the girl who saved his life!" Eric growled in a low voice, grabbing Charlotte's wrist and dragging her out of the gate like an endangered beast.

"Are you mad? What do you want now?" Charlotte pulled out her hand, stepping back. Her head was throbbing.

Holy shit! What happened? Why did Dylan suddenly decide to audit the accounts? If not for that, Eric wouldn't have looked for her trouble like a mad dog now!

"Okay, now I don't care if you did it or not, just do two things. First, give me all the evidence against me in your hand." In that case, he still had time to erase the traces. "Second, go to Dylan and ask him not to check my accounts."

"I can promise you the first thing, but you ask me to change Dylan's decision? I can't do that! I can't stop him if he wants to check your accounts!" Charlotte shouted in a low voice.

"Oh, now everyone in the group knows that you're going to marry Mr. Sterling. In a few days' time, you will be his wife! Of course, he will listen to you!"

Charlotte felt her head was going to split. Her grandma sent that words in order to set her and Dylan together, but they hadn't gone that far. But Eric took the rumor for truth. Now he wouldn't believe her even if she told him it was not true.

"If I speak for you, Dylan will doubt my relationship with you. What we did three years ago might be found too! Impossible!" She gritted her teeth.

Eric was furious at being refused. He grabbed her, dragging her outside the gate.

"Go and talk to him now!"

"Stop it! I'll call somebody! There are security guards everywhere!" Charlotte turned pale with terror.

"Oh, call somebody if you wanted to expose our deal three years ago!" Eric sneered.

Sure enough, Charlotte didn't dare shout, she just struggled hard.

No one ever dared to treat her like this, and she had never suffered such humiliations before.

"If you dare to touch me again, I'll hand over all the evidence against you to Dylan now, so that I can send you to jail directly!" She yanked her hand away and threatened him in a low voice.

"You bitch!" Eric was so angry that he seized her by her long hair and gave a tug unkindly.

"Ah!" Charlotte uttered a harsh scream out of pain.

The two had at each other with fists and feet.

Just then, a bright light hit them and, for a moment, blinded them.

The two temporarily stopped, raising their hands to shade their eyes from the light. When they opened their eyes again, they saw a car stopping in front of them from nowhere.

The door opened, and a familiar cool figure got off, accompanied by two bodyguards.

Charlotte stared at the man, her heart almost stopping.

"Dylan!"

"Mr. Sterling!" Eric almost fell to his knees.

The man's face was ashen. Obviously, he had seen the fight and heard the conversation between them. His indifferent eyes roamed over their faces and fell on Eric as he ordered coldly, "Send him to the police!"

"Yes, sir." Two bodyguards came forward and set up Eric, who was deathly pale!