

Midnight 621

Chapter 621: Shame On You

"I don't know, Miss Smith," Dan called to mind Kevin's words and shook his head to Cecelia helplessly.

"You're his confidant and best friend, and you help him with the company. How can you not know where he is?" Cecelia dragged him closer, clenching her teeth. She even set one of her feet on a nearby chair, assuming a fighting posture, as if she would eat him if he refused to give Kevin to her.

A bitter laugh escaped Dan. He now knew why Kevin escaped in a hurry. What an impossible girl! She looked more like a hooligan instead of a delicate lady from the governor's family.

"Oh, well. Kevin's my boss anyway, you know, he doesn't have to tell me where he has gone. I suggest you go out and hang around a bit more. Anyway, you can find him sooner or later..." Dan said in an ingratiatingly joking voice.

"He didn't come back to JK?" Cecelia stared at Dan suspiciously, as if wondering if he was telling the truth.

"No, absolutely not. I'm looking for him too. That guy's so irresponsible that he left all business to me. I'm done up with work!" Dan heaved a deep sigh.

Cecelia released her grip reluctantly but still looking around.

Dan took a few steps back in relief. Just then, his secretary came over and said, "Sir, the ticket for Mr. Wills has been booked. The plane will leave at 10:30, and I've just sent the flight information to him."

Oh no! Dan put his hand to his forehead in a cold sweat, taking a stealthy glance at Cecelia. Apparently, she heard the secretary too. With staring eyes, she ran to Dan and again seized his collar in a huff.

"How dare you lie to me!"

But now, it was not time to question Dan. She pushed him away and rushed out of the office with the guard in a hurry!

At the airport, Cecelia desperately looked for Kevin in the crowd, but he was nowhere to see.

It was getting near check-in time. She went directly at the gate of the international European line, but there was still no familiar figure among the passengers.

Was he already in? No, the secretary said he had a 10:30 flight.

She was so worried that she walked out of the way and tried to enter the gate, but was stopped by the security officials.

"Miss, please show your boarding check."

The guard quickly pulled her back and dissuaded her in a whisper, "Miss, please don't make a mess. This is a public place. We can't explain to Mr. and Mrs. Smith if you're recognized..."

Cecelia restrained herself and stepped aside. She pulled back her eyes and dialed Kevin.

She had made countless phone calls to him when she kept looking for him these days, but he never answered. So she didn't expect he would answer it this time.

"Hello?"

"Kevin! Are you still at the airport? Where are you? Here I am. Will you come out and see me?" Cecelia was overjoyed when the familiar man's voice came over the phone.

"Cecelia, do you realize how annoying you are? I've never seen any girl who is so annoying and unreasonable like you." The man's voice was cool and stony, piercing Cecelia's chest unmercifully, leaving her stunned.

Although he was impatient to her occasionally, he had never said such heavy words.

"I... Did I really bother you?" Cecelia held her breath.

"Why else did I run away again and again? I just want a place to be alone, but I still can't get any peace. What do you want to do with me? To comfort me or to walk me out of love injury? Do you think you are the virgin Mary, able to save the world? You are the same foolish as your parents. Don't you know how stupid you really are? It's disgusting. To tell you the truth, every time I see you and your smug parents, I feel sick!" Every word was harsh and cold.

"Enough!" Cecelia couldn't resist. "Don't insult my parents! Don't forget, my father is your father too!"

"That's right. Your father is my biological father, and if you know that, why not stop pestering me? Isn't it shameless for the sister to be so obsessed with her brother? Oh, I forgot, you're the daughter of your insolent mother, who is cheeky enough to still keep smiling in front of everyone even if she's not liked by her husband, and even if he had an affair with another woman..."

"Shut up!" Cecelia interrupted him fiercely with red eyes, "I repeat, you can call me or laugh at me, whatever, but never insult my mom! What did my mom do wrong? Did she have a choice? No woman would like to marry a man she doesn't love! But it's a political marriage, and she had no choice! Was she willing to be betrayed by her husband and watch him bear children with other women? For the sake of two families, she didn't divorce, but she had to swallow all sadness herself! I never blame your mother for anything, why are you accusing my mom? You're not qualified!"

Kevin sensed the girl's anger through the phone.

Good. In such a case, she would not come to him again.

"I just spoke the truth. In my heart, all of you are righteous hypocrites. Your father forced my mother because of his own bad marriage. What a fucking governor! And your mother, who failed to manage her husband, vent all her anger to my mother and finally caused her death, and showed no remorse! It's unbelievable that she was a cultured lady from a big family. And now her daughter kept on at her brother... Shame on you!"

"Enough, Kevin! Shut up! I hate you. I hate you! I never want to see you again!" Cecelia threw her phone to the ground and ran away!

Startled, the guard picked up Cecelia's cell phone and followed her in a hurry.

At the same time, a figure slowly came out from behind the wall and looked at the gate of the airport.

Never want to see him again? All right.

It was good for her and good for him.

Chapter 622: She Had A Four-Year-Old Son

Two months should not be a long time, but it was awful long for Savannah.

Kaiden kept asking Savannah when his daddy would be back. They all couldn't wait to see Dylan.

After two months of treatment, Dylan had to recuperate in the hospital for another month.

His calls became less frequent, until recently, Savannah almost heard nothing from him. He even didn't send a text message to her these days. According to Jacob, there would be closed treatment occasionally, and before they had been unconnected for two or three days, so she didn't worry too much.

The studio.

The photographer continually clicked the shutter at the handsome young men who were posing on the stage.

Savannah stood not far away behind the photographer, watching the shooting with Tina.

"Miss Schultz, you have good taste. Chris really suits our new style." Tina couldn't stop smiling.

M&G launched its summer fashions of Young series recently. Man's clothes were added this time, and it was also a challenge for Savannah.

K&G had been focused on women's wear before. The promotion of new men's wear was very important, and a good spokesman was the key.

The one that immediately stood out to Savannah was Chris.

Chris was a famous model, and his endorsements were all international high-end brands. Though K&G's publicity had snowballed over the past few years in the domestic industry, it was still an up and coming company, and Chris might have no interest in being its spokesman. What's more, Savannah knew he had always been very busy.

She didn't expect him to readily accept the invitation when she called him.

As soon as K&G posted some of the pictures of Chris on Instagram, it got so many favorable comments from the media and the public.

There was a significant rise in the page views of K&G's official website and online store, and the number of its followers on IG and Twitter increased rapidly.

The new style, which Chris was endorsing, had already been booked out before it was officially released.

Today, Savannah came to the studio with Tina when she knew Chris was here to photograph.

Savannah feasted her eyes on the man during the photo session. She had to admit that she really got the right spokesman this time.

Chris was a fine picture when he stood still on the stage. The man was a diamond dazzled with brilliancy, and he seemed destined for the camera and the stage.

"You're really on good terms with Chris, Miss Schultz, otherwise, it would be hard for a general company like K&G to sign him as the spokesman. You know, many clothing companies had invited him, but he accepted none of the endorsements. The products he's endorsed are all global brands." Tina's voice rang out again. She knew that Savannah had played a role in the hit series Fashion Queen and had played opposite Chris. Savannah looked at Chris on the stage. Yes, the success of the men's collection of Young series had a lot to do with Chris's help. The final shot ended, and the cameraman gestured to Chris onstage, indicating the shooting was over. Chris took off his coat and walked over to Savannah with a grin. This seemingly random move was chic and sexy, producing cheering gasps from the female staff in the studio. Even Tina, who had always been a steady person, couldn't help but murmur in a low excited voice, "Miss Schultz, is Chris coming towards us? Wow, he looked awful handsome at close range! God, he's much smarter than on TV." As she spoke, Chris went right up to Savannah and joked, "I'm flattered that the boss has come to see me herself." The appeal of the charming man almost made Tina scream. Savannah laughed and sent her excited secretary away before she folded her arms and smiled at Chris. "Stop unleashing the full, devastating power of your eyes on my secretary. I still need her to work for me with a clear mind." "It just doesn't work for you," Chris said with a tremendous smile and a glint in his eyes. "Don't make fun of a young mother, Chris. You have so many young girls waiting in line for your attention." Savannah was quite familiar with this big start now, and she knew he was just joking.

"Young mother, who cares? Don't you know hot young moms are more popular than little girls now? Do you think I shall grasp the opportunity when someone's away...?" Chris whispered with his mouth closer to her ear deliberately.

They talked and laughed. After a while, Chris's agent came and took him away in a hurry to the next job.

Tina bounded back to Savannah after Chris left, looking at his back with a sigh.

"Miss Schultz, Chris isn't chasing you, is he?" She asked curiously.

After being Savannah's secretary for a long time, Tina knew that Savannah's boyfriend, Mr. Sterling, was still recuperating in NY.

What's more, he and Savannah already had a four-year-old son.

But they hadn't married yet, so it was no surprise that Miss Schultz could attract stars like Chris.

If this big star was not interested in Miss Schultz, how could he spare time to endorse K&G? Didn't Miss Schultz notice the tenderness in his eyes?

"You know he seems to be pursuing any female," Savannah smiled after a short pause. "My old nanny, Garcia, has also been crazy about him and just joined his fan club not long ago."

This may be the charm of Chris. He was able to make every woman feel of being loved and being concerned.

Tina laughed. Then she dropped her voice thoughtfully and joked, "by the way, when will Mr. Sterling be back? Does he know Miss Schultz is surrounded by stars like Chris? if I were Mr. Sterling, I wouldn't be able to stay far away from you for so long."

Savannah let out a sigh at her words.

This was already the third month, and he should come back in just a few days.

However, he still didn't contact her these days, and there was no answer when she called him.

After leaving the studio, Savannah asked the driver to take Tina home, and then she took a taxi to Kaiden's kindergarten.

Kaiden was going to Sterling's house this evening for dinner, and she had planned to pick him up from kindergarten and went together with him.

Chapter 623: What The Matter With Daddy?

As Savannah walked into the kindergarten, she saw Kaiden staring longingly out from the classroom, waiting for her.

"Mommy!" The little boy, at the sight of her arrival, hopped up to her happily.

Savannah took Kaiden by the hand, leading him out, ready to take a taxi to Sterling's house.

Suddenly, Kaiden pointed to the front.

"Daddy's car! Daddy's back!" With that, he let go of Savannah's hand and hopped ahead.

Savannah was surprised and, for a moment, forgot to pull Kaiden back.

Dylan's back?

Looking up, she saw a familiar Maybach drawing nearer to them.

It was indeed one of Dylan's regular cars.

This car was limited edition, and besides him, no one else would drive this car in LA.

Kaiden ran over and waved at the car.

It seemed that the driver didn't expect a boy to rush out all of a sudden. The car screeched to a standstill!

Savannah came to her senses, running to grab Kaiden, and whispered,

"How can you rush into the road like that? It's dangerous!"

At this moment, the door of the car was pulled open, and a tall figure got off.

The man, dressed in a black shirt and black trousers, appeared against the sun in front of Savannah and Kaiden.

Savannah looked at the man in front of her. Her heart missed a beat.

It was Dylan.

Why didn't he tell her in advance?

After three months of separation, he seemed to take an entirely new look with a much better spirit. His deep eyes fell sharply on the mother and the son.

Before Savannah could cry out his name, he had already done a quick visual check-up on Kaiden and said coldly, "Whose kid is this? Didn't your parents teach you the rules of the road?"

Savannah's smile froze on her face.

Kaiden swallowed up "daddy" and stared.

His dad was kidding, wasn't he? Why did he seem not to know them?

Dylan saw Kaiden stare at him, and his face grew colder.

"Go away, and don't be silly!" He approached Kaiden as he shouted impatiently.

Kaiden gasped, pulling the corner of Savannah's coat, and whispered, "Mommy... What's the matter with daddy?"

Savannah could guess what happened, but she didn't believe it, thinking that he had just returned home to surprise her or frighten her on purpose.

"You... Don't you know us?" She ventured.

Dylan turned his gaze to the little woman beside the boy.

"Are you the mother of this uneducated boy? Please take care of your son and ask him not to run around on the road. Don't give anyone any trouble." With these cold words, he turned to go back to his car.

"Dylan!" Savannah blurted out.

Hearing his name, Dylan paused. His pupils contracted slightly, he looked back at Savannah and Kaiden as if he guessed something.

At the same time, another car came up and stopped beside the Maybach. The door opened, and Garwood walked quickly forward.

"Sir..." Then he looked at Savannah and Kaiden. "Miss Schulz, young master."

Dylan's expression changed a little, and he looked at Savannah and Kaiden again, as if embarrassed.

Garwood, with a sigh, said to Dylan, "Sir, this is... Miss Schulz, and the young master."

Savannah felt she had just been doused in cold water. The last smile disappeared from her lips.

He really didn't remember her and Kaiden...

The side effect of the new drug still happened to him.

And she realized why he hadn't been in touch with her for so long. It turned out that he didn't remember them.

Kaiden also quickly realized what had happened. His dad, after going to another city for medical treatment, got sick again?

He went over and took Dylan's hand. "Daddy, don't you remember mommy and me?"

Dylan pulled out his hand as if stung by a wasp. He was still not used to being called daddy on the street by a four-year-old kid.

Even though he knew the little fellow was his son, his mind went blank, and he could not remember anything about him.

And the little woman.

Since she bore a child with him, she should be the most intimate person in the world for him. But there was no memory in his mind at the moment.

Kaiden, somewhat hurt, looked back at Savannah.

Savannah felt disturbed and uncomfortable when she saw how strange he was to Kaiden. She went to him and held Kaiden's hand.

"Why don't we go back home first?" Garwood said quickly to break the embarrassment. "Mr. old Sterling is still waiting for you."

After they got off the plane, Jacob suggested Dylan go to the kindergarten to see Kaiden first in order to call back his memory as soon as possible. After all, Kaiden was his son, and they were connected by blood. Maybe he could remember something when he saw him.

Unexpectedly, Savannah came to pick up Kaiden, and they met in this situation.

If it had not been for Garwood's words, he wouldn't have known them at all.

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The Sterling's house.

Old Sterling and Jacob were talking in the living room. As Dylan returned with Savannah and Kaiden, they stood up and walked over.

"Grandpa! Daddy doesn't know me!" Kaiden, who had been ignored by Dylan all the way, ran into old Sterling's arms with a great grievance.

Old Sterling learned from Jacob about the situation of his son, and he was ready for it. However, he still held a glimmer of hope before Dylan arrived. He patted his grandson in a comforting way and looked at Dylan.

"Dylan, I'm your dad. Do you remember me?"

In NY, Jacob and Garwood had told Dylan something about Savannah, Kaiden, and his father, but Dylan was still in a daze as he looked at the old man in front of him.

Actually, his memories about Jacob and Garwood, who had been at his side every day for months, also dimmed these days.

Dylan looked at old Sterling and seemed to be making a tolerably vigorous effort to recall something about him.

Everyone was waiting quietly for his answer.

"I'm sorry," he replied simply.

For this old man, his father, he only had some vague and fragmentary memories, which were just as incomplete as for Savannah and Kaiden.

A sorry cooled down everyone's heart.

The miracle didn't happen.

He ended up being one of the 25 percent.

"Nothing, take your time, you've just came back," Jacob said busily with a forced smile.

Chapter 624: Just Wait And See

Ten minutes later, Savannah stood by the French window, watching Dylan familiarize himself with the old days in the courtyard with old Sterling and Kaiden.

"The side effect of the new drug appeared at the end of the first month of the treatment, with only occasional forgetfulness. I hoped against hope that he would recover after the treatment. He didn't want to worry you, so he didn't mention it to you." Jacob, standing behind Savannah, said quietly.

Taking a deep breath, he continued.

"However, as the treatment progressed, the severity of the side effect increased dramatically. One morning last month, he woke up and suddenly didn't know Garwood and forgot who he is. But he could still remember you at that time. Before he came back to LA, I had done tests on him. At present, his amnesia isn't too serious, and he retained some memory of some people. We observed that he forgot the people who are closest to him, which means that the closer you have been, the more likely he would forget you. Instead, he could remember someone he doesn't know well. That's quite common in amnesiacs."

Savannah turned pale and smiled wryly.

"Fortunately, he has no problem with his past work and knowledge. Don't worry, Savannah. I'm sure he'll be all right." Jacob patted her gently on the shoulder.

The rims of Savannah's eyes turned red, and she covered her mouth.

No wonder he hadn't contacted her since last month. So since then...

Turning around, she asked, "what about his illness?"

Jacob's tense face eased a little.

"Rest assured, the treatment outcome is very good. According to the observation of the past two months, the original symptoms of his illness gradually disappeared, and it didn't attack again. Based on past cases, the state of his illness has been perfectly under control," Jacob concluded.

Her black mood eased a little, and she let out a slight sigh.

She could see that.

He was radiant and fresh, as cool, clear, and determined as he had been.

He would never again suffer from this terrible disease. It was too great that he could have a healthy and normal life again.

But the price of recovery was... forgetting her.

Her face faded at the thought.

Even so, she didn't regret having allowed him to try the new drug.

It seemed worth it as long as he could recover.

After Savannah talked with Jacob for a while, Kaiden and old Sterling came back with Dylan.

Seeing that it was getting late, Jacob took his leave.

Old Sterling wanted to inquire about Dylan's condition, so he went out with Cooper to see him off. Before leaving, he asked the nurse to take Kaiden upstairs to bed.

Dylan and Savannah were left in the living room. They could almost hear each other's breathing.

Savannah looked at him, quite upset when she noticed the strangeness in his eyes.

She'd been looking forward to his return for months, but the man who came back just took her as a stranger.

"Kaiden will be here with you today. I have to go." She broke the embarrassment, clenching her hand tightly.

She was afraid that the tears would flow out of her eyes after another moment with him.

God knew how she wanted to hug him and kiss him to relieve the pain of missing, but he was not even familiar with her now.

As she passed, her wrist was caught. Her heart stopped beating.

"It's too late. Stay here. Lest the boy should cry when he wakes up and can't find you," he said, and his tone was cool, emotionless, and he called Kaiden "the boy".

Savannah knew that he let her stay, not from the heart of care, but out of a sense of responsibility.

But wouldn't it bother him to put a strange woman up for the night?

"If it makes you feel awkward and uncomfortable, I don't mind if we part for a while..." She struggled to breathe.

"You're my woman, and you should live with me. You don't mind? I do." He said as he took her hand and led her upstairs. Although he forgot many people and things, he never changed his bossy.

His memory of her was only a blur, and he couldn't remember how he and the little woman knew each other and fell in love, but since she was his woman, and she had given birth to a son for him, he was responsible for keeping her around.

Savannah was dragged by him to a bedroom on the second floor next to Kaiden's room.

"You can sleep here." He pushed the door open with one hand, pulling her in, and turned to leave.

"Dylan..." She blurted out.

He stopped and turned, his eyes looking into hers, waiting for her words.

"Is it true that you don't remember me?" Even now, she still couldn't accept the fact.

There was a long silence before he said, "sorry."

Unable to control her tears, she rushed to hug him from behind, trying to melt his involuntary indifference with her warmth and passion.

Dylan, however, moved slightly, as if he was not used to the intimacy.

"It's late, have an early rest." He caught her by the wrist and tried to push her away.

Savannah gritted her teeth and clung to him.

Dylan could feel the little woman rubbing against him with her soft body. He didn't know whether it was by accident or an attempt to refresh his memory.

The desire inside him was suddenly ignited!

His handsome face slightly went red, and he pushed her away gently.

"Enough."

Then he walked quickly away as if in panic.

Savannah, staring at his back, wiped her tears and bit her lip.

Dylan, I don't believe you can really forget me! Just wait and see!

The next morning, when Savannah got up and went downstairs, Kaiden had been sent to the kindergarten by the driver.

Old Sterling went to the garden to feed the newly airlifted parrot.

Dylan sat alone at the table, reviewing the business of the group at his laptop, his breakfast untouched and cold.

Old Sterling suggested him to rest for a while before going to work.

However, he knew that he was the head of the huge group, and he had an accumulation of work waiting to be done after three months. He insisted that he was fine now and decided to go back to work today.

Chapter 625: She's My Boss

Last night, Dylan asked Garwood to send him the annual reports and important conference videos of the Sterling group in recent years and went over them quickly.

Fortunately, though he forgot most people and things, the innate ability to work had not disappeared.

After working through the night over the black coffee, he picked up most of his work.

Hearing footsteps, he looked up and saw Savannah coming down. He raised his dark eyebrows, remembering her behavior last night. Suddenly he picked up his laptop and got up, put on his suit, and went to the door.

Savannah, dumbstruck, watched his back disappear as the door was closed. Then, from outside the yard, the car's engine started.

She felt completely lost.

Well, she should have foreseen his attitude towards her.

Could she expect him to give her a good morning kiss and a hug?

She couldn't get herself close to him when she lost her memory and took him as a stranger at that time.

That was fine. She still had time to pull him back and remind him of her.

With him, so many things had come through, she wasn't afraid of this one!

Never give up hope!

She took a long breath, pulled back her confused thoughts, and sat down to breakfast.

On the running Maybach, Dylan looked out of the window, his expression unreadable.

Garwood, on the driver's seat, glanced at his boss and asked tentatively, "Sir, didn't you have breakfast with Miss Schultz before you left?"

Dylan looked confused, but immediately his face became impassive again.

He knew that he had treated the little woman too coldly.

In fact, he could see what she wanted the night before, and when she hugged him to stop him, her eyes were filled with tears. It seemed that she was very hurt.

But his mind was blank when he looked at her, and he was unable to recall any familiar or intimate feeling towards her.

He wanted to remember something about her, but...

He really did his best.

To avoid embarrassment, he could only keep her at a distance.

Savannah finished breakfast and cleared up her mood before she went to K&G.

K&G had just launched its men's clothing of Young series on the market.

Meanwhile, various advertising and promotional activities were on the way.

As soon as she got into the office, Tina walked over.

"Miss Schultz, I just got in touch with Chris's agent. Chris will attend the AD activity party tonight. But he has to catch a flight early in the next morning for another activity, so he has only ten minutes for the party," Tina reported.

Savannah nodded. "Well, that's all right. Ten minutes will be enough. Get the dress ready for me, and I'll attend the party in the evening."

Chris, at his level, didn't really need to be in every AD campaign or party. He just needed to be in some important promotion conferences.

But he was so nice that he managed to squeeze as much time as possible to attend most events for the clothing he endorsed.

So Savannah would attend all the events that Chris would go to.

"Okay, I'm going to get you the dress." Tina had always prepared a proper dress for Savannah when she had business dinner. After all, Savannah was the boss of a company now, and she represented the image of K&G.

The sunset and night came.

The lights inside and outside Sterling's house were automatically turned on, lighting up the entire luxurious mansion.

In the dining room, however, no one got started in front of the nice food.

"Cooper, have you called Savannah? Why hasn't she come back yet?" Old Sterling looked at Cooper, who had just hung up.

"Miss Schultz said that she was going to participate in K&G's new product AD activity tonight, and she would come back very late. You don't need to wait for her," Cooper replied.

Dylan frowned slightly. Garwood had told him that the little woman owned a clothing company, which was given by him to her. But did she need to be so busy?

"AD activity? Savannah is the boss. She doesn't have to go in person, does she? Why not let someone else arrange it?" Old Sterling also frowned.

"Well, it seems that the spokesperson for the new product is Chris, a hot star, and he's Miss Schultz's friend. Miss Schultz attended the party because of Chris's there tonight." Cooper thought for a moment and said.

The frown on Dylan's face was deepening to a scowl.

"That's understandable," old Sterling nodded.

"Can we have dinner now?" Kaiden, who was already hungry, knocked on the edge of the table impatiently. "I can eat a horse!"

"Oh, my baby is starved. Come on. Get stuck in." Old Sterling smiled kindly and put a BBQ chicken leg on Kaiden's place.

Dylan, however, seemed distracted. In the middle of the meal, he dropped his fork and knife and went upstairs to continue his unfinished business.

At the dinner party, Savannah, dressed in a violet dress, stood onstage with Chris as they faced the reporters.

"Mr. Pattinson and Miss Schultz have known each other since Fashion Queen, and now Mr. Pattinson is endorsing the new products of Miss Schultz's company. Are you only good friends or dating now?" A reporter asked directly.

"Every time Mr. Pattinson attends an endorsement event, we're sure to see Miss Schultz. You seem to be in a special relationship. People said that you're a perfect match. What do you think about it?" Another reporter put it more bluntly.

"Yes, it's said that Miss Schultz used to be a plane model and the spokesperson of JK games. You must have a lot in common with Chris, right? What's your relationship now?"

Chris and Savannah looked at each other and smiled.

Chris, who had been in showbiz for so long, had long been used to this kind of offensive questions from reporters, and he didn't care about what they would write. He was just afraid that Savannah would be embarrassed.

"I have to say that you media people are good at guessing, but you never hit it." Chris smiled at the reporters bewitchingly and said, "Miss Schultz and I are just friends. Um... there should be an added relationship now: the boss and the employee. Ha, well, yes, she's my boss. So you don't talk nonsense. Don't offend my beautiful boss, or I might lose the endorsement."

Everyone laughed.

Savannah chuckled. No wonder that Chris had been popular in the showbiz at such a young age. He was not only handsome but also clever, witty, good-natured, and he had a high EQ. He avoided those sharp questions without offending anyone.

Chapter 626: Possessive Man, Are You Jealous?

After dealing with the reporters, the MC began to introduce the new products of the Young series to the guests.

Savannah and Chris got off the stage and sat in a remote VIP seat.

Under the warm light, Chris took two glasses of champagne and handed one to Savannah. He took a sip and asked, "Mr. Sterling is back?"

The Sterling family had kept Dylan's illness a secret, People didn't know why Dylan hadn't made public appearances for some time, but they knew he was back when he showed up in the company again.

Savannah nodded, but her expression was a little complex, showing no joy at all.

"What's the matter? Shouldn't you be happy that he's back?" Chris asked tentatively.

"Yes... I'm very happy." Although Dylan had recovered from his illness, Savannah had no intention to spread the news.

Chris looked slightly more serious. "That's not what your face says," he said.

After acting in different plays, he knew how to judge people's true feelings well.

Depressed by his question, Savannah lifted the champagne and drank it down, and refilled herself with a bottle from a nearby tray.

"If you're still my friend, don't ask questions. Just drink with me," she said.

Chris didn't ask more. She looked pensive, and what she needed now was only a silent company.

They drank down one glass after another.

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The night deepened.

In the study on the second floor, Dylan flipped through the papers, feeling restless and unable to read any more.

He clicked the mouse, and the computer screen lit up.

He closed the financial statements, and, as if being driven by some force, he opened the largest local entertainment site and typed "Chris" into the search box.

The screen flashed, and all the news about Chris jumped out.

The first few were all the latest news, and the headlines impressively showed:

"Chris and the new talented and beautiful designer have been seeing each other frequently recently."

"Chris gave up an international endorsement and became the spokesperson for the Young series of K&G."

"Chris was suspected of having a special relationship with the boss and designer of K&G."

"Chris's secret lover? Savannah Schultz, as Angelina in Fashion Queen..."

Dylan involuntarily frowned as he scrolled down the page, and his expression darkened. Suddenly he dropped the mouse and went downstairs.

"She hasn't come back yet?" He glanced at the clock with a clouded face.

The servant paused and immediately realized who Mr. Sterling was asking about, "um... Not yet."

After a short silence, Dylan put on his coat and strode out of the villa.

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Savannah tried to drown her sorrow in liquor, but she didn't often drink, and after just a few drinks, she began to feel dizzy.

Under the comfort of alcohol, she was pleasantly intoxicated and temporarily forgot the unhappy things.

Just then, Chris's agent came over and whispered to Chris, "it's time to go, Chris."

"I'll take her home first." Chris looked at Savannah, who was drunk.

"But we're going to be late..." The agent was in a bit of a jam. Chris had promised that he would only spend ten minutes in K&G's activity tonight, but now they had been here for more than one hour. He wanted to ask Chris to leave several times when they were drinking, but Chris stopped him with warning looks.

"Let them wait." Chris slipped his arm through Savannah's and pulled her to her feet, signaled Tina to come to help.

"More drink, Chris! Where are we going... Tina? Look at your idol! He had fewer drinks than I did!" Savannah giggled and slurred at them.

"Okay, fine, let's drink when we get home." Tina, a little embarrassed and helpless, had to coax her to quiet her down.

Knowing that Chris was very busy, she turned to him and said shyly, "Mr. Pattinson, sorry to bother you. I will send Miss Schultz home."

"It's okay. I'm not at ease with you two women going home so late at night, and she's so drunk. I'll drive, and you take care of her in the back seat."

Tina thanked Chris and helped Savannah, who was getting heavier and heavier, out of the hotel.

At the foot of the steps, a black Maybach was parked in the darkness silently.

By the side of the car, a man in black stood in an outstanding charm and extraordinary manner. His gaze, full of suspicion, fell on Chris, who was holding Savannah out.

Tina was holding Savannah in her left hand, but it seemed as if there were only Chris and Savannah in his eyes.

His face grew darker in the dusky moonlight.

Why did the little woman get so drunk?

"Mr. Sterling!" Tina was surprised to see Dylan.

Dylan yanked his mind back, walking over. He took Savannah from Chris and held her in his arms in a particularly possessive manner.

"Thank you," he said simply, sounding polite but cool.

"My pleasure." Chris saw the man's displeasure and smiled.

At this moment, the little woman began to writhe restlessly in Dylan's arms, crying drunkenly, "More drink! Ah, Chris! You don't keep your word! I'll tell you fans!"

Dylan glanced at Chris, and his face even darker.

Why did the little woman call Chris in such an intimate way?

Was it true that they had an affair?

What the fuck was their real relationship?

Dylan, with a blue face, put Savannah on his shoulder in front of Tina and Chris and threw her into his car.

Savannah was thrown awake for a moment. She saw clearly the man in front of her, a little shocked and surprised.

"Why are you here? Are you worried about me, so you come to get me home?" She grinned.

"Don't flatter yourself! You're the mother of my son, and I just don't want my family's fame to be ruined by you. See the reporters at the door? If I hadn't come, you would be caught drunk with a male star and appear in the headlines tomorrow! Miss Schultz, do you really want one more gossip with Chris?" Dylan lowered his voice, and as he said this, his mind came up with all the rumors about her and Chris that he had just seen on the Internet. He became even more annoyed and helped her fasten the seat belt quickly.

"Possessive man. Are you jealous?" Savannah giggled.

Chapter 627: Giving Bath To His Woman

Dylan didn't hear her clearly as he went around to the driver's seat.

"Say it again." He glanced at her with his mysterious, cold eyes.

"Nothing," Savannah blinked at him as she sensed his displeasure.

Dylan didn't say anything more. He put his foot on the gas with a clouded face and started the car.

He was driving so fast. The liquor tossed and turned in her stomach, and she began to feel drunk and dizzy again the half-way. She curled up in the passenger seat with a grimace.

Several times she wanted him to stop or slow down, but she didn't dare to make a noise.

He was angry with her tonight. She didn't want to set him on fire again.

She held it until it was out of control.

"Stop!" She covered her mouth, looking pale.

"I can't stop here." He didn't even look at her.

What a troublesome woman! Did he really like this one before?

"If you don't stop, I'll throw up on your car!" Savannah gritted her teeth.

The Maybach screeched to a halt.

Savannah pushed the car door open, rushed out, and vomited spectacularly into a trash can on the side of the road.

Dylan stared after her under the dim street light as she vomited again and again.

Ten minutes later, she was still crouching to the ground but became silent.

"Are you all right?" He asked, frowning.

How much did the little woman drink?

She didn't answer, but still with her back to him, holding the trash can silently.

Then he realized that something was wrong. He got out of the car, running to her, and picked her up, only to find that the little woman, with her eyes closed, was breathing regularly.

She fell asleep against the trash can!

Angry and amused by her, he raised his hand and wanted to pat her to wake her up, but his eyes fell on the quiet little red face, his hand floating in the air. Somewhat he couldn't bring himself to do it. At last, he cursed in a low voice and picked her up softly, carrying her to the backseat of the car.

Seeing some vomit on her mouth, he frowned, and after a short hesitation, he took out a box of wet tissues from the glovebox, cleaning her face gently. "Beautiful woman sometimes troublesome,"

Why did he serve her after she got drunk? The online news he read earlier bothered his mind.?"Woman, are all that news true,?your rumored star friend is your lover?" His eyes fell on her beautiful sleeping face.

He teased himself as he wiped her face in his softest manner.

It must be because he was a bit of a neat freak. He just didn't want her to get her car dirty!

When he finished, his gaze fell on her little pretty face again, and he took a breath.

She slept like a quiet, sweet baby. Her rose-red lips opened slightly as if welcoming him to lay a kiss on her. Her hair piled high with tendrils hanging down softly around her face. Her face had a pink glow out of the alcohol, like a delicious juicy peach.

He swallowed. His mouth became dry, his palms began to sweat, and his heated blood pooled low to his belly. The same feeling came to him as he had had when she held him last night.

He had to admit, she was very beautiful, not voluptuous but a sexy one. In his eyes she's pure, soft and sweet. She slowly and imperceptibly occupied his line of sight and mind.

He began to understand why he had been in love with her.

She really was a woman who attracted him.

Though he was still unable to recall the past with her at the moment, he wanted her.

In his body, there was a strong desire for her, and it seemed to be repressed for a long time. He had the impulse to have her in the car right now.

Finally, he took a bottle of mineral water and drank it down, allowing the cold liquid to suppress the heat inside.

After buckling her up, he got back in the driver's seat and drove off.

It was really late when they were back in Sterling's house.

Dylan got out of the car and carried the sleeping woman into the house, up the stairs, and into her room.

As soon as he put her on the soft bed and turned to go, she rolled over to the bedside unconsciously and vomited again.

She had vomited everything just now, so now it was all acid saliva, which dirtied the carpet and the sheets, and her own clothes.

Then she lay back to sleep.

Dylan's face fell. Was this little woman deliberately playing him?

But she was so drunk, and it didn't look like it.

Looking at her dirty dress and the sheet, he sighed with a frown. He couldn't just let her sleep like that, could he?

Taking a deep breath, he picked her up, walking to the bathroom.

After a moment's hesitation, he lifted his hand to help her remove her clothes.

He felt that the work was more difficult than having him deal with a huge backlog of business.

It was a complete challenge to his self-control.

When the underwear was put off, he felt something warm and wet coming out of his nose.

He unexpectedly got a nosebleed!

Luckily the little woman was too drunk to see him in this state.

Otherwise, it was really embarrassing!

He tried not to look at her, but when his fingers touched the delicate skin, he reacted uncontrollably.

With difficulty, he made the little woman naked and put her into the bathtub, and began to clean her with warm water.

This is the first time he's bathing a woman.

He couldn't remember if he had done it before, and he never thought he would do it.

He gnashed his teeth. He can't resist his desire anymore and without thinking further he lowered his lips and claimed her soft lips. He deepened the kiss and let go her lips in a short while and murmured, "This is your punishment for seducing me in your drunken state,"

The little woman closed her eyes with a half-smile, as if she was a princess enjoying her knight's service.

After cleaning her, Dylan wrapped her in a towel and carried her out of the bathroom.

The rays of the sun poured in from the windows.

On the bed, Savannah stretched, rubbed her sleepy eyes and sat up. She was still a little dizzy from a brief hangover. Looking down, she noticed that she was in clean pajamas and was surrounded by the fragrance after a bath.

The beds and carpets were clean and free of vomit.

Last night... It looked like he had washed and changed her!

Savannah flushed.

Taking a deep breath, she got up and washed up before she went downstairs.

Chapter 628: I Have The Responsibility To Marry You

Coming down the stairs, Savannah at once saw Dylan drinking coffee on the sofa by the French window.

His figure was glided by the morning sun, looking like a male model in a pose for some glossy high-end magazine.

After a moment of confusion, Savannah's calm face warmed up again as she remembered how he had changed her clothes after bathing her last night.

She didn't know why, though she had given birth to a child for him, she still felt shy and blushed when she knew that he bathed her and changed her clothes for her. Maybe it was because they were more like strangers now.

She decided to go back to her room and come downstairs after he went to work. But Dylan had already seen her.

"Stop!" He called.

Was she afraid that he would scold her after she got herself so drunk last night?

Or was she aware of how tired he was after washing and changing her clothes and felt ashamed?

Savannah paused and turned slowly.

"Come here." Seeing her standing still, he sounded more commanding and displeased.

She shuffled past, her head still drooping.

"You broke your neck? Can't you lift your head?" He was angry and amused at the way she hung her head, not daring to look at him.

"What can I do for you?" Savannah lifted her flushed face.

"Don't you remember what you did last night?" Dylan's face slightly fell.

A trace of embarrassment passed over her face, and she said nothing.

"Fine. Why did you drink in the AD activity?" He didn't mind telling her guilt.

She clutched at the corner of her dress. How could she put it? Tell him she wanted to drown her sorrows in the wine because he couldn't remember her?

Seeing her face was complicated and a bit aggrieved, Dylan seemed to understand some of it.

"I won't blame you for your past misdeeds." He didn't ask any more questions, but the sternness in his voice showed he was still not pleased. "But remember two things. First, no more drinking outside."

"What if it's a business dinner? Can I refuse when the client wants a drink with me?" Savannah puckered up her red lips.

"That won't do! Ask your client to find me when he wants a drink. If the business fails, I'll pay you double the number you lose," he replied coldly.

If she needed to get people drunk to make a deal, it was a deal she didn't need. The little woman didn't have the pressure to earn money to support the family, did she?

"What about the second?" Savannah gasped.

"Second, don't go to the same activity as Chris again." He gave her a quiet look, but his tone was even colder.

"What?" She was stunned. "Chris is now the spokesperson for the Young series of K&G, and I'm the boss and chief designer. We always meet."

"Need you to meet? You're the boss, and he's only your partner at best, and you don't have to be there in person, let alone in close contact with him." He frowned at her reluctance.

"That's not very good..." murmured the little woman, tugging at her dress.

"You don't want your affair with Chris to be the headline on all portal websites, do you?" Dylan pushed the laptop towards her in repressed anger.

"You believe that?" Savannah glanced at the dramatic headlines and chuckled.

"It's that you're disgracing the Sterling family! Aren't you ashamed of being gossiped to be dating an actor?"

She pursed her lips.

"Answer me seriously!" He raised his voice coolly.

She had to put on a serious face. "Well... I'll try not to go to events with Chris."

"Try?" He frowned.

"I won't," she said helplessly. "Is that all right?"

He nodded in satisfaction.

"Are you jealous?" Savannah asked again.

Why did he suddenly care about who she was with? He still had a little memory of her, so he was jealous?

"No," Dylan said without hesitation, "You're my woman. Though we haven't married, everything you say and do will represent the Sterling family," he said dryly and tried to hide his annoyance. He's obviously jealous but he can't show his real feelings.

"Oh," she felt a faint tingle of disappointment.

She shouldn't be too impatient. He didn't remember her now. He was possessive just because she was his woman.

Thinking of this, she nodded and turned to go, "I'm going to K&G."

"Did I tell you to go?" He said, a little irritated.

"Anything else?" She paused again and looked back at him.

He stared at her with deep, expressionless eyes, looking indifferent, but his words startled Savannah.

"Let's get married."

Savannah opened her eyes wide, astonished for a moment.

Get married? Did she hear that, right?

He didn't remember her, did he?

That day she took the initiative to hold him, and he pushed her away.

"Why do you suddenly propose marriage?" She came to her senses and asked.

Dylan looked at her calmly.

"Now that you're my woman and you've given me a son, I have the responsibility to marry you. Since it's only a matter of time, it's better to arrange it earlier. What's more, after marriage, people know you are my wife and won't gossip about you and other men. Are you going to refuse my proposal? If so, give me a reason why?" His eyes fell on her beautiful face.

She let out a sigh. His proposal was due to responsibility.

She should be happy, he proposed, shouldn't she? But why did she feel so lost?

If he married her only because of responsibility, did this marriage make sense?

She wanted to be with him for the rest of her life, but she wanted him to wear a ring for her out of love. She didn't want the marriage to be only a task for him.

He was surprised to see her hesitate. He had thought she should be very happy and immediately agreed to it. After all, she looked at him with full anticipation the day he returned and also threw herself to him that night.

Why was she hesitating now?

Was she too excited to speak?

He leaned closer to her so that she could almost hear his breathing.

"I know it's a hasty proposal, but in our case, it doesn't matter what the proposal is like. If you agree, I'll have Garwood get the ring and the wedding ready at once --"

"I'm sorry," Savannah interrupted him firmly. "I don't want to marry you."

Chapter 629: Dylan Was A Little Embarrassed

Dylan looked at her in amazement. Then in a fast pace he looked at her sullenly, retorted, "Reason?"

"I'm just a stranger to you now. It's not fair to you." Savannah said softly, "Forget it if it's just for the sake of responsibility. There are too many unmarried mothers in this day and age. Even if I have a baby with you, it doesn't mean we have to get married. As for your fear that my appearance in public will occasionally be gossiped, affecting the reputation of your family, I can assure you that I'll try to avoid it in the future. Sorry, it's getting late. I really should go to the company. Bye."

Then she turned and left the villa quickly.

Dylan watched the little woman run away and stunned for a long time before realizing his proposal had been rejected.

He rubbed his eyebrows, somewhat disconcerted.

He didn't understand why he felt so uncomfortable. The little woman was right, she was only a stranger to him, and he should be happy when she refused him.

It was not him who was unwilling to take the responsibility, but that she refused to accept his offer. He should be relieved that he didn't have to bear guilt and burden.

But, in fact, after being rejected by the little woman, he was not happy at all, only depressed.

What's going on? Did he really want to marry her? Was he really jealous so he didn't want other men to get close to her?

It couldn't be! How could he want to marry her if he didn't even remember her?

Perhaps, he just didn't want her gossips to affect his family. After all, she was the mother of his son.

When Garwood came, he saw his boss sitting by the window with a sulky face, as though meditating.

"Sir?" He asked carefully, "Are you going to the company today?"

Dylan roused himself and sat up.

"Garwood, do me a favor."

* * *

Savannah found out in the late afternoon that the online news about her affair with Chris had all disappeared.

After a busy day at work, she rubbed her nose and was about to turn off the computer when she suddenly remembered Dylan's words this morning. She opened the browser and wanted to see what the media wrote about her and Chris.

In fact, she knew they had been having a lot of rumors recently, but she didn't care about that and never even bothered to read those news reports.

But after typing in Chris's name, she couldn't find any news about herself, not even her picture with Chris.

Just then, Tina came in with the papers for her signature.

"Tina, check your cell phone to see if you can find anything about Chris and me," she called Tina in a daze.

Tina, a little surprised, took out her phone and searched on the website, and then on Twitter and IG. After a few minutes, her face changed.

"All the gossips about you and Chris have gone! I saw this morning that the topics about your AD activity last night was in the trend for hours. Why have they all gone?" Tina looked at her cell phone in surprise.

Savannah gasped. It was not her network that had the problem. It was true. All reports and pictures about her and Chris were taken off the Internet and disappeared.

She suddenly realized who was behind all this.

"Was it made by Mr. Sterling?" Tina apparently guessed something too.

Savannah said nothing. Besides that man, who else could have the power to do this without considering the feelings of all the media.

Obviously, that man couldn't tolerate the slightest bit of affair between her and other men.

Unfortunately, he wasn't jealous... but for the sake of his own face.

* * *

In Sterling's house, at night.

After playing with Kaiden for a while, old Sterling asked a servant to take away the toys on the floor.

"Time for bed, baby," he pulled his grandson up from the carpet as he signaled the nanny to take Kaiden upstairs.

Kaiden, however, seemed preoccupied today.

"I can't sleep." His face was heavy as he sighed.

"What's the matter," old Sterling was amused. "Tell grandpa, what's bothering you?"

"I want daddy to marry mommy," Kaiden grumbled, upset and aggrieved.

Every time he got ready to go to daddy and mommy's wedding, something wrong happened.

His little friends in the kindergarten all laughed at him, especially his little girlfriend Lisa, saying that he must be lying.

The smile on old Sterling's face froze. He sighed and touched the boy's head to comfort him.

Dylan came back not soon after Kaiden was taken away by the nanny.

"Dylan, come here." Old Sterling called.

"Dad?" Dylan removed his tie as he walked over.

"I heard that you had the media removed all the news reports about the affair between Savannah and Chris and that you had told the press to stop writing about them?"

"Well, yes." He nodded.

Old Sterling looked thoughtfully at his son and smiled.

"It seems that you are not completely indifferent to Savannah."

At least, he was jealous, wasn't he?

"I did it for the sake of my face and the honor of the family." Dylan was a little embarrassed.

"Is that so? You proposed to her this morning just to save face?" Old Sterling teased.

Dylan's face fell. Damn the gossips!

After a pause, he replied coldly, "you should also know that she refused me. In that case, forget it."

"It wasn't that she didn't want to marry you, but that you weren't sincere enough without even a ring. I wouldn't marry you if I were a woman!" Old Sterling stared at him. "I've got the ring ready for you, and you can choose the place to propose: the hotel, the resort, even the castle abroad, whatever, propose again tomorrow--"

"Wait a minute!" Dylan interrupted his father, who arranged everything well for him. "I proposed to her because I wanted to be responsible for her. Since she's my woman and has a child for the Sterling family, it's normal to make her my legal wife. But she's refused, and I'm not going to propose again!"

Chapter **630: Old Sterling's Plan**

"Should I accept your stubborn answer? Look, Kaiden is in a low mood every day because you haven't got married yet! Anyway, for the sake of my precious grandson, you must make a new proposal and get married within this month!" said old Sterling, his beard bristling.

"Why do I have to get married to that boy's mood?" Dylan laughed with anger.

"It's not good for a child to be in a bad mood every day. Depression can affect his appetite so as to affect his body development, you know? And it might also influence his intelligence quotient and physical health! Can you bear this responsibility?" Old Sterling snapped.

Dylan was really speechless this time. So, for the sake of his grandson's physical and mental development, he'd rather neglect his son's feelings.

"I've given her a chance, and since she has refused, I won't ask again. I've done my duty. I don't have any feelings for her now, and she knows it. So just forget it!" With this, Dylan stood up and went straight upstairs.

Old Sterling glared at his son's back without a word. He didn't believe that Dylan had no feelings for Savannah at all.

If he really didn't care about her, why did he look restless after knowing she was in an AD activity with Chris together that night? Why did he go to pick her up when she didn't come back very late?

What's more, the next day, he removed all the gossip news about Savannah and Chris and even ordered the media to stop writing about them.

Was it really just for the face of the Sterling family? Not that he was jealous?

But since Dylan didn't admit it for his poor pride, he couldn't force him.

However, he couldn't just wait for Dylan to take action.

He should lend his son a hand.

Old Sterling sat frowning for a moment. Then, as if he was suddenly struck by an idea, a sly smile, totally different from his usual calm and affable manner, came to his face.

"Cooper!" He called.

* * *

The next evening, Savannah had just finished a whole day's work at K&G when she got a call from old Sterling.

He said that he had recommended a client to her and had booked a reception room in a hotel owned by the Sterling group.

Savannah was delighted that K&G would have a new business partner but also a little surprised. Old Sterling had never introduced new business partners to her.

With the Sterling family's power and position in the business circle, it was nothing for old Sterling or Dylan to introduce reliable clients or recommend rich resources to K&G, and she could easily double its size with their help.

But Dylan had no intention to make Savannah a superwoman. He gave K&G to her only to satisfy her interest and for her to kill time. Savannah didn't mean to ask them for help too. Since she took over K&G, Dylan had never stepped into K&G's business. She also wanted to see how far she could go with her own efforts and ability.

This time, she had intended to refuse old Sterling. However, since he had called in person and had already made an appointment with the client, she had to agree first.

Night had fallen by the time Savannah and Tina arrived at the hotel.

As soon as they got out of the car, Tina's cell phone rang.

Tina answered, and after a minute, she hung up.

"Miss Schultz, the manager of the Marketing Department called, saying that there's something wrong with an order. They want me to go and have a look." Tina looked at Savannah apologetically.

"Is the problem serious?" Savannah wondered.

"No, it's just the wrong batch number. I'll go over and restate it, but I may not be able to meet the client with you tonight."

"It's okay," Savannah nodded with relief, "I'll go in and talk with the client by myself. You can go back to the company first."

Tina stopped another taxi and left right away.

Savannah turned and saw a man, who seemed to be the hotel manager, standing respectfully at the hotel entrance with a line of waiters, seemingly waiting for her.

When Savannah walked over, the manager came forward and bowed to her.

"Miss Schultz, please come with me."

Savannah followed him into the hotel and took the elevator to the top floor.

The whole floor was supposed to have been booked down by old Sterling, and no other guests were seen. It was very quiet.

She glanced at the splendid door of the VIP room and gasped.

So exaggerated!

Just a common business meeting, wasn't it?

"The client has come? In the room?" "She asked casually.

"Miss Schultz, please," the manager, without answering her question, just smiled at Savannah politely, motioning her to enter the room.

Savannah straightened her clothes before she pushed the door open and walked in.

It was an impossibly big suite with a thick red carpet on the floor and an ornate crystal chandelier on the ceiling.

Savannah went inside the quiet suite, feeling a little nervous. It was not the first time she met a client, but she always brought her secretary or assistant with her. Today, she was alone with a new client for the first time.

However, no one was in the living room.

"Hello? I'm Savannah Schultz from K&G. Anyone here?" She called uneasily.

No one answered.

But there seemed to be a sound in the inner bedroom.

Savannah followed the sound and stepped into the inner room.

"Hello? I'm Savannah S..." Savannah stared, unable to finish her words.

The walls and ceiling of the bedroom were a deep, dark burgundy. The lighting was warm yellow, ambiguous, and mild. In the center of the room, there was a king-size elliptic waterbed, which was covered with red rose petals.

The fragrance lamp on the bedside table dispersed a faint sweet scent. At the foot of the bed, set apart a few feet, was a large oxblood chesterfield couch, on which there were some strange-looking objects...

She took a good look at them and suddenly blushed, her breathing quickened.

They were all kinds of sex toys!

She looked around disconcertedly and even found some whips, riding crops, and feathery implements swinging from the strange rods across the corner wall.

The bedroom had obviously been rearranged to a Fifty Shades-style red room!

She froze.

What the hell?

At that moment, in front of the French window, a familiar figure slowly turned and fixed his gaze on her.