

## Midnight 131

### 131: Was It The Person Who Saved Dylan?

Savannah took the key and was about to go upstairs when she remembered something that she had never had a chance to ask.

"Curtis, would you... I just... Who was Mr. Sterling's mother? Why did she have a property in Chicago? The house is so large and dignified, was she from a wealthy family?"

"Didn't Mr. Sterling tell you?" Curtis smiled.

"How could Mr. Sterling tell me that? He is my boss, and I am the subordinate," Savannah played the fool.

Curtis did not push her. His smile slightly faded, and he looked a little sadder. "Mr. Sterling's mother, may God rest her soul, came from the Cavendish family. Her ancestral home is in England."

Cavendish.

Savannah's eyes moved slightly. She could guess what the name meant.

The Cavendish family had been one of the richest and most influential aristocratic families in England since the 16th century, and the members of the Cavendish family held the title of Duke of Devonshire.

Curtis knew that she guessed it. He nodded and continued, "Dylan's mother, my lady, is the daughter of the Cavendish family in England. She moved to America with her parents when she was a child."

Savannah looked stunned. Well, it really was an ancient and noble family!

Dylan's mother was almost the same as a princess.

And Dylan wasn't just a businessman but had such a lineage of pure blue blood that it was no wonder he behaved in a superior and conceited manner.

The wealth of the Sterlings and the power of the Cavendish family made today's Sterling group.

"Where are Mr. Sterling's relatives from his mother's side now?" Savannah became more curious.

"After Dylan's mother died, the Cavendish family here all moved back to England."

That explained why Dylan never mentioned his mother's relatives.

"It's getting late. You'd better go upstairs and sleep now. Mr. Sterling would blame me if he knew I kept talking to you and affected your sleep," Curtis said with a smile.

Speaking of Mr. Sterling, Savannah remembered the scene she had seen in the pavilion just now. She could not help but ask, "Curtis, was the pavilion in the garden burned by the fire too?"

Curtis was stunned. "You know that the house had been set on fire before?"

"Well, Mr. Sterling told me."

Mr. Sterling even mentioned this to Savannah. How could she be a simple secretary? Curtis smiled in silence.

Then he sighed and said, "It was ablaze that night. Not only the main house caught fire, the garden and the pavilion in the garden were on fire too. Mr. Sterling suffered from depression because of his brother's death during that time and was alone in the pavilion that night with. We all had no time to spare after the fire happened. I was terribly worried, but it was too late to find him when I was saved. I even thought Mr. Sterling would..." He shook his head, dismissing the morbid, though, "...fortunately, in the end, he was saved. God bless him."

Was he right in the pavilion on the night of the fire?

"Curtis, since you and other servants were all in the main house, which saved Mr. Sterling?" Savannah was so curious, her heart beating hard.

Curtis's face moved slightly when he heard her ask about this. He was about to say something when footsteps sounded upon the marble pavement of the drawing-room.

"Why are you not asleep yet?" Dylan's cold voice interrupted them.

In the soft light, he went right up to Savannah.

Savannah hurriedly put the key behind her back. "Nothing... I just couldn't sleep and walked downstairs. Then I met Curtis and chatted with him..."

"Is that all? Then go upstairs. Or I'll take you to your room myself," Dylan said, almost a threat, as he lowered his head to speak into her ear.

Savannah quickly avoided him and said, "I'll go by myself!" Then she hurried upstairs.

After running to her room, Savannah locked the door and went to bed.

Even though she had locked the door, and there was no need to be afraid that he would come in at midnight, she still could not sleep.

Now and then, she remembered Dylan sitting on the steps with a soft smile on his face and thinking of something...

That pavilion, which was clearly the place where he almost died in the fire, should have been a place of fear for him. Yet, he looked completely at home there.

It seemed as though he had good memories in that same pavilion – but what memory could it be? Was it of the person who had saved him? And who the hell could that have been?

Wait... Suddenly, Savannah realized: Dylan had been asking Erik to find someone all this time.

Was it the person who had saved Dylan?

Eventually, lulled by her thoughts, Savannah drifted into tumultuous sleep.

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The next morning, Dylan and Savannah left the big house after breakfast.

Curtis bowed them out as they left, his eyes full of tears.

Savannah, looking at the old man, blurted out, "Curtis, Mr. Sterling will come back to see you again."

She pulled Dylan's arm with all her courage, saying quietly, "Promise him!"

Dylan scowled at the little woman who once again made the decision without his permission. He had the impulse to grab her into his arms and kiss her to shut her up.

Looking at Curtis's face full of expectation, he could only say, "Well, I will come back again."

Curtis's face finally relaxed, and he said with a smile, "Savannah, don't forget to come back with Mr. Sterling."

"Ah? Me?" Savannah pointed to her nose.

"Don't fool me. I have known that you and Mr. Sterling are more than a boss and a secretary, right?" Curtis laughed.

Dylan smiled and put Savannah in his arms with his long arms. "Don't worry, and she will come to see you too."

Savannah tried to push him away but was pressed to his chest again. Finally, her whole body fell into his arms, her face badly flushed.

After leaving the house, Dylan drove straight to the airport instead of returning to the hotel.

### **132: He Did Not Even Look Back**

The pilot had been informed and was waiting for them in the private plane on the tarmac.

They boarded the plane and returned to LA.

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In the Sterling's house, Old Sterling put down the phone, still smiling.

At his side, his butler, Cooper, said with a grin, "I can tell from your face, sir, that Mr. Sterling has won the project in Chicago this time, right?"

Old Sterling nodded, "Yes. The project in Chicago is extremely important to the Sterling group this year. It is said that Mr. Cooley is a hard nut to crack. I didn't expect Dylan to seal the deal so soon."

"The Sterling group will keep growing under the guidance of our young master Sterling. Sir, what else can you worry about? Just enjoy your peaceful life!" Cooper laughed.

Devin, who had just come down the stairs, looked grave when he heard his grandfather praising his uncle.

Lily, Mr. Cooley's secretary, called yesterday and said that Dylan had found Mr. Cooley's soft spot. Finally, Mr. Cooley signed the contract with Dylan.

Old Sterling attached great importance to the project in Chicago. He had planned to take the project before his uncle had a chance to, so he could prove himself to his grandpa. But now his plan went up in smoke.

Hearing his grandpa speak so highly of his uncle, Devin's face was even darker.

Although he returned the company and became the vice president of the group, and got some shares because of the unborn baby, he knew that his uncle was much more capable than himself.

It was rather difficult for him to compete with his uncle for the whole group.

He regained his composure and walked over to his grandpa, greeting him politely.

Old Sterling's smile faded when he saw Devin. He even frowned a little. "Where are you going?"

Dylan had taken another big project, but Devin, his grandson, had gotten no achievement at all since he returned to the group. He had only the name of the vice president and held the share, attempting nothing and accomplishing nothing.

Devin had planned to go out with his buddies to have a drink in the pub. But seeing that his grandfather was unhappy, he rolled his eyes and said with a smile, "Valerie went out to buy some baby products, and I just want to take her home."

Old Sterling's face relaxed a little, but still gave Devin a scolding, "I couldn't count on you to achieve anything on business, but can you set your heart on your family? Valerie is now pregnant with my great-grandson, more precious than gold! How can you let her go shopping alone? Why not accompany her in case of an accident? It would be best if you learned from your uncle. I'm not going to ask you to be the same as Dylan; one-fifth will be enough."

Devin turned red and then pale, but he did not dare to defend himself.

At this time, the maid's voice came from the porch, "Welcome back, Mrs. Yontz."

Valerie entered the house, followed by a servant carrying packs of bags.

Devin hurriedly went over to Valerie, took her arm, and asked the servant to serve water. "Honey, are you tired? I told you not to go out alone, why didn't you ask me to come with you?" Devin said softly.

Valerie understood that Devin was putting on a show in front of his grandfather.

Yesterday she said that she wanted to go out to buy some baby supplies, but Devin refused her impatiently.

But, after all, Devin was her husband and her baby's father. Valerie could not go against him. If old Sterling hated him, she would not be well treated either. If Valerie wanted to continue living in this beautiful and luxurious house, she could only help her husband please old Sterling.

When Valerie thought of this, she said softly, "I'm sorry, dear, next time, I will ask you to accompany me."

Devin put his hand on Valerie's waist to help her to the sofa and sat down together. He turned to his grandfather with a smile, "Grandpa, I have good news for you. When I took Valerie to the hospital to do a prenatal checkup, our doctor quietly told us that the baby is a boy."

Old Sterling's face lit up right away.

"Really?" he asked with joy, and he almost forgot that he was reprimanding his grandson a few minutes ago.

Devin smiled and nodded, "Really."

Valerie lowered her head shyly and touched her belly with satisfaction.

As the unborn baby was found out to be a son, she was even more confident.

Although old Sterling did not regard boys as superior to girls, he still wanted a great-grandson in his soul.

"You'd better take good care of my great-grandson, and I want to see the baby born safely and healthily," Old Sterling said as his smile spread from ear to ear.

It sounded as if he could give the most valued thing in the world to his great-grandson.

Although he had a bad first impression of Valerie and did not like her for robbing her cousin's fiancé to be his granddaughter-in-law, as long as she could birth an excellent great-grandson into the Sterling family, it would be her contribution. And he would let bygones be bygones.

"Of course we will," Devin put his arm around Valerie and said softly, "Valerie and I will certainly live up to your expectations. The doctor said the baby is well developed. He will surely be smart and healthy."

"Valerie had just come back from shopping. You should go upstairs and have a rest. Don't get my great-grandson tired," Old Sterling paid close attention to Valerie's baby.

"Okay, grandpa," Valerie replied nicely.

"I will go up with Valerie." Devin helped Valerie up, pretending to be a good husband and a good grandson.

Watching them going upstairs, old Sterling nodded with satisfaction.

As soon as Devin and Valerie got back to their room and closed the door, Devin let go of his hand, not showing care and love for Valerie anymore. His fake smile disappeared as he sat on the couch.

Valerie, left by Devin as soon as they entered the room, felt her heart drop. She moved to the shoe cabinet and looked at Devin helplessly.

Because she had been pregnant for several months, her pregnancy became obvious, and her belly was a little big for her to bend down for the slippers.

"Dear, can you help me put on my shoes? It's not convenient for me..."

Devin had just turned on the TV and was watching it with interest. "Don't you know how to change shoes? You are pregnant now, not paralyzed!" replied Devin impatiently. He did not even look back.

A feeling of sadness rose in Valerie's heart. Devin was more and more indifferent to her.

Was this what she wanted after the marriage?

In her opinion, a man should treat his wife as a treasure - especially when she was pregnant. No one would ignore a pregnant wife like Devin.

But it was she who seduced Devin, fought like a dog to become Devin's wife. It was her own choice, even if she regretted it. And now, she had to endure it and live her own life.

### **133: How Could She Think Such Terrible Things?**

Valerie held back her grievances, sat down, and awkwardly changed her shoes.

"Hey," Devin said, finally turning to her.

"What's up, dear?" Valerie was delighted, thinking that he knew he was too cold to her, and regretted it.

"I'm going to the bar after dinner," said Devin simply, "I'll tell grandpa that I still have a business affair in the company. You know what you should do if grandpa asks. He won't be happy if he knows I'm screwing around outside so late."

Valerie's face turned pale. He just wanted to say this to her...

Oh, cooperate with him to act in the presence of old Sterling again!

Since she married him and moved into Sterling's house, she had been acting with him every day, playing an affectionate couple in front of old Sterling. When he returned to their room and closed the door, he became cold and indifferent, maintaining a stony silence. On the other hand, he always went out with his evil associates secretly.

Valerie jumped to her feet, unable to hold her tongue any longer, "Devin, what are you going to do at the bar at this late hour? Can't you stay with me and the baby?"

"Why are you shouting? You want my grandfather to hear?" Devin's asked, looking at her with a dark expression.

"I don't care! Let him hear! I don't want to act anymore! Now that I'm pregnant for you, can't you show me more love and care?" Valerie's eyes turned red with the threat of tears.

Devin sneered, approaching her slowly, "Valerie, don't push your luck! You should be grateful that I've married you. You want me to be at home twenty-four hours a day to be with you, to treat you like a baby, and hold you in my arms? Don't be greedy! Let me tell you, Valerie, if you cooperate with me and help me please my grandfather, you are still my legal wife. If you make any trouble for me..." he let the threat hang in the air.

With that, he gave her a scornful glance before he headed to the next room. He couldn't even stand to see her.

The door slammed shut, sending a shiver through Valerie's body. Large tears gathered in her eyes and broke hot across her cheeks.

Threatened by his last words, Valerie did not dare to cry out, afraid of being heard by old Sterling.

As she silently cried, she felt a burst of convulsions of her body, mixed with a faint pain in her belly.

He wasn't like that when she'd first met him.

Was this the punishment from God? Was she being punished for taking her cousin's fiancé?

No --

She had to bite her teeth to get her punishment. Otherwise, Savannah would laugh at her!

Anyway, she was still old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law.

Savannah, what are you? You are just Dylan Sterling's underground lover!

If Dylan really loved Savannah, he would have made their relationship open or given Savannah a title.

But it seemed he was only playing around with Savannah! So far, Valerie, though, I'm winning.

Thinking of this, Valerie wiped away her tears, feeling slightly more comfort.

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After coming back to LA, Dylan gave Savannah several days to leave for a rest.

After two days' rest, Savannah got a call from Olivia, who asked her to go shopping together.

Since beginning as a secretary at the Sterling group, Savannah had neglected to see Olivia – not because she wanted to, simply because she had no time. She agreed immediately.

Arriving at the mall, Olivia took her straight to a famous maternal and infant shop. Savannah stood there bug-eyed and then smiled, reaching out to touch Olivia's abdomen. "Am I going to be a godmother? When will you and Matt get married?"

They once joked in a chat that when they got married and had a baby, they would serve as the godmother of each other's child.

Olivia knocked off her hand. "What the hell! I won't get pregnant before getting married! It's my cousin. She is pregnant, and I want to buy something for her unborn baby."

Savannah laughed, "It's okay to buy a double. Anyway, you and Matt will get married sooner or later, I think I will be a godmother soon!"

Olivia put her hand on Savannah's shoulder, smiling, "What about me? When can I be a godmother?"

Savannah froze, her eyes flaring momentarily, and she did not reply.

Olivia gently hit herself in the mouth when she realized she had said the wrong thing.

The relationship between Savannah and Dylan Sterling was unclear, and Sterling had not yet revealed the identity of Savannah as his girlfriend, let alone his plans to marry her or have children.

"Sorry, Savannah," said Olivia carefully.

"Don't worry about it," Savannah simply smiled.

The calmer Savannah seemed to be, the guiltier Olivia felt. She tried to mend her ways, comforting, "I don't think you have anything to worry about, Savannah, I think Sterling really cares for you. He's so handsome – incredibly rich! He's quite the bachelor, and you know that he constantly has women hanging off him. Yet he chose you, I think that really says something."

Savannah pursed her lips.

Olivia was still too naïve. How could a man like Dylan choose a woman without a purpose?

How could she tell Olivia that Dylan wanted her to be his woman because he didn't want to be threatened by Devin at first? And now he wanted her to have a baby in order to fight for power!

As Olivia said, so many beautiful rich ladies liked him, why did Dylan, such a bachelor, choose someone as plain as Savannah? There must've been some plan that Savannah wasn't privy to.

She pursed her lips, unwilling to talk about it, and took Olivia's arm.

"Let's go in," Savannah insisted.

Though they had never been mothers, they had a natural affinity and affection for baby products. They laughed and talked as they selected and compared the baby products.

"Oh, Savannah, look at this baby's skirt. It's really too cute!" Olivia's face shone with excitement.

Savannah smiled. Her heart softened when she saw these baby clothes too. It hit her all of a sudden that Dylan had tried to force her to get pregnant a few days ago...

If she did accidentally get pregnant with his baby, it must be a pretty little baby when he or she wore these clothes after birth, right?

Whether it's a boy or a girl, she hoped it would have the same eyes, nose, and lips as Dylan, and he or she must be beautiful and delicate like a little angel!

Holy crap! Savannah, what are you thinking about?

She shook her head to drive the fantasy out of her mind. How could she think of such a terrible thing?

### **134: Karma Would Get Back To Her**

Snap out of it, Savannah, she forced herself, do you really want to give birth to his child? Are you crazy? Stop! She had to convince herself.

Olivia seemed to have forgotten her slip of the tongue a moment ago and picked up a delicate dress, made to fit someone probably not more than 2 or 3 months. She held it out for Savannah to see.

"This one is good. If you have a lovely girl for Mr. Sterling, I will buy this for your daughter!"

Savannah didn't bother correcting her friend.



"Are you sure about that? I'm planning on more than just a little daughter – get your wallet ready so that I can blow all of your money!" She warned, laughing.

While they were talking and laughing, a woman in a maternity dress not far away, accompanied by a maid, stared at them.

Valerie didn't expect to meet her cousin at the maternal and infant shop, and she was more surprised when she heard the joke between Savannah and Olivia. What did they mean? Was Savannah pregnant with Dylan's baby? Could it be true? It had to be true! Otherwise, why would she be buying baby clothes? And she said that to her best friend!

If she was really pregnant, it would be old Sterling's grandson, more precious than the great-grandson that she would be giving birth to! And this also meant that Savannah could be receiving some sort of title from Dylan.

If this was all true – Savannah would become Dylan's official partner and become Valerie's senior. The thought of that made Valerie's previous triumph begin to disappear, and instead get replaced with great envy.

Savannah, I thought you were a simple and honest girl. But it turns out that you are not much better than me!

Savannah was not only pregnant, it seemed, but also very ambitious, considering she wanted to give Dylan a son and a daughter!

Valerie narrowed her eyes, "You wait here," she said to the maid – a command that was not to be disobeyed.

"Yes, madam," The maid stood where she was obedient.

Valerie slowly walked into the shop, "Oh, Savannah," she began, sounding innocent enough, "Why are you here?"

Savannah's smile died on her lips when she saw her cousin coming, "It's none of your business."

Olivia frowned when she saw Valerie, "Why don't we go somewhere else?" She offered.

Since this shop was a well-known brand, the clothes here were the most environmentally friendly products in the local place. Savannah didn't want to bother Olivia, and she didn't think it's necessary to avoid Valerie.

Dylan said that if she could not face Valerie, it meant she had not let everything go. Besides, it was Valerie who should feel sorry and ashamed!

"What for?" Savannah shook her head, "They carry the most high-quality stuff here, no point in us leaving."

Valerie gritted her teeth again.

As expected, Savannah is pregnant with Sterling's baby! If she wasn't, she wouldn't be quite so bold.

No, Valerie stared steadily at Savannah, I won't have Savannah giving birth to old Sterling's legitimate grandson!

From Savannah's figure, her pregnancy was not visible at all, which meant it was only one or two months. At this time, a pregnant woman was easily to suffer miscarriage when she was accidentally hit or slipped.

In a few months, when Savannah's pregnancy was at a later stage and obvious to old Sterling, Savannah would be protected. Valerie would have no way to interfere, so she had to act quickly. Valerie said nothing else to them and instead moved further into the shop.

Savannah and Olivia, ignoring Valerie, picked up baby products on the other side, discussing and comparing them.

Valerie edged up to Savannah quietly, and all of a sudden, she leaned her whole body towards Savannah, pretending to be careless, and gave Savannah a strong push.

Savannah was pushed back a few steps, staggered, and fell to the ground! A few heads in the store turned to her as Olivia rushed over.

Valerie, who pushed too hard on Savannah, fell back a few steps due to the reaction, bumping into a counter. Regardless of the low back pain, she raised her lips and pretended to be embarrassed, "Ouch, my foot slipped," she said, "I'm so sorry for bumping into you, Savannah, are you okay?"

"It's all right, I'm fine," Savannah said, though she was gritting her teeth against the pain.

"Savannah --" Olivia looked at Valerie furiously before she helped her friend stand up.

Savannah rose from the floor with Olivia's help and turned to Valerie, "Do you think it is funny? Asshole!"

"I told you it was an accident – there's no need to be so mean," Valerie said. She was a little disappointed when she observed that Savannah did not suffer from any abdominal pain, nor did she try to protect her stomach. She hit her cousin so hard, and she fell so hard on the floor, why didn't Savannah show any symptom of miscarriage?

I should have hit her with more force!

"An accident!? You practically threw yourself onto her. Should we go check the security camera and see how accidental that was?" Olivia snapped. She would have beaten Valerie if she wasn't pregnant!

"Forget it," Savannah pulled Olivia's sleeve.

Sooner or later, Valerie would reap what she sowed! Savannah did not doubt that karma would get her back.

After Savannah and Olivia finished their shopping, Olivia went to the checkout counter to pay the bill and then left with Savannah.

Seeing this, Valerie scrunched up her brows. Olivia paid for all the goods. Wasn't Savannah who bought baby supplies?

She stomped up to the counter and asked, "Who did those two women buy baby products for?"

The salesgirl shook her head, "I'm not certain, miss, it seemed to be for one lady's cousin."

Valerie froze there. She made a vain effort to harm Savannah!

It turned out Savannah was not pregnant at all, and she just accompanied her friend to buy baby supplies!

Breathing a sigh of relief, Valerie relaxed. Then she felt the pain coming from her belly.

When she pushed her cousin, she also hurt herself, but she did not pay attention to that, yet now she felt the pain.

Valerie was in a panic. Was her baby affected?

She left the shop, hurriedly waddling over to the maid. Within moments, they were headed to the hospital.

After finishing a series of tests, Valerie sat down on the opposite side of the obstetrician.

"Doctor, I just bumped into a table and felt a sudden pain in my belly. Is the baby alright?" She asked nervously.

Due to the urgency, Valerie did not go to the maternity hospital arranged by old Sterling, but went to a nearby hospital, and did not say that she was Mrs. Yontz.

The doctor's face was a little heavy and grave. He did not immediately answer her question, "Did your husband or family come with you?"

### **135: Who Helped You?**

"Is there something wrong with my baby? Tell me directly, doctor, please!" A terrible fear seized Valerie.

The doctor hesitated for a moment, but finally said, "I'm so sorry, but we couldn't find the baby's heartbeat."

Valerie felt she had just been doused in cold water, and she couldn't believe it. "No! Everything proceeded normally in my last pregnancy check-up, and the doctor said the baby was very healthy!"

"In fact," the doctor continued, "your fetus has not had a heartbeat for several days. You've been feeling soreness in your lower back and belly occasionally lately, right? That's one of the associated symptoms. The baby is often highly affected by the mother's emotional state. The fetal heart probably stopped due to your mood change."

Because of her mood? She didn't think that her mood had changed at all since her marriage; she'd never been happy with Devin.

Even on their wedding night, Devin showed her no love. She did not enjoy the happiness of a bride at all.

She had been troubled with abdominal pain these days, and she thought it was normal for a pregnant woman. She had never expected it to affect her baby like this.

She had even tried to bump Savannah into a miscarriage at the mall today, but it turned out that it's her baby who was killed! No! Without this child, she could envision how her position in the Sterling family would decline!

The doctor thought she was just too sad to accept the loss of her baby. "Miss," she said, "now you must have an abortion as soon as possible; otherwise, the stillborn baby will cause harm to your health. Could I arrange the operation for you today?"

"No," Valerie leaped to her feet.

"But -"

"I said no, I'd arrange it myself!" Valerie grew restless, turned around, and shuffled out of the hospital like a ghost.

Seeing the maid waiting in the corridor outside, she composed herself immediately.

She could not let anybody know about this.

Old Sterling would be hopping mad if he knew that she did not take care of the baby and let the baby die.

And Devin, he might really abandon her.

She couldn't let her baby die in this way.

Valerie rolled her eyes, composed herself, as if nothing had happened, and walked out slowly.

"Everything okay, madam?" The maid went up to her.

"Of course," Valerie pretended to be relaxed and said, "the doctor said it is normal to feel discomfort during pregnancy occasionally. I need more breaks."

"Oh, well, let's go back," said the maid. This baby was extremely important to the older Sterling, and the maid was so nervous every time she accompanied Mrs. Yontz to go shopping.

"Wait," Valerie looked at the maid, coldly, "you mustn't tell anyone about my coming to the hospital today."

"Why?" asked the maid, surprised.

"I just don't want old Sterling and Devin to worry about me," Valerie squinted and handed the maid a wad of banknotes from her purse.

A happy, surprised look passed over the maid's face.

"Keep it a secret, and the money is yours. If you dare to tell anyone, I will make it impossible for you to stay in the Sterling household any longer," Valerie threatened.

Valerie was now the most precious one in the Sterling household, and the maid, of course, dared not to fight against her.

"I won't say anything!" The maid took the money and nodded quickly.

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Old Sterling called Beverly Hills and invited Savannah to come to the Sterling's house with Dylan for family day dinner on the weekend. He said it was to celebrate that Dylan had successfully signed a big project in Chicago with the CBR Group.

Old Sterling, fearing rejection from Dylan, called Savannah directly this time. He knew that if Savannah agreed, Dylan would certainly join her.

On Sunday, Dylan took Savannah out of the car at the entrance to the Sterling's house.

"Good evening, Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz. Welcome," Butler Cooper, who was waiting at the gate with a group of servants, bowed to greet them.

Though Savannah had been here several times, she was still nervous.

The fine house, the big garden, as well as a large household of servants, everything in her sight, reminded her that she was in a different world from the man beside her.

And today, she did not know why but felt extremely uneasy. Her eyelids fluttered a moment as if something would happen.

Maybe because Susan would come here on the family day, or, perhaps, because Valerie and Devin lived in this house...

She really didn't want to see any of those people.

"Nervous after so many times here? I'm here for you," Dylan gently wound his arm around her waist and glanced at her.

"If you want to send me back, I wouldn't mind. That might be better – I won't humiliate you if I'm not here," Savannah said quietly.

Dylan pulled her closer into him and then leaned down to breathe a soft reply in her ear, assuring her he would not be sending her back. In an instant, the color mounted to her cheeks and ears.

"What are you doing?" She glanced at butler Cooper and other servants in front of them, trying to push the man away.

"It's easier to relax and not get nervous in this way," He did not let her push him away, but increased his strength and held her more tightly.

She felt helpless. If anything, he was making this worse by embarrassing her.

Surrounded by servants and held firmly by Dylan in his arms, Savannah entered the house. Everyone was already gathered in the living room, with Old Sterling sitting between Devin and Valerie.

"Dylan, come on, dad's been waiting for you," Susan had known that Savannah would come, and she just treated her like the air.

Dylan didn't say anything to Susan. Taking Savannah by the arm, he directly walked to his father.

"Say hello," Dylan patted Savannah on the back of her hand.

"Good evening, sir," Savannah sweetly said.

Old Sterling was very satisfied to see them come in such an intimate way.

"Hello, Savannah. I'm delighted that you've joined us," he smiled, and then turned to Dylan, "You did a good job in Chicago. I called you back today to have dinner together with the family to celebrate. Dylan, you are becoming more and more capable now, and it's time for me to retire and hand over everything to you."

Hearing old Sterling speak so highly of his uncle, Devin was filled with jealousy.

"I can't take all the credit for the success of the project," Dylan said quietly.

"Oh?" Old Sterling was surprised, "Who helped you?"

"Savannah accompanied me to Chicago this time. I owe it all to Savannah, who had persuaded Mr. Cooley to cooperate with us."

Devin's face darkened. He looked at Savannah beside his uncle with an obscure feeling of jealousy.

### **136: Someone Is Coming**

Savannah helped his uncle secure the deal? Did the girl who was always silent behind him have more power than Devin originally thought?

She looked more radiant than before, really, in appearance, and in temperament.

It was as if she had been perfected by Dylan, and she had grown from a sparrow into a phoenix.

Such a shift made Devin feel more remorseful and spiteful.

This perfect little phoenix should have belonged to him!

Valerie caught the glare of Devin's longing eyes when he stared at Savannah. She fixed her posture, her fists clenched, and had to hide a whimper when a pang of pain shot through her belly. In order to bear the pain, she pressed her lips so tightly that they went white. Looking at Savannah, who was more beautiful than before, Valerie finally worked out a plan in her mind.

"Really? Savannah, it's unbelievable that you can bring the Sterling group such luck!" Old Sterling said, surprised when he heard that.

Savannah didn't expect Dylan to give half of the credit to her, "I just try my best," She finally said after finding her voice.

Old Sterling seemed quite pleased. After thinking for a moment, he called Cooper and whispered something to him.

Cooper was a little surprised at old Sterling's order but carried it out without hesitation. He hurried upstairs, and a few minutes later, he returned, carrying a box covered in red satin.

"Savannah, this is a gift for you. Have a look, do you like it?" Old Sterling said to Savannah gently.

With Dylan's permission, Savannah took a deep breath, took the box from Cooper, and opened it.

A gold bracelet beset with colored gemstones caught everyone's eyes.

Susan's face changed when she saw the ancient bracelet in the box.

It was a relic left by her mother and was said to be a priceless treasure from the royal family.

After the death of her mother, her father kept this jewelry himself. She did not expect that he would give it to Savannah!

Even she, his daughter, did not get this ancient bracelet. Savannah was just a stranger, not Mrs. Sterling! Why could she get it?

Susan would have jumped to her feet if she hadn't been pulled quietly by Henley beside her. She restrained herself and tried hard to swallow her anger.

Although Valerie didn't know the meaning of the ancient bracelet, she could tell from the gemstones on the bracelet and her mother-in-law's anger that it must have been a precious jewel of great price. Her eyes turned fine and cold.

Savannah was surprised too. She knew the gold bracelet, and the diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, which were dazzled with brilliancy on the bracelet, must all be real ones.

The bracelet was worth a fortune.

"Sir, I can't..." she hastily shook her head.

"You can. In fact, since you and Dylan are together, I've been thinking for a long time to give you a gift. You have done a great job for our group this time, and you are worthy of receiving this gift. This bracelet is a relic left by Dylan's mother. She loved it during her life and once thought about leaving it to her future daughter-in-law," Old Sterling insisted.

Future daughter-in-law... Savannah dared not receive it even more!

Besides, it was left by Dylan's mother? That's the royal treasure! It must be worth a king's ransom!

She could not afford to break it!

She was about to give it back to Cooper when a large hand held hers, pulling her hand back with the box.

"Since my father gave it to you, just take it. Don't disappoint him," Dylan's voice was commanding.

She glanced at Dylan, her heart pounding.

This was what Mrs. Sterling left for her future daughter-in-law. But he still gave her permission to take it... What did that mean?

Savannah, wake up! He just saw old Sterling insisted, and did not want to disappoint him... Well, forget it. Save it for his future wife.

"Thank you, sir." Savannah didn't want to get herself upset about this any longer and finally took the bracelet.

It was probably her most stressful gift.

"That's good," Old Sterling smiled with satisfaction, "Cooper, call the servants to serve the dish now. It's getting late."

Susan recovered from her anger, and her eyes lit up, "Dad, wait a minute. Someone is coming," she said in a high voice.

"Who else?"

Just then, as if waiting for a cue, there came the click of high-heeled shoes as footsteps approached and stopped on the porch.

"Here's Miss White. Good evening," said a servant politely on the porch.

Abby, in a light green dress with a small satchel on her arm, walked in gracefully.

"Good evening, sir."

Behind her was her chauffeur with some bags of gifts.

Susan hurried forward to welcome Abby in with a smile and then turned to old Sterling, "Dad, I haven't seen Abby in a long time. Yesterday I saw her in the street, so I invited her to dinner tonight. You don't mind her joining us, do you?"

"Since Abby is already here, there's no sensible reason to turn her away," Old Sterling, of course, would not drive away a guest, who had already come.

"Thank you, sir. I also brought a present for you," Abby gave a look at the driver.

The driver immediately handed the gift to Old Sterling.

It was a bottle of red wine. From people's little exclamations, Savannah knew it must be an old and expensive wine.

"Just for a meal, Abby, you're too kind," said Old Sterling.

"As long as you are happy, sir," Abby smiled charmingly, looking like a proper daughter-in-law.

"Miss White really knows what grandpa likes," Valerie added softly.

"Abby is a noble lady and well-schooled in good manners," Susan smiled, and then continued in a sarcastic tone, "unlike someone from an ordinary family..."



Savannah did not expect to see Abby here today; otherwise, she would not come the Sterling's house at all. She understood that Susan invited Abby here on purpose to go against her, and she knew whom Susan meant by saying someone from an ordinary family.

Savannah just pretended not to hear, but Dylan's face darkened a little.

"Please take your seats first, and I'll have the dishes served," Cooper said and went away.

Everyone sat down at the table in turn.

Savannah sat next to Dylan.

Susan looked triumphantly at Savannah, picked up Abby's arm, pushed her to the other side of Dylan.

"Abby, come on, sit with Dylan."

Abby, a little shyly, sat down submissively.

After old Sterling took his fork and knife, everyone began to eat.

Abby, however, had no appetite for the delicacies cooked by the Sterling's top chef. She took a quiet look at the man next to her.

### **137: What Are You Trying To Say?**

Since the last resort trip, Abby had still not given up Dylan. Today's visit to the Sterling's house was not for dinner, but to get closer to Dylan.

Several days ago, Abby went to the Sterling group to ask Miller about Dylan's schedule. However, when she reached the company, she was told that Miller was fired.

Fortunately, Abby met Susan yesterday in the street, and Susan asked her to come to the Sterling's house for dinner because Dylan would be there, too.

But after she came, Dylan had not even said a word to her.

Susan winked at Abby to encourage her to talk to Dylan. Abby got up the nerve to pick a shrimp with the serving fork, put the shrimp in Dylan's plate, and said softly,

"Dylan, Susan told me that you like eating shrimp."

"Well, people's taste changes. Now I feel sick every time I see a shrimp," Dylan said coldly and picked up the shrimp, then put it on Savannah's plate, "eat it."

At that moment, Savannah felt all of the eyes in the dining room swing to her, and Abby felt jealousy flare up within her.

Savannah had no idea what was going on. She glanced at Dylan and talked to him with her eyes,

Why are you showing off at this moment? Do you want to make everyone jealous of me?

"Dylan, I can take care of myself. Your job is to make sure that Miss White is well served," Savannah bit her lips and said.

What do you mean? Dylan stared back. Are you trying to push me to another woman?

"You are so picky about your food, and you never eat enough. I'm here to make sure that you eat properly," Dylan said with a frown.

These words were harsh but still said with love. Dylan was trying to spoil Savannah without considering the rest of the people's feelings.

"I don't like shrimp," Savannah struggled.

"If you don't eat it, I will feed you," Dylan's voice was low and husky.

At that moment, the rest of the people at the table felt like they were watching a love show of Dylan and Savannah.

Old Sterling and Cooper were happy to see this, but no one else felt the same.

Savannah had to brace herself to eat the fish because she was afraid that Dylan would continue to say something flirtatious.

Abby, sick at heart, had no mood for dinner and tried hard to hide her jealousy. She took a glimpse of Savannah bitterly.

"Miss Schultz is a model," Abby said with a bitter smile, "there is a reason why she eats so little. She must keep fit and slim. And I'm just a foodie."

It seemed as though she meant to insult Savannah – saying that just because she wanted to keep slim, she did it in an unhealthy way.

Savannah did not like arguing. She even didn't want to have conversations with Abby at all. But since Abby had started this war, Savannah knew she had to fight back. If she chose to stay silent, everyone would think that she was too weak.

What's more, why did she like calling herself, foodie? Was she doing this to make other girls with healthy and slim bodies sound like freaks and bitches?

That's ridiculous.

Looking at Abby's contemptuous face, Savannah smiled without arrogance and said, "In fact, except for models, people with an ordinary job are paying more and more attention to their health and trying hard to take care of their bodies. A healthy diet makes one look and feels much younger. Grandpa Sterling has insisted on eating healthy for years, which keeps him glowing and looking like a man in his 20s or 30s. So, calling yourself a foodie only means that your diet is extremely unhealthy, and you cannot balance your life."

Abby's face changed.

Old Sterling laughed. "I'm like a man in his 20s - or 30s? Savannah, you flatter me!"

Abby clenched her fist in secret. She was not only insulted by this little bitch but also gave her a chance to flatter old Sterling!

When supper was over, they left the table.

Old Sterling asked Devin to take Valerie upstairs to have a rest, fearing that his great-grandson would be tired.

The others were chatting and drinking coffee on the sofa in the living room.

"Have a good rest. I'm going downstairs," Devin turned and left the room as soon as he accompanied Valerie upstairs. He didn't want to stay with her for another moment.

It made Valerie's heart ached, but she didn't say anything. After Devin left, she picked up her phone and texted Abby, who was downstairs.

"Miss White, please come upstairs. I have something to tell you."

Five minutes later, Abby knocked on Valerie's bedroom door, walked in, and looked suspiciously at Valerie, "What can I do for you?"

She was not familiar with Valerie, and she just met Valerie formally for the first time at Sterling's family dinner today.

"Take a seat, Miss White. If you marry Dylan in the future, we'll be a family, and I'll call you, aunt," Valerie said softly.

Abby, upset all night, felt a little better when she heard this, "Don't tease me. You've seen how Dylan treats me. There is only Savannah in his eyes."

"My cousin? How could she be equal to you? We all think highly of you as Sterling's daughter-in-law. It's a pity that my uncle has been bewitched by her. She is just good at flattering grandpa,"

Valerie said though Abby's expression remained unchanged.

"However," Valerie raised her tone, "if she annoys grandpa, everything will change."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Later, please help me as a witness," Valerie whispered into Abby's ear.

In the living room of the Sterling's house, Savannah was chatting with old Sterling on the sofa.

Although Dylan came back, he still remained quite silent, only speaking when necessary.

After dinner, he found an excuse to take a walk in the back garden, and this gave Old Sterling a reason to ask Savannah about Dylan's daily life.

Savannah sighed, looking through the French window. Dylan, standing under a tree in the courtyard, threw a long shadow in the moonlight. He looked lonely, and it made her heart ached for him.

He would rather get out of the house than face his father. At this moment, a slim figure approached Dylan. It was Abby.

Savannah could see Abby keep talking and laughing in front of Dylan. Dylan, however, became impatient and frowned. He turned and looked in Savannah's direction, his eyes blaming her silently.

Why haven't you come to my rescue?

Savannah's lips moved slightly, and then she turned to old Sterling. "Sir, please excuse me for a while."

Old Sterling looked up and saw Abby pestering Dylan outside the French window. He smiled and understood immediately, letting Savannah go without any qualms.

### **138: An Evil Plan**

Savannah smiled helplessly. If it were not for Dylan's threats, she would be happy to see him fussing over someone else, but for now, she had to do as he ordered. Walking out of the house and to the backyard, Savannah saw that Abby had almost stuck herself on to Dylan.

Dylan's black brows frowned at Savannah as if to blame her for coming too late.

"Hey there, love, what took you so long?" His tone was full of tenderness.

Abby, startled, turned around.

Savannah took a deep breath, and a forced smile twisted her lips.

"I'm so sorry, Dylan, I was talking to your father," she said, and with that, she walked over, took Dylan's arm, and deliberately shook his arm gently as if begging forgiveness. She pretended to be so coquettish that she even felt sick herself.

The little woman was usually incredibly stubborn, however, but she was willing to put on a show for now.

Though she was only there to help him get rid of Abby, he enjoyed her performance.

Looking at the little woman in his arms, he raised a finger to her chin and lifted her head up.

"A sorry is not enough, dear."

"Then what do you want?" asked Savannah softly.

"You should know that..." Dylan said, his voice hardly above a whisper, and tugged her closer to him.

Abby's expression changed as she regarded their intimate position. Her hands, hanging at her sides, clenched into fists. But she still didn't move.

Savannah wanted to groan – but knew that would set Abby off. She just wanted her to leave! If Abby didn't give up, Dylan would not let her go. She gritted her teeth and stood on her feet and kissed Dylan on the cheek.

"Is this enough?"

Abby couldn't suffer this scene anymore. She stamped her foot and turned, heading towards the living room in anger.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief. She tried to push Dylan away but was pulled back by his strong arms. She lifted her head just in time to catch his intense eyes.

"Abby...has left," Savannah murmured.

Despite that being true, Dylan couldn't deny the heat that Savannah's small kiss had put in him.

If they were not in the Sterling's house, he might have taken the little woman straight upstairs... Then he mocked himself inwardly since when he had become so needy? Unable to keep himself from wanting to sleep with her and hold her at every moment – as if he'd never had a woman before. Was it because this little woman had cast a spell on him? He was unable to control himself every time he touched her.

He repressed his desire with difficulty and released her.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief. Then, suddenly remembering something, she turned back to him. She bit her lip and pulled out a box, handing it out to him, "This is back to you."

In the moonlight, Dylan could see clearly it was the bracelet that had just been given to her by old Sterling.

"What do you mean?" He frowned.

"It's from your mother, and it's far too precious. She left it to her future daughter-in-law, and it's not right that I should get it. I didn't want to upset you or your father just now, so I accepted, but now you might as well take it back," Savannah said.

Dylan's face clouded, and Savannah continued.

"I mean it's too valuable, I can't take it. I'm afraid I'll break it," Savannah smile bitterly.

"Are you a fool? Can't you take good care of a bracelet? Is it easily broken?"

Savannah was speechless.

Dylan put the box back in her hand. "You will be held responsible if you break it."

Savannah took a breath, and an invisible force caused her to take the bracelet back. She looked up at him, and he held her gaze steadily, as if with affection.

Her heartbeat quickened every time he looked at her like that. She felt as if she was his most precious treasure.

This feeling of her quickening heartbeat made her want to escape.

"It's getting late. We should head back home soon," Dylan took her hand and walked inside.

They went back to the living room and sat back on the sofa, hands still clasped.

Susan was comforting Abby, who was in a bad mood. She sniffed when she saw them coming in hand in hand. Savannah, however, just looked right through Susan.

Before they left, Savannah went to the guest bathroom on the second floor.

When she came out, she saw a familiar figure standing in front of her. It was her cousin, Valerie.

Frowning a little, she did not think it was a coincidence to see Valerie here. She did not want to speak to Valerie, so she skirted Valerie and was about to go downstairs.

"Stop!" Valerie shouted with clenched teeth when she saw that Savannah ignored her.

Valerie hurried forward to grab Savannah's arm and pulled her back!

"What do you want?" Savannah pulled her arm away. She stepped back two steps to avoid being pushed to the ground by her cousin again. Valerie had done that at the mall last time.

"What do I want? That's what I want to ask you! How long are you going to pester Mr. Sterling? Do you really think this is your home?" Valerie taunted.

Savannah turned to Valerie, "Do you think I really want to come here? And just because it's not my home doesn't mean it's yours, either. Don't forget, your husband is only the grandson of old Sterling, and his family name is not Sterling! You and Devin were invited here by old Sterling because of your pregnancy. Understand?"

With that, she made her way to the stairs.

Valerie caught up with Savannah and continued, "Savannah, can't you stop lying? I know you're upset because Devin and I got married, and you're pretending to be obsessed with Dylan to piss us off, right? Dylan just treats you like a plaything. Leave him, leave the Sterlings, okay?" She said as she took Savannah's hand again.

"Valerie, I suggest you see a psychiatrist!" Savannah held back her anger and pulled her arm back.

Valerie, with a cold smile on her lips, suddenly quickened her pace, charging straight for Savannah.

Damn it! Was Valerie trying to push her down? Savannah stepped back to avoid her, shocked when, rather than run into her, Valerie flung herself down the stairs.

Her heavily pregnant body fell down, landing in a heap at the bottom.

Savannah was startled. She did not expect Valerie to make such a move!

"AHHH--- Help! Mrs. Yontz fell down the stairs!" A sudden scream sounded downstairs.

### **139: I Didn't Push Her**

Savannah froze at the top of the stairs, staring down at the scene in shock. Abby rushed over to the pregnant woman lying in a heap, shuddering in horror.

Savannah hurriedly ran down the stairs. Valerie was lying on the ground, her face pale. Under her wide maternity dress, a stream of red blood ran out from her legs.

"Valerie!" Devin's exclamation came.

The people in the living room followed the sound and ran over to the stairs. The scene took their breath away.

"Valerie! What's the matter?" Susan went weak at the knees when she saw the blood under Valerie's body, sinking down next to her body.

"Devin... Susan... It was Savannah who pushed me down the stairs..." Valerie lay dying in Devin's arms, pointing to her cousin with a shaky finger.

It was then that Savannah had realized the plan: Valerie had planned to fall down the stairs to frame Savannah!

But why would Valerie do this? If she suffered from a miscarriage, she would lose more than she could gain. Was it worth it to frame her? Wasn't her baby more important?

Susan rushed towards Savannah.

"You bitch! You are heartless! You've hurt your cousin and her unborn baby!"

Before her hand could smack across Savannah's cheek, it was stopped in midair.

"We don't know that that's the truth. What's the hurry? Valerie said she was pushed down by Savannah, but it was only her side of the story," Dylan stopped her, his eyes cold.

"It must be the bitch --" Susan struggled to break away from Dylan so she could strike out at Savannah.

At this moment, Valerie whined in Devin's arms from pain, "Devin... My body aches... My baby, our baby..."

Devin was white as a sheet, genuinely afraid. This baby was his saving grace, and it could not have any accident!

"Be quiet!" Old Sterling first came to his senses and shouted, "send Valerie to the hospital first!"

Then people in confusion recovered to themselves and rushed to carry Valerie out of the villa. Valerie was laid across the back of the car, and Abby got behind the wheel with Susan, still weeping, in the front seat.

Old Sterling was worried about his great-grandson. He wanted to go to the hospital, too but was stopped by Cooper.

"Sir, Mr. Yontz, and Mr. Sterling can get things figured out. You can just stay at home. I will alert you the moment any news comes," advised Cooper.

Old Sterling nodded and didn't follow the car. Cooper feared that old Sterling was about to have a heart attack after such a mess; he helped old Sterling to the room and gave him some medicine.

The Sterling's house, for a moment, was empty.

Savannah, with a blank mind, was led out of the Sterling house by Dylan.

Although Dylan didn't want to pay much attention to Devin's case, it was now related to this little woman, and he knew he had to help her.

After Savannah climbed in, he fired up the engine, followed the car of Devin, and headed for the hospital.

"I didn't push her downstairs --" said Savannah nervously.

He could hear her voice trembling. Frowning a little, he took his right hand off the steering wheel, holding her cold hand tight.

"I know. I'm here."

I know, it stood for trust.

I'm here, for protection.

As if protected by a powerful force, Savannah felt a little better.

Devin sat outside the room Valerie had been brought into when a doctor finally came out.

"Doctor, how's the baby?" asked Devin impatiently.

The doctor frowned when he saw that Devin was only worried about the baby and did not care about the pregnant woman at all, "I'm sorry, sir. Your wife is bleeding heavily, and the baby is dead. She's going to make a full recovery, however," she said, sounding apologetic.

Devin didn't care whether Valerie lived or died. When he heard that the baby died, he fell back into his chair, his eyes wide, and mumbled, "The baby is gone, the baby is gone... "

The only thing that would please his grandfather was gone.

And would his grandpa take back the 10% stock?

Susan, seated on a bench by Abby, rose up and turned on Savannah wildly, "You bitch! You killed the baby! Why are you so wicked? How can such evil possibly exist?"

Before she touched Savannah, she was stopped by a human wall again.

Looking up, Susan ran into Dylan's cold gaze!

There was something powerful in his eyes that made Susan shudder.

"Dylan, are you still protecting her? She killed Valerie's baby! That baby is related by blood to you too. It is your nephew's child!" Susan cried.

"I didn't push her! She fell downstairs herself!" Savannah shouted from behind Dylan.

She did not have the opportunity to explain when everyone was busy getting Valerie to the hospital in the Sterlings' house.

But now, she wanted to prove her innocence. She could not be wronged!

"Ha! Did Valerie fell downstairs herself on purpose? You can't make a lie like that. Why did Valerie do that? What's in it for her? Do you think she'd risk a miscarriage just to frame you? Do you think Valerie is an idiot? Or perhaps you think that we are all idiots?" laughed Susan.

Savannah clenched her fists. She didn't know why Valerie did it, but that was the truth. She took a deep breath and pushed out her lips, stiffly, "I didn't push her."

Susan was infuriated by her denial. "You don't admit it? Well," she pulled Abby over, "Abby was present just now, and she certainly saw it! Abby, tell us, didn't that bitch push Valerie down?"



All eyes were on Abby.

Abby was as pale as paper all the way to the hospital. Persuaded by Susan and her hatred of Savannah, she reacted, looking straight at Savannah, and nodded.

"Yes... I saw... It was Savannah who pushed Valerie down the stairs."

Savannah couldn't believe Abby said that, but she was not surprised.

Abby adored Dylan and considered her a rival in love. Certainly, she would go against her when she had an opportunity.

"Dylan! You heard it. Abby saw that! Do you still want to help this bitch?" Susan jumped to her feet, angrily.

"Are you sure you saw that?" Dylan looked coldly at Abby.

"Yes..." Abby dared not look into Dylan's burning gaze.

#### **140: All Evidence Pointed To Her**

"Valerie is Savannah's cousin. Why would Savannah push Valerie down the stairs?" asked Dylan slowly.

"I don't know..." Abby swallowed, "but when I got upstairs, I heard them arguing about something... I think that Savannah got so angry that she... She pushed her!"

"Did you hear that? Valerie married Devin, and Savannah can't let it go! So she had to kill my grandson! What a wicked woman! Dylan, are you still going to protect her?" Susan took out a handkerchief and blew her nose.

If it wasn't for Dylan, she would be using physical violence against Savannah.

"I don't know why Miss White said that but did her words really count as proof?" Savannah had never known she herself was so vicious. She felt angrier than she'd ever felt before.

"What do you mean? You mean, I've wronged you? Yes, I have feelings for Dylan, and I have reason to be jealous of you – but how could I lie about such a thing? My conscience wouldn't allow it!" Abby said as her eyes widened with hurt.

Just then, the loud sound of a stick hitting the ground came, approaching them.

"Stop arguing! We're in a hospital – you are all far too loud. Do you want to let the outsiders laugh at you? Susan, you go back with Henley now! Devin will stay to take care of Valerie!" Old Sterling said in a trembling but commanding voice. He came leaning on a stick with Cooper beside him.

After taking medicine, he was still worried about his great-grandson and decided to come to the hospital.

He had almost fainted when he heard that the baby was not saved. Fortunately, Cooper managed to support him, gently lowering him into a chair.

Susan ran to old Sterling, crying, "Dad! You should avenge your great-grandson. He's dead! Dead and gone! You cannot let her get away with it easily!" She begged, glaring daggers at Savannah.

"Are you going to make me repeat myself?" Old Sterling looked at his crying daughter, coldly.

Henley quickly stepped forward to take his wife away.

Abby, with her head lowered, said good-bye and left in a hurry.

In the end, old Sterling's eyes fell on Savannah with indifference and observation, lack of his usual care, and kindness.

"Savannah, you are not as innocent as I might have originally guessed," his tone wasn't as kind as it usually was.

"Sir, I would never push Valerie down the stairs! I would never push anyone down a set of stairs!" Savannah explained, feeling frustrated. It was as though she was talking to a million brick walls – no one was listening to her, and she was tired of repeating herself!

"People change. Maybe both you and Valerie becoming part of the Sterling family is a mistake. It seems that your envy has interfered with a precarious situation," Old Sterling's eyes flickered, and his white eyebrows wrinkled tightly.

Savannah froze there, speechless. Did old Sterling think she was the murderer?

Well, the human testimony and material evidence were all there. Even she herself could not be convinced of her innocence.

Perhaps old Sterling still reserved a little affection for her.

Otherwise, he might have jumped on her like Susan had and attempted to kill her.

"Nothing is known for certain yet, Dad, it's unfair to say that," Dylan said calmly in the corridor.

"Certain? How much more certainty could you possibly need? Unfair? Oh, what about you? You are cold-blooded! The dead baby is your nephew's child, the next generation of our Sterling!" Old Sterling coughed and gasped. He became excited again when he thought of his little great-grandson. He had been looking forward to the baby for so long!

Cooper stepped forward to hold old Sterling and patted him on the back.

"Dylan, take her back first!" Old Sterling quieted down and said coldly.

Savannah didn't want to be wronged in this way. She was about to explain to old Sterling again but was led away by Dylan.

"Dylan, I'd like to explain to old Sterling myself, I don't want him to misunderstand..." Savannah struggled to take her hand from his.

"Is it useful to explain now? Go back first," Dylan soothed her with a gentle voice.

At the moment, all evidence pointed to her. No one would believe her explanation.

Besides, he was the son of old Sterling. He could feel that his father tried to restrain his anger.

Once he failed, Savannah would be decimated by his anger. There was no good in her staying here.

Savannah, with her hand, clasped tight in his, did not say anything more. She followed Dylan out of the hospital.

They returned to Beverly Hills, and Dylan parked the car and went with Savannah.

She was clearly frightened tonight, her face pale, and her body shivered in the night breeze.

He took off his suit jacket and wrapped it around her, leading this poor woman into the house.

Judy was standing at the door, waiting for them with anxiety. All she had heard was that Valerie was pushed downstairs by Savannah and had a miscarriage.

Dylan said nothing, his face blue with rage.

"I don't believe Savannah pushed someone down the stairs, and she's Savannah's cousin. How could Savannah do that? You must have been wronged, right? Savannah?" Judy said anxiously.

Dylan took Savannah to Judy. "Judy, take her upstairs to have a rest. I'm going back to the Sterling's house."

The matter would not be resolved easily.

Savannah tried to hold him back, "Is there any...trouble?"

Everyone in the Sterling's house believed that she caused Valerie to have a miscarriage.

And the unborn child was the most precious baby of the Sterling.

Would old Sterling and Susan let her off so easily?

She was still frightened of Susan's twisted face and old Sterling's indifferent gaze.

Dylan glanced at her tiny hand on his arm, his eyelashes flashing.

She was usually so stubborn, insistent that she didn't need him, that seeing her like this – so dependent on him – moved something within him. He could see that today's event really scared her, and he took her hand in his.

"I'm here."