

Midnight 151

151: Thank You Honey

Now that Dylan caught her in Kevin's company, it was impossible for her to get the endorsement for Fairy World. He had ruined everything.

Savannah kept a tight hold on the bottle, disappointed and rather upset.

"It's nothing," Judy comforted, "just a job! I'm cooking for you, you'll have a good lunch, and you'll forget all the unhappy things."

Looking at Judy's back to the kitchen, Savannah forced a smile.

For Judy, anything difficult could be solved by eating a meal. It seemed so simple.

But Savannah didn't quite operate the same way. Losing what she loved – in this case, the advertising job – made her lose her appetite, too.

She walked upstairs wearily, not forgetting the pill.

Her phone vibrated, and she picked it up, startled.

It was a text from Dylan.

"During the shooting for Fairy World, you must bring a bodyguard every day. Never have any contact with Kevin except for work. There must be a third person present when you talk to Kevin. If any of the above is violated, the endorsement shall be terminated at any time."

Savannah was stunned.

Was she allowed to endorse Fairy World?

Just a few hours ago, she wasn't sure if he wanted to kill her or fuck her into submission – how did he change his mind so quickly? She was sure she'd get whiplash from his unpredictable mood swings.

Every word on the message was just as bossy as it would be if he were speaking out loud to her, but she felt a warm, familiar feeling course through her chest, and she wondered why.

Taking a deep breath, she restrained herself from being moved. She was still angry with him for taking her to Kevin's company...how could she forgive him so quickly?

Besides, she had not forgotten the most important thing...

In the booth at the hotel that day, he said he believed Abby and thought she pushed Valerie downstairs. What's more, he was so cold to her in front of Abby – a rejection she couldn't handle.

For some time, she sat gazing stupidly at the phone. When she stood up and was about to take a bath, the phone vibrated again.

"Haven't you read my message?" Dylan's text message came again, with displeasure.

"Yes," Surprised, she replied.

"Then why didn't you respond? Have you forgotten basic etiquette?"

She looked helplessly at his childish, whiny text and replied, "Well, not yet."

"And now?" He seemed to forgive her for being slow to reply.

"Oh, I know," she replied.

After the text message, Savannah's cell phone rang. The man was calling!

"Three words?" Dylan was unsatisfied.

"What?"

"It doesn't seem like you're very interested in endorsing the game," he said, with a just perceptible chill in her voice.

To make her happy, he turned his back on his principles and allowed her to accept the job offered by Kevin. However, this little woman could not even bother to reply to a word! Now she sent him away with "I know"?

Savannah sighed, knowing what he wanted, of course.

"Thank you," She softened her tone.

"Oh, two words now."

Savannah was really speechless. Well, forget it. What if he was ruffled again and changed his mind?

"Thank you, Dylan."

That "Dylan" was so soft and sweet that it felt like a spring breeze sweeping over his heart.

He recalled the scene in JK's studio this morning. Desire combusted deep in his belly.

He was silent for a long time. Savannah had no idea what he was thinking. She could only hear his heavy breath over the phone.

"Isn't it enough?" She asked carefully.

Dylan turned his mind back. "I prefer you to call me honey."

His father and sister called him Dylan too. It's not an affectionate name.

Honey? Only his girlfriend could call him this...

Did Abby call him honey?

Thinking of this, she felt uncomfortable.

"What's up?" He asked when he got no reply.

She recovered, drove away from the thoughts in her mind, and whispered,

"Thank you, honey."

Savannah had a sweet voice as it was. Now she softened her tone in order to please Dylan, her whisper even more gentle, just to please him.

He had the urge to pick her up from the phone and rub her in his arms.

After he hung up, Savannah breathed a sigh of relief.

She really wanted to ask him if he still thought she pushed Valerie down the stairs, or if he believed Abby, but she couldn't bring herself to ask this question.

She was too afraid of the answer.

It was the first time Savannah would endorse a game. The shooting would all be done in the studio, and there was an editing process on the computer.

This time, it was not a regular advertisement shoot, but an ad for the game she liked. She was more attentive and serious in the shoot, working harder than she ever had before.

After the print advertisement, it came to the publicity film. Half a month was gone before she knew.

She took a bodyguard as Dylan ordered, made little contact with Kevin, and went back home before 6:00 pm every day. She didn't want to give Dylan an excuse to cancel her work, and more importantly, she feared that Dylan would go against JK if she did not obey him.

Towards the end of the shoot, a young dresser came to Savannah and invited her to have lunch together.

"Why not eat together with us, Savannah?"

"Thank you, but I'm going out."

She knew Kevin would have meals in JK's staff canteen every day. These days, in order not to meet Kevin, Savannah never went to the staff canteen.

"Going out again? Alone? You eat outside alone every day!"

"Well, the food in the canteen doesn't seem to agree with me," Savannah smiled, wishing she didn't have to lie to the people she liked so much.

The dresser didn't make things difficult for her; she just waved and left first.

Savannah changed her clothes and went downstairs. As she just stepped out of the office building, the bodyguard came up to her.

152: She Knew It Was Dylan's Order

"Miss Schultz, there's a new steak house near here. Would you like to try it?"

"Another Michelin-starred restaurant?" Savannah quirked up the corners of her mouth.

During her shoot in JK these days, every time she went out for lunch, the bodyguard wanted to take her to a fancy restaurant nearby, and she refused every time.

She knew it was Dylan's orders.

But why should they spend so much on a simple lunch?

Food in that kind of restaurant was usually more expensive than what she made in a day.

"Yes. Miss Schultz, you don't have to consider the price," the bodyguard certainly knew what she was thinking, "Mr. Sterling said you could use the card he gave you."

So, Dylan wanted to tempt her to use his money and make her a slave to his wealth; it seemed.

"No, thanks. I can't eat too much before work, I won't feel well. I'll be on the next street over – you don't need to follow me. Just finish your lunch."

"No, I will go with you," said the bodyguard.

"You should eat lunch too; otherwise, you won't be strong enough to protect me. If someone kidnaps me, you wouldn't even have the strength to fight back! What's more, I have no appetite to eat anything if you drive that car to follow me!" Savannah insisted.

The bodyguard was speechless. Looking at the street she had pointed to, he nodded, finally agreeing. It wasn't a very busy street, and it wasn't very far.

"Okay... I'm on call at all times."

Savannah nodded and headed for the food street nearby.

Did she need to use Dylan's money for just a meal?

She didn't have a great capacity for luxury life, and she was not used to extravagance. A sandwich and a salad were enough for her.

The bodyguard looked at her slender back and sighed slightly. This Miss Schultz was not the same as other young ladies he had met. She never catered to Mr. Sterling, nor did she try to please him.

Miss Schultz would rather go to a small restaurant than go to a fancy restaurant with Mr. Sterling's card.

The food street faced a busy road, gathering a lot of small restaurants. There were many fast-food restaurants - Burger King, McDonald's, pizza shops, and coffee shops. Savannah also liked the street food from stalls and carts.

She approached a small restaurant in which she always took her lunch. The restaurant today was crammed with people. After buying a hamburger and a cup of coffee, Savannah took them out and took a seat outside.

She was not particular about her environment. As long as it was clean, the most important thing was her mood and the food itself.

She took out the hamburger and began to eat.

At this moment, a black luxury car suddenly stopped some way along the road.

In the back seat, Valerie looked in amazement at Savannah, who was eating lunch in the streets.

After spending a few weeks resting, she was much better now.

Today was her first time out shopping after the miscarriage, she did not expect to see her cousin about halfway.

And her poor cousin ate her lunch in this kind of place alone...

Valerie smiled in a scornful way. Her sadness of losing the baby seemed to be at bay for now. Looking at Savannah, she made a gesture to the driver.

The driver got out and opened the rear door.

"How did Mr. Sterling's love get reduced to eating outside by herself?" A shrill but familiar voice caught Savannah.

Savannah looked up from her hamburger and saw the woman in front of her, frowning.

It really spoiled her appetite to see her vile cousin.

She ignored Valerie and went on eating her hamburger. She wanted to return to JK to prepare to work for the afternoon after lunch, and she had no spare time to deal with Valerie.

Valerie disliked Savannah's blatant disregard of her. She changed her face and came towards Savannah.

"My uncle broke up with you? You looked miserable eating at a place like this. Shall I invite you to a better restaurant?"

"No, thanks," Savannah held back the urge to throw the coffee to Valerie's face.

"Oh yes, my uncle has been very close to Abby recently. He took Abby back to the Sterling's house for dinner two days ago. He hasn't seen you for a long time, has he? I have always said that a man like Mr. Sterling would never take you seriously. You were a plaything at most, and in the end, he would always choose a more suitable woman like Abby," Valerie kept going, her words arrows dipped in poison and poised to strike Savannah.

Savannah paused. Dylan hadn't come to Beverly Hills since the last time they met in JK.

She hadn't seen him for almost a month.

And she hadn't even thought about him seeing Abby, much less bringing her back to the Sterling's house for dinner.

He had been estranged from Old Sterling and never went back himself. Now he was willing to take Abby back!

Perhaps, as Valerie said, as a man of high social position, he would always choose a gentlewoman from a noble family like Abby, not a Cinderella-like her.

No - she wasn't even a Cinderella.

In the fairy tale, Cinderella was the duke's daughter, a princess. But what was she?

She was just an orphan girl with no background, her father dead, and her mother missing.

For a moment, Savannah was depressed. The terrible grief made it impossible for her to eat any food.

Savannah stood up and took a deep breath.

"Valerie, you and Abby conspired against me. Was that really interesting? Would you rather sacrifice your own child to harm me? Are you crazy?"

Valerie lean to Savannah's ear, and, with a sickly smile, she said darkly in a low voice,

"It's very interesting! I'm glad to see you attacked by everyone, abandoned by Dylan, and hated by Old Sterling. How could it be boring?"

153: Do You Think You Won?

Looking at Valerie's familiar but distorted face, Savannah felt angry and a little sad.

"We are cousins, and we are all, Schultz. Our fathers were brothers. Besides our parents, we are the dearest person to each other in the world, why do you treat me like this? You took away my fiancé, and now you try to kill me by such extreme means! I wonder what makes you hate me so much."

Valerie did not expect that Savannah would suddenly question her. She paused for a moment, her eyes narrowed. There was a mocking smile hovering about her lips.

"Yes, I just hate you!" It seemed that Valerie decided to make no attempt to hide her emotion. "I've hated you since we were little! At that time, I always wondered why your father, my uncle, was so capable and able to handle the factory well. Because of this, our grandpa left the Schultz's factory to your father, instead of giving it to my father, who was the older one! And my dad, who had nothing to do, was a bad gambler! I hate you and envy you. Why was your mother so beautiful, gentle, and educated! And you, as their only child, were always like a little princess!"

After a pause, Valerie gritted her teeth and continued.

"From childhood to adulthood, people around us all liked you. Even the workers in our factory, those uncles liked you very much. They treated you like a little princess. At that time, your family was better than mine; your father was more capable, and your mother was very beautiful. I wonder if you'd ever thought how I felt."

"I..." Savannah wanted to say something but was stopped by Valerie's harsh voice.

"Savannah, I still remember the day when I went to your house for your eighth birthday. You were wearing a pink princess dress, being led downstairs by your beautiful mother. At that moment, it seemed that the light of the world was all shining on you, and then I decided that I must win you in everything!"

Savannah took a deep breath. She never knew that her cousin was jealous and felt hostility toward her at such a young age.

Valerie smiled evilly. Her words were uttered quietly but in a tone so nasty.

"Every dog has its day. Maybe God heard my wish. Your fortune was slowly declined. Your mother ran away, and then your father died in a car accident. You little princess, loved by everyone, became an orphan! Ha! I was so happy to see you in that state. You know what? My parents didn't even want to adopt you at the very start. But by adopting you, they could manage your legacy and the Schultz's factory for you, and I could go to a prestigious university and wear fancy clothes. Admitting that I didn't want to see you in my home, I had to say you were valuable to me. Think about it, if you had not lived in my home, I would not have seduced Devin and married him."

A wave of anger caught Savannah's throat with a cruel hand. She grabbed the coffee on the table and wanted to throw it in Valerie's face!

Valerie, on guard, caught Savannah's wrist and glared at her fiercely.

"You want to throw it on me? What are you? A bitch abandoned by your fiancé and then kept by your fiancé's uncle! Now, even Dylan is leaving you! Just wait for nothing!"

With that, Valerie gave her cousin a strong push!

Although Valerie had just had an abortion, her body was well-nourished, and now she recovered. She pushed Savannah so hard that Savannah bumped rudely into a table behind her.

Looking at the look of pain on Savannah's face, Valerie felt very pleased and laughed, not conscious of her manners at all. Then, like a victorious queen, Valerie tucked one tendril of her hair behind her ear as she turned and left. Before she got in the car, she heard the cold voice of Savannah behind her.

"Yes, you seduced Devin and successfully married into a rich family. But do you really enjoy your life now? You know exactly what made you married Devin. You know clearly, Devin does not love you. Do you think you won? No. Even worse, you lost badly."

Valerie stopped and whirled around. Veins throbbed on her forehead, and she clenched her fists.

Savannah noted the hate and vehemence in Valerie's eyes. She knew she had touched Valerie on the raw.

"If I were you," Savannah continued, raising herself up, "I would put all my energy into how to keep my husband without a son. And I suggest you find a way to keep your footing in the Sterling first."

"Isn't that just a child? I will have another one, two, or even three or four, and you don't need to worry about it. I'm quite fine in the Sterling!" Valerie shouted, her face reddening.

"Well, the question is whether Devin wants to give you a baby again. I guess he didn't want to get married so early, and he didn't want you to get pregnant at all. You must have played a dirty trick to get the baby, right? If that's the case, Devin should still resent it. Do you think he'll have another baby with you? I know his character very well; he won't make the same mistake. There are so many beautiful women around him. My dear cousin, be careful. If another woman gets pregnant by Devin, you might have to give way to another woman." Savannah fought back without mercy.

Valerie's reddened face turned pale. Though she knew that Savannah just tried to throw cold water on her, what Savannah said might really happen.

She planned the unexpected pregnancy, and Devin still bore a grudge against her. Although he married her because of the unborn child, he made a stranger to her these days and refused to sleep with her.

Since she lost the child, he had returned to his free life, like a runaway train.

She knew all this, but she did not dare to think about it.

"Shut up! You'll soon be sent to jail. Worry about yourself!" Valerie glared at her cousin and shouted back.

Then she turned and got in the car in a rage.

Savannah frowned. What did Valerie mean by saying that?

However, she had no time to dwell upon this, and she felt a sharp pain in her back.

154: Don't Tell Him

Savannah went back to JK and entered the dressing room. She took off her clothes and looked back in the mirror.

Holy shit. Her waist was terribly bruised.

Every time she saw Valerie, she would have trouble!

She ground her teeth to overcome the pain. After changing her clothes, she went back to the studio.

However, when Savannah began the shoot, she found that even a simple movement would cause backaches.

"Savannah, what's wrong with you?" The photographer found her anomaly and asked.

"Oh, I just knocked into the table when I went out for lunch." Savannah forced a smile.

"Are you okay? You seem to be in pain. Would you like to stop and take a break?" The photographer could even see her cold sweat.

"No, I'm fine." Savannah shook her head. "It's our last day on the shoot, and I don't want to take too much of your time."

"Go back and have a rest. We can finish the shoot later." Kevin's voice, accompanied by footsteps, entered the studio. He apparently heard their conversation.

"No, I can..." Savannah hurriedly said when she saw Kevin coming.

"I told you to go back and rest." Kevin's tone was soft but resolute. Unlike Dylan, who was a bit of a dictator and always tyrannical, Kevin was gentle, but you did not want to turn him down.

Savannah nodded and turned to the dressing room to change.

Kevin frowned as he watched Savannah walking with a marked limp. He had the impulse to send her back and take her medicine.

"Her bodyguard will drive her back," Dan said, in a low voice.

Kevin paused, resisting his impulse, and sighed with a feeling of disappointment.

Savannah went downstairs. She didn't take a taxi but went straight to the bodyguard's car.

"Let's go back."

The bodyguard was a little surprised. Why did the work finish so early today? What's more, it was the first time that Miss Schultz took the initiative to get into his car.

"What happened to you, Miss Schultz? Is there anything wrong with you?" He noticed her strange movement.

"I hit a table by accident. It's nothing." Savannah didn't mention Valerie. If she did, perhaps the bodyguard would ask to follow her next time. She still wanted some freedom.

"You got hurt during your lunch? Alas! Blame me for not following you!" The bodyguard patted himself on his head in frustration.

"I was careless when I got up, and I bumped into a table. It's all right. Go back first." Savannah laughed.

The bodyguard, however, didn't believe it's nothing. He accompanied Miss Schultz to work these days, and he learned how dedicated she was. Miss Schultz must have been hit hard; otherwise, she would not get off work so early!

Thinking of this, he became nervous.

"Would you like to go to the hospital for an examination? And I will call Mr. Sterling," said the bodyguard worriedly.

"No!" Savannah immediately refused. She just had a bruise, and it would go off after she applied for some medicine and had a rest. She need not see a doctor.

As for calling Dylan, she recalled Valerie's words.

He had been so close to Abby lately that he even took Abby back to the Sterling's house for dinner.

She tried to get Dylan out of her head.

"Don't tell him! Just drive me back!" She said with emphasis.

She had never given orders; this time, she put on some air.

The bodyguard didn't dare to say no, so he could only put the car in gear and went down the street. However, after thinking about it, he secretly took out his cellphone and quickly edited a text message to Mr. Sterling at the traffic light.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz seemed to have banged into a table and hurt her back. Now we are on the way to Beverly Hills.

In the car, Valerie worked herself into a temper.

She was trying to bring her cousin down but didn't expect Savannah could fight back!

Oh, Savannah even cursed her to be abandoned by Devin!

Well, let's see who would laugh last!

She couldn't wait to see Savannah sent to prison by the Sterling!

Dylan was on intimate terms with Abby lately and did not have time to care about Savannah. He would not protect her this time!

Thinking of this, Valerie was in a much better mood, but she couldn't rest assured.

After all, Dylan hadn't driven Savannah away.

Old Sterling left a month for Savannah, too, which meant he still had some love for the girl and did not want to kill her.

What if she escaped?

No, she must send Savannah to jail as soon as possible.

And the important witness who could help to achieve her aim... was Abby.

Valerie rolled her eyes, took out her phone, and texted Abby. Then she said to the driver,

"Stop the car, I'll walk around, you go back first."

Forty minutes later, Valerie and Abby met in a quiet cafe on the outskirts of town.

"Why did you come to me alone?" Abby looked around, afraid of being seen. She felt on pins and needles.

Since Abby committed perjury at the hospital that day, she had been a little nervous about being exposed. Anyway, it was a crime to conspire with Valerie to frame Savannah.

Valerie sneered inwardly.

"Rest assured, Abby, we are in the suburbs, and I saw no one around. How can our acquaintances see us here?"

"Well, tell me what you want," Abby said impatiently. She just wanted to leave as soon as possible.

Valerie didn't speak out about her purpose directly. She just took a sip of coffee and smiled.

"You seem to glitter these days. You must have a good relationship with my uncle now, don't you?"

"Hmm," Abby's face relaxed, "Dylan has been really good to me these days."

"Well, I can say that you will become a member of the Sterling sooner or later!" Valerie smiled.

Abby blushed. She did not say yes, but she looked confident.

"But," Valerie continued, "if Savannah still lives in Beverly Hills, I'm afraid you still have some trouble becoming my uncle's woman."

155: Internet Celebrity

"Dylan made a stranger to Savannah recently. After your abortion, old Sterling, if now he does not hate Savannah, he would not like her again. I also heard that Susan cried to send Savannah to the police station. Why do I still have trouble?" Abby said as her brows knitted a little.

"My uncle just keeps Savannah at a distance. My grandpa, though he agreed to send her to the police station, he still gave her a month's allowance with pity. Why not take immediate action? That bitch is good at convincing people to help her. I'm afraid they will let her off the hook this time!"

"Then what do you want to do..." Abby was worried.

"Abby, you are the daughter of Mr. White, and your words have some influence. If you can expose Savannah's misdeeds on the Internet, netizens will believe you and help to make the thing bigger. At that time, my grandpa and Dylan will not be able to control it. Tomorrow is the deadline of one month, and Susan will send Savannah directly to the police station. Even if old Sterling and Dylan want to protect her, I'm afraid it will be with difficulty." Valerie said her plan slowly.

Abby gasped at how calculating Valerie was.

"Are you asking me to attack Savannah online? I don't think it's good for me to make it such a big deal..." Abby hesitated.

"Abby, I'm afraid we will sink or swim together. Didn't you do a good job helping me frame Savannah that night? Why are you hesitating now?"

"I didn't expect you really... really fell downstairs yourself to frame your cousin."

"But you have profited from it. The relationship between you and my uncle becomes closer and more intimate. What else are you thinking about? If you want to get rid of Savannah and marry into the Sterling, just do as I tell you." Valerie said impatiently.

Abby was silent for a few minutes. Finally, she gritted her teeth and nodded.

They discussed some details before they left.

In Beverly Hills, Savannah asked Judy for a bottle of medicinal oil for bruising before she went to her room upstairs.

She took off her clothes, poured a little oil on her hand, and rubbed it against her lower back.

However, she could not get the right area. Savannah sighed and was about to call Judy when her room door opened, and a familiar footstep sounded behind her.

Savannah turned her head around and saw Dylan come in.

She was in her undies only!

"Why are you here?" Savannah took a robe and hurriedly covered it around herself.

Without saying a word, Dylan came up to her and tore off her robe. Then he turned her back to him, bent over, and carefully examined her back.

"Dylan, you... What are you doing?" Savannah was humiliated and began to struggle. Held by his big hand tightly, she could not escape from his control.

On her slender and graceful back, on the white skin, as expected, a large bruise was seen.

Her skin was so delicate that even a slight injury was particularly noticeable. It looked terrible.

"Don't move!" He gave her a gentle pat on the bottom. "Don't you know your back was hit hard?"

Savannah then realized that the bodyguard had told him about the injury.

Before she knew it, he picked her up and laid her on her stomach on the bed.

"I can do it myself!" Savannah pushed herself up a little but was pressed down by him easily.

"Are you sure?" He asked coldly.

"I'll just ask Judy to help me. I don't want to bother you with such a little thing..." She bit her lips.

"You have troubled me a lot. I don't mind you doing it once more." He put some medicinal oil on his palm and placed it on her waist.

"Ah..." She gave a groan of pain as his hand rubbed on her waist and made circles. Embarrassed, she buried her head into the pillow, bit her lips, and restrained herself from moaning out.

Dylan softened his strength but frowned when he saw her in such pain.

"What happened to you this noon? How could you bump into a table?" Dylan wiped his hands on a paper towel when finished.

"Nothing. I hit my back by accident." She got up, quickly put on her clothes.

"Really?" Dylan raised her chin and forced her to look at himself.

She knew she could hide nothing from his sharp eyes, and she would have told him everything before. But now, she just didn't want to do as he desired.

Looking at his handsome face, she couldn't help but remember the intimacy he had with Abby in the hotel box that day.

And she even imagined the scene when he took Abby back to the Sterling's house for dinner.

What was it to him that she got hurt?

Did he really care about her injury?

If he really respected her, he would not distrust her; if he was really concerned about her, he would not have left her in Beverly Hills for so long.

"Yes, I hit myself." She lowered her head to avoid his gaze, her face expressionless.

He felt the resentment from her. Different from her previous embarrassment and shyness, she seemed to hate him now. Realizing that something was wrong with her, he grasped her chin and held her head in place.

"Has anyone ever bullied you?"

His warm, harsh fingers made her cheek burn. Savannah slapped his hand away and stepped back a few steps.

"No, no one bullied me. Thank you for your help. You can go ahead with your business now." Savannah said politely.

Her tone of voice was unusually calm, and it was too polite for them.

Dylan looked at the woman far away from him, his face darkening. He was about to pull her over when his cell phone began to ring in his pocket.

"Mr. Sterling." It's Garwood.

"What's up?"

"It's about Abby...."

Dylan glanced at Savannah as he listened quietly. Hanging up the phone, he glanced at Savannah, explained nothing, and directly walked away.

Savannah found herself an "Internet celebrity" at night.

After taking a bath, she saw several missed calls on her phone left on the coffee table.

It was Olivia.

Savannah dried her hair as she called back.

156: Be Careful With Cyberbully

"Savannah, are you alright? Are you off the Internet?" Olivia sounded worried.

"What?" Savannah paused.

"Look at your Twitter! Now!"

They hung up. Savannah logged into her Twitter.

She had not opened Twitter for a long time since she began the endorsement work in JK.

Savannah blinked when she saw the number of comments on her latest tweet.

Although her fame had gradually increased, the maximum number of comments on each tweet was no more than 100.

Now, her latest tweet had more than 5,000 comments!

What did that mean?

More than 50 times than usual!

And more fans.

She clicked in and breathed. The comments were mostly unsightly.

"It's disgusting! Pushing a pregnant woman downstairs and making her abort? It's not a fight, but a crime! Why didn't anyone call the police?"

"Abby said the pregnant woman had a miscarriage and the baby was dead. A life for a life!"

"No wonder you are just a little unknown young model. You are so vicious!"

"Abby is right. You should turn yourself in! Be responsible for the unborn baby!"

All these abusive comments suffocated Savannah.

Why did those netizens suddenly mention the matter?

Abby?

Was Abby spreading it online?

Savannah calmed down and quickly searched Abby's personal tweets.

Abby was not in the entertainment circle, but she was a fashion blogger, and the number of her followers were many times more than Savannah's.

Abby's tweets covered clothing and accessories and beauty tips. She also posted the trivialities of her life.

Her latest tweet:

"If you still have a conscience, please take responsibility for the unborn baby. @ Savannah"

Though it was a short sentence, it was full of meaning and aroused the curiosity of netizens.

"Abby, what does it mean?"

"What happened? What is the unborn baby?"

"Who is Savannah? What had she done?"

Abby replied to the top comment, "My friend, a pregnant woman, was pushed down the stairs... The baby was going to be born in a few months. It's really a pity. I grieve very much for what I have seen that night."

As soon as this remark came out, everyone knew what happened!

Abby saw a woman push her pregnant friend downstairs and caused a miscarriage to her friend!

And the woman was Savannah!

Savannah bit her teeth. Abby continued to frame her and even incited netizens to attack her!

No wonder a lot of netizens went to abuse her on her Twitter!

At this time, Olivia's phone call came again.

"Savannah, have you seen your Twitter? What the hell is going on?" She asked worriedly.

Savannah told Olivia the whole thing as quietly as she could.

"Oh my god," Olivia cried, "you've been wronged? Those netizens didn't even see a picture or video, and they know nothing! How could they believe Abby's side of the story with no evidence at all? And Abby is worse! Does she want to kill you?"

That's right, Abby wanted to kill her.

Why?

For Dylan, of course.

Abby was the daughter of a rich family, and she had a high social status. It was normal for her followers to believe her.

What's more, this was not a trivial matter, but about a pregnant woman.

Most netizens had an abhorrence of sin. Abby did so to guarantee maximum exposure. In that way, the Sterling had to face it, and old Sterling had no choice but to bring her to justice—as the netizens required.

Even if she could escape from prison, her reputation would be ruined.

She was not a superstar, but if she wanted to continue her career in the model circle, she must have a good reputation and image.

No company could accept a murderer as their advertising spokesperson!

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than Abby's intention?

But Abby was on intimate terms with Dylan these days. She was so proud now that she should have ignored her.

Why did she mention this matter on Twitter?

Was there someone behind her who told her to do this?

The one behind her...

It should be no one but Valerie.

Did Valerie really want to kill her?

"Savannah, what are you going to do now? Do you know the power of the internet? You should be careful about cyberbully. Do you know there was a model killed by the words of the netizens last year? And I'm afraid that the matter will affect your work and even your future. Can Mr. Sterling have a solution? Why not go to him? He will definitely find a way to suppress it." Olivia suggested.

Hearing Dylan's name, Savannah, was saddened. Dylan didn't even believe in her. Why should she ask him for help?

In his sight, she did it because she was spoiled by him. But she had been wronged! Abby accused her unfairly!

She proved herself to it and said,

"Don't worry, dear. I know how to deal with it. My topic on the Internet will not remain hot for too long."

Olivia uttered a few words of comfort before she hung up the phone. Savannah looked at the phone, abstracted, and then smiled bitterly.

She must find a way herself.

She couldn't just sit here and let others bully her.

She should post a tweet to clear her name.

Thinking of this, Savannah took her phone and was about to type her words when the phone started ringing again.

It was Dylan.

Was he calling for the tweet?

She hesitantly answered and heard the man's calm voice over the phone.

"Have you seen that tweet?"

"Yes." Sure enough, it was because of this.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I... I am going to post a tweet to clarify the fact and tell everyone that I have not done it."

"You don't need to do anything. Ignore the comments, close Twitter, and just stay at home." He ordered.

"What? You ask me to do nothing? No, at least I should explain!" Savannah cried.

"I said, 'don't explain. Don't do anything. Be obedient. I will take care of it.'" Dylan's tone was determined and calm.

"You don't care about my business at all!" The anger which had been buried inside Savannah rose to the surface. "You don't want me to clarify it! And you don't want me to go against Abby! Well, you can have

prejudice in Abby's favor, and it's up to you not to believe me. But you have no right to interfere with my right to defend for myself!"

157: How Dare You?

"I have the right to interfere with your business! Savannah, do you forget who you are?" Dylan said with emphasis.

His words had knocked all the spirit out of Savannah.

Yes, of course, he had the right.

She could not say no, even if he asked her to suffer a frame-up!

Savannah held the phone tightly to hold back her anger. She pressed her lips so tightly that they all went white.

The next day, Savannah went to JK to continue the last few shots.

What happened yesterday had really gotten her down. Her power was still under a cloud when she went upstairs and walked into JK's office area.

"Have you seen that tweet? Miss Schulz looked so cute and kind. I fail to see she is a girl like that." A female employee said.

"The face is no index to the heart. It's so monstrous for her to hurt a pregnant woman." It's another woman's voice.

"Gee, why did JK select her as the endorser for Fairy World? With such a bad image among people, will she destroy JK's brand?"

"I think we should end her engagement and find another spokesperson!"

When Savannah walked through the office area, she found those who were usually friendly to her did not even greet her. Everyone in the office looked at her with a very peculiar expression.

"No work to do? Don't gossip during office hours! You want to be fired?" A man's cold voice called out from the front.

The two female colleagues immediately shut up and went back to their seats.

"Are you well enough? Why not stay at home for a few days more?" Kevin walked toward Savannah, and his face registered anxiety.

"I'm fine. I've applied some ointment and had a good sleep. I feel much better now. Let's finish the shots early so as not to delay the post process."

Kevin looked at Savannah. Even in such a situation, she still worried about her work and was afraid of bringing troubles to others. Suddenly Kevin turned around and announced to everyone in the office.

"The spokesperson for Fairy World is Savannah and will always be Savannah. It will never change. If there is anyone who engages in or spreads gossip in the company, please leave JK yourself."

His remark brought everyone up with a jerk.

"Yes, sir." Then they answered.

A sense of warmth flowed from Savannah's heart. She looked at Kevin.

"Brother Kevin, thank you. But I'm really afraid that I will affect your game in the present situation."

"I'm here with you. What's there to worry about? Didn't you say you want to finish the last few shots? Let's go." Kevin smiled with his hands in his pants pockets.

Brother Kevin was always so good to her.

The rims of her eyes went pink. She held back her tears and nodded. They said nothing more and headed for the studio.

"Don't go anywhere!" Just then, the sound of a woman's shrill voice came from the entrance of JK. Savannah could hear her high-heels click-clack down the corridor.

"Go to the police station first!" The woman shouted at Savannah.

All the people in the office turned, startled, and looked at the entrance in surprise.

A middle-aged lady in expensive clothes walked in with two uniformed police officers.

Savannah paused. It was Susan.

"I'm the head of JK," Kevin frowned and came forward, "what's the matter, please?"

One officer looked down at his papers before he turned to Savannah.

"We are from the Police Department of LA. Mrs. Yontz testified that Miss Schultz pushed her daughter-in-law down the stairs a month ago. We are taking Miss Schultz to the police station for questioning."

The murmur in the office swelled into a roar. Was that story in twitter true? Even the police were coming!

Kevin's expression changed abruptly. He didn't expect the Sterling to leave any room for compromise.

"This is a mistake," he quickly walked over to explain.

"A mistake?" cried Susan in a sort of shriek. "The victim claimed Savannah did it, and the witness testified that she saw Savannah did it. Was it still a mistake?" Susan said as she stared at the man in front of her up and down.

Of course, she recognized that this man was the one who had beaten her son into the hospital.

"You take her part again. Do you have an affair with her?" Susan said, and then she turned to Savannah, "it's a waste that you do not provide escort services--"

This little bitch hooked up with another guy? She hasn't broken up with Dylan yet!

And this Kevin is the boss of JK, young and promising! Susan thought as she sneered.

Kevin knew the middle-aged lady was Devin's mother. What's more, she almost became Savannah's mother-in-law and had always looked down upon Savannah. But he didn't expect Susan to needle Savannah with such sarcastic remarks.

Kevin looked at Susan's scornful look, frowning.

"Mrs. Yontz, please pay attention to your manners and shut up! Or I will ask you to leave here!" He said sharply as he pointed to the door.

"You dare to drive me away? Do you know who I am?" Susan shouted furiously.

"Of course, you old bitch!" Kevin hit back.

"How dare you --" Susan hit the ceiling at his words.

"Here's my company, and I certainly have the right to kick you out," Kevin said coldly.

"I don't want to come here at all! I'll immediately leave when the police arrest this little bitch! Officer, take her back!" Susan shouted, pointing to Savannah.

Kevin blazed with anger and clenched his fists. He would have laid his hands on her just like he had punched Devin if Susan were a man!

"Kevin," Savannah hurried over to Kevin and pulled him over. "That's fine, Brother Kevin. I didn't do it, and I'm not afraid of going to the police station." She took a deep breath and said.

She knew the matter about Valerie's abortion was not over yet. But she didn't expect that Susan brought the police to JK.

"I'm going with you. I have a lawyer friend, and I'll call him right away." Kevin controlled his anger and quickly said.

With Kevin's support and protection, Savannah feared nothing now. She forced a smile, nodded, and then turned to the police.

"Officer, I would like to go back with you to assist the investigation."

158: Why Did He Date Abby?

"Officer, she's ready. What are you waiting for?" Susan said immediately.

The policeman took out his handcuffs and went to Savannah. "Miss Schultz, please."

Savannah froze at the handcuffs.

"What do you mean? Why should she be handcuffed? Please note that she is not a criminal now!" Kevin's face changed.

The police looked at Mrs. Yontz awkwardly. In principle, Miss Schultz was now a suspect, not a criminal, and she didn't have to be handcuffed.

But when Mrs. Yontz went to the police station, she asked them to take Miss Schultz away in handcuffs.

Mrs. Yontz was the daughter of old Sterling, and the Sterling group was financially strong and monopolized many industries in LA. What's more, Mrs. Yontz's mother was from the Cavendish family. Every merchant, as well as the politician, would treat the Sterling with respect.

Even the police chief would stop to smile and nod politely to old Sterling when they met. How could he refuse old Sterling's daughter?

"Please cooperate, Miss Schultz." The police said.

Susan looked at Savannah with a scornful laugh. She would shame Savannah before the entire world.

If Savannah was taken out of the building in handcuffs by the police, she would be a criminal known to all.

Savannah knew the Sterling was powerful in LA, but she didn't expect Susan could even interfere in legal procedures.

"No! You can't do that!" Kevin stood in front of Savannah.

"You must implement the law impartially, officer!" Susan gave the two policemen a cold look.

The two police officers immediately came forward. One held Kevin back, and another one walked to Savannah. He was about to grab her wrist and handcuff her when the elevator door over the entrance opened.

Several tall and strong men came in from the elevator.

Everyone paused by footsteps approaching, turned, and looked back.

The leader was a tall gentleman. He looked very handsome in a well-cut black suit, and his eyes of ice dwelled freezingly on the police's hand on Savannah's wrist.

Savannah stared at the man blankly.

Dylan came...

Behind him followed Garwood and two bodyguards.

The female employees present all blushed imperceptibly, lowered their heads, and whispered.

The two policemen recognized the man coming and changed their faces. They let Kevin and Savannah go and rushed up to greet the man.

"Mr. Sterling."

Susan's expression changed too when she saw her brother coming. She knew it wouldn't be a good thing.

"Dylan, why are you here?" She hurried forward to Dylan.

Dylan glanced coldly at Susan. Their father had given Savannah a month's time, and she couldn't even wait one more day.

As soon as a month arrived, she immediately called the police to arrest Savannah.

He looked at the two policemen and said quietly, "I'm sorry, this is a mistake. Please go back."

"Mistake?" Susan cried violently, "we have a witness! It was not a mistake! That's enough, officer, just get this woman back!"

"Who dares?" Dylan bellowed, and his cold words froze everyone.

The two policemen immediately understood; the person Mrs. Yontz wanted to arrest was the one Mr. Sterling wanted to protect.

They, of course, dared not offend Mr. Sterling, so they stepped aside.

"You bastard! Go to get her! Now!" Susan stamped up in a rage when she saw the two policemen do nothing.

Though the two policemen did not dare to disobey Mr. Sterling, they slowly walked to him and said in a low voice,

"Sir, what Miss Schultz had done was exposed on the Internet, and it's very serious now. Even if she had not been accused by Mrs. Yontz, we would still take her back for questioning; otherwise, we can't explain to the public..."

"I will deal with the public. This matter is our internal affair in the Sterling, and I will take care of it." Dylan said coldly.

Since Dylan put it this way, the two policemen did not dare to say more. They nodded and left.

Susan was so angry when she saw the police leave. She stepped up to Dylan in a great rage.

"Dylan! Do you think Savannah will be okay if you get rid of the police? Don't forget, dad said, you have just one month. If you failed to find any evidence in her mouth, I could send her to the police! What do you mean now? Dad won't let you shelter her like this! Let's go home tomorrow and have it out in front of dad!"

Savannah was transfixed.

The Sterling did not want to spare her.

She lived her life in calmness this month because old Sterling had given a month's grace.

Then she looked at Dylan. So he had been gone for a month because he was looking for evidence?

So he didn't distrust her?

But why did he date Abby?

Yeah, Abby was the witness, and it was the best way to start with Abby.

So, he made use of his sex appeal for the evidence this month?

"Tomorrow? Let's go back now. I will tell dad exactly what happened."

With that, Dylan held Savannah's hand and made their way to the elevator.

"Mrs. Yontz, would you like to share a car to go back to the Sterling's house?" asked Garwood, ironically.

Susan was stunned. She thought that Dylan would avoid going back to see their father, but unexpectedly he volunteered to go back to explain.

Has any evidence that could prove the little bitch's innocence been found?

Impossible. How could Savannah be innocent? Abby saw it too!

Well, she would like to see what Dylan was going to tell dad!

Dylan would annoy dad if he insisted on harboring Savannah, and according to dad's temper, he would withdraw Dylan's power in the Sterling group.

By then, Devin and her husband, Henley, would be able to take control of the whole group!

"No! I'll go in my car! I'd like to see what Dylan's going to say to cover up for that bitch!" Susan smiled caustically and walked into another elevator downstairs.

Looking at the back of Savannah, who was taken away by Dylan, Kevin's eyes clouded, but he was relieved.

Anyway, Savannah should be fine with Dylan's help.

Turning around, Kevin faced JK's employees, who were in blank astonishment.

"Don't let this go further than these four walls," said Kevin, raising his voice.

159: Do You Regret It Now?

"Yes, sir." They immediately replied.

Since Savannah was now the endorser for JK's game, Fairy World would be affected if the public knew she was almost taken away by the police.

They were still shocked at what they had seen and heard, and they were even more curious about what was the relationship between Miss Schultz and Mr. Sterling, who came in person to fight with his sister for Miss Schultz.

And it seemed that their boss would not explain anything to them.

Savannah, held by Dylan, got into the elevator silently. As soon as the door closed, she woke up and took her hand out of his palm. She looked up at him.

"Did old Sterling promise Susan to send me to the police if you fail to find the evidence in a month?"

"Yes." Dylan looked at her, his eyes glowing.

"Why don't you tell me?" Savannah gasped.

"Does it make sense to tell you? It just makes you scared."

Savannah's heartbeat quickened. The heart wall she had built against him now seemed to melt...

"So... you've been searching for evidence to prove my innocence all month?" asked Savannah, trying to ignore the tumult of feelings inside her.

"Or else? What do you think I'm doing?" He raised his eyebrows and stepped closer to her.

In such an enclosed space, she could feel his breath soft against her face. She found herself blushing.

Her mood, which was originally clouded, now turned better.

He did not have a distrust of her. In fact, he had been helping her to find evidence...

But she thought...

"You thought I had been busy dating Abby." Dylan looked at her, squarely in the eye.

"You spoke to me in that way yesterday because you were jealous?"

"I'm not jealous!" Savannah quickly replied in a hurried manner.

"Oh? But I think you are." Dylan moved closer to her, leaning his arm upon the wall, and his nose almost touched hers.

Firmly prisoned against the wall of the elevator, she could not even step back. She avoided his piercing grey eyes and swallowed.

"You are wrong." She insisted.

Oh. She was still indomitable.

He put his long arms around her waist and pulled her into his arms. She was not the only one who felt uncomfortable. He wanted to find the evidence to prove her innocence, and he must pretend to be indifferent to her all this month. Even if he went back to Beverly Hills to see her, he would be greeted by her cold face, and he was unable to get close to her.

In spite of the camera in the elevator, he bent his head and tried to kiss her to release his lovesickness. Before he caught her lips, the little woman moaned and struggled slightly in his arms.

"What's up?" He frowned.

"My waist is not well." She murmured.

He remembered the bruise on her waist and released her.

Of course he knew she would not hurt herself for no reason, but now he had no time to dig into it. He would come back to that later.

The most important thing now was to help her to clear her name.

"Are you all right?" He gently pulled her over again and wanted to check her waist.

"I'm fine." She quickly avoided his hand.

"Let me see." He was still worried.

There was a monitoring camera in the elevator!

"I don't want to be seen..." Pointing to that camera in the corner of the elevator above them, she did not know whether to cry or laugh.

"What's there to worry about? Garwood will go to the control room to delete this section of surveillance. Nobody dares look!" Dylan said impatiently.

"But, I'm really okay..." Savannah was speechless.

Fortunately, the elevator door opened, and they got to the first floor.

Dylan paused, thought she should be okay, took her hand, and walked out of the elevator.

Garwood was already downstairs and got the car ready. He pulled open the car door, waiting for them.

"Get in." Dylan led her to the car and said.

"Do I have to go to the Sterling's house now? Have you really found the evidence?" Thinking of old Sterling's cold gaze at the hospital that day, Savannah was a little afraid.

"Just go with me. I'll talk about it later."

His steady gaze calmed her down. She bent over and got into the car.

Dylan got in after her. Then Garwood drove the car fast down the road.

In less than half an hour, they arrived at the Sterling's house.

Susan was just behind them. She got out of the car, snorted at Dylan and Savannah, and entered the villa first.

Cooper was surprised to see Dylan coming with Savannah. He looked at Susan and came to Dylan hurriedly.

"Sir, are you taking Miss Schultz in?"

"Sure."

"Sir, you know that old Sterling is not happy to see Miss Schultz now..." Cooper looked at Savannah awkwardly and lowered his voice.

Before Dylan could speak, Savannah took a deep breath and said, "Cooper, I'm here today to explain to old Sterling what happened that day. I didn't do that!"

Cooper sighed and eventually backed away.

When Dylan and Savannah went in, sure enough, Susan was complaining to old Sterling.

"Dad, you should hold justice. You promised me to send Savannah to the police station after a month. But when I called the police today, Dylan stopped them and chased them away! He wanted to cover up his dear love's crime. He did not obey your words! Your little grandson died for nothing? Dad... "

Susan sat on the couch next to old Sterling, sniffing and crying.

While Susan was always noble, elegant, and aggressive in front of outsiders, she changed her face in front of old Sterling. She knew how to please him and how to pretend to be weak.

Susan was really a double-sided woman.

Old Sterling knitted his eyebrows when his daughter cried. And his face turned even darker when he saw Dylan and Savannah coming in.

"Dylan, what do you mean? I told you we would send Savannah to the police if you can't prove her innocence in a month. Do you regret it now? You want to fight against the Sterling?"

"I'm here today to prove she's wrongly accused," Dylan said simply.

160: The Evidence

Old Sterling's face changed slightly.

In fact, he did not allow Susan to send Savannah to the police station a month ago because he wanted to give his son some face. After all, Savannah was now Dylan's woman.

His relationship with his son was still in the deep freeze, and he did not want to hurt Dylan's feelings because of this.

That's why he gave him a month's buffer before sending Savannah to the police.

Although he liked Savannah, he was also a traditional elder who abided by the law. He would never allow anyone to harm his family.

Savannah should be punished for her mistake.

But did Dylan really find any evidence?

Speaking his mind, old Sterling did not want to admit Savannah was the murderer of Valerie's abortion.

"Dylan, what proof do you have?" Old Sterling asked, frowning.

"Cooper, call and ask Devin and Valerie to come over." Dylan sat down on the couch casually, his long leg crossing lazily.

"What evidence do you have? What do you ask them to come?" Susan felt something wrong. She stood up and exclaimed.

"If it proves that Savannah has been wronged, I want the person who wronged her to kneel down and apologize to her." Dylan glanced coldly at his sister.

Susan saw a hint of killing in Dylan's always sharp, cold eyes. A shiver ran down her back, and she sat down.

The atmosphere became quiet and tense.

Half an hour later, Devin and Valerie arrived at the Sterling's house.

They came into the house and found Dylan and Savannah on the couch. Then they looked at old Sterling's expression, realizing what Dylan brought Savannah here for.

Devin looked nonplussed.

Valerie, however, turned pale.

"It's all right," Susan walked over to the couple, "don't be nervous. The one who did the crime won't be spared!"

Valerie was all the more horrified.

Had Dylan found evidence? It couldn't be...

Dylan sneered and then gestured to Garwood, who had been waiting on the porch for a long time. Garwood pulled out a small recording pen and switched it on.

There was a conversation between two familiar voices.

"Abby, I'm afraid we will sink or swim together. Didn't you do a good job helping me frame Savannah that night? Why are you hesitating now?"

"I didn't expect you really... really fell downstairs yourself to frame your cousin."

Everyone present knew the female voices in the recording. One woman was Valerie, and another one was Abby.

Old Sterling, Susan, and Devin gradually looked pale and shaken. They looked at Valerie in disbelief.

Valerie lost her countenance. Cold sweat poured down from her face.

She met Abby in a remote suburb that day. How could Dylan find them?

At this moment, old Sterling got up from the sofa and stared at Valerie. He was too excited that he almost stammered.

"In order to frame your cousin, you...you even intended to fall abortion, and...and you conspired with an outsider collude to frame your cousin! You mean crazy woman! You... You... "

Old Sterling stopped here by a violent cough!

Susan, Devin, and Cooper held old Sterling and tried to calm him down.

A chill ran up Valerie's spine. She rushed to old Sterling and cried. "Grandpa! No, I didn't do that..."

"No? What else do you want to say? This recording is a post-synthesis?" Dylan tossed the recorder over to her with a sneer, "if you don't believe me, get it tested yourself. After all, I have no predisposition to frame people."

A flush went over Susan's face. She never thought her daughter-in-law would fall and have an abortion herself to framed Savannah!

Was Valerie crazy? Or was there anything wrong with her mind?

In order to frame Savannah, Valerie killed her own child and disgraced all of them!

Valerie had fallen to the floor and knelt there, weeping.

Glaring down at Valerie, Susan was so angry that she kicked her off.

"I thought you were hurt, but it was you..." Then she turned to old Sterling to defend herself, "dad, I didn't know Valerie would do that!"

Valerie, on the floor, was too busy climbing to her husband to notice any pain. "Devin, I didn't do that..."

Devin stood riveted to the ground- it was some minutes before he could respond to the recording.

Was this stupid woman crazy?

She should know how much this baby meant to him! It was his way of claiming favor!

"You made it clear to Abby in the recording, didn't you? In order to frame Savannah, you killed our little son, you murderer!" Devin shouted, and his eyes glinted coldly.

"Grandpa, I didn't know this woman could be so stupid and so vicious! I want to divorce her!" Like Susan, Devin swore to his grandpa.

Valerie fell to the ground again when she heard that Devin was going to divorce her. Her strength to get up was gone this time. She felt regretful for falling into the hole which she had made herself.

Susan glared at Valerie in anger and gritted her teeth. This bitch killed the unborn baby and made her lose face in front of her father and Dylan. What's more, old Sterling might hate Devin and call back the shares...

"You bitch!" Susan worked herself into a temper and turned on Valerie like a tiger, "if it weren't for your pregnancy, Devin would not have married you! If I knew you are such a wicked woman, I would never let you marry into the Sterling!"

Facing Susan's anger, Valerie could not fight back. Her white face was scratched out with nail prints by Susan, and her hair was all over her face.

Savannah looked at her cousin in a pitiable, hateful way. Though she vented her anger, she felt sorry for Valerie.

She went to all lengths to marry into a rich family but was kicked out as soon as she made a mistake. Was this really what Valerie wanted?

Yes, she became old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law, and she won her in the marriage. But so what?

In the end, she was beaten black and blue by her mother-in-law, like a drowned mouse.

Dylan watched the scene coldly from beginning to end without saying a word until Devin kicked off Valerie and pretended to be an outsider.

"It's all because of you! You bitch! You killed my grandson and the fourth generation of the Sterling!" Susan shouted as she kicked Valerie.

Seeing that Susan pushed all the faults on Valerie as if her dear son was the victim, Dylan suddenly opened his mouth.

"Susan, you don't need to be angry, Valerie's unborn child died not because she intentionally fell downstairs."