

## **Midnight 161**

### **161: Invite Her In**

As soon as the words came out, everyone became quiet.

Susan paused when she was about to slap Valerie's face again.

Valerie, however, didn't feel relaxed.

"Dylan, what do you mean?" asked old Sterling, surprised.

"To be precise, the child had already died before Valerie rolled downstairs, and Valerie knew it." Dylan's tone was clipped and cold.

His words astonished all.

Dylan took a look at Garwood next to him.

Garwood, who was talking to the phone, put down his phone and said, "Doctor Young is here, at the door of the Sterling's house."

"Invite her in."

"Yes, sir." Garwood walked out of the villa.

Valerie shuddered. Doctor Young? The Doctor she saw that day?

Doctor Young was the only one who knew that her baby had died in her belly.

Dylan found Doctor Young?

She tried to stop them, but it was impossible. Garwood had brought Doctor Young in.

Doctor Young behaved carefully all the way when he saw the luxurious decoration and environment of the Sterling's house. She was amazed when she saw Valerie on the floor and immediately understood her identity.

The woman who didn't want to have an operation immediately when found to have a dead baby was the young mistress of the Sterling.

"Doctor Young, don't be nervous. Do you know this lady?" Dylan looked at Doctor Young, pointing to Valerie.

Doctor Young looked at the handsome gentleman, taking a breath, and nodded. "She had gone to our hospital before, and I helped her with the check-up."

"So, please tell us what's wrong with her and the whole process."

Doctor Young swallowed.

"This lady came to our hospital for an examination because she felt pain in her belly. On examination, I found the fetus's heart had already stopped... It's dead. I suggested that she have an operation immediately, but she refused and left."

With that, she took out a sheaf of examination reports and handed them to Cooper.

Cooper immediately handed it to old Sterling.

As old Sterling read the papers, his face turned pale with anger. In the end, he turned to Valerie, indignation leaping to his eyes.

"You even used a dead fetus to frame your cousin! You are really a cruel woman!" He looked at Valerie's pale face and said indignantly.

A chill of horror swept over Valerie.

"Grandpa, Susan, Devin, no, Doctor Young framed me - I didn't do that!" Valerie trembled, shaking her head like a dying drowning dog.

"You want to say I paid Doctor Young to frame you?" Dylan laughed, "you can go to check if these reports are true or counterfeit at any time. Besides, there seems to be a maid accompanying you to the hospital that day. We can question the maid."

Cooper immediately called Valerie's maid out.

"You went out with Mrs. Yontz a month ago, right? Did she go to a hospital? Why didn't you tell us when you came back? Be honest!" Cooper scolded the maid sharply.

The maid, under the hawk-eyed gaze of old Sterling, dared not conceal.

"Yes...one month ago, when I accompanied Mrs. Yontz to go shopping, we met Miss Schultz at a mall. I didn't know what happened, but Mrs. Yontz fell down with Miss Schultz in a store. When Mrs. Yontz came out, she felt sick, and we went to the hospital near the shopping mall to have a check-up. She told me to wait outside. But when she got out of the hospital, she looked pale and told me nothing. Then she gave me a lot of money to ask me to button up about it." The maid cried, "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know it would be so serious, and I didn't know that Mrs. Yontz's baby was dead... "

Valerie fell to the ground with her sagging body.

"You are so scheming that you even bought the maid to hide it from us!" Old Sterling greeted his teeth, coughing and wheezing.

"Don't be angry, grandpa..." said Devin as he patted his grandpa gently on the back. "I will have her drawn-out, lest you should be angry to see her."

"Devin, if you're afraid of making your grandpa angry, you should get out of the Sterling's house with your wife," Dylan said with a sardonic laugh when he saw his nephew act obsequiously in order to gain old Sterling's favor.

"What do you mean, Dylan? It was Valerie who did something wrong. What's the matter with Devin? He lost his baby, and he's a victim too!" Susan raised her eyebrows and exclaimed.

Dylan didn't answer Susan but looked at Doctor Young.

"Doctor Young, please tell everyone what the main reason for the unborn baby's death is."

"Pregnant women could easily have an abortion when they are in a bad mood for a long time."  
Answered the Doctor.

Dylan looked at Devin, shrugging his shoulders, and smiled sarcastically.

"Devin, I heard that you went to a bar and soaked yourself on your wedding night. You didn't accompany the bride but hung out with your friends? Besides, since you got married, you have seldom stayed at home, right? No wonder your wife had a bad mood. It was you who killed your son."

Devin turned pale, awe-struck, and could say nothing in his defense.

Old Sterling glared at his grandson furiously, and his anger towards Valerie shifted to Devin. He could not bear to see the couple anymore.

"From today, you two do not have to live in the Sterling's house. I don't want to see you anymore!"

Then he went to the stairs.

Cooper hurriedly came to help old Sterling up.

Susan tried to appeal for Devin, but she knew that her father was in a fit of anger now. She could only stamp her feet and gave Dylan a sour look.

"Pack for master Yontz!" She cried to the servant.

Garwood took Doctor Young out of the house.

When the servant got the pack ready, Susan was about to ask Devin to leave when Dylan stopped them.

"Wait."

"What's up??? Susan paused and asked impatiently.

"As I said, I want the person who wronged Savannah to kneel down and apologize to her." He stared at them with sharp eyes. "Now, you can start."

Then he turned to Savannah.

"You sit down."

Savannah, who was ready to leave, sat on the sofa involuntarily before his imperious look.

## **162: Slap Yourself One Hundred Times**

An involuntary shudder passed over Devin and Valerie.

"Dylan, Devin, and I have been very hard on Valerie. You should not want too much!" Susan's face changed, too.

"Too much? At least I had never wronged an innocent person and brought the police to catch her!" Dylan said with a scornful laugh. Then he looked up at the clock on the wall, "You can't leave the house if you don't apologize in one minute."

"Let's go and have it out with dad!" Susan was furious.

Devin, however, knew very well that his uncle would do what he said. He pulled his mother helplessly. Since grandpa was so angry with them now, he would not help them this time.

Annoying his uncle would only make the matter worse!

He gritted his teeth, walked to the couch first, and knelt down at Savannah.

"I'm sorry; I should not have wronged you."

Seeing Devin's submission, Susan finally realized that she had no option.

She glared at Savannah, malevolent, closed her eyes, and kneeled down reluctantly.

"I'm sorry." With that, Susan rose up indignantly and left the villa.

Devin ran to catch up with his mother, regardless of Valerie at all.

Valerie, after Devin and Susan had all succumbed to Dylan, dared not disobey him. She swallowed, kneeled down, and said sorry.

Then Valerie was about to rise up but stopped by Dylan's cold gaze.

"Slap yourself 100 times in the face. If we can't hear it, just do it again."

"Why? I've kneeled and apologized!" Valerie exclaimed in dismay.

A hundred times? Did Dylan want to kill her?

Savannah also looked at Dylan. She didn't expect he would punish Valerie in this way.

Dylan Knew Savannah's heart was softened.

"You forgot the bruise on your waist?" He said, coldly

He had found out that she had been deliberately hit by Valerie?

"Hurry up." Dylan looked impatiently at the clock.

Valerie dared not hesitate any longer and started slapping herself.

The hall echoed with the slap sound.

Savannah could almost hear her cousin's pain.

In a moment, Valerie's face became red and swollen.

When Valerie finally finished the slapping, her cheek was blown up like a red balloon; she felt giddy and almost faint. Helped by the servants, Valerie rose unsteadily to her feet and walked out of the Sterling's house.

After a time, Savannah recovered from the drama and looked at the man who was always sober and cold.

"Had you sent someone to follow Abby?"

Otherwise, how could he get the recording?

"It's no use having someone followed Abby. You can't be there for 24 hours behind her. And you could not be able to hear the conversations when she met Valerie privately." Dylan shrugged.

"So... " She blinked and realized, "Abby was bugged?"

The little woman was not stupid. He looked at her approvingly and nodded.

"Where was the bug equipped?" Savannah asked curiously.

"Cell phone."

She was amazed that the man was so clever!

If he fit a listening device to Abby, she would find out sooner or later.

But the listening device was not easy to be found on her cell phone.

Nowadays, people would take mobile phones with them wherever they went. It was indeed the best way to bug her phone.

But cell phones were the most private things of modern people. Only the most intimate person could have a chance to touch it.

So he dated Abby to make it easier to tap her phone...

Her lips curved at the thought.

"What are you laughing at?" He noticed her expression.

"Nothing... I wonder how much you had sacrificed to let down Abby's guard and get her phone."

Dylan raised his eyebrows. This little woman had gotten a nerve, laughing at him for the way he helped her. Wordlessly, he rose from the couch, coming up to her.

He stood before her, so close that she could almost feel his hot breath. Savannah began to regret what she had said.

Was she mad? Maybe she was so happy when her innocence was proved that she dared to play a joke on him!

Before she could speak, her chin was raised by his fingers.

"I think my sacrifice should be paid off well."

"How did you know that Valerie's baby had died in the womb?" Savannah changed a topic, turning away from his hot fingers. "

"Besides Abby, I put a tail on Valerie, too. Your cousin was much more vigilant. A few days ago, Garwood said the maid serving Valerie had recently sent a large sum of money back to her hometown. After the investigation, we knew that the money was from Valerie. Garwood checked the street surveillance videos the days when Valerie was out and finally found that Valerie had gone to a hospital. Yesterday, when I was in Beverly Hills, Garwood called and told me that he found Doctor Young."

So... He left suddenly last night and had no time to explain to her.

"And Abby..." She suddenly remembered something.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of everything." He understood her concern and said.

But it had been widely circulated on the Internet.

Would he put the recording and Doctor Young's words online?

No. Valerie's case was a scandal of the Sterling. Even if old Sterling hated Valerie, she was still his grandson's wife, and it was impossible for the Sterling to allow Dylan to put the evidence online.

Even that her injustice had been sighted in front of the Sterling, in the eyes of outsiders, she was still a killer who had hurt a pregnant woman.

Savannah's eyes shadowed at this thought, but she didn't ask him what he was going to do.

He had done enough for her this month, and she should be satisfied.

She didn't want to put more pressure on him.

But it was so distasteful. Like a little model without any family background, it was hard for her to build a good reputation and image again after Abby's false accusation.

Seeing her hesitation, Dylan held her hand firmly.

"Go back to Beverly Hills."

This time, she followed him without resistance. They left at the Sterling's house quietly.

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It was pitch dark when they arrived in Beverly Hills.

The car drew up in front of the villa. Dylan was about to unbuckle Savannah's seatbelt when his phone rang in his pocket. He took it out and looked at the screen.

### **163: Savannah's Injustice Was Righted**

"What's up?" Savannah saw the serious expression on his face.

"Nothing." Dylan took the phone back into his pocket, unbuckled Savannah, and led her into the villa.

Judy was even more delighted than Savannah when she learned that Savannah's injustice was righted.

"Justice has long arms," Judy laughed, "Mrs. Yontz is such a scheming woman! But Miss White was from a good family, it was really uncivilized for her to commit perjury. How could she be so ungracious?"

"Judy, cook Miss Schultz some food." Dylan interrupted Judy.

He didn't want Savannah to think about this anymore.

"Are you going out?" Savannah suddenly blurted out; it sounded like he would not stay here.

A ghost of a smile appeared on his lips, and his eyes were alight with humor as if he enjoyed her response.

"I... I don't mean that. I mean..." Savannah blushed. Was she afraid of his leaving?

"Okay, I know." Dylan squinted when he saw her trying to cover up her nervousness.

You know it? Savannah blushed even more brightly. She followed Judy into the room to avoid the embarrassment.

After the little woman entered the house, Dylan turned and got into the car, heading out of the Beverly Hills.

He stopped some way along the road.

On the pavement before him, a slim figure seemed to be waiting for a long time. Seeing the familiar car, she ran up to it.

The young woman was Abby.

When she heard what happened in the Sterling's house today, she was really psyched out.

Valerie's scheme was exposed.

What she did had been discovered, too.

Dylan now knew that she and Valerie had conspired to frame Savannah.

Then she summoned up her courage to come here and texted him just now. She wanted to explain to him face to face.

She didn't expect that he agreed to see her.

Since he still wanted to see her, he was not that angry, right? Maybe he could forgive her?

His presence lit new hope in her heart. She stood at the car window, looking longingly at the handsome man in the car.

"Dylan, I'm sorry, I know you are very angry... I can explain... It was Valerie who forced me to testify for her falsely. I didn't want to tell a lie!"

"You were forced?" Inside the car, Dylan snorted as he said in a sarcastic voice, "what could Valerie do to force you?"

By now, the woman was still looking for excuses.

Abby paused, knowing she couldn't quibble, and then she cried, "Yes. I admit that I had my own self-interest... But I just want you, and I don't want Savannah to be with you. Dylan, please forgive me this time. As long as you don't get angry, I can do anything..."

"Just do one thing." Dylan glanced at the woman crying out of the window.

Abby grabbed the edge of the window with both hands and nodded.

"Now go back and tell everyone on Twitter that you have wronged Savannah. You and Savannah have been having a few disagreements, and you spread rumors on the Internet because you wanted to avenge yourself on her." He had gotten the PR draft ready for her.

Tears froze on Abby's face.

Wouldn't that discredit her? She would lose lots of fans, and she was never going to live it down!

Dylan's dark eyes looked even colder when he saw her unwillingness.

"Well, I can also call your father and ask him to push you. If I speak to your father personally, you may have more trouble, and the White family will come to no good. Think it over." His voice was deadly cold.

Abby gazed at the man and clenched her fists.

The White family will come to no good?

He was going so far that he would not spare her family for Savannah?

Although the White had a good relationship with the Sterling, the White was far inferior to the Sterling in terms of financial situation. What's more, her family needed to rely on the Sterling in business.

According to ages, Dylan should call her father "Uncle White," but in fact, whenever her father met Dylan, he would respectfully call him Mr. Sterling.

If Dylan really took his anger out on the White family, he would not be softhearted.

By then, she would become a sinner in her family, and her father would surely resent her for offending Dylan.

In the end, she still had to clarify the matter on the Internet.

As the daughter of a rich family, the most terrible thing was to annoy the family's head. Her pocket money and her position in the family would be at risk at that time.

There was little choice.

Finally, Abby gritted her teeth and said, "I know what to do."

"I will see how you post this announcement. Be honest and pay attention to your words. I don't want you to repost the tweet."

This meant a warning to Abby.

"Okay." Abby drew her lips together.



Dylan did not look at her again and started the car.

"Dylan!" Abby cried as she ran alongside for a few paces to catch up with the car, "I know I was wrong, and I will clarify the thing online as you told. Can you forgive me?"

Dylan slowed down and stared into the rearview mirror.

Abby's face lit up, and she thought the whole thing was not final, but then she heard his cold voice come.

"You should be glad you're the daughter of the White family. Otherwise, you will bear more than that. Even if you have a good family, I will never like a scheming woman like you."

With that, he stepped on the gas. The car shot forward, raising a cloud of dust.

Abby stood for a moment and then fell full length to the floor, her face as pale as death.

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The next morning, Savannah got a text from Olivia as soon as she got up.

"Savannah, open your Twitter!"

Another trouble? Savannah picked up her phone and logged in her Twitter nervously.

Abby's latest tweet hit the headline.

"Because of a small conflict with Miss Schultz, I bore a grudge and made false remarks on Twitter to take revenge on her. However, Miss Schultz never defended herself and suffered my insolence in silence. After the event, I calmed down, knowing that I had already violated the law and harmed the reputation of Miss Schultz. I did not want to make things worse. Hereby, I solemnly apologize to Miss Schultz, hoping that she could forgive my past misdeed."

#### **164: Unexpected Turn Out**

The netizens burst into an uproar in the comments. She didn't expect that Abby would post an apology for her through social media. She hovered over the comment section and read all the comments from netizens.

"What for? Were you making use of us to help you to bully other people?"

"The rich are arrogant! This is libel!"

"Come on, Abby knew she was wrong and wanted to correct it, or she would not have apologized in the tweet. She is still a good girl."

"Gee, she must know that she had violated the law and was afraid of discovery!"

"Anyway, it's not good for a cultured woman to use her social position to attack a small model. She even made up a story that a pregnant woman was hurt? I've outgrown Abby."

"The little model framed by Abby is really poor. She could do nothing when bullied by a rich girl. I hope this public apology would appease her mood,"

Savannah noticed that the number of Abby's followers was neared halved.

In contrast, the number of her own followers had increased by tens of thousands. She doesn't expect that it would turn this way.

Some followers sent direct messages to her.

"Come on! Don't be beaten down by that rich bitch! We are on your side!"

"Abby White is damn disgusting! We support you!"

"You're much more emotionally intelligent than Abby. You said nothing when framed, I decided to follow you!"

Savannah then understood why Dylan prohibited her from explaining anything on Twitter.

Abby had more fans, and her social status was much higher than her. Nobody would believe her before the truth came to light.

Her explanation might sicken those netizens.

It was better to remain silent than to say anything.

When Abby took the initiative to clarify and admit the mistake, she had won more sympathy and like by people.

She knew Dylan was a professional in business, but she didn't expect he was also an expert in Psychology.

Now her good name was redeemed, what's more, people's awareness of her was abruptly increased too. She was moved by Dylan's effort to save her.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

Her phone rang. It was Kevin.

"Hi, Kevin."

"Savannah, is everything alright? I called you last night, but your phone was off." Kevin's voice was a little upset. He wasn't wholly reassured after she was taken away by Dylan.

It was late when Savannah went back to Beverly Hills yesterday. She was so tired that she went to bed as soon as she finished her dinner.

"I'm sorry, Kevin, I went to sleep early last night. Now the Sterling knew the truth, and old Sterling did not blame me anymore. Abby also posted a clarifying tweet to say she wronged me. Don't worry. I am okay now," Savannah said.

"That's good." Kevin's frown finally relaxed.

In fact, he also knew that his worry was unnecessary.

Though Dylan was overbearing and made his way aggressively, he was clearly on Savannah's side.

With Dylan beside her, she was gonna be okay.

Savannah heard the tiredness in Kevin's voice, knowing that he should be worried about her all night.

"At last, I won't compromise your game, and I deserve my wages now." Savannah jokes.

Although Kevin said in front of all the employees that he would not change the spokesperson for Fairy World, she would feel really guilty if the game was affected.

It was all right now. She redeemed her image, and her popularity increased too. The game advertisement should have a good effect when it is launched online.

Just then, a call came in.

Savannah took a look at the screen, startled.

It was Dylan.

"What's wrong?" Kevin wondered why she was silent.

"Nothing...Kevin. I've got a work call, I hang up first."

Kevin didn't say anything.

Savannah hung up, took a breath, and answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Who was on the phone?" Dylan's voice was as calm as usual.

"Well... "

"Who?"

"O...Olivia." She really didn't know why she felt so guilty. She just said a few words to Kevin, and it was about work.

"Why did you stammer?" Dylan picked out her problem without mercy.

Savannah was speechless. She resists herself not to speak loudly against him.

"Why did she call you? Did you tell me the truth, or do I have to look up your phone records?" He said with emphasis.

"It was Kevin." She said flatly, "He just worried about me and called to ask. Then we talked about work, that's all."

Needless to say, he guessed it was Kevin. After all, the little woman did not have many people to contact.

Savannah was a little nervous when he was silent for a long time. Was he angry again?

"Kevin just worried about me. We really didn't say anything else."

"Do you think only your brother Kevin cares about you?" He interrupted her with a scowl.

Savannah could hear the hidden jealousy in his words through the phone.

"No. I know you helped me a lot this time." She bit her lips and said.

"That's it?" Dylan's voice at the other end seemed relaxed, but he wasn't satisfied.

"What do you want?"

"What do you think?" He responded with another question.

Savannah puffed her cheeks and thought for a while. "I treat you to dinner?"

"I'm very fastidious about food." He felt funny, raising his brows.

"I won't let you down. It's my favorite restaurant in LA!"

"Well. Let's have our lunch there. Dress up. Garwood will pick you up in an hour." Then he hung up before Savannah knew it.

Lunch? So soon? This man never delayed anything.

She jumped out of bed, opened her wardrobe, and equipped herself in a purple halter dress.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she frowned. She suddenly imagined how Dylan would react when he saw her.

Would this dress be too formal, as if she valued eating with him?

No, she couldn't make him too proud. And they were not going to a fancy hotel for a party.

Change it! Change it!

### **165: Wanted To Please Him**

Savannah pulled out a white shirt dress.

It was a little more casual this time.

But was it too casual? Does she need to wear something elegant to please Dylan? After a few minutes of having a deep thought, she decided to choose a not too formal dress or too casual.

After all, that man really helped her. She should give him a little more face.

She was a graceful woman!

Her head ached as she picked one dress from the walk-in-closet.

A simple "dress up" from the man took her an hour to pick up a dress.

She wanted to look her best today. Anyway, it was the first time she invited him to a meal.

Finally, she changed into a yellow wrap dress.

Well, it was neither too formal nor too casual. It should be okay.

The only problem was that she looked like a student in such a tender color.

Before she could select another one, Judy knocked at the door.

"Savannah, Garwood is here."

Savannah had no time to think. She got up her hair, picked up a channel bag, and went out of her room.

A surprised look passed over Garwood's face when he saw Savannah walking downstairs.

"I would think Miss Schultz was a student if I didn't know you," Garwood said with a grin.

"Maybe I should change it." Savannah was a little embarrassed.

"No, Mr. Sterling should like it." Garwood winked at Savannah.

Those words were full of meaning. Savannah felt blushed and said nothing more. She followed Garwood out of the villa and got into the car.

When the car drew up in front of the Sterling Group, Dylan was walking out of the building, followed by several department executives and associates.

As he walked, he said something to his subordinates with an air of dignity. A well-dressed man followed him, noting with pens, and nodded his head, "yes, Mr. Sterling."

Savannah looked out of the window. Though Dylan was always bossy, he looked cold and attractive when he focused on his business.

"Go right ahead." Dylan stopped his subordinates when he saw his Lamborghini on the other side of the road and the slim figure behind the window.

The subordinates immediately bowed their heads and turned away.

Garwood got out of the car in order not to disturb their lunch hour.

Dylan got into the car and sat in the driver's seat. His glance fell upon Savannah.

The little woman was like a schoolgirl in a light yellow dress.

She looked younger than usual.

"You seem to be very busy." Savannah blushed under his gaze and said.

"We are working on a big project recently. The Sterling group is going to build the tallest building in America." Dylan explained to her simply.

The tallest building in America? It sounds great.

"Is it fine with you to put your work aside and go out with me for lunch?" Asked Savannah.

Dylan leaned over to her, and his nose almost touched her hot cheek. "Why? You regret inviting me to lunch?"

"No..."

"Let's go. Where to?"

"Just go straight down this road. I'll tell you when we get there."

The car ran down the road.

In a moment, Savannah led them to a narrow street.

The streets were lined with small restaurants and bars.

The Lamborghini caught the attention of people in the street. Everyone gazed intently at the luxury car as if watching a royal procession.

Dylan bent his brows as the car dragged through the crowded street.

Savannah's face grew more and more cheerful.

"Right here!" She pointed to a painted door, jumped out of the car in high spirits.

She said hello to the waiter, who was welcoming the guests at the door. Then she waved to Dylan, who did not move. "Come on."

Dylan's face was impassive.

They were outside a small restaurant.

It was very crowded in every part, and it looked a little dirty, disorderly, and noisy.

Although he had prepared himself for eating something bad—this little woman should have no money to go somewhere good, but he did not expect her to be so half-hearted.

The old waiter at the door was struck by Dylan's car and his noble manner.

The man looked more handsome than superstars. It seemed that even his suit was more precious than the whole restaurant!

The little restaurant was glittered by his gracious presence!

"Welcome!" The waiter smiled at Savannah, who came in first, "Is that your uncle? Why not bring him in?"

Dylan's face darkened. Uncle? Is the waiter blind?

Well, tell the truth, this little woman was just 20, young and pretty. She looked like 15 or 16 in today's yellow dress. It was normal to think of him as her little uncle.

Savannah feared that Dylan would stone the little restaurant in anger. She smiled and hurriedly went to him, opened the car door, and pulled him out.

"Even if you want to save money, you don't have to come to such a place," Dylan complained. What's more, it was a Mexican restaurant. He hated spicy food!

"Don't judge a restaurant by its look. The food here is not bad."

Pulled into the restaurant by Savannah, Dylan frowned and turned to the waiter. "Do you have a private room?"

"Private room?" The waiter stammered, looking at the man who was completely out of tune with the surroundings

Savannah was speechless.

"Come on, this is not a high-class restaurant or hotel; how could it have a private room?" she said as she dragged him to a slightly cleaner seat by the window.

After they were seated, Savannah handed him the menu.

"You order the dish, and I'll get the bill!" she said generously.

She could not lose face for the first time inviting him to a meal!

"Order for yourself." Dylan did not take the menu.

"Okay, I will order the specialty dishes of this restaurant for you!" Savannah ordered beef tacos, salmon consommé, two cheese tamales, and spicy chicken wings.

She thought there should be more than enough.

After a while, all the dishes were ready.

"Are you sure this tastes good?" Dylan frowned at the colorful dishes in front of him.

### **166: He Couldn't Eat Spicy Food**

Dylan didn't like Mexican food. It was too fiery for him.

Savannah's grin disappeared. She was afraid that he would turn around and go to a fancy restaurant.

Those restaurants were too expensive.

"You don't like it?" she asked pathetically, worrying about the money in her card.

"Yes..." Looking at her delicate face, Dylan couldn't refuse.

Savannah's face immediately lit up with pleasure.

"Have a try!" She stuck her fork into a spicy chicken wing, handing it to him.

With a slight frown, he was a little undecided, then took it and put it in his mouth.

The spicy smell passed his throat and made him cough.

"Does it matter? Can't you eat spicy food?" Savannah jumped out of her seat and hurried to pat him on the back.

"That's all right." He frowned and waved. How could he tell her that he couldn't even eat spicy food? It was so embarrassing.

"Why don't we order some light food?"

"No." Dylan shook his hand and said firmly.

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After lunch, Dylan drove Savannah to the Sterling group and asked a bodyguard to take her back to Beverly Hills.

Dylan looked after the little woman as he covered his stomach.

Garwood noticed, "what did you have for lunch, sir?"

"Mexican food," Dylan said drily.

Garwood was surprised. Wasn't Mexican food always spicy and full of peppers? Mr. Sterling hated spicy food!

Didn't he tell Miss Schultz?

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Devin's apartment.

Devin stumbled into the apartment as he kissed a scantily-clad beauty in his arms.

The air was heavy with the fumes of wine in the sitting room.

"Devin, don't be so hasty... someone will see..." The woman murmured as she writhed her body.

"This is my house. Who will see us?" Devin let out a belch, grabbed her right buttock, and squeezed.

"Ahh... your wife..."

"Let her see!" Devin got impatient. "Am I afraid of her? It's enough for that bitch to land me in such a place."

After being driven out from the Sterling's house, Devin and Valerie moved back into their new apartment.

What's more, he was terribly mistreated in the company.

His uncle would leave him some face when granddad was on his back. But without the baby in Valerie, grandpa ignored him, and Dylan gave him no important job after that. He worked like a dog in the company every day.

Vice president?

Now he was a vice president in name only, but not in reality.

Grandpa was still angry, and he couldn't complain to grandpa.

It was Valerie who got him to this!

He'd been drinking for days and seldom went back home since that day.



The thought that Valerie had ruined his career annoyed Devin no end. He picked up the sexy woman and put her on the couch in the sitting room.

Their movements woke up Valerie, who was in the bedroom; she stepped out to see the unsightly scene, stayed for a moment, then screamed.

"What are you doing?"

Valerie shouted as she threw herself at the woman, cursing and fighting, "you hussy! Bitch! How dare you seduce my husband at my house?"

"Devin! Help!" The woman cried and hid herself.

Annoyed at the interruption, Devin staggered in front of Valerie and gave her a good cuff. "Fuck! This is my house. What if I brought her back? Is that any of your affairs? Get out of here!"

He wanted to divorce Valerie as soon as they moved out of the Sterling's house. However, he was the grandson of old Sterling, and his marriage would receive great attention from the media.

Divorce after a six-month marriage was bound to make headlines and embarrassed the Sterling. In order not to make old Sterling angrier, he must wait.

Valerie fell to the ground and hit her head on the coffee table, but she had no time to notice any pain. She held back her anger and jumped to her feet.

"Devin, I'm your wife, where do you want me to go?" She cried as she fastened herself tight to his leg.

"I don't care! My wife? Oh, I would have divorced you if I hadn't been afraid of losing my grandpa's face! You can wait to receive a divorce letter from my attorney after a time. Get out!"

Devin married her because she played a trick and got pregnant. He was concerned about the child in her belly before, but now he had no fear.

He picked her up, threw her out, and shut the door!

Valerie lay on the door, tears streaming down. An icy chill suddenly enveloped her heart.

She had no position since her child was gone.

Groans and movements of sex came from the room.

Valerie stood up, gritted her teeth in despair, and turned away.

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The woman left after sex.

Leaning against the bed, Devin called his personal assistant.

"How is everything going in the company?"

Although Devin did not go to the Sterling group under the pretense of illness, he asked his assistant to keep an eye on the company, especially on his uncle.

"Mr. Sterling has been working on an important project recently. It is for the future tallest building in America. I learned that the design drawing, which was made by Mr. Sterling himself, has just been worked out. He's going to show it to the major shareholders at the general meeting next week, and the project would be finalized if no problem."

Devin sat up from the bed, a serious look on his face.

He had heard about this project, which really got grandpa interested. It was said that the Sterling group was going to build the tallest building in America.

Uncle would establish another achievement for the Sterling if the project succeeded this time.

Grandpa would certainly think highly of his uncle.

In contrast, he would have no place in the Sterling.

If grandpa handed the whole group to uncle...

No. He must not see his uncle complete the project successfully.

After thinking for a little while, he ordered his assistant with a villainous smile,

"Contact the secretary fired by my uncle some days ago."

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The next morning.

Devin was sitting in his car in front of an office building.

Miller walked out of her company, wondering what Devin came to her for.

### **167: She Had To Pay Anything**

"What is it you want to see me about?" Miller came up to Devin and asked.

Devin looked at her, then at the unremarkable office building behind her.

"The chief secretary of the Sterling group has declined to work in a small company like this. I guess your salary is now one-third of what you were paid in the Sterling group. You poor thing."

"Are you here to humiliate me?" Miller bit her lips with shame.

After leaving the Sterling group, no big company in LA dared to hire her when they learned that Dylan Sterling had fired her.

She had to settle for these small and nameless companies.

There was no future.

"Of course not. I'm here to give you a chance to get back on your feet. I can recommend big companies for you, and you'll have a good salary and a bright future." Devin said in seriousness.

"What do you want me to do?" Miller paused and then asked.

She was not a fool, knowing, of course, that Devin couldn't help her for no reason. She had to pay for anything.

"Okay, I'm not going to beat around the bush." Devin laughed, "You used to be my uncle's chief secretary, and you are familiar with his confidential documents, passwords, and working habits. I want you to help me steal the design drawings from his personal computer."

"This...this is a business crime," Miller stammered in amazement, "I would be sent to jail if I were caught. Besides, I am no longer an employee of the Sterling group. How can I enter the company? No."

"How could you be caught? I am now the vice president of the Sterling group. Tomorrow, my uncle will go to another place for a meeting, and I will bring you into the company. I will send the staff away and turn off the monitoring system. You're not going to leave any evidence."

Miller was still hesitant.

"Do you want to work all your life in a place like this, getting a salary even not enough for a brand-named dress?" Devin continued, "I promise you, as long as you help me get the design drawings, I will introduce you to a big company. In the future, when I become the president of the Sterling group, I will hire you back. At that time, you can choose any position in the company."

Miller looked back at the small building, which was half as high as the building of the Sterling group, her eyes glittering.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and nodded.

"Okay, I promise you!"

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Two days later, in the evening.

Savannah was beside Judy, watching her preparing dinner.

"Savannah, there's a lot of smoke. You can go to the sitting room to watch TV first." Judy said as she stirred the soup.

"It's nothing. Let me see how you cook." Savannah watched carefully.

"Why? Are you learning how to cook?" Judy smiled and asked, "Mr. Sterling will come tonight after a business trip. You want to cook for him?"

Maybe because the kitchen was too hot, Savannah felt herself reddening.

"I just want to help you." She immediately denied it.

"Is that so? Well, Savannah, please help me to look after the soup. I'll go out and see if Mr. Sterling is coming." Judy handed the spoon to Savannah and walked out. The soup was the last dish, and it was almost done, she just deliberately gave Savannah the chance to cook herself.

Yes, Dylan called and said he would be back from a business trip today.

Savannah felt her heart beating fast. It seemed that she had not seen him for a long time.

Her heartbeat quickened by her desire to see him...

No, Savannah shook her head. What the fuck am I thinking about? Taking a deep breath, she stopped herself from rambling in thought.

If she was eager to see him, it must be because she was moved by all he had done to prove her innocence.

The soup in the pot was boiling over, making Savannah come to herself. She ladled the soup out of the pot and carefully carried it out.

When the dinner was almost ready, Judy came in from the courtyard alone.

"Just now, Garwood called and said Mr. Sterling would not come today." Judy's face showed signs of worry.

Savannah stared, disappointed. "Has anything happened?"

"Garwood said, when Mr. Sterling returned to the company this afternoon, he found that his personal computer in his office had been moved by someone. It seemed that some important document was stolen. The security department and the IT department are conducting an investigation. So Mr. Sterling may not be able to come today." Judy explained in a low voice.

"Who dared to go inside the Sterling group and steal a document from Dylan's computer?" Savannah was surprised.

"Who knows? Anyway, Mr. Sterling was very worried. Well, Savannah, you can serve yourself first." Judy went into the kitchen to clean up.

Savannah sat down at the table. She trifled with her food instead of eating it.

The one who could break into Dylan's office and steal business information must be familiar with the company and especially Dylan's office.

Savannah bolted down a few mouthfuls of food and went upstairs. When she had finished some mild exercises and a novel, she took a bath and climbed onto her bed.

It was a little late at night. Savannah had not yet fallen asleep, turning over in bed from time to time. She sat up, picked up her phone, and began to chat with Olivia.

But her mind was still not silent.

Should she call him?

She just had two words, and it should be okay...

But what was his business to her... Come on, don't meddle. Wasn't it good that he didn't come?

At that moment, the cell phone rang!

It was Dylan.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah felt a little happy.

"Hello."

"Still up?" Dylan's voice was warm and husky.

If she had fallen asleep, she wouldn't have answered the phone so soon.

But he didn't know this little woman was just waiting on her cell phone.

His voice sang in her ears, making her heart thumping.

"Well..."

"So late again. It's bad for your health." His tone was stern, authoritative.

"I was chatting with Olivia and forgot the time." She tried to cover her nervousness, and after a pause, she added, "by the way, are you alright? How's the investigation going?"

Dylan knew that she should have heard about what happened in the company from Judy. He narrowed his eyes, quite satisfied with her initiative care.

"All the monitoring systems in the building were out of order when the theft happened. The assistants and secretaries on that floor were not there, either. That was a deliberate action."

"What information has been stolen? Is it important?" Savannah frowned.

#### **168: I'm Not Waiting For You**

Dylan paused and said, "the design drawing for the tallest building in our country."

Savannah gasped, aware of how important the project was to him, and it was no wonder he was busy arranging an all-night investigation.

"To keep it a secret," he said, in a cold voice, "the design drawing was saved in my PC, and there is no backup. The file had been copied and then deleted. It seems that someone is trying to stop me from showing it in the shareholder meeting and hinder the progress of the project."

Savannah bent her brows and could not help saying, "there are few people who can freely enter the Sterling group and your office to make you trouble. Would it be Devin?"

Since Savannah could think of Devin, Dylan, of course, knew very well too.

He suspected Devin for the first time. However, there was no proof that Devin did the crime. It would only wake a sleeping dog if he took bold action.

He pondered for a few seconds and said, "I agree, but there is no evidence." Then he changed the subject, "I'm just calling to let you know that I will be busy with the case these days, and I may not be able to go to Beverly Hills to see you. You don't need to wait for me every day."

He didn't want the little woman getting involved in these fights for power in the group.

None of these matters had anything to do with her.

His woman should lead a good life under his protection, carefree, and lighthearted. She needed not to take part in any business struggle.

Savannah blushed slightly, sitting up, and retorted, "I'm not waiting for you!"

Didn't he have too much confidence in himself? Did he make a phone call to ask her not to wait for him?

"Aren't you? What are you doing up so late?" He lowered his voice playfully.

"I told you that I've been chatting with Olivia! I've forgotten the time..." Savannah's face turned red.

Dylan raised his brows and bent his mouth silently. "Then you can sleep now."

She hung up the phone with a red face.

After talking to him on the phone, she almost fell asleep immediately.

It was as if his call was a sleeping pill and set her mind at ease. Tonight she had a sweet sound sleep.

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As Dylan said, he did not come to Beverly Hills in the next few days.

The shooting for JK's game advertisement was completed, and Fairy World would launch soon.

These days, Savannah had been staying at home doing nothing. Besides taking care of her growing number of followers, she just chatted with Olivia and read novels to kill time.

What's more, she learned to cook with Judy for the rest of the day.

Savannah had always been a fast learner. She made great progress in cooking.

At noon this day, Judy found that food in Beverly Hills was almost used up. She called the driver and prepared to buy some vegetables and meat in the market.

"Judy, I'll go with you to the market. I want to buy some soup ingredients." Savannah was just tired of doing nothing. She was indulged in cooking a variety of soups with different ingredients these days.

"Mr. Sterling would not like you to go to the vegetable market," Judy said in surprise.

"What's wrong with the vegetable market? I'm not a rich lady. Come on, Judy!" Savannah laughed as she pushed Judy outside the door.

She was not a rich lady, but Dylan Sterling's woman.

There were so many rich ladies in LA, but none of them was more precious than Sterling's woman.

Judy sighed with a smile and had to take her out together.

"Savannah, what kind of soup are you going to make? Are you going to transfer to become a cook?" Judy asked casually as they walked to the car.

"Well... I'm studying chicken noodle soup, and I planned to buy some chicken, mushrooms, and one onion."

"Oh, this soup is good for men, especially for tired men. It's very nourishing. Is it for Mr. Sterling?" Judy gave a meaningful smile

"No! I cook it for myself." Savannah took a deep breath and pushed Judy into the car.

They bought all they wanted in the biggest farmer's market nearby. When they walked out with a lot of bags, Judy asked Savannah to wait at the roadside. Then she went to the parking lot first to find the driver.

Savannah stood by the side of the road, reading tweets with her phone, and the bags were at her feet.

A moment later, a sports car came to Savannah with the thunder of its engine, and it stopped on the way in front of Savannah.

"Whew, why are you here alone?" A familiar male voice teased.

Savannah frowned. It was rough to meet this guy.

Looking up, Savannah saw Devin sitting on his new yellow sports car. He was wearing a designer suit with sunglasses on his head.

A sexy woman was in the passenger seat, not Valerie. The woman wrapped her arms around Devin's shoulders and glanced at Savannah, "Devin, who is she?"

Apparently, he bought a new car and took the woman out for a drive.

Savannah curled her lips sarcastically.

She knew that the marriage between Devin and Valerie would not last long, but she didn't expect that Devin would hook up with another woman so soon.

Well, Devin was a little more honest for his unborn baby's sake before.

Since Valerie had lost her child and was hated by the old Sterling, Devin had nothing to fear now.

Savannah turned her head.

The best way to show your disdain to a person was to ignore him completely!

"Devin, she wouldn't answer you, let's go," exclaimed the woman, archly.

Devin was displeased when he saw Savannah playing on her cell phone instead of attending to him. His eyes went to the bags at her feet, full of fresh food.

Had she just bought these foods?

Was she going to cook for my uncle?

She had never been so considerate when she was with him! He didn't even know she could cook!

Now she turned herself into a good wife and cooked for his uncle?

Out of jealousy, Devin got out of the car, walking to Savannah.

"You bought so much food. Are you going to cook for my uncle? But sadly, he seems to have some trouble with the company now, and he should have no appetite to eat anything."

She raised her head and clenched her fist. She thought of the loss of the design drawing.

It must be Devin who had stolen it.

### **169: Valerie Has Driven Away**

Devin was the Vice President of the group. It was so easy for him to disable the monitoring system and dismiss the employees on that floor.

He had recently lost a baby and was hated by old Sterling, but now he was in the mood to buy a new car and play with a woman. It certainly was because he had impeded the progress of his uncle's project by stealing the design drawing. He felt too proud!

But as Dylan said, what could he do with Devin if there was no evidence?

Savannah took a deep breath and tried to resist the urge to slap Devin in the face. Squinting her eyes, she calmed down and said, "Not all women are attracted to the Sterling's men. I bought these for myself. I haven't seen your uncle for a long time."

"Uncle hasn't been with you for a long time?" asked Devin, secretly pleased when Savannah uttered these words in a whining way.

"What is it to you? Are you glad to see that he doesn't want me?" Savannah stared at him with eyes wide open. She bit her lip as if he had touched on a sore point.

She turned around, trying to get away from him.

As expected, Devin ran after her, caught her on her arm, and pulled her back.

"Savannah, I said my uncle wasn't serious about you, he was just playing with you! You believe it now? Come back to me, okay? I promise I won't make the same mistake again and will be good for you. We should be a perfect match!" Devin whispered with joy.

"Back to you?" Savannah sneered, "Devin, do you forget you are married? What's more, you have so many lovers..."

"Rest assured, I have sent your cousin back to her own home, and I will divorce her sooner or later!" Devin promised. Then he turned and shouted to the woman in his passenger's seat, pointing at her.

"You! Come out!"

"Devin..." The woman was dumbfounded.

Devin went right up to the passenger's seat, opened the door, and lifted the woman out. "Get out! Don't look for me again!"

The woman gritted her teeth and left, crying.



Devin went back to Savannah again.

"Savannah, I don't like those women, I was just playing around. I got rid of her. See?"

Savannah felt sick. She looked at Devin with compassionate eyes. Did men always want those they couldn't have?

Devin wanted her back to him not because he loved her, but he wanted to prove he was no worse than Dylan by owning her.

Stifling her distaste, Savannah deliberately mused, as if considering his words.

Devin was pleased with her silence. She would have asked him to go at the usual time, and silence meant she was considering him. Or at least she didn't hate him as before.

"Savannah, I know I was wrong, and I have a lot to say to you." He took her hand and said, "there are too many misunderstandings between us. We really need to talk."

Savannah took a deep breath, trying not to be sick, "Judy and the driver are coming. It's not convenient right now."

"Okay, okay. When will it be convenient for you?" Devin was excited.

"I'll go to your apartment tonight. You may go first." Savannah bit her lip. She pulled out her hand, disgustedly.

Devin, overjoyed, returned to his sports car. He looked at her lovingly before he stepped on the pedal and left.

At the same time, a car pulled up.

Judy got out of the car, walking to Savannah, and asked doubtfully as she watched Devin's car running away, "Savannah, was that car..."

"Nothing," Savannah said perfunctorily, "that was a man asking directions. Let's get the food in the car first."

A man asking direction? It was clearly Devin Yontz...

It seemed that Savannah was talking to Devin warmly. Didn't she hate him?

Why did Savannah tell a lie... However, as a qualified servant, Judy asked no more questions. She picked up the groceries with the driver and got in the car.

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It was nearly evening.

Savannah became restless and uneasy.

The thought of going to Devin's apartment alone made her nervous, but she decided to go.

Dylan helped her to prove her innocence, and she wanted to do any favors in return.

She changed her clothes and got everything ready before she went downstairs.

"I'm going out, Judy."

"Won't you eat?" Judy asked in surprise.

"Well, no. I have an appointment with Olivia."

"I will call the driver." Judy knew that Olivia was Savannah's best friend. The two young girls often went out together. It should be nothing special at all.

But this time, Judy felt unspeakably nervous.

"No. I'll get back early." Savannah forced a smile, waved, and went out.

Walking out of Beverly Hills, she called a taxi and gave the driver an address. In a moment, the car stopped at Devin's new apartment.

Looking at the fine apartment in front of her, Savannah frowned.

She never thought she would come to this place herself.

She felt a little nervous as she walked closer to the house.

If it was really Devin who stole the design drawing, he would certainly keep it on his PC.

She took a deep breath and went into the apartment, knocking at the door.

Devin quickly opened the door and looked at Savannah with surprise and tenderness.

"Savannah, you come."

Savannah's eyes drifted around the room quickly. As he said, Valerie has driven away.

Devin had two servants who would come and clean the house every day, and they were just sent away because Savannah was coming tonight.

Savannah swallowed her sickness and followed him into the living room.

It was a duplex department with bedrooms and a study upstairs. Downstairs was the dining room and living room.

His personal computer should be in the study upstairs.

She looked back, her gaze falling on the food and red wine on the table.

"Savannah, you haven't had your dinner at this hour, have you? Let's eat and talk. I got a Chateau Laffite 1982 for you." Devin beckoned her to sit down.

Savannah had no appetite to eat with him at all. But she couldn't say no.

"Savannah, I didn't think you'd really like to come." Devin poured Savannah a glass of wine and picked up the glass.

"I don't drink. Didn't you say you had a lot to say to me? Just say it, and I'll listen." Savannah avoided his burning gaze.

### **170: Where Is Savannah**

"This is what I have specially prepared for you. Haven't you forgiven me yet?" Devin moved the glass closer to her, his voice soft.

Savannah felt sick but succeeded in hiding her emotion. She could only take the glass, gently clinked glasses with him, and took a sip.

Devin smiled more brightly, and his voice trembled with joy, "Savannah, I never thought we'd be able to sit and drink one day. You know, if your cousin hadn't gotten pregnant by a trick, I wouldn't have married her. I'm still waiting for you to come back to me."

"Then why did you betray me?" Savannah scolded softly.

"All men make mistakes. I'm a normal man. You refused to make love with me, and your cousin kept seducing me. How could I resist her?" Devin said as if he was the one who got hurt.

What an asshole... Savannah cursed Devin inwardly but said nothing.

Devin was surprisingly pleased when he saw her not argue back. He reached out slowly to grasp her soft hand.

"But it's not the same now, I already know who is the most important to me, and I also know my fault. From today on, you will come back to me, and I'll be good to you." Devin said affectionately.

Savannah felt sick again. She reconsidered and deliberately loosened her hand and dropped the glass of wine.

"Oh my!" She stood up as she screamed out. The red wine ran down the skirt.

Devin quickly handed her the napkin.

She wiped her skirt and frowned, "I must go to the bathroom and clean it up. I'm sorry."

The bathroom was upstairs, and then she would have the opportunity to slip into his study.

"It's okay. You may go. Shall I take you upstairs?"

"No, thanks." Savannah shook her head. "I know where it is."

With that, she went upstairs in a hurry.

She deliberately went to the bathroom first, opened the door, and closed it to make a noise so that Devin downstairs could hear it. After that, she quietly walked to his study and pushed the door in.

On the desk was Devin's personal computer.

She walked over, sat down, and turned on the computer.

It required a password.

Savannah thought for a while and entered Devin's birthday in the input box. The screen lit up and came to the desktop.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Luckily the password was not complicated!

Then she quickly clicked My Computer and started searching. Suddenly, a folder marked Top Secret appeared in front of her eyes!

She clicked the folder, which contained a CAD file.

When Savannah opened the file, as expected, she found it was a building design drawing! On the bottom right corner, there was a line of text: The design for the highest building.

She was pleased and then gnashed her teeth. It was really Devin who did it!

She quickly took out the USB flash disk she had prepared, inserted it into the USB port, and copied the CAD file to the USB disk.

The file size was a little bit huge, and the file transfer took some time.

Savannah looked at the progress bar on the screen nervously, clenching her fist, and glanced at the door of the study occasionally, afraid Devin would come to her when he found she stayed too long upstairs.

As time went by, her heart swelled and throbbed more and more violently.

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At the same time.

A black Lamborghini stopped in front of Beverly Hills.

A tall figure got off and walked into the villa wearily.

"Mr. Sterling." Judy rushed up to greet Dylan.

"Has she slept?" Dylan loosened his collar with one hand and looked upstairs.

The little woman usually stayed up late. Why did she sleep so early today?

"No. Savannah was out to dinner with her good friend Olivia," Judy replied.

Dylan frowned slightly. He took out his phone and called Savannah.

Her phone was off.

A little dissatisfied, he called Olivia.

He kept the contact information of all her acquaintances, which were few in number.

"Hello, who's that?"

"Dylan Sterling."

"Mr....Mr. Sterling?" The phone almost slipped from Olivia's hands. "What's up?"

"Where is Savannah?" Dylan had a bad feeling. The little woman was definitely not with Olivia at the moment.

"Savannah? She's not with me." Olivia was amazed.

"Didn't she go out with you tonight?" Dylan's brow knitted together.

"No."

Dylan didn't say anything more. He hung up. The atmosphere suddenly became gloomy and cold in the living room.

Judy heard clearly the phone call between Mr. Sterling and Olivia. Which made her tremble. So... Savannah didn't go out with her friend? Why did she lie? What was she doing now?

"Did she say anything before she went out tonight?" Dylan asked coldly.

"No..."

"Was there anything unusual about her today?"

Judy thought of something, and she didn't know whether to say it or not. Finally, she stammered, "Savannah went shopping with me today. I went to get the driver while she was waiting at the roadside. When I went back, I saw her talking to someone..."

"Who's that?" Dylan puckered up his brows.

"Mr. Yontz."

\*\*\*

Savannah felt her heart beating faster as the progress bar increased.

80%...

81%...

Just then, Devin's impatient voice came from upstairs.

"Savannah, are you okay?"

She burst out in a cold sweat, and rushed to the door, opened it, and shouted back, "I will be right downstairs."

"Do you need any towel you can't find? Shall I go upstairs to help you?"

"No, I've done. I'm going downstairs now." She tried to remain calm.

Then she rushed back to the computer, staring at the screen.

Be quick... be quick, please...

95%...

96%...

Suddenly, she heard Devin's steps on the stairs, and her heart almost stopped!

As soon as the copying process was completed, Savannah pulled out the USB flash drive and deleted the original file!

She shut off the computer, strode out of the study, and quickly walked to the bathroom, pretending that she just came out of the bathroom.

At the same time, Devin appeared in the corridor on the second floor.

"Why are you coming up?" said Savannah, breathing a better breath.