

Midnight 221

221: Susan Gone Mad

Although she escaped the punishment of the law, it was even more tragic for her, a wealthy woman who had always been proud and arrogant, to spend the rest of her life in an insane asylum with a group of mentally ill people.

Although this was Susan's retribution, Savannah still felt kind of sorry for her and had not spoken for a long time.

"What about your father?" She added in a moment.

Susan deserved that, but old Sterling must feel terrible at the moment.

In his lifetime, old Sterling had only three children.

His eldest son died young, which estranged Dylan from him.

Now, his daughter was certified and would be sent to a mental hospital...

Old Sterling was old, not in good health, and Savannah was really worried if he could bear the blow of Susan's illness.

Dylan mused for a few seconds and said, "Yesterday, when dad saw that Susan was mentally disturbed, he almost fainted and probably need a few days in bed."

"Don't you have a long rest this morning before you go to the company?" Savannah rolled her eyes.

Dylan guessed the little woman's intention and sniffed softly, "What do you want to do?"

"Why don't you go to the Sterling's house to see your father? He must be in great need of comfort at this time." Savannah forgot her breakfast and continued.

Dylan hesitated for a moment. Finally, without showing visible emotion, he said slowly, "there are enough people around him. He's never alone."

As expected, he refused, but he didn't take a hard, unpromising attitude as before! In the past, the man would have refused her immediately and accused her of her meddling.

It seemed that Dylan was not as indifferent to his father as she thought, and he still had concern for old Sterling.

So long as they had cared for each other, discord and estrangement would be removed.

"How could it be the same? A companion from his own son has a greater value." Savannah said quickly.

Dylan's eyelashes fluttered, and he said nothing.

Savannah thought that maybe he was embarrassed to take the initiative to visit old Sterling. After all, the father and the son had been estranged for so many years. Even if he was worried about old Sterling, he would not be able to lower himself to show his concern.

Thinking of this, Savannah added, "I want to see him, just go with me... will you?"

Dylan was silent for a long time. Finally, he looked at the plate in front of her, "your breakfast turns cold, get stuck in!"

As soon as he said this, Savannah knew he agreed.

When they arrived at the Sterling's house, there was a cloud of gloom hovering over everyone. The servants looked grave and all immersed in their own work.

What happened these days cast a blight on the family.

Well, Miss Sterling suddenly went insane. Following such an accident in the family, who dared to talk and laugh as usual?

After Dylan sent Susan to the hospital last night, Cooper warned all the servants in the house, and no one was allowed to discuss this matter, let alone told it to others. Otherwise, they should take the consequences.

Cooper was surprised to see Dylan and Savannah come. "Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz, why are you here? Old Sterling must be very happy to see you."

"How's him?" Savannah asked anxiously.

"He's much better after a night's rest and medicine, but still weak. He sighed and groaned at the mention of Miss Sterling, and I even saw him... secretly dashed off the tears. Well, at least you come, and his mood will become better. Please come upstairs." Cooper sighed.

Savannah was about to go up with Dylan when he said behind her, "go upstairs and see old Sterling for me. I've something about Susan to discuss with Cooper."

Did he have to deal with the matter now?

Obviously, he wanted to avoid seeing old Sterling.

In fact, he came here with her, indicating that he still cared about his father.

However, the relationship between the father and the son had been in a deep freeze for so many years, and they couldn't become close immediately.

Now the situation was good enough. She shouldn't push him too hard.

Savannah nodded and went upstairs alone.

She had lived in the Sterling's house for a few days and was already familiar with it. She went straight to old Sterling's living room and knocked on the door. Hearing the old man's reply, she pushed the door and went in.

A smell of medicine lingered in the modest luxury bedroom.

Old Sterling was sitting up in bed, with pillows behind him, and his face was heavy and gray.

Savannah tried to make him feel better by forcing a smile. "I've come to see you, sir," she said.

"Savannah, you're here." When old Sterling saw her, an expression of joy illuminated his eyes. After all, old people who were in a bad mood and in bad health languished for love and company. He stretched his neck and looked behind her.

Savannah knew who he was looking for, biting her lip, and said hesitatingly, "Sir, Mr. Sterling's here too, but he has something to discuss with Cooper at the moment and will come to see you later."

Old Sterling looked a little disappointed. He nodded and tried to cheer up. "Savannah, come and sit down," he said.

Savannah meekly sat at the edge of the bed beside old Sterling. She asked about his health and advised him not to think too much.

"I know, Susan's done all kinds of evil and deserves it," he sighed and said, "but she's my daughter, after all, I really cannot accept the fact that she's mad."

Savannah understood how he felt. Susan's illness seemed too abrupt.

Even she was still shocked.

How could a normal person become insane so unexpectedly!

She was about to comfort him again when there was a knock at the door. Old Sterling held back his sorrow and said, "come in."

The door opened. Cooper stood in the doorway and said respectfully, "Sir, Dr. Joe comes."

When Savannah lived in the Sterling's house, she learned that Dr. Joe was the private doctor of the Sterling family and had worked for the Sterling for many years.

Probably, Dr. Joe came to see if old Sterling needed his help.

"Let Dr. Joe in." Old Sterling replied.

A middle-aged man in his 40s or 50s, looking professional and calm, came in and said respectfully, "Sir."

222: It's Not Your Fault

Dr. Joe said hello to old Sterling and looked at Savannah. "Miss Schultz." Obviously, he knew the girl.

Savannah nodded politely. She thought doctor Joe would examine old Sterling, so she stood up to give her place to him.

"Savannah, will you please pour two cups of jasmine tea for Dr. Joe and me?" Old Sterling said softly.

Savannah was stunned for a moment and immediately nodded, "Okay." Then she went out.

After partly closing the door, Savannah took a few steps down the corridor and felt a little uncomfortable.

Each time Dr. Joe came to see old Sterling, he would take his medical kit, but today it seemed that he had come empty-handed.

Clearly, Dr. Joe was not here to treat old Sterling today.

They seemed to have something to talk, so old Sterling sent her away.

She glanced at the half-closed door; as if attracted by some invisible force, she could not help but walk back.

The door was not completely closed but left a small opening. Standing beside the door, Savannah could clearly hear the sound of the two people coming from the room.

"Dr. Joe, you mean, Susan suddenly got mad because of the genetic factors from her mother?" old Sterling's voice was a little shaky.

"Yes." The doctor nodded.

"But... Susan's been fine since she was a child. There's no sign..."

"Schizophrenia, one of the most common psychiatric disorders, is genetically linked. This illness is genetically transmitted from your wife to your daughter and sons. There's a strong presumption that Miss Sterling could live a normal life. However, environmental factors are also thought to play an important part. Miss Sterling was knocked completely by what happened to her, just like what your eldest son had met many years ago. He drove the car out in a moment of utter lunacy, resulting in a car accident..."

Savannah's heart was beating heavily, and she held her breath.

What did he mean?

Old Sterling's wife, the lady from the Cavendish family, had the gene for a psychiatric disorder?

Dylan's brother, who had a car accident that year, was actually killed by his mental illness? The tragedy happened not only because of a quarrel with his father but also because of a mental attack!

Now Susan was suffering from Schizophrenia because she had some special genes?

No wonder a normal person would go crazy suddenly.

No wonder... when Susan was sent to the small white building in great pain after the divorce, old Sterling was afraid that Susan couldn't recover and said she was different...

Because Susan had special genes and was at higher risk of mental illness than others!

Old Sterling knew that Susan was unable to absorb this heavy blow.

Did that mean...

Dylan also had similar genes?

Although he led a normal life now --

Might he be sick one day just like his sister and brother?

His depression...

"Why is God so cruel..." old Sterling's voice choked at the painful memory, "why should my children and my wife suffer so much...?"

Savannah now regretted that she had heard the biggest secret of the Sterling family. She turned around and was about to leave when she accidentally bumped into a large vase beside the door.

The bumping sound was loud enough for the two in the room to hear.

Dr. Joe stood up, took a few steps, and rushed to the door. He opened it and frowned at Savannah, who had no time to leave. "Miss Schultz, you --"

Old Sterling was also surprised to see Savannah at the door. After a while, his expression relaxed. "Come in, Savannah." then he turned to Dr. Joe, "Dr. Joe, thank you. Please go first."

Dr. Joe hesitated, finally, he said nothing and left.

Like a misbehaving child, Savannah crept into the house and did not look at old Sterling. "I'm sorry, sir," she said.

"It's all right. Please close the door." Old Sterling sighed.

Savannah closed the door and went to old Sterling again. The atmosphere was so quiet and strained that she could even hear old Sterling's breathing.

"You heard it, didn't you?" Sterling's voice was calm. There was no blame. Instead, there was a sense of relief.

He had kept the secret for a long time and couldn't share it with anyone. Now he could finally unburden himself. That's not bad.

What's more, Savannah was a good girl, and she wouldn't gossip behind him.

"Well... I'm sorry, sir, but I'm absolutely not going to say anything to anyone." Savannah promised quickly.

Seeing her upset, old Sterling shook his head. "It doesn't matter, Savannah. Sit down."

Savannah sat down beside him and felt a little relieved that old Sterling was not angry.

"It's probably good for you to hear it. Dylan doesn't know he might have this genetic disease. Now you're with him, you can remind him at any time when he might be irritated or too excited at provocation. I don't want him to suffer the same as his sister and brother."

Savannah was quiet and thoughtful for a while before she said, "Dylan doesn't know the genetic factor for mental disease in his family?"

"Well, no one knows about it except Dr. Joe and me. Now, of course, you know it too. Dr. Joe said they might never be sick if lucky, and it's better not to tell them the fact about their genes. A pressure situation and mental suggestion may increase the tendency toward the illness. So, I never mentioned it to my three children."

Savannah gasped, "that is, Dylan's misunderstood you! His elder brother had a car accident because of a mental attack. It's not your fault!"

"Blame me. It's better that he knows the genetic disease in this family. What's more, he'd gotten depression because of his brother's death that year, how did I dare to explain that to him? If he'd known that they all had this disease, he would probably break down just like his brother. I can't lose another son anymore." Old Sterling sighed again.

Therefore, old Sterling would rather be estranged from Dylan than explain, for fear that the son should know of the disease.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah stirred uneasily. She could not help but ask, "is this genetic disease really serious? Could people be cured if caught?"

"Dylan's mom, my wife, is from a descendant of the Cavendish family. Her family had always had this genetic disease. This disease occurred among members of the family by heredity. That is, some members would have the genes, but the incidence of the disease is unknown. My wife was emotionally troubled because of a sudden occurrence, and an incautious step sent her headlong down the stairs. In order to preserve the reputation of the family, I claimed that she had passed away from a general disease," old Sterling's voice was grave. After a moment's silence, he went on speaking. "And Dylan's brother... He suddenly went off his head in a quarrel with me and ran out racing, which caused a car accident and... his death. According to the doctor, this kind of genetic disease is hard to be cured in the current situation."

223: Do You Agree?

"Would Cavendish's descendants in each generation have the genes?" Savannah asked nervously.

"Well, offspring from the maternal side of the family have a higher risk of this disease. I've asked Dr. Joe to do gene testing for all my children and grandchildren. Unfortunately, Dylan, his brother, and Susan all carry the genes. Devin's luckier, and he's quite well. However, I still hope that my children would never get sick. But it seemed that they couldn't escape their fate..." Old Sterling couldn't account for the lump in his throat when he said this.

Savannah patted him on the back and said a few words of comfort.

Old Sterling held back his sorrow and looked at Savannah. "This genetic disease killed my wife and took my eldest son away, now even my daughter went insane... I can't lose my last son. Savannah, don't tell Dylan, just keep your eye on him and take care of him, will you?"

Savannah forced herself to nod, "I know, sir, I won't tell him, and I'll try to take care of him, too."

He looked relieved. "Dr. Joe said, as long as they don't experience the stimulation of great joys or great sorrows, they will be fine. My eldest son, Geoffrey, got sick after breaking up with the girl he loved so much; Susan went mad after divorcing Henley and thinking about losing face in prison... But Dylan's different. My youngest son is sedated and self-possessed, he knows how to control his heart, and he's calmer than his elder brother and sister. He's hardly affected by emotions. The disease didn't immediately occur to him even after his elder brother died in a car accident in front of him, and now he

almost recovers from his expression. So, I believe he won't get sick easily. Savannah, be with him, and when any emergency aroused his emotions, you can cold him off in time."

Savannah agreed with old Sterling on that point.

Dylan was so calm and equable that he seemed never to be controlled by his emotions.

Old Sterling was already very weak. After having spoken these words, he felt a little tired and sat quietly with closed eyes.

Savannah kindly laid him down and covered him with a blanket. "Sir, please have a rest first. Dylan and I will see you later."

"Well." Old Sterling nodded in relief and looked at Savannah as if she was a blessing for the Sterling family.

Maybe Dylan was lucky to have such a girl beside him. That terrible disease would never attack him all his life.

Savannah closed the door gently, turned, and went downstairs slowly.

She was thinking about the genetic disease when she missed her step on the stairs. She almost fell down when a tall figure a few steps away from her rushed over, grasped her on her arm, and firmly held her waist!

Savannah slipped into the man's wide and warm arms. Looking up, she looked directly into Dylan's gray eyes.

"What are you doing? Savannah? Don't you look at the steps when you walk downstairs?" He scowled at her, a little irritated.

Did she know that she might have fallen to her death if he hadn't gone upstairs and held her in time?

Savannah put on a smile, trying to be calm, but she felt extremely uneasy at the thought of the genetic disease. Looking at Dylan's serious eyes, her nose suddenly stung.

Although he was a normal healthy person right now, it's not sure if he would become the same as his elder brother and sister someday...

Dylan slightly frowned at her red-rimmed eyes. Didn't this little woman very tough on him at ordinary times? Why did she look hurt after a mild reprimand?

He raised his finger to rub her pink cheek gently. "If you don't want to be scolded, be careful next time! You know how to walk, don't you?"

Savannah sniffled and recovered from the inexplicable complex mood. She repented her false worries. How would such a tough and strong man get sick?

"Why did you go upstairs? Your father's asleep, and I'm going down to find you." Savannah changed the subject.

Dylan relaxed a little when he heard that his father had gone to bed. He lowered his voice and looked at her. "I'm afraid that my father will keep you for another few days."

She disappeared after living here, and he dared not leave her alone now.

Savannah moved her eyes. "In fact, it's a good idea for me to stay today. Well, I want to stay with old Sterling for a few more days. He's in a bad mood and poor health now, and he needs more company."

"Are you going to defy me at every turn?" His mouth set in a grim line. He looked angry.

"I just feel sorry for old Sterling when seeing him alone..." Now that Savannah learned that Geoffrey's death had little to do with old Sterling, she felt more sympathy for him.

Poor old Sterling, he couldn't explain his eldest son's death and had to bear his younger son's resentment.

Even she, an outsider, was somewhat uncomfortable. She couldn't imagine how old Sterling had kept this secret for so many years.

"No!" Dylan frowned. Did this little woman really take the house as her home?

After the abduction, he could no longer believe anyone in the Sterling's house!

Savannah rolled her eyes, "or you stay with me?"

Dylan stared at her and laughed in exasperation. She didn't give up and was determined to stay.

Looking at her expecting eyes, Dylan hesitated, as if thinking about her suggestion.

Savannah saw hope. She gathered up the courage to approach him and gently nudged his elbow. "Okay? I'll be obedient this time." She said in a low voice.

Dylan narrowed his eyes. If staying here could make this little woman behave like a good cat, then why not?

He's a big guy in the business. This's a good deal.

"Really? You'll do whatever you're told?" He asked meaningfully as he lifted her chin. His fingertips rubbed her delicate skin as if he was playing with his pet.

Savannah pursed her lips. Even if she wanted to be rebellious, he never gave her this chance.

"Hmm." She nodded and promised.

Dylan took a deep look at her, released his hand, and walked downstairs first.

"Do you agree? Where are you going?" Savannah gasped and followed him down.

"Ask my assistant to bring our clothes here." Dylan didn't look back.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief. He agreed!

224: Was He Fooled?

Old Sterling was overjoyed when he heard that Savannah and Dylan would move in to accompany him for a few days. Of course, this was what he hoped for.

In the evening, Dylan went straight back to the Sterling's house after finishing his work in the company. When he went upstairs to his bedroom, he found it empty.

He waited in the room for a long time, but Savannah was still nowhere to see. He frowned and called a servant in.

"Where's Miss Schultz?"

The servant looked surprised and answered, "Miss Schultz has gone to bed after she talked with Mr. Sterling."

What the hell? Gone to bed? Where?

Was he fooled?

"Who told her to move to another room?" Dylan got up angrily, his voice freezing.

The servant sensed his fury and replied carefully, "Miss Schultz said that she would live in the small study next to Mr. Sterling's bedroom for the next few days, which would be convenient for her to take care of him. And she could respond to his urgent need in time. Before you came back, sir, Miss Schultz had me cleaned up the room and moved in."

Damn it! Move into the study before he came back?

Did the little woman think of herself as old Sterling's personal nurse?

Dylan strode to the study next to old Sterling's bedroom with an angry face and opened the door widely.

Savannah was happily lying in the temporary bed, reading novels through her mobile phone.

Before she could react, Dylan rushed in and pulled her out of the covers. His expressionless face made Savannah shudder slightly.

"You... you're back... It's late, why don't you go to bed?" Savannah collected herself and pretended nothing had happened.

"Who told you to move here?" Dylan kept back his anger.

"I think the main purpose of our staying here is to take care of your father... I will just live next door to his bedroom so that he can call me more easily and I can take better care of him."

"Have you reported to me in advance?"

"I told you now."

"Good," Dylan said sardonically, "you've learned how to act first and report afterward."

Just then, the cough of old Sterling sounded in the next room.

Savannah jumped to her feet and took the opportunity, "it's late, you should return to your room and have a rest... I'll see if the old Sterling wants some water." Then she rushed out of the study.

Dylan's face turned black as he watched the woman take the opportunity to escape.

During the days in the Sterling's house, Savannah perfectly avoided sharing the same room with Dylan by the name of taking care of old Sterling.

Fortunately, Dylan had been busy with the Tallest-building project recently and came back late every day. He had no time to pick on her.

That evening, Savannah prepared the medicine in the kitchen and was ready to carry it upstairs in person.

At the head of the stairs, she paused when a familiar male voice came from the porch, and then his footstep was closer and closer.

She frowned. Devin was coming.

Since Henley and Susan divorced, Devin hadn't been seen in a while. Susan was sent to a mental hospital, he must be busy dealing with these home affairs.

Now old Sterling got sick, and as his grandson, Devin, was sure to come to see him.

It was too late to avoid him.

Devin narrowed his eyes when he saw her, and then he motioned to the servants to leave. "I'll go upstairs to see my grandpa myself."

The servants nodded and left.

Savannah was going to leave with them when Devin quickly stepped in front of her, blocking the way, and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior "Hm!"

She looked at Devin. He lost a lot of weight and looked pale and haggard as if he had had some kind of illness.

"Savannah, my family is broken because of you! Are you satisfied now?" Devin said through his gritted teeth.

"Because of me?" Savannah frowned, feeling his words ridiculous.

"Didn't you? Because of you, my father abandoned my mother and divorced her; because of you, my mother's gone mad!" Devin's eyes blazed with anger at the thought of what had happened to his family recently.

This was an unlucky year. Valerie lost the baby, and he lost his weight to please his grandfather.

Then he got a venereal disease and might never have his own children.

Now, his parents were divorced, and his mother became insane!

"Devin, you and your mother can always blame others for your own faults. You'll never realize your problems and mistakes." Savannah almost laughed in anger.

"Savannah, don't be so smug. Do you think that you and my uncle will have a stable position in the Sterling family after breaking my mother down? Do you think that you'll be the hostess of the house after living here and keeping my grandfather accompany? Don't dream!" Devin sneered.

Savannah looked at him coldly. Why doesn't Devin have the genes that carry that genetic disease? Heaven has no eyes!

She took two steps forward with the hot decoction in her hands, getting close to him.

Devin was surprised by her sudden approach. "What are you doing?"

He asked as he stood back at her blazing eyes.

Suddenly, Savannah relaxed her grip, and the hot decoction fell on Devin's instep with a crash!

This bowl of medicine soup had just come out of the oven, boiling hot. Savannah carried it with heat-protective gloves just now. When it was all dropped and splashed on Devin's feet, one could imagine how he felt.

"Ah --" Devin cried in a low voice and almost jumped up with his ankle in his arms. It seemed that a piece of flesh was burning under his trousers.

"Oh, sorry, my hand slipped." Savannah clapped her hands and took two steps back. "Do you need to wipe your feet before seeing your grandpa?"

"Dame you! Fuck!" Devin was frantic with anger, but he knew that the purpose of his visit today was to see his grandpa, not to make trouble. If grandpa knew about their conversation, he would have trouble. So he just shot a sharp at her before going upstairs.

Savannah looked at his back and heaved a sigh of relief. She turned around and was about to go to the kitchen to re-prepare the medicine when she saw Dylan standing a few steps in front of her. Surprised, she stammered, "How...how do you get back so early today?"

"How else can I see this?" Dylan's thin lips lifted slightly as he walked slowly to her, his eyes full of approval. "Good, you become tougher and know how to fight back."

Then he lowered his head to her ear, "but remember, be tough to other men only, not to me."

Savannah's ear burned by his breathing, and her face turned hot. "Hmm. I should cook medicine for old Sterling now..." She murmured and was about to walk around him towards the kitchen when he stopped her and picked her up in his arms.

"No hurry. Devin went upstairs, and he'll at least spend an hour with dad." He took her in his arms and strode upstairs.

225: You Are So Beautiful

"Even if I'm not in a hurry to prepare the medicine, you don't have to hold me up... Hey, hey, where are you carrying me? Let go..." Savannah found herself struggling in his arms.

He glanced at her. "Look at your jeans, they're wet. You need to clean your clothes."

Looking down, she found there were some splashes of dark liquid on her trousers. It seemed that the medicine splashed the legs of her trousers when she dropped the bowl to Devin's feet. "Put me down... I'll change my clothes in my room."

He frowned and glanced at the restless little woman in his arms. He followed her words without saying anything and went straight to the study where she lived these days.

He kicked open the door, carried her in, and closed the door again.

Savannah jumped out of his arms. "You go out first, I'm going to change clothes..."

"I don't think I need to go out." Dylan crossed his arms and eyed her speculatively for a moment.

Startled, she bit the lower lip and didn't move.

"Want my help?" Seeing her silence, he quickly pulled her t-shirt off, bending down, and began to undo the buttons of her jeans. Before Savannah could struggle, he gave her a warning look, "you promised that you'd be obedient." Then he removed her jeans.

"No..." Savannah was blushing furiously under his steady scrutiny, dressed only in her bra and panties.

"You are so beautiful," Dylan murmured. Savannah had a curvy, slim figure, her skin pale and flawless. "I want to fuck you now." His voice was husky, and he was excited. He could no longer control himself; he couldn't wait to carry her to his bedroom or even put her to her bed, which was too small for them to do anything.

Dylan's gaze fell on the desk behind Savannah. Suddenly, with one fluid movement, he cleared all the books and papers off the desk so that they scattered on the floor, then he swept Savannah up in his arms and laid her down across the short end of the desk.

"Dylan!" Savannah gasped and turned pale, "this is the study, and your father's in the next room!"

The study was next to old Sterling's bedroom; if they made a noise, it could be clearly heard by old Sterling.

He's too bold.

If old Sterling heard what they did, how embarrassed!

Oh yeah, Devin's also in the next door right now!

"That's all right, my cat. Just don't moan too loudly later." Dylan muttered while he unzipped his pants and took off her panties. "I hope you're ready," he breathed, a salacious smile across his face. And in a moment, he was filling her, holding her wrists tightly by her side, and thrusting into her deeply.

"Aargh!" Savannah cried in a low voice, and she was not ready at all!

Dylan's mouth was open slightly, and his breathing was harsh. He groaned.

"You're so tight. You okay?"

Savannah stared at him with her eyes wide. She felt so full. He stayed still, letting her acclimatize to the intrusive, overwhelming feeling of him inside her.

"I'm going to move, baby," he breathed after a moment, his voice tight. He eased back with exquisite slowness. And he closed his eyes and groaned, and thrust into her again. This time he didn't stop. He pounded on, picking up speed, merciless, a relentless rhythm...

Savannah could only bite her lip hard and dared not moan out, least be heard by the people next door.

Dylan moved with ease, luxuriating in her, enjoying her...

The temperature in the study was rising...

After he left, Savannah laid herself down and had a little rest. A wry smile crept to her lips. She stood up, pulled open a drawer, and took out a white bottle.

Fortunately, she brought the pill with her to the Sterling's house.

Otherwise, she'd be in trouble if she missed it.

She took a pill with water, changed her clothes, and left the room. When the servant told her that Devin had left, she went to the kitchen to prepare the medicine again.

At the same time.

Devin came out of the Sterling's house, looking pale and in a terrible mood.

He came to visit his grandpa today to make him happy and tried to see if he could get the 10% shares of the group back.

However, his grandpa obviously didn't forget Valerie's abortion. He was not enthusiastic about him and behaved distantly. It seemed that he was still blaming him for not taking good care of his wife after marriage and losing a baby.

Old Sterling looked tired after they talked for a while.

Devin dared not mention the 10% shares and could only leave first.

Along the road, he drove the car absently and didn't notice there was someone on the side of the road waving and calling him. He didn't react until a slender shadow rushed over and almost hit the car! Startled, Devin quickly stepped on the brakes and got off.

In front of the car was no one else, but Valerie!

"You crazy? If you want to kill yourself, keep yourself out of my trip!" Devin snarled angrily.

Valerie saw him get out of the car, rushing to him with tears. "Sorry, Devin, I went to your apartment to look for you, but the maid said that you had come to see old Sterling. So I came here to wait for you... I'm so happy to see you finally!"

Devin, however, was too lazy to talk to her. He turned around to get in the car but was caught by Valerie on his arm. "Devin, are you going to leave now? We haven't seen each other for so long. Don't you miss me? Let's start it over again, okay? I know you are now in trouble, your parents divorced, and your mother got sick... You must be very annoying, never mind, I will accompany you and help you..."

"There're so many women who want to accompany me, and I don't need you!" Devin shook off her hand, impatiently, "it's you who killed our unborn child and made my grandpa angry with me! Anyway, you'll receive a divorce letter from my lawyer after a while!"

Valerie watched Devin driving away, falling to her knees in dejection.

She thought Devin had cooled down after all these days. Unexpectedly, he was still angry with her, and his decision to divorce her had not changed.

Was her marriage with Devin really coming to an end?

It was a long time before Valerie got up and took a taxi home, distraught.

As soon as she got home, Norah and Dalton rushed up to her.

"Valerie, did you meet Devin today?"

"Is he still angry? When will he pick you home?"

Since their daughter returned to her parental home, they had suffered from the gossips of their neighbors for a long time.

Gossip was a fearful thing!

It was not proper for a married daughter to live in her parent's home for so long.

Besides, their neighbors all knew that Valerie married the Sterling family's grandson, and they had been extremely envious of them. The couple also lived happily in their admiration, which suddenly disappeared now. How could they bear such a humiliating fact?

Schultz's would lose their faces if Valerie continued to live here!

Valerie looked like a puppet while her mother and father kept on ding dongs in her ears. Finally, she couldn't bear it and cried out!

"He won't pick me home! He still insists on divorcing me! After a while, he'll send me the divorce letter!"

226: How Could It Be

Norah and Dalton froze.

Soon, Norah beat her breast and cried in anguish, "oh, what a terrible thing! Divorce? I will be laughed at by all our neighbors and relatives! You're so useless! No, you must try to win his love back! You can't divorce him!"

They would have no relationship with that noble and wealthy family after the divorce!

Dalton sighed a long sigh and sat down to the smoke.

At this moment, Valerie suddenly felt sick and suffocated. Her stomach heaved. She rushed to the bathroom, squatted down, and began to vomit into the toilet.

Norah stopped blaming her, frowning, and followed her to the bathroom. "What's wrong with you? Are you ill?"

After a while, Valerie stood up but still feel sick. She wiped away her tears and said impatiently, "nothing! I'd better die!" with that, she doubled over and threw up again.

Norah looked at her daughter, and then she was surprised by a thought that rushed into her mind. "Valerie, have you had your period this month?"

Valerie looked up with surprise. "No, why?"

"Good! That's it! You must be pregnant! Didn't you notice that?" Then Norah rushed downstairs to the drugstore to buy pregnancy tests.

Valerie did a test, and it was a positive result!

Overjoyed, Norah slapped her thigh and laughed, "you are pregnant again! Even if Devin wants a divorce, old Sterling won't approve it. Valerie, this time you're so lucky!"

Dalton's lips parted in a delighted smile too.

Valerie, however, was unable to say a word. She looked at the Clearblue pregnancy test stick and gasped.

Pregnant again...

How could it be...

Devin had only met her once since her abortion. She tried hard to please him, and they did have sex that night.

But after that, she wasn't pregnant because she had her period.

So, she got pregnant because...

She had a one-night stand when she went to a bar to get drunk?

The baby was not Devin's at all --

Valerie covered her mouth, and her heart beat violently. However, she knew that the baby was the only way for her to win Devin back.

"Valerie, what's the matter?" Norah saw the complicated expression on her daughter's face.

"No...nothing." Valerie recovered, covered her stomach, and tried to suppress her violent heartbeat.

She mustn't tell anyone about this matter.

Norah immediately called Devin and told him the happy news.

As expected, Devin came in an hour.

"Devin..." Valerie was excited to see Devin coming for her.

Devin's eyes were still cold, but they went a little warmer when they fell on her belly.

He didn't expect that she was pregnant again.

It was a ray of hope for him in the dead end.

His illness may have rendered him infertile, the baby in Valerie might be his only child in his life, it's too precious!

"Devin, you are going to be a father. Valerie's waiting for you to pick her and the baby in her home."
Norah said, smiling.

Devin walked to Valerie, took her hand, and said softly, "Valerie, come back with me."

"Devin, won't you divorce me?" Valerie looked at him tearfully. Although she knew that he agreed to make up with her only for the sake of the baby in her, she was still touched by his long-lost gentle manner.

Although the tenderness was so fragile, so illusory, and was all built on the unborn baby.

But what did it matter?

As long as she was still old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law and the rich man's legal wife, she was still a winner.

"Let the past be lost, don't mention it again. Come back with me, and I will treat you and our child well from today." Devin grabbed Valerie's hand and promised.

In the Sterling's house.

Old Sterling felt much better after Savannah and Dylan accompanied him for a few days.

This evening, Dylan came back early. Old Sterling had asked the cook to prepare a good dinner. They chatted while enjoying the meal together.

After a series of disturbances in the Sterling's house, the atmosphere tonight was rarely quiet and peaceful.

As dinner drew to a close, Cooper hurried into the dining room and said, "sir, master Yontz is here."

"Let him in," said the old Sterling, frowning slightly.

A moment later, Devin, with Valerie on his arm, walked into the dining room together, "grandpa, uncle."

Savannah was a little surprised. She heard that Valerie had been sent back to her parent's home. How could she come here with Devin in such an intimate way?

Old Sterling was also surprised to see Valerie coming. Obviously, he was still angry with Valerie. He looked at Devin with displeasure, "what are you doing with her?"

"Grandpa, Valerie knows that you're not feeling well, so she's extremely worried about you and wants to see you." Devin smiled.

"Oh. Worried about me? If she were so kind, would she do anything to frame her cousin with a dead baby in her?" Old Sterling said mercilessly!

"Grandpa, I know I was wrong! Devin's forgiven me, grandpa, please give me another chance! I'll change my ways and be good!" Valerie's eyes reddened, and tears rolled down her cheek.

Has Devin forgiven her? How could it be possible? Savannah scowled.

Old Sterling sneered and said nothing.

Seeing this, Devin stepped forward and said quietly, "grandpa, for the sake of your future grandson, forgive Valerie this time."

This sentence shocked all but Valerie in the place.

Old Sterling reacted first, "what do you mean? Valerie... is pregnant again?"

Valerie covered her belly shyly and nodded.

"We went to the hospital today. She's two months pregnant. The baby in her is in a good state." Devin added.

"Why didn't you say so?" Old Sterling said in surprisingly pleasant.

Devin smiled, "We came to tell you as soon as a result came out."

"That's great! Good! Thank god!" Old Sterling stood up, looking at Valerie's belly as if it was his regained treasure.

Things had been going badly for the Sterlings these days, and there's finally some good news.

In front of the fourth generation of the Sterling family, old Sterling's anger melted gradually.

Cooper saw the eyes of old Sterling, and hurriedly asked the servant to add two more sets of tableware.

"Mr. Yontz, Mrs. Yontz, please sit down."

Instead of sitting down immediately, Devin looked at Dylan as if afraid that he would disapprove, "Uncle, no matter what Valerie and I have done to you before, forgive us, please."

227: I Can't Sleep

Valerie, who seemed to become another person, said to Savannah gently, "Savannah, I used to do things on the spur of the moment. But we're cousins, you'll forgive me, won't you?"

Savannah squinted, a sarcastic smile playing on her lips.

They suddenly lost their temper for nothing but old Sterling's favor.

How could she and Dylan refuse to forgive them after they said that? They would seem ungenerous and mean if they insisted on talking about Devin's and Valerie's mistakes.

Dylan obviously saw Devin's intention. He stared at Devin in a cold impertinent way. "Now that dad has forgiven you, just sit down. However, if you do anything wrong again in the future, as your uncle, I won't let you off and will teach you a lesson for your parents." The last sentence was full of warning.

"Of course, it's natural that my uncle should discipline me." Devin still kept smiling. Then he sat down with Valerie.

Old Sterling felt relieved to see the family got a little more complete. "Well, the past is the past. Don't mention it again."

After the dinner, Devin accompanied old Sterling upstairs.

Valerie was eating the fruit on the sofa in the living room. She knew that old Sterling had forgiven her because of the child in her, and she finally relaxed.

Savannah didn't want to face Valerie in the living room, so she went out of the villa, going for a walk in the garden.

After wandering around for a while, she turned and was about to walk back when she saw Valerie walking slowly towards her.

"Why are you wandering in the garden alone without asking me to join you?" Valerie covered her flat belly as she said in a soft but proud voice.

After all, she had suffered, she could finally hold her head up.

Savannah looked at Valerie in front of her with a sneering smile.

Her cousin had really good luck.

She was driven back home by Devin but turned back because she was pregnant again.

However, she did not find it enviable, but rather sad.

If a woman could only maintain her marriage through her children, she would never get the recognition and respect from her husband's family.

"You're pregnant now, more valuable than a queen. I dare not ask you out with me. If you fall and wrong me again, what should I do?" Savannah couldn't keep the sarcasm out of her voice

Valerie's face changed at her cousin's words, and she clenched her fist.

Savannah walked back toward the villa's main house but was pulled by Valerie on the wrist before she passed by. Frowning, Savannah turned to her and said, "What do you want to do? Another falling to miscarriage and framing me up? Valerie, all your hopes in your life are tied to this baby now, I don't think you can stand falling again."

Valerie's face turned red with anger, and she really wanted to slap Savannah in the face! Anyway, she was pregnant now. Even if Savannah went to complain to Dylan, old Sterling would not blame her!

But then she remembered Devin's instructions.

Devin reminded her that they should be humble and keep their heads down in the house this time, and they shouldn't go against Savannah and uncle as before.

After all, the most important thing now was to get old Sterling's favor back. So they had to rebuild the image of a good grandson and a good granddaughter-in-law.

With this in mind, Valerie forced her anger back, released her cousin's hand, and touched her flat belly with a smile, "Savannah, how could I make the same mistake again? Rest assured. This time, I will ensure the safety of my unborn baby and give grandpa a healthy great-grandson." Her tone was filled with pride and conceit.

Then she turned and left first.

Savannah looked after her with a frown.

She knew what her cousin meant by saying, "how could I make the same mistake again."

Valerie had learned from her mistakes. Instead of behaving recklessly, she would act with caution this time. All she did was to give birth to the baby safely and hold the position of old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law in this family.

After a long time, Savannah took a deep breath and went back to the villa.

It was getting dark.

Before Devin and Valerie left, old Sterling personally went downstairs to see the couple off and asked the driver to drive them home. He told Devin to be watchful on the way and asked Valerie to be careful not to catch cold at night.

All the people present could see how much old Sterling cared about the baby in Valerie.

Savannah sent old Sterling back to his room before she returned to the study next door. As soon as she pushed the door open, she saw the familiar figure lying on her little bed.

Putting both hands behind his head, Dylan laid there thinking about something with half-closed eyes. Because the bed was too small, his long legs could not fit into it.

He just changed a white household shirt after a bath, and the top two buttons untied, showing off his fine and classic neck. The sexy line of his chest muscle under the shirt made Savannah more breathless.

"Why are you here again?" she gasped.

She recalled what happened that day in the study with him... and she had been nervous for several days, afraid that old Sterling would laugh at her if he saw the clue.

"I can't sleep." Dylan cocked his head slightly.

Savannah pursed her lips. So he came here to make her wakeful together?

The room became quiet.

"Your father seemed to have talked with Devin for a long time in the room." Afraid that Dylan would do something to her to kill the night, Savannah started a topic.

"Dad provided Rosemount Villa for them to live in. To prevent any accident before the birth of Valerie's baby, dad also sent some experienced maids there to look after them," said Dylan with a sarcastic smile.

Rosemount Villa, worth over ten million, was one of the best houses in the Sterling's name and not far away from the Sterling's house. The villa was only ten minutes to the best hospital in town, and the front of the house looked like a beautiful artificial lake. The air there was fresh and clean; the environment was quiet and peaceful. What's more, old Sterling specially equipped the villa with several bodyguards, a driver, and lots of servants.

Old Sterling gave such a luxurious house to Valerie and Devin, and it was enough to show that he was very earnest about Valerie's pregnancy and attached great importance to the baby in Valerie.

Dylan wasn't upset about Devin living in Rosemount Villa, of course.

However --

Since today his father could give Rosemount Villa to Devin to live in, he might give Devin's unborn child a 10% stake of the group again tomorrow. That was, in the future, Devin might be given more authority.

228: Is It So Painful For You To Have My Baby?

Devin would win old Sterling's favor back with this baby. Dylan, however, might have to cut apart his power as the CEO with Devin.

Savannah looked into Dylan's gloomy dark eyes, and an involuntary shiver ran down her spine. It was the calm that preceded the storm.

"Your father's kindness to them now is only for the sake of the unborn grandchild," Savannah tried to comfort him, walking to him, "don't worry, no one can replace you in terms of your ability, including Devin, and I'm sure old Sterling will never let Devin promote over you."

Dylan stood up, put his hand under her chin, and tipped her head back, staring down at her, "it seems that you've not yet understood the importance of the offspring in my father's mind. Though the Sterlings have a large fortune, we're not a large family. In his mind, nothing is more important than carrying the family on. Therefore, if Devin really gives him a great-grandson, it's possible for him to give Devin the whole Sterling Group as a reward."

Up to now, the Sterling family's property was just a simple number for old Sterling, and earning hundreds of billions was not as important as multiplying the descendants.

Savannah held her breath as she felt his words.

Previously, she would never believe that Devin could compete with Dylan for the group or the family property.

After all, Dylan was old Sterling's legitimate son, and Devin's family name was not Sterling.

No matter how silly old Sterling might be, it was impossible for him to give the company to his daughter's son instead of his own son.

However, she learned that Dylan had a genetic disease, and Devin was the only healthy child in the Sterling family now.

In that sense, it's really possible that old Sterling would be inclined to Devin.

After all, it was risky to hand the whole family over to the son with inherited defects.

The Sterling group might sink into chaos if Dylan got sick one day!

With the baby in Valerie, Devin stood a better chance now. Savannah believed that Devin would even like to give his son Sterling's name...

"What will you do then? Is there any way to stop Devin?" asked Savannah, who was a little anxious for Dylan.

Dylan let his gaze wander thoughtfully over her face for a moment, then replied with a ghost of a smile, "There is a way, but you've refused."

Savannah gasped for a moment and immediately realized what he meant.

He wanted a baby. He asked her to have a baby with him.

As long as Dylan had his own children, of course, old Sterling would give priority to his own son!

In this way, Dylan's authority and position in the Sterling Group would be perfectly secure.

Dylan was still thinking about making her pregnant...

"... What else can you suggest?" Savannah stammered as she turned her head away.

Seeing her reaction, Dylan's smile faded, and his eyes darkened.

The little woman was still reluctant to have children for him.

He stood close to her, urging her to move over to the wall. Pinning her against the wall with his strong body, he gazed down at her, scowling, "Is it so painful for you to have my baby?"

Savannah's heart was pounding under his burning eyes. She didn't know why she felt faint and weak—maybe it was because his heat suffocated her—she felt dizzy and almost slipped in his arms. Fortunately, she could reluctantly support herself against the wall.

"Dylan, we've talked about this. I really don't want to have children now. You also promised that you wouldn't force me. You're a man, and you won't go back on your words, will you?" Ventured Savannah.

Dylan grunted in discontent, so, if he asked her again to have children for him, he's not a man?

"I can prove I'm a real man in another way," he whispered in her ear and gently grazed her earlobe with his teeth.

Then he took both straps of her pajamas, slowly pulled them down her arms, brushing her skin with his fingers and the tip of his thumbnails as he slid her pajamas off. He stood back to examine her, his expression full of desire.

Savannah was breathless, and she felt faint by his touch. When he was about to take off her bra, a sudden feeling of sickness came to her, and she almost fell! Luckily, Dylan was able to hold her in his naked arms in time.

"What's up?" His brows furrowed, repressing the sexual desire in him.

"Dylan... I feel dizzy, I can't today..." Not only a little dizzy, but she also felt sick in her stomach.

Was it because she had dinner with Devin and Valerie tonight and got indigestion?

However, Dylan didn't think so. His face darkened momentarily. Did this little woman try to avoid sex with him by pretending sickness? "I'll call a family doctor."

"No. I feel better now." Savannah didn't lie. This kind of sick feeling was not very strong, and it came occasionally. She really felt better again now.

For some time, Dylan gazed at her, then turned around and left the study, slamming the door behind him.

Savannah was relieved, though she knew Dylan was unhappy.

He might also suspect that she had affected her illness in order to avoid having sex.

But even if he wasn't happy, she couldn't soften her attitude.

Although she didn't hate him, her impression of him seemed to be much better... she didn't think she was willing to have children for him.

How could that be?!

She would leave him sooner or later. Such a man like him was impossible to belong to her for a lifetime.

After Valerie's pregnancy was known to the Sterling family, old Sterling's health and spirit became better and better day by day.

Dr. Joe came to the house to see him again. He said that old Sterling could stop the medication, and he just needed a good mood and enough rest now.

Dylan had planned to move out of the Sterling's house and return to Beverly Hills with Savannah, but old Sterling insisted that he didn't feel well and asked them to stay longer. On the one hand, he had been used to Savannah's company; on the other hand, Dylan rarely went back to the house to see him, and he was really lonely without them.

Dylan knew that his father was just putting on a show, but he didn't say anything this time. He just agreed to stay with Savannah for a few more days here.

229: Never Mind

Because old Sterling was much better now, Savannah didn't need to deliver medicine and keep him company every hour, and she had much more free time.

This morning, after having breakfast with Savannah, old Sterling called the driver and asked Cooper to accompany him to Rosemount Villa to see Valerie.

To visit Valerie was, in fact, to visit the unborn baby in her.

Old Sterling attached great importance to his second great-grandson in Valerie this time. For fear of repeating the same mistake or any further accident, he specially hired two professional gynecology nurses to take care of Valerie at Rosemount Villa. He also asked Dr. Joe to go there every two days to check on Valerie so that they could send her to the hospital immediately in case of any abnormalities.

Though Valerie was just three months pregnant, old Sterling had already hired a team of obstetricians and gynecologists, and even the best midwives, nurseries, and maternity matron.

Cooper understood his master's eagerness to see his great-grandson and couldn't help laughing, "Sir, you've just recovered. Why don't we ask the driver to pick up Mrs. Yontz here?"

"No, Valerie's body is still exhausted from growing the baby. She should rest up when she can. My little great-grandson can't stand any jolts too. I'm a lot better now, and it's not too far away." Old Sterling insisted on making the trip himself.

Cooper had to accompany him to the Rosemount Villa.

At the gate of the house, Savannah watched old Sterling and Cooper get in the car and leave and understood what Dylan was worried about.

That's true. In the eyes of old Sterling, nothing was more important than the next generation of the Sterling family, even his own health.

As soon as he recovered, he couldn't wait to see his unborn great-grandson.

The maid standing by could not help but sigh, "Mrs. Yontz is held in special favor now. There isn't anything she could ask for that she couldn't have. Old Sterling will even pick the moon in the sky for her if she wants. Days ago, she said she wanted to eat mango. Because the local mango is not very good in this season, old Sterling specially asked a partner in the Philippines to air a box of fresh mangoes to LA. What's more, Mrs. Yontz's parents go to Rosemount Villa to see her every few days. When old Sterling saw that Mr. Schultz's car was very old, he bought a million-dollar car for him the other day."

Savannah's lips curved in a cold and almost mirthless smile. That was when Valerie found favor with old Sterling, her parents could ride on her coattails to gain extra advantages.

Because of an unborn child, Valerie and her parents became winners again.

Valerie must cherish the baby a lot now.

The maid shut up when she saw Savannah's silence and thought she had said something wrong. All the people in the Sterling's house knew that Miss Schultz and Mrs. Yontz were cousins. Now one of the two sisters had married into the Sterling family and was pregnant with old Sterling's great-grandchild, which was regarded as a treasure by the whole family. However, the other one was an underground woman whom Dylan Sterling hadn't given her a name. No matter how she was liked or preferred, she didn't even have a formal status.

Miss Schultz must be jealous of her cousin when she saw her in such favor with old Sterling now.

Savannah saw the maid's expression, knowing what she was thinking, and could not help but gently laughing out. Did everyone think she was jealous of Valerie?

But she didn't bother to explain anything.

Old Sterling went to Rosemount Villa today and would not return until the evening. She had nothing to do, so she just wandered around the garden. When she got back into the house, she got a call from Olivia.

On the phone, Olivia told her that Donna was leaving LA with Henley this afternoon, and she was going to see them off.

With nothing to do, Savannah asked the time and went out to the airport with Oliva together.

At the airport gates, Savannah and Olivia met Donna and her daughter.

Donna, with her two-month daughter in her arms, was in good looks.

After saying some words of farewell to Donna, Savannah looked at Henley, who was standing silently behind Donna with luggage beside his feet. The cowardly middle-aged man looked in a good spirit.

Henley took a deep breath and smiled at Savannah. "I'm sorry, Savannah, for what Devin had done to you. I know he hurt you so bad. Although I'm Devin's father, I've no position in the Sterling family, and Devin never listened to me. He's been spoiled by his mother."

In fact, Henley was a very honest and kind person, better than Devin and Susan, and he always defended and spoke for Savannah.

More than once, he had stopped Susan in time when she wanted to do something to Savannah.

Savannah never blamed him. "Never mind." She said softly with a smile.

"I hope you'll be happy and find the one who can give you happiness with all my heart," Henley said sincerely.

It's getting late. Donna and Henley waved good-bye and left.

Savannah looked after them as they went to airport security. Henley's blessing still sang in her ears, making her a little abstracted.

Find a person who can give you happiness...

Who would be the one?

Dylan?

She shook her head as hard as she could. What was she thinking?

Olivia breathed a sigh of relief as she watched her cousin's back retreating behind the gate.

Her cousin had suffered a lot in the first half of her life, and she could finally go back to her hometown to lead a new life with her first love.

Susan, who had hurt Donna, had her revenge.

For Donna, it should be a relatively good ending.

Olivia turned and found Savannah lost in thought. "What's up?" asked Olivia as she gently nudged her shoulder.

"Nothing." Savannah recovered herself and smiled. They chatted as they made their way outside.

"Well, you still live at the Sterling's house?" Olivia asked casually. In a call with Savannah, she learned that old Sterling was not in good health, and Savannah recently stayed in the house to take care of him.

"Hmm." Savannah nodded.

"It seems that old Sterling likes you very much. I heard that the elders in the rich, powerful families are difficult to deal with. They're always very critical of their future daughter-in-law, such as choosing the girl's family background. You're lucky that old Sterling should be so kind to you." Olivia sounded breezy. She was happy with her good friend.

To be honest, she was really worried about Savannah at first. Dylan Sterling might tend to spoil her, but who knew if he was just for fun or not?

After all, rich men seldom took little models like them seriously. They preferred to choose rich ladies from noble families too.

But she felt much more assured now. Since Savannah could live in the Sterling's house for such a long time, it meant that the Sterling's attached great importance to her.

Savannah smiled bitterly and said nothing.

Future daughter-in-law? She didn't even have the status of a formal girlfriend. How could she be a future daughter-in-law?

"By the way, you just said that your cousin and her husband moved back to Sterling's house?" Olivia frowned.

230: Everyone's Watching Us

"More than that." Savannah sneered, "old Sterling gave Rosemount Villa near the Sterling's house to Valerie and Devin to live in."

Olivia had heard of Rosemount Villa, of course. That villa was worth a thousand pieces of gold! She gasped, "Valerie had wronged you with a dead baby in her! Old Sterling must have been very angry at her! Didn't Devin drive her back to her parents' house and say he would divorce her? Why does old Sterling treat them so well now and give that villa to them? Is he confused by his sickness?"

Savannah looked at her good friend and said, "Valerie's pregnant again."

Olivia froze and rolled her eyes, "she reserved the situation by another baby? Well, so lucky. But she doesn't deserve to be a mother. God's blind to give her another baby!"

"Don't let such a woman upset us," Savannah smiled, "it's none of our business."

"I'm just worried about you! Now that she gains the upper hand, I'm afraid that she'll embarrass you again! When she gives birth to a great-grandson for old Sterling, her position will be more stable, and it will be easier for her to harm you!" Olivia said indignantly, hands-on-hips.

Savannah laughed, "she had a lot of trouble after getting me wrong at that time. Besides, how could she harm me? I don't live with her, and I do everything with a clear conscience, she won't have a chance."

Olivia held Savannah's arm and sighed, "why does this woman have such good luck? Didn't Devin drive her back to her parent's house after she miscarried? How could she get pregnant again so soon?"

And then, all of a sudden, she stopped, and her jaw dropped as though she had remembered something.

"What's up?" Savannah looked at Olivia when she stopped.

"Savannah, how long is your cousin pregnant?" Olivia asked hesitatingly.

"I think it has been three months."

Three months... Olivia's eyes moved.

One morning, three months ago, she saw a woman who looked like Valerie, entering a box in a bar with a man in an intimate way.

She thought she made a wrong guess at that time, but now, she became more and more skeptical...

What if she read it right that day? If that woman was really Valerie...

That was to say, Valerie was likely to have had a one-night stand in a bar with a strange man?

In those days, Valerie must be in a bad mood after she was driven back to her parent's house, and it was quite likely that she was taken advantage of when she drank in a bar!

According to Valerie's month of pregnancy, she really wondered who was the real father of the baby in her ...

Olivia's palms were sweating at the thought.

"Olivia, what's wrong? Why did you ask such a thing?" Savannah noticed her abnormality.

Everything was not clear yet, so it was useless to tell Savannah now.

What if she had mistaken that woman?

Besides, there was no conclusive evidence at present. Even if Savannah went back and told old Sterling, Valerie wouldn't admit and might blame Savannah for wronging her.

Well, she couldn't tell Savannah until she checked the fact!

Thinking of this, Olivia shook her head and said, "nothing. Just out of curiosity."

Savannah didn't ask more. They took a taxi and left the airport.

Savannah hadn't gone out with Olivia for a long time, and she didn't want to go back early. After seeing Donna off, she spent a day downtown with Olivia and had a meal before returning to the Sterling's house.

Night fell, and the street lights went on.

When Savannah walked into the porch, she found the servants standing in the hallway with their heads lowered, and there was a cowardly silence.

Looking up, she saw a tall figure standing near the French window, his hands behind his back.

Dylan was back.

A servant saw her coming back, hurried over, and whispered, "Miss Schultz, you're finally back. Mr. Sterling couldn't find you and is quite annoyed."

Savannah took out her mobile phone, only to find that there were more than a dozen missed calls.

She silenced the phone while watching a movie with Olivia. Then she forgot to turn it back on and missed his calls.

No wonder he was angry.

She went to the French window and stopped several paces from him, "I'm back," she murmured.

Dylan turned his head slightly, and his eyes were tight. "You still know to come back? Do you think you can forget the time when you're not living in Beverly Hills?"

Since the last time she was kidnapped, he had arranged additional bodyguards for her.

Every time she went out, there were more than three bodyguards following her in the dark.

When he couldn't get through her phone, his mind became unrested, and he immediately contacted her bodyguards, only to know that she was shopping with her friend. He felt relieved but then angrier.

She was so happy with her friend that she even didn't answer his call. Were his words still in her mind?

With the support of his father, the little woman got bolder and bolder!

Savannah smiled consciously, "sorry, Dylan. I went to see Donna off, and then I spent more time with Olivia. I seldom went out these days, so I forgot myself. I'm sorry, it won't happen again."

Based on past experience, apologizing first was better than waiting for his punishment. And it's better to be soft than stubborn.

So, she acted girly deliberately with an arch tone.

As expected, the harsh look in his eyes faded a little. Especially when she said that she seldom went out these days, his expression became much softer.

Seeing his face relaxed, Savannah immediately changed the subject, "has old Sterling returned? I'll see..."

She was about to turn around and go upstairs when her wrist was grasped by a large hand, which pulled her back. She suddenly fell into his wide and hot arms.

"He's already asleep," Dylan said in a low husky voice.

The little woman's trying to find a reason to run away from him again?

Dream on!

Dylan was holding her tightly against his arms. Savannah inhaled his clean, vital scent, flushing, and struggled out of his grasp. He pulled her close, and suddenly, he turned around with her, pushing her against the French window. Before she knew it, he pinned her to the glass window and brought his hand up to grasp her chin, and held her in place. He was suffocating her with his muscles and his body heat.

Savannah, facing all the servants, was actually blushing but dared not struggle again, "Dylan, everyone's watching us..." she muttered with shame.

Even if this was his home and all the people were the Sterling's servants, he didn't have to be so frivolous in front of them!