

Midnight 231

231: I'll Be Fine

He had gone too far in the study next to old Sterling's room last time...

Now they were in the living room! So many servants were watching!

"It's easy if you don't allow them to see." Dylan stared at the blushing little woman and suddenly raised his head.

"Close your eyes, all of you!" He shouted his order.

All the servants and maids present in the house bowed their heads obediently and closed their eyes.

"All right now?" Dylan looked down at the little cat in his arms with a slight flirtation.

Savannah, however, felt more embarrassed.

Even if they closed their eyes, they knew what they were doing!

Before she knew it, Dylan brought her face up, and his lips were on hers. Then he cupped her chin, pushing it up, giving him access to her throat. His lips glided down her throat, kissing, sucking, and nipping to the small dip at the base of her neck.

Since that time in the study, the little woman had avoided him all the time, and she even locked the door of the study every night or using his father as an excuse to keep him away.

Today was a good chance. His father was much better and went to bed early.

He wouldn't let her go again.

The sudden kiss almost made Savannah jump. She hurriedly bit his shoulder lest she would moan out!

She could die of shame if her crying was heard by those servants!

Was Dylan a pervert?

Dylan couldn't wait anymore. He picked her up and strode to the stairs.

He kissed her in front of the servants as a punishment only, and he never thought of acting sex in front of others, of course.

When his arms raised her up, the sickness feeling appeared again. She closed her eyes and held tight his neck, "Dylan, wait a moment, put me down..."

Dylan noticed her abnormality and paused, letting her stand on the ground. "What's the matter?"

"I feel a little dizzy..." she said as she held his arm to support herself.

"Dizzy again? Can't you find a fresh excuse?" Dylan sounded annoyed.

She acted the same in the study last time!

It happened every time. How could he believe her?

"I'm really dizzy and a little nauseous." Savannah looked at him like a child who was mistreated.

He narrowed his eyes, seeing that she did look a little pale, and he wasn't sure if she was trying to avoid him or if it was true. "I'll call Dr. Joe to see you."

"No. I don't need to see a doctor. Maybe I'm just tired after playing. Let me go to bed early today, and I'll be fine."

So, she's still trying to avoid him.

Dylan glanced coldly at her and said nothing.

Savannah was relieved to see that he didn't push her anymore. She turned and hurriedly ran up the stairs.

In Rosemount Villa.

Valerie leaned back on the sofa, eating fresh fruit while being massaged by a professional massage therapist.

She never thought she could live her life as the young mistress of this kind of villa again.

It was like being in heaven.

She touched her belly with satisfaction.

The massage therapist finished and made an appointment for tomorrow before she left.

Just then, Valerie's cell phone rang.

She picked it up drowsily and heard a familiar girl's voice through the phone.

"Is that Valerie Schultz?"

Valerie sat up straight and frowned. This voice sounded like her cousin's model friend, Olivia?

What did this girl call her for?

"What're you calling me for?" she answered with a sneering smile.

"I want to talk to you. Can you come out?" Olivia's voice was calm.

Valerie laughed ironically, "what do you want with me? Do I know you well? Bye --"

She recollected that in a café she was shot a video by a passer-by because of Savannah and Olivia, and it was a huge disgrace when the video was posted on Twitter.

"It's about the baby in you," Olivia said suddenly, "if you refused to come out, I don't mind looking for you at the Sterling's house."

Valerie's hands stiffened and her back broke into a cold sweat!

What did she mean? Why did the girl suddenly say this?

"I do not understand you." She sounded a little shaky, looking around, afraid any servant should hear her.

"Really? You'll seed when we meet." Olivia said in a half-sardonic way.

Valerie, feeling a little guilty after all, agreed to meet Olivia. They checked the time and place before hanging up.

Two hours later, Valerie slipped into a bar by herself.

Not knowing if Olivia discovered her secret, Valerie didn't ask the driver to take her out. No one knew she was out tonight. She had sent all the servants to rest before she sneaked out.

Walking into the bar, Valerie's heart beat violently.

This was the place where she drank her heart out and had a one-night stand with a strange man.

How did Olivia choose this place to meet her?

Did that girl know about her one-night stand?

No, how could that be?

She could only hope it was a coincidence.

Valerie restrained her heartbeat, and by virtue of the bar's unique dim light, she quietly went to the back stairs of the bar through the men and the women who were dancing or drinking.

It was quiet and empty here, suitable for talking.

Seeing Olivia, who had arrived earlier and was standing at the end of the hallway waiting, Valerie took a deep breath and walked over. "Anything to say? Say it now!" she muttered fiercely.

"Congratulations, Valerie, another pregnancy." Olivia watched Valerie coming and was pretty sure of her guess.

At the bar that day, the woman walking into a box with a strange man was Valerie.

Valerie's baby probably had a big problem! Otherwise, she wouldn't be guilty, not to mention coming here alone.

Valerie sneered, "do you come just to congratulate me? I'm afraid I'm not that close to you! What do you mean by asking me to come to a place like this?"

Olivia gazed at her slightly bulging belly, "this place? This place should be familiar to you. It's not the first time you've been here, is it?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about! I've never been here!" Valerie could hardly conceal the panic in her eyes.

"Is that so? But in the morning three months ago, I thought I saw you here, drunk, and entering a box with a man. I heard that your baby is three months too, right?" Olivia slowly disclosed her secret.

Valerie broke out in a heavy, cold sweat, her feet rooted to the ground.

Olivia saw it!

Seeing Valerie's expression, Olivia was finally able to tell that the woman she saw that morning was Valerie. "The unborn baby in you is troubled from a one-night stand, not your husband's child, nor old Sterling's great-grandson at all! Valerie, this is a lie, a flat out lie! You had seduced Savannah's fiancé, bullied Savannah, and almost sent her to prison by wronging her. That could be all gone. But now, in order to maintain your position in the Sterling family, you actually did such a disgusting thing! I urge you to be frank with your husband and old Sterling as soon as possible!"

232: What's Going On?

"What nonsense are you talking about? The baby in my belly is, of course, old Sterling's precious great-grandson!" Valerie lost her composure.

"Is that so? Good! I will ask Savannah to tell old Sterling to check the baby's DNA. Now the fetal DNA could be checked too!" Olivia called her out just to make sure that the woman was her. Now she believed the unborn baby in Valerie really had problems, so she didn't bother to talk to her any longer. Olivia turned and headed for the stairs to leave.

Valerie was relieved to hear that Olivia had not yet told Savannah. Seeing that she was leaving, she became nervous again and ran after Olivia to grab her arm.

"No! Don't tell Savannah - please!"

Olivia stopped and sneered, "so you admit to having a one-night stand with someone else and that the baby isn't your husband's own child, right?"

Valerie gritted her teeth and looked pale, "I know I was wrong. I'll tell Devin and old Sterling myself. Please, don't tell Savannah."

Olivia gave a snort of contempt. Would she tell them herself? How could that be? If it was known by the Sterlings, old Sterling must kill her!

Obviously, it was a stalling tactic!

She threw Valerie's arm away and, ignoring her, went straight downstairs.

She thought it's not a small matter and wanted to ascertain the fact before she told Savannah.

Now that everything was clear, what was she waiting for? As soon as she walked out of the bar, she would call and tell Savannah the whole matter!

Looking after Olivia's determined back, Valerie trembled all over.

No, the secret should never be known by the Sterlings! Otherwise, everything she had now—the luxurious house, the rich life, and Devin—would be taken away!

And this time, her life would be completely broken, and it was impossible to recover!

How could Devin allow her to have another man's child after a one-night stand? Her marriage with Devin was bound to end!

Valerie's eyes narrowed fiercely, and her mind was in a mess. The thought that she might lose everything deprived her of her reason. All she wanted now was to stop Olivia from telling anyone!

Suddenly she rushed over and pushed Olivia, who had just reached the edge of the stairs!

Olivia didn't expect her action, and she fell down the stairs—

Landing in a heap at the bottom, she didn't move any longer!

Valerie looked at Olivia, who was lying on the ground silently, a shudder quivering all through her. She woke up.

God! What did she do?

She ran down the stairs in a panic and saw Olivia's face white and colorless. What's more, there seemed to be some blood on her head...

In a panic, Valerie called her several times, but Olivia didn't respond. Sitting on the ground, she covered her mouth!

Olivia's not dead, is she?

Did she murder her?

No, no, she's not going to jail!

Olivia's expected to pull through! Doctor! The doctor could save her!

Valerie took out her cell phone and was about to dial 911 when she suddenly checked herself!

She took a look at Olivia, who was unconscious on the floor, and her eyes flashed!

If Olivia was dead...

That's not bad. All over the world, she was the only one who saw her that morning.

If she was dead, the secret would be completely buried, and no one would know!

Valerie was even a bit glad to have pushed Olivia down the stairs in time to stop her telling Savannah.

She slowly put the cell phone back into her pocket, looking around and made sure no one saw them. Luckily, there was no surveillance camera here.

Taking out her handkerchief, Valerie wiped everything she might have touched to clear her fingerprints, including Olivia's back. Then she stood up with a sigh of relief and straightened her slightly untidy clothes as if nothing had happened before she left the back stairs.

Walking to the front of the bar, she didn't leave right away.

If she left now, cameras in other places might catch her, and the police would suspect her when she found the time matched after an investigation.

Valerie thought for a while, walked to a sofa, and asked for a glass of juice. She tasted it slowly and left the bar two hours later.

The next morning.

Savannah had breakfast with old Sterling as usual.

Dylan had a meeting with his clients at 11:00 am, so he didn't leave the house early today and had breakfast with them together.

Throughout the meal, Savannah lowered her head and focused on the food in her plate, not able to look Dylan in the eye.

She had rejected him last night because of her sudden dizziness, and she knew he must be irritated and not happy now.

She picked at the bread for a few minutes, then pushed it away.

"Savannah, why don't you eat more?" old Sterling asked with concern.

"Well, I've no appetite today." Savannah smiled faintly. She didn't know why she had an upset stomach these days.

"No appetite? What's troubling you?"

"Nothing. Maybe because I ate too much ice cream yesterday, I felt a little nauseous. It's not a big deal. I'll be fine with a little hot water." Savannah waved her hands.

"Why not ask Dr. Joe to see you? Or let Dylan take you to the hospital." Old Sterling said earnestly.

"No, sir. I'm fine," said Savannah sweetly.

"She doesn't need a doctor," put in Dylan as he sipped the milk slowly, "maybe it's just an illusion."

Since he brought up the subject of giving him a baby again that day, the little woman had kept away from him, saying that she was dizzy and nauseous every time.

Would such a coincidence be possible? She just made excuses on purpose!

Old Sterling looked at them, frowning slightly. The atmosphere between them seemed to be somewhat strange.

Before he could say anything, Savannah's phone rang on the table.

"Oh, sorry," Savannah walked away and answered the phone.

After a while, she seemed to become excited. "What? Where's Olivia now? Okay, Matt, wait for me. I'll be right there!"

Dylan and old Sterling both stopped eating and looked over.

Hanging up the phone, Savannah almost stumbled to the table with an expression of horror, "Sir, I'm sorry, I've something urgent to do, and I must go out now..."

"What happened, Savannah?" old Sterling asked when he saw her look like a lost soul.

Savannah's voice caught in her throat.

Dylan's face clouded. He left the table and strode up to her, "what's going on?"

His voice calmed Savannah down.

"It's Matt. He said that Olivia had an accident. She was found unconscious under the stairs of a bar late last night." Savannah's voice choked.

Dylan pondered for a moment, then motioned to the servant to get his car ready. He took her by the hand and said, "I'll go with you."

Out of her mind, Savannah was taken out of the villa and led into his car by him.

She couldn't remember how the car got to the hospital. Her mind was gone, empty, completely blank. Outside the intensive care unit, Matt was sitting on a bench in the hallway, head cradled in his hands.

233: How Could It Be?

"Matt! What the hell is going on?" Savannah held her breath and ran to him.

Matt looked up at them, his face worn and sallow. It seemed that the stubble came out of his face after a sleepless night.

He stood up and said in a husky voice, "Olivia didn't come back late yesterday. I knew she would see her cousin off, so I didn't think much at first. After eleven, I was a little anxious, so I called her. No one answered the phone. When I was ready to go out to find her, I received a call from the police. They said that Olivia was found seriously injured in the bar called Hot Bird. It seemed that she had fallen down the stairs..."

He choked and stopped here.

"Olivia and I went shopping in the afternoon, and we separated after dinner. Why did she go to the bar? How did she fall down the stairs for no reason? Did the police find anything?" Savannah was burning with anxiety.

"I don't know. The police said they were investigating and would not be able to reveal any progress." Matt said helplessly.

Savannah took a look at the ICU worriedly. "How's Olivia now?"

"The doctor said she had intracranial bleeding. It's not a slight injury. Her life isn't in danger temporarily, but...we don't know when she'll wake up, and it's quite possible that..." Matt's voice broke even more.

"And what?" Savannah had a bad feeling.

"It's probably that she'll never wake up." Matt gritted his teeth and said no more.

Did it mean Olivia could be a vegetable? She's so young... How could it be?

Savannah felt groggy, falling down, and was just in time to be held by Dylan's strong arms. She regained her balance and ran to the door of the ICU, "I want to see Olivia..."

"There are regular visiting hours in the ICU. We can't see her now. I've only glanced at Olivia once since yesterday..." Matt sobbed.

Dylan saw the disappointment on Savannah's face, knowing she wanted to see her good friend now. He turned his head and made a sign to the bodyguard standing at the end of the corridor.

The bodyguard immediately understood what Mr. Sterling meant. He turned around and left. A few minutes later, the bodyguard came back with a nurse.

The nurse led Savannah and Matt outside the ICU.

Through a glass window, Savannah saw Olivia lying in bed in the ward.

Olivia, who laughed and joked with her yesterday, was now lying dead in bed with her head wrapped in white gauze and a ventilator on her nose and mouth.

Savannah covered her mouth. Her heart sickened within her, and she almost cried out.

"Olivia, what happened to you?"

"Why did you go to the bar alone and fall down the stairs?!"

Matt looked at Olivia with red-rimmed eyes.

Walking out of the ICU, Savannah threw herself into Dylan's arms and wept.

Dylan pressed her head on his chest, patting her back gently, and let her cry. When she finally calmed down, he said softly, "good girl, don't cry."

Savannah knew this was not the time to cry. She dried her tears and walked up to Matt, saying, "Matt, please take care of Olivia these days."

Matt always joked and fought with Olivia like a little boy, but when such a serious event happened, he behaved much more mature.

"Olivia's my girlfriend, and we planned to marry this year. I'll never give up on her. Savannah, that's fine, you may rest assured." He said as he gave a firm glance at the door of the ICU.

Savannah almost burst into tears again. She nodded and left the hospital with Dylan.

Before getting in the car, Dylan stopped and looked at her sullen face. He tucked a strand of her messy hair to the back of her ear and kissed her on her forehead softly. "Don't worry. When you went into the ICU, I asked the bodyguard to tell the hospital director to take good care of Olivia. She'll be fine."

Savannah looked up at Dylan with her tearful eyes, and a wave of emotion swept through her heart. She knew that with his order, the hospital would not ignore Olivia.

"Thank you, Dylan." She bit her lip and said.

He never cared about other people, but this time, it was an exception.

It wasn't because he became a kind and gentleman, but because Olivia was the woman's good friend and the only same-sex friend.

"But there's one more thing I want to ask you..." Savannah looked at him tentatively, her eyes sparkling.

Dylan raised his eyebrows.

"Olivia's now become like this... All her family and relatives are not here except Matt. I want to come to see her every day, can I?" She knew that he wouldn't say anything if she came to the hospital occasionally. But if she wanted to come every day, he would probably be displeased, so she had to ask for permission in advance.

Under her eyes shining with expectation, he finally nodded, "let the bodyguards follow you every time you went out. Don't come back too late."

Savannah busily nodded, surprisingly happy when he agreed.

After Olivia's accident, Savannah went to the hospital every day.

Old Sterling was much better, and he knew Olivia was Savannah's only friend, so he didn't say anything.

A week later, Olivia's vital signs stabilized. She had passed the critical period and was transferred from intensive care to the general ward, but there was no sign of recovery.

Each time Savannah went to the hospital, she sat at the bedside speaking to her, hoping she would wake up. Matt would tell her about the progression of the investigation.

She still wondered how Olivia could go to the bar alone after departing with her, and then fell down the back stairs.

This morning, Savannah went to the hospital as usual. Before she entered the ward, she saw Matt speaking to a man in a police uniform at the door of the ward, heatedly.

"Matt, what's wrong?" She hurried over.

"The officer said the result of Olivia's case had come out. It turned out to be that Olivia fell down the stairs herself!" Matt clearly disagreed with the findings.

It was not only Matt who had a problem with the result but Savannah also. "Officer, is this the end of the case? She couldn't have fallen down the stairs by herself. There're too many doubts! Did you check the surveillance videos around the bar?!"

"We don't need you to teach us what to do! Of course, we did! Surveillance at the bar door showed Olivia had gone into the bar alone, and no one was with her. She must have fallen downstairs herself." The officer said roughly.

"Have you checked the security videos of the back stairs after the crime?" Savannah did not give up!

"The back of the bar is a storage area for odds and ends, and few people go there. There's no monitoring."

"That is, it's not at all clear whether Olivia fell downstairs herself or was pushed downstairs by others! Then how can you close the case like this?" Savannah gnashed her teeth.

234: Am I A Common Person?

"Yes, officer, please investigate the case again. Olivia couldn't have fallen downstairs for no reason!" Matt was not convinced too.

A trace of impatience showed on the officer's face. "We checked the girl's background. She doesn't have any enemies, and she's just a model, not a head of state. Who's going to murder her?" Then he turned and left.

Savannah watched the police leave with clenched fists. She didn't believe Olivia had fallen herself.

If Olivia was murdered, how could they let the murderer go free?

She had been framed, and she knew the feeling of powerlessness and bitterness when an injustice that could not be righted.

Olivia must be painful if she had been pushed downstairs by others but couldn't say it out now!

After seeing Olivia in the ward for a moment, she got up and left.

Out of the hospital, she stood on the side of the road with a heavy heart for a long time.

Not far away, the Sterling's bodyguard came up to Savannah when she saw her standing rooted to the ground, afraid that she might have an accident. "Miss Schultz, what happened? Where do you want to go now?"

Awakened by his voice, Savannah looked up, startled for a moment, and then began to look for a taxi.

"Miss Schultz, where are you going now? Back to the Sterling's house?" The bodyguard asked.

Savannah looked straight at the comings and goings of the cars on the road and answered, "the city police station!"

The bodyguard was amazed, "the city police? Why?"

Just at that moment, a taxi stopped, and Savannah didn't have time to say more. She got in the car and slammed the door.

The bodyguard looked at the car driving away, took a breath, and then hurriedly called Mr. Sterling.

"Sir, Miss Schultz came out of the hospital and went to the city police."

* * *

The Los Angeles Police Department.

It was the first time for Savannah to come to this place. When she was wronged by Valerie last time, Susan asked two officers to arrest her but was in time stopped by Dylan, so she didn't come here at last.

She didn't expect that, for the sake of her best friend, she came today.

Taking a deep breath, she walked to the front desk. "Excuse me."

"Register here." The reception didn't lift his head.

"No, I'm here... to ask for the surveillance video for a case," Savannah said calmly.

"What do you mean?" The front officer looked up in surprise.

"My friend Olivia was seriously injured days before, and the police thought she had done it herself, so they closed the case. But I don't agree. I think it was an attempted murderer, and I want to get the surveillance video that night and investigate it myself."

The officer paused for a moment, then burst out laughing, "are you kidding? Miss, this is the police station, not your home! When the police reached a conclusion on a case, it can't be doubted! What's more, who are you? How can I give physical evidence like surveillance video to you?!"

"But this case really has a lot of doubtful points! If you don't want to make more investigation, I'll do it myself!" Savannah was worried.

"Enough, Miss! This is the police station, if you keep harassing us with unreasonable demands, don't blame us for being rude to you!" The officer raised his tone!

"Unreasonable demands? I just want to know the truth!" Savannah didn't give up.

"You are obstructing official business in this way, you know?" As he said this, two uniformed officers approached at once.

"I beg you to reinvestigate it, please!" Savannah, regardless of the two strong men, said earnestly.

The two police officers looked at each other and were ready to grab Savannah by her shoulders. At that moment, sonorous footsteps came, accompanied by a man's cold and emphatic voice,

"Who dares touch her?"

The policemen present were all struck dumb.

The coming man was dressed in a pure black suit, tall, broad-shouldered, and slim. He was endowed with a noble and dignified manner, which made him sterner than the policemen. His dark eyes now flared with anger, falling coldly on the officers.

The two police officers paused and gasped when they saw the man in front of them clearly.

Dylan Sterling!

Dylan walked to Savannah, held her hand, and pulled her to his side. "Why come to this place alone?" His tone was stern.

She could feel his displeasure and anger and knew that she had made him unhappy. "... I want to reinvestigate Olivia's case..." she murmured.

"Investigation is the job of the police." He said more sharply.

The little woman became bolder that she dared to go to the police station by herself.

If the bodyguard hadn't notified him or he had failed to arrive in time, she might have been hailed in the police station.

"But the police concluded that Olivia fell downstairs on her own. I can't believe it. I want to investigate it myself!" Savannah said stubbornly. Then she pulled his sleeve, "Dylan, please, help me..."

As long as he could speak for her, the police wouldn't refuse him!

Dylan glanced at the woman with a frown.

Just then, the police chief, who learned that Dylan was here, came out to see him, "Mr. Sterling --"

Then his eyes fell on Savannah. He remembered the girl, who was kidnapped and almost sold to Mexico. In order to save this girl, Mr. Sterling almost turned the whole world over and flew to Mexico personally! Thinking of this, he hurriedly scolded the officers. "What are you doing? What did you do to Miss Schultz?"

The three officers understood immediately that the girl had a strong relationship with Mr. Sterling. They took a breath and said, "Sir... this woman... this young lady wants the surveillance video for a case. We told her that surveillance video is important physical evidence and can't be given to her. But the lady insisted..."

The police chief learned the whole story and then turned to Savannah, "Miss Schultz, I'm sorry, surveillance video can't be shown to common people."

Hearing this, Savannah could only bite her lip. Seeing the disappointed look on her face, Dylan spoke and asked, "Am I a common person?"

The police chief paused and then reacted, "of course not! Mr. Sterling's a well-known figure of extraordinary status. It's our honor to have the case checked by people like you!"

Savannah was speechless. When she asked for the surveillance video, she was almost thrown into prison. Now Dylan wanted to interfere in the affair, he could even receive thanks from the police!

"Good. Then please took it out for me to have a look." Dylan's tone was authoritative.

"Get ready for Mr. Sterling!" The police chief ordered his subordinates and then turned to Dylan. "Mr. Sterling," he said, "please come with me."

Dylan glanced at Savannah and then strode in with the chief. Savannah opened her eyes in pleased surprise, hurrying over to them.

They followed the chief into the interrogation room, which had a 40-inch television, and the surveillance video was ready.

235: Let Her Do What She Wanted

"Here's the surveillance video within hours of Olivia's accident. It was taken by the monitoring system at the doorway of Hot Bird," the director said.

"Thanks, chief." Dylan motioned to the police chief not to follow.

The police chief said nothing, nodded, and went out.

In the interrogation room, there were only Savannah and Dylan, very quiet.

Savannah looked at Dylan and said, "thank you."

She didn't expect that he would help her.

Dylan gave her a cold look. If he didn't help her, she would certainly make a noise when she returned home.

Let her do what she wanted all at once!

Savannah couldn't wait to pick up the remote control and pressed Play.

On the screen, the sign of Hot Bird appeared.

Guests came in and out under the street lights.

Savannah stared at the screen for any suspicious characters or details.

She didn't fast-forward in case she might miss anything.

The hours wore on; Savannah's eyes were sore and heavy from staring at the screen for a long time, but she just rubbed them and continued.

Dylan sat in a chair on one side and said nothing.

Finally, a familiar figure on the screen picked Savannah up. She quickly pressed the Pause button!

In the surveillance, the figure was about to enter the bar.

Although the picture was muddy, the figure was so familiar that Savannah was absolutely sure she knew her!

It was her cousin, Valerie!

"Did you see that? It's Valerie!" Savannah called Dylan, pointing to the screen.

Dylan obviously saw it. He scowled, "why did she go to the bar in the middle of the night?"

That's right!

Valerie was pregnant now. She valued this baby a lot and stayed in Rosemount Villa every day. How could she go to the bar late at night?!

What's more, she went to the same bar where Olivia had an accident!

Was it just a coincidence?

Savannah continued to stare at the screen.

Two hours later, Valerie emerged from the bar again.

Unfortunately, there was no monitoring inside the bar. It was impossible to track Valerie's whereabouts after she entered the bar. Whether Valerie went to the back stair to meet Olivia was still not clear, let alone whether she pushed Olivia down the stairs!

Savannah stood up, walking out in quick steps but was stopped by Dylan's crisp voice, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to tell the police that Valerie is a suspect!" This couldn't be a coincidence. Valerie happened to go to the same bar where Olivia had an accident on the same night?

Olivia was seriously injured and unconscious, which must have something to do with Valerie!

Dylan grinned, stretched out the corners of his mouth. "Do you have any proof? The surveillance video showed that Valerie went to the bar alone that night, without any contact with Olivia, let alone pushing Olivia down the stairs."

"That's not how things were! Valerie must have something to do with Olivia's injury! I'm sure!" Savannah cried.

"What's the use? You have to convince the police. But now, do you have any proof?" Dylan replied mercilessly, restraining her from taking such a foolish step.

Savannah stayed a moment, snuffling, "what do you mean? Just forget about it? Let Valerie off? In any case, I shall tell the police to investigate Valerie!"

"As you can see, Valerie left the bar two hours after Olivia's falling. That is to say, if she is the murderer, she had been deliberately arranged to leave very late. During the period, she must have let the waiter saw her, which could free her from suspicion. When the police question her, she can prove that she is innocent. What's more, if you let the police check on her, you'll only keep her on her guard!" said Dylan patiently.

Savannah listened and began to sweat with anxiety.

She knew her cousin was not a kind woman, but she never thought Valerie had such a ruthless nature!

Why? Why did Valerie do this to Olivia!?

What conflict could Olivia have with Valerie?

The only contact they had had was that Valerie had made a fool of herself because of Olivia a few months ago in a café. At that time, Valerie was recorded in a video that was posted to Twitter by a passer-by and was known as the other woman by everyone for a period of time.

But she was not that stupid. Now she just began to lead a life of luxury and privilege. She wouldn't murder Olivia for that to trouble herself!

Why did Valerie do that to Olivia?

According to the surveillance video, Olivia went to the bar first, and Valerie came in later.

Could it be that...Olivia asked Valerie to meet her at the bar, and then they got into an argument? Did Valerie push Olivia down the stairs in anger?

But why did Olivia meet with Valerie in person?

What made Valerie take the risk of being a murder to murder Olivia?

It seemed that hopes were fading for finding the truth. The light in Savannah's big eyes became dim.

"What does that mean?" Savannah asked faintly. "I can do anything."

Dylan stared at her. The little woman looked pale and red-eyed, tired and thin as if she would fall down with a gust of wind.

He got up and came slowly toward her, pulling her into a warm embrace. "Don't noise it abroad now. Watch your chance in the dark, and the enemy would show the cloven hoof sooner or later." His voice was steady, calming her down.

Yeah, maybe Dylan's right.

Now she had no evidence. Rushing to accuse Valerie now would only make her alert.

The secret investigation might help to find some clues!

She nodded, and at the same moment, she felt dizzy and close to fainting.

"What's wrong?" Dylan clasped her waist, startled.

"Too tired, I guess, after watching the video for several hours. Let's go back." Supporting herself by his arms, she stood up straight.

Dylan frowned when he saw her walking slowly toward the door. He went straight to her, lifted her to his arms, and then left the room.

"Dylan, let me down, I can walk myself..." Savannah recovered and struggled slightly.

"I don't want to see my woman faint at the police station," he said. A dim light struck his handsome face, and he squeezed her to his arms. Then he strode to the front hall.

Savannah could not escape from his clasp, so she had to wrap her arms to his neck and let him carry her out.

The police chief and his subordinates were waiting outside. They were surprised to see Mr. Sterling come out with Savannah in his arms. However, they just withdrew their eyes from them without saying anything, pretending not to see.

Savannah blushed and buried her head in Dylan's arms as Dylan strode out of the police station.

* * *

After returning from the police station, Savannah visited Olivia every day so as to take Matt's place when he had to work.

Olivia was still in a coma from her injuries.

This day, Savannah spent the day at the hospital as usual. She read her favorite gossip magazine and sometimes spoke to Olivia, who was in a coma.

At the end of the day, the sun was down, and the room was fading to monochrome. Olivia's wizened face looked paler in the light of the sunset.

236: I Try To Find The Person Who Harm You

Savannah looked at her good friend, who was always full of life and fun, now lying silently on the bed. Tears seized her eyes. Olivia did nothing to deserve her injuries, and the one who hurt her had gotten away with it!

Eventually, these feelings could be held in no longer; Savannah couldn't help but gently hold Olivia's cold, unconscious little hand.

"Olivia, pick yourself up, wake up, and tell me what's going on. Why did you go to the bar that night? Why did you fall downstairs? Did you go there to meet Valerie? Valerie did it? Please, wake up and don't let the one who hurt you get away with it!"

Olivia was lying on her bed, motionless like a petrified statue.

Tears streamed down Savannah's cheeks. She wiped away her tears with her sleeve, taking a deep breath. "Olivia, you try to wake up, and I try to find the person who did you harm."

Since her father died and was adopted by her uncle's family, few people were willing to help her out of real concern.

Olivia was her only friend, one of the few people in her life who cared about her.

In her mind, Olivia was more of a sister than a friend.

Now Olivia had an accident, she had to get it straight for her.

What's more, Savannah felt that Olivia's accident might have something to do with her.

Otherwise, she couldn't figure out why Olivia would have asked Valerie to meet her at the bar.

Olivia was not on terms with Valerie at all.

Because of this, it was more necessary for her to find out the truth.

Just then, the door of the ward was opened. Matt had finished his work and came to the hospital to take care of Olivia in place of Savannah.

Seeing Savannah speaking to Olivia with tears, Matt sighed and put some fruit on the bed cabinet. "Savannah, you've been with Olivia all day, and you must be tired. Go back first, and I'll take care of her in the evening."

Savannah picked herself up, nodded. She looked back at Olivia and then left the hospital.

Back to the villa, she was still in her most spiritless manner. The thought that Olivia was still unconscious made her dejected. With her head drooping down, she silently walked into the gate, not even responding to the servants' greetings along the way.

Before she entered the main house's door, a tall figure came to her, blocking the way.

Looking up, she saw Dylan standing on the steps. He came back early than expected today. "You're back," she roused herself and said.

Although the little woman was trying to conceal her gloomy mood, he could still see a weariness from her expression.

Maybe she shouldn't be allowed to go to the hospital every day.

He strode down the steps, wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her tightly against him. Lowering his head, he whispered in her ear, "Devin and Valerie are here."

Savannah's expression changed. Especially when she heard Valerie's name, her body reacted with a tremor, and she clenched her fist.

Dylan was afraid that she would not be able to conceal her emotions in front of Valerie, so he told her in advance.

"Have you forgotten what I told you?" Dylan admonished and, taking her hand, led her upstairs.

Savannah nodded. There was no evidence that Valerie was guilty, so she must keep calm.

They walked into the house together.

There was a ring of laughter in the sitting room.

Valerie and Devin were sitting on the sofa, chatting and laughing with old Sterling.

Valerie was good at making elders happy, and she seized every chance to please old Sterling. This time was the same. She did her best to make old Sterling laugh all the time.

Looking at Valerie's smile, Savannah thought of Olivia in the hospital bed and clenched her teeth.

Olivia became so because of Valerie, and nobody knew if she'd ever wake up.

But Valerie made all the way to the top, becoming a winner in her life...

It's really unfair!

Although Savannah told herself to calm down, she found it difficult to refrain from feeling exasperated. She wished she could rush to Valerie and asked her why she hurt Olivia!

Fortunately, Dylan noticed her turbulent moods; he squeezed her little hand and shook it gently.

Then she calmed down and went in with him.

"Savannah, you come back." Old Sterling waved to her lovingly.

Savannah managed a smile.

Valerie, sitting beside old Sterling, sneered in her sleeve. She felt her slightly upturned belly as she eyed Savannah with disdain and jealousy.

Oh, Savannah still lived in the Sterling's house. How shameless! Under the pretense of taking good care of old Sterling, she stayed in the house for such a long time. It seemed that she flattered old Sterling well.

Valerie clenched her teeth. She was old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law, but she could only live in Rosemount Villa! Her cousin, however, was nobody but lived here.

Well, it doesn't matter. Valerie thought, Savannah, I will see how long you can stay.

When she gave birth to the Sterling family's fourth generation, old Sterling would be overjoyed and would like to live with his great-grandson.

When she and her dear son moved back to the house, Savannah would be too abashed to stay here!

"How's your friend?" Old Sterling asked.

Savannah took a casual look at Valerie and then replied, "Thanks for your concern, sir. My friend is further stabilized now."

Valerie quavered inwardly with nervousness by Savannah's glance. Then she took a very small drink of the water and pretended she knew nothing about it.

The police found nothing, and they had determined that Olivia slipped and fell downstairs herself. What else was she afraid of?

Then Valerie looked up and said, "Savannah, I heard that you go to the hospital to visit your friend every day, and you must be very tired. Come to have a rest and have some fruit."

Seeing Valerie's self-satisfied dignity, Savannah felt sad and helpless.

Did Valerie think her crime would never be discovered and she could lead a happy life ever after?

With a soft smile on her face, Savannah replied, "okay, Valerie. Thanks."

With that, she released Dylan's hand and walked to Valerie.

She knew how to act too!

Dylan was relieved to see her smile at Valerie, knowing that she had calmed down. He took off his coat and sat down on an armchair.

After a while, Valerie said she had a backache after a long- time sitting and wanted to go for a walk in the garden.

Devin planned to put up a good show in front of his grandfather. "I'll go with you," he said with a smile.

An idea came to Savannah. She winked at Dylan.

Dylan raised his eyebrows. The little woman wanted him to help her get rid of Devin.

He didn't know what she planned, but he believed she wouldn't do anything impulsive.

There was silence for half a second before he finally said, "Devin, I've something about business to discuss with you. Why not let a maid take Valerie out for a walk?"

237: How Did Savannah Know?

Since Dylan said this, Devin could only nod, "... Oh, all right." Then he called a maid to accompany Valerie out, and he sat down on the sofa again.

Savannah glanced gratefully at Dylan.

Several minutes after Valerie's departure, Savannah found an excuse for going out too.

Valerie, accompanied by the maid, strolled slowly through the garden.

Suddenly, in the front of the path, Savannah appeared, and she stared straight at her.

Valerie paused. She did not expect that her cousin would take the initiative to find her, and she had never seen her cousin look at her in such a cold, regardless manner.

Savannah used to be gentle and timid.

If the predatory society was a big forest, Savannah was a deer standing aloof from worldly strife.

She didn't have such cold and fine eyes even when Devin broke up with her.

An involuntary shudder passed over Valerie.

Savannah was slowly approaching her.

"Savannah, you... come out for a walk?" Valerie recovered her senses.

"Well. I felt quite stuffy in the room, so I went out for a walk. Now that we meet, I think we might as well take a walk together." Savannah's tone was quiet and calm.

When did Savannah change her temper? She was never so close to her! Valerie trembled a little. Savannah must want something from her!

Had her cousin realized she had something to do with Olivia's accident?

No. Not even the police found anything. How did she know?

If Savannah had any proof, she would have asked the police to arrest her.

"You don't mind walking with me, do you?" Savannah asked intentionally.

Recently, Valerie had been playing sisterly love in front of the Sterling family to please old Sterling, so she could not refuse Savannah.

"I'll accompany my cousin. You can go back first." Savannah said to the maid.

"What're you going to do?" Valerie was alarmed when she saw Savannah drive the maid away.

Savannah chuckled, "my dear sister, are you afraid of me?"

"No..." Valerie felt that her cousin today was different from her usual self, and this feeling made her a little nervous.

"We'll have a private conversation, and I don't think you want it to be heard by others." Savannah paused, leaning forward, and whispered to her ear, "after all, it involves some of your secrets, and it's not proper for outsiders to know. I don't care, but I'm afraid you won't want them to overhear us..." Her voice was quiet and almost menacing.

The last sentence made Valerie tremble.

What did that mean?

She gnashed her teeth. If she didn't let the maid leave, Savannah might say something that she did not want to mention. Finally, she waved to the maid, "that's fine, you go ahead."

"Yes, madam." The maid hung her head and left.

There were only two of them in the garden now. The atmosphere became strained and quiet.

"Speak out. What are you trying to say?" When the maid left, Valerie didn't have to pretend to be nice and gentle. She looked at her cousin, sternly.

Savannah slipped into her pocket and pressed the recording switch on her mobile phone secretly.

"Nothing," she looked at Valerie with a sarcastic smile, "I just want to ask you where you were on the evening of the 20th of last month?"

It was for this case!

Valerie was taken aback by this question, and a cold shiver ran down her spine. How did Savannah know?

Her heart thumped audibly as she glanced at Savannah with a strange laugh. "I can't remember exactly that far back. Do you get rid of the maid to ask me this? How boring you are!"

"If you don't remember, let me remind you. You went to Hot Bird to meet Olivia, right?" Savannah still spoke in an undertone but enunciated each word clearly and carefully.

Valerie's heart contracted with panic.

She knew a lot! She even knew she had gone to the bar that day!

Now that she knew that she had been there, there must be evidence. It was no use to hide.

But she certainly had no proof that she had pushed Olivia down the stairs! Otherwise, she would have called the police and told them to arrest her!

With darkness in Valerie's eyes, she said carelessly. "So what? Yes, I went to a bar one night last month. I just got bored at home and had a drink at the bar."

"Really?" Savannah walked two steps closer.

"Oh. You don't mean to say I murdered your best friend, do you? Come on, why would I murder her? Do you have any proof?" Valerie bit her lip.

In order to spur Valerie on, Savannah raised her tone and said with sarcasm, "Valerie, I don't know why, but I'm sure Olivia's accident was to do with you! You pushed Olivia downstairs! Now there's no one else, just admit what you have done, would you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" Valerie averted from Savannah's gaze.

"Oh, you can also say you are just a coward!" Savannah continued, "You're not as good as your mother-in-law Susan! Although she's wicked, she never hid what she had done. But look at you, you don't even have the courage to admit your doings! You are such a wimp! And you don't have the appearance of the young mistress of the house at all!"

Then Savannah held her breath, waiting for Valerie's reply.

She knew Valerie's character very well. Valerie had to win everything. How could she stand to be taunted like this by her?!

That's why she came up with the idea—recording her voice when she admitted her attempted murder!

So far, that was the only way!

After Valerie admitted that she did it, she could hand over the recording to the police, and it's done!

Valerie blazed with anger as Savannah expected. She clenched her fist and was about to speak when she heard a shout from her back, "Valerie!"

Devin rushed over. He seemed to hear the conversation. Glancing at Savannah thoughtfully, he whispered something to Valerie.

After hearing what Devin said, Valerie rushed to Savannah, took out a cell phone from her pocket, and took one look. The phone was recording now!

"How dare you record!" Valerie shouted, shooting Savannah a sharp look.

Then she broke out in cold sweat. Luckily, she didn't get the urge to say something she shouldn't! Otherwise, the little bitch would take it as evidence!

Devin was also relieved. Just now, he saw the maid come back alone and learned that Savannah went to the garden for Valerie. He was afraid that Savannah might do something, so he found an excuse for looking for Valerie here.

When he entered the garden, he heard their conversation from a distance.

He remembered that he did not see Valerie on the night of the 20th when he returned to Rosemount Villa! That night, Valerie came back late, and she just said that she went out for a walk alone when asked.

238: It's Purely Fictitious Slander

He blamed her for going out without taking a driver or a maid. What if the baby in her had any problem? So he remembered the night very clearly!

Could it be... Did Valerie hurt Savannah's best friend that night?

Why did Valerie do that?

No matter whether Valerie did it or not, or why she did it, Devin knew that Valerie must not go to jail at this time!

Otherwise, she would get him in trouble again!

When Savannah deliberately angered Valerie, he sensed something wrong. He realized that Savannah was deliberately trying to elicit Valerie's words. From his sight, he could also see the mobile phone screen in Savannah's pocket flashing. So he understood immediately that Savannah was recording their conversation and reminded Valerie at once.

"Savannah, I didn't know you had a lot of fun playing the dirty trick of the recording!" Devin said coldly.

Dirty trick? Was it dirtier than Valerie's attempted murder?

Savannah could no longer control herself. She tried to hold back, for she wanted to trap Valerie into damaging revealments. Since it failed, all her anger boiled over. She rushed over to Valerie, thoroughly aroused.

"Valerie! Tell me, why did you hurt Olivia? What did she do to offend you? She is so young, but she may never wake up. Are you really free from any guilt? I used to think you were just selfish, but now I know you are not just selfish, but wicked and loathsome!"

"I don't know what you're talking about! When did I hurt her? It's purely fictitious slander! I can sue you! Devin, look at her! I'm so frightened!" Valerie hid behind Devin in fear.

Devin held out his hand and was about to grab Savannah's arm when he heard a voice, cold as a glacier, coming through the night,

"What are you doing?"

Devin gasped and looked over. Against the setting sun, Dylan was striding over to them like an emperor in a commanding manner.

Devin took a breath, realizing that if he really grabbed Savannah's arm, the next moment, his hand would be cut off. He retracted his hand immediately.

Dylan walked up to Savannah and grabbed her arm, pulling her behind him.

Devin looked back and said, "uncle, I know Valerie was not sensible before and had wronged Savannah, but Valerie had apologized. Obviously, Savannah still bears a grudge in her heart and use such a thing, and attempted murder, to wrong Valerie! It's revenge! Savannah's yours, I know. But now, she has wronged Valerie without any evidence. I'm afraid that it will be her fault even if we ask grandpa to uphold justice."

Dylan looked at Devin and Valerie coldly. "It just never happened. Don't mention it in front of my father."

"Never happened?" Devin narrowed his eyes. "She had just wronged Valerie in that way! If Valerie were emotionally aroused, that would be no laughing matter! In Valerie's belly, there's grandpa's precious great-grandson!"

Valerie was always a surly unforgiving woman. Hiding behind Devin, she whispered, "that's true! Am I unjustly wronged for nothing?"

"What do you want then?" Dylan's face clouded over, and his eyes deceptive.

Devin sensed the ghostly danger in his uncle's voice, and before he could speak, Valerie glared at Savannah furiously and said in the first place, "I'll tell grandpa that she lost her mind and wronged me, pressing me to admit the crime, which made me almost fall down!"

Last time, she was hated by old Sterling because of Savannah and was almost thrown out of the Sterling family!

Today was the day to make her pay!

Dylan stared at Valerie with his darkened eyes, "are you sure?" asked him sardonically.

The three words were as cold and quiet as the coming dark night, indicating a storm lurking just beneath a placid surface.

A shiver ran down Devin's back. After all, he was still in the Sterling group, and it was easy for his uncle to find his fault when he wanted.

Enough was enough for today.

Even if Savannah were punished when Valerie complained to grandpa, he would offend his uncle, and there would be no benefit for him.

He and Valerie had just won back grandpa's favor, and they were not yet ready to fight with his uncle.

Thinking of this, he hurriedly pulled Valerie and smiled at his uncle, "all right. Forget it."

"Forget it? I'm wronged by her..." Valerie murmured reluctantly.

Devin frowned her down, taking her hand, and led her out of the garden.

In the garden, there were only Dylan and Savannah now.

"I thought you were patient, but it seemed that you should still learn how to keep your temper." Dylan broke his silence.

"Almost... Valerie almost said it out." Savannah watched Valerie go with an angry red face, tears in her eyes.

Dylan stared at the little woman with mixed emotions.

Perhaps he should not have let her meddle in the case.

Now she went to the hospital every day, thinking about how to expose Valerie all the time, and lost a lot of weight!

"Do you think this cleverness will do any good? Even if you record her confession of murdering Olivia, it wouldn't be direct evidence. When you tell dad, she may even say that she's threatened and forced by you. At last, you'll still be blamed."

Just like before, if he had not come in time, Devin and Valerie would have already taken her to old Sterling!

Valerie would hold her belly crying and complaining, and old Sterling would surely blame her or even punish her.

He knew his father's character well. Although he liked the little woman, he would never be indulgent when it came to his great-grandson.

Savannah bit her lip, "I don't care! It's better than waiting while doing nothing!"

"I do regret letting you do too much now," Dylan snapped, "from today on, you stay at home and do nothing! You mustn't interfere with Olivia's case anymore!"

"Why? Olivia's best friend. She became so because of me! I must get her justice!"

Dylan stared at her and said sarcastically, "I'm afraid you've done yourself over before you can get justice for others. Look at yourself, so pale and emaciated now!"

Her little face was wasted and colorless, and her eyes were red with blood. She had been consumed by Olivia's case!

239: No One Knows

"In any case, from today on, no further investigation or visits to Olivia are allowed." With that, he turned and headed for the villa.

"Dylan! What do you mean?" Savannah ran after him, startled.

"I mean, I'm going to restrict you from going out these days! Stay here and have a good rest. Don't get involved with Olivia's case anymore!" Dylan's tone was decisive.

"Fuck! Why?"

With longer legs, Dylan walked much faster. Savannah hastened her steps to keep up with his stride, and she almost bumped into his chest when he came to an abrupt halt and turned around. Before she knew, he took her chin in his hand and tilted her head up to reach her eyes, "why? Just because I'm your man! You must obey! You remember our agreement, don't you?"

Staggered by his overbearing words, Savannah clenched her teeth.

That's right.

When he was in a good mood, he would allow her to visit Olivia and even help her to get the surveillance video for the case. But he could also change his mind at any time.

She had no power to decide anything as his little pet!

"Over? Then get in!" Seeing her silence, Dylan turned and walked toward the villa. Savannah's nose twitched and a sudden feeling of faintness which she had had a few days ago came to her again. She hadn't had dinner yet, but she felt like fetching up and nearly fell down. Fortunately, she balanced herself by leaning one arm against the flower wall beside her!

Dylan noticed that she didn't follow, stopped, and turned his head, frowning, "what's up?"

There was still that feeling of sickness in Savannah, but she did not bother to tell him. "Nothing," she said, biting her teeth and tried to draw herself up, "Dylan, you don't know what a friend means. We help each other when we meet with difficulties! Yeah, you're even so cold to your own father. You're a cold-blooded person. How do you know that?!"

At this, she bypassed him, ran back to the house ahead of him!

Dylan's eyes darkened as he looked at her back.

Not far away, Garwood just came with some official business to report, and he happened to hear their conversation just now.

After Savannah ran away, Garwood took a deep breath and walked up to Dylan. "Sir, you don't want Miss Schultz to get about this for her good, right? You're afraid that Valerie may take ruthless action against her when really annoyed." He couldn't help say that in a low voice.

Valerie managed to return to the Sterling family as the young mistress, and she must cherish it very much.

If Miss Schultz pushed her and determined to find out the evidence, Valerie would probably harm her to protect herself!

Since Valerie could murder Olivia, she would be daring to harm Miss Schultz too!

Mr. Sterling had sent bodyguards to keep an eye on Miss Schultz, and Valerie should have no chance to injure her. However, if Valerie really decided to murder her, she would always find a chance!

The only way to protect Miss Schultz was to get her out of this matter.

Obviously, that's why his young master restricted Miss Schultz's action. He wanted to protect her.

Dylan did not speak. His expression was hard to read in the pale moonlight.

"Why don't you explain it to her?" Garwood asked.

Would the explanation work?

The little woman was now in a rage, determined to find the truth and let Valerie get due punishment. In order to investigate Olivia's case and find the murderer, she was incapable of listening to anybody and didn't need his protection at all!

He was now, in her mind, cold-blooded and heartless!

"No. In short, she's not allowed to visit Olivia at the hospital these days, and she's not allowed to investigate the case." Dylan ordered and then strode toward the villa.

At the same time.

Devin and Valerie went back to the villa early.

After entering the porch, Devin pulled Valerie to an empty balcony on the first floor, closed the door, and looked at her coldly.

Taking a breath, Valerie understood what he wanted to ask.

"What's the whole story? Why did Savannah say that her friend's injury has something to do with you?" Devin lowered his voice.

"How do I know?" Valerie denied the truth, "maybe she still bears me a grudge and wants to pay me back by wronging me... Oh, it's really funny to say that I attempted to murder... So ridiculous..."

Before she finished, Devin put his hand around her neck and said grimly, "you can cheat others with this excuse. I don't care. But don't play the same trick with me! I know you went out late the night her friend got hurt! What did you do that night? Spit it out!"

Valerie shuddered when his gentle husband suddenly changed his face. Clutched by him, she had to admit, "yes... It was me, I pushed Olivia downstairs..."

Devin let go of her neck, looking straight into her eyes. "What the hell happened that day? Are you crazy? Why did you try to murder that woman? If you go to jail, I'll get involved! My grandpa will be furious! You --"

If it hadn't been for her pregnancy, he would plant a blow on her ear!

Valerie rolled her eyes as she rubbed her neck with a pretended grievance. Of course, she could not say the real reason for pushing Olivia down.

She sobbed and said in a pathetic voice, "Devin, it was an accident! I felt bored staying home every day, so I was out for a walk that night. When I was a little tired, I was worried about the baby and went to a nearby bar to take a break before going home. Unexpectedly, I met Olivia. You know, that girl's Savannah's best friend. She said a lot of ironic things about me, and she cursed me to have a

miscarriage! I was so angry that I pushed her down impulsively, but who knew she would have been hurt badly!"

"You fool! How dare you murder people in public! If your crime comes to light, not only you are over, I would also be implicated! We've just won back grandpa's favor, but you screwed up again!" Devin's handsome face twisted with anger.

"Rest assured, it happened on the back stairs. No one saw us, and there's no monitoring. I wiped the fingerprints and traces, and I left the bar two hours later. Even now, the police haven't called me, and they've determined that Olivia had fallen down herself. No one knows! Nothing will happen!"

"No one knows? Then how did Savannah know?" Devin asked sourly.

"I don't know... Even if the surveillance at the door of the bar caught me, it should also be taken by the police, and she cannot see it... Ah! Maybe uncle helped her get the surveillance..."

240: Don't Mind Me

Devin agreed.

According to uncle's ability, if he let the police take out the surveillance video of the day to Savannah, the police would certainly give uncle this favor.

"Devin, don't worry, that bitch only saw me enter the bar. She had no other evidence. Otherwise, she would have told the police and asked them to arrest me." Valerie said confidently.

Yeah. Devin's face relaxed.

Dylan was not kidding this time.

The next day, when Savannah ventured out of the villa, she was greeted by two burly bodyguards.

"Where're you going, Miss Schultz?"

"To the hospital."

"Miss Schultz, I'm sorry. Mr. Sterling should have told you to stay at home for the next few days." The bodyguards said as they blocked her way out.

The man was serious this time! "I just went to see my friend!" Savannah was hacked.

"Sorry, it's Mr. Sterling's order. Miss Schultz, don't worry. Your friend has her boyfriend to take care of her, and we'll also send a care worker for her." One bodyguard said with a steely resolve.

Savannah saw their firm look, realizing that if she insisted on going, she would be dragged back.

If her disobedience annoyed Dylan, she didn't know what he would do next. Finally, she gritted her teeth and turned back.

Dylan didn't allow her to go to the hospital, nor did he allow her to investigate this matter. She was in no mood to do anything else. Luckily, old Sterling was much better recently and did not need her company.

The only small consolation for her was that Dylan sent a care worker for Olivia. Even if she didn't go, Olivia's daily life would have been well taken care of.

These days, Savannah had been staying in the room, bored with nothing to do. When Dylan got home in the evening, she ate in her room under the pretense of feeling sick, trying to avoid seeing him.

A few days later, Savannah, at last, could scarcely sit still.

This morning, after Dylan went to the company, Savannah went out too.

The bodyguard stopped her as before, "Miss Schultz, you're not allowed to go to the hospital. Please don't embarrass us."

"Can't I?" Savannah scowled.

"No." replied the bodyguard emphatically.

"Well, I won't go to the hospital this time, can I go out now?" Savannah folded her arms.

The bodyguard paused and then asked, "Miss Schultz, where are you going?"

"Don't mind me. He ordered that I'm not allowed to go to the hospital to see Olivia, but he didn't say I can't go out, did he?" Savannah asked back, raising her dark eyebrows.

The two bodyguards exchanged doubted glances.

Mr. Sterling didn't restrict Miss Schultz from going to other places.

Savannah did not bother to say anything more. She went straight out the gate.

The two bodyguards could only follow her.

After leaving the villa, Savannah stopped a taxi at the side of the road. "LA police department," she said.

After a while, the taxi stopped at the gate of the LA police department.

She had come here once and was quite familiar with this place now. Taking a deep breath, she went straight in.

Not far behind the taxi followed closely by the bodyguards' car.

"It seems that Miss Schultz's still investigating her friend's case. Shall we ask her to go back?" One of them was a little anxious to see Savannah going into the police station.

"No," said another. "Mr. Sterling should have already called the police. I guess Miss Schultz will be back empty-handed in less than ten minutes."

In the police station.

Savannah went to the front desk, and politely said, "Hello, officer."

The officer was stunned for a moment and immediately remembered this girl. Wasn't she the one who had a very close relationship with Dylan Sterling and had come to ask for the surveillance video last time?

After Mr. Sterling left, the police chief reprimanded all of them who had served her, accusing them of having nearly offended her.

What if they handcuffed this lady and sent her in? That would piss off Mr. Sterling!

Not this time.

The officer stood up, "Miss... What can I do for you?"

Then he winked at a colleague outside the desk. "Get a chair for this lady!"

Savannah knew that the officer's attitude completely changed because of Dylan.

That's good. They wouldn't refuse her request this time, would they? "No, thanks," she said, "I have a few questions about the details of Olivia's case, and I want to speak to the officer who's responsible for it."

"No problem. You sit first, I'll call that officer out." He smiled most blandly. Before he walked out of the front desk, he saw the police chief come.

"Sir!" the officer respectfully greeted.

The police chief clearly knew what Savannah was up to. "Miss Schultz."

"Morning, sir," Savannah said politely.

"Miss Schultz, I'm sorry. You can't inquire about this case again."

Savannah was surprised, "last time you showed me the surveillance video... and there're still a few questionable points..."

"Sorry, Miss. Last time was the last time, and this time is different." The police chief coughed.

Savannah immediately understood what he meant. "Because Dylan said no, right?" she clenched her teeth.

The man even told the police chief to stop her!

The police chief was nonplussed to hear her call Mr. Sterling's name in such a casual way, and then he nodded.

Savannah calmed the discontent in her breast, begging, "Sir, please, let me help on the investigation... I won't ask the details, or just let me watch the surveillance again!"

The police chief smiled bitterly, "Miss Schultz, please don't embarrass me." The tone was emphatic, and there was no room for compromise.

Savannah knew she had no chance, gritting her teeth, and left the police station.

* * *

In the Sterling's house.

Dylan came back early this evening. When the servants had served the dinner, old Sterling called his butler, "Cooper, ask Savannah to come down to dinner."

Cooper took a tentative look upstairs. "I've just told her, sir," he said, "Miss Schultz says that she isn't feeling well and won't come down for dinner tonight."

Old Sterling frowned. This trick again? She went down for dinner when Dylan wasn't at home, but she felt ill as soon as Dylan returned.

"Tell her that I ask her to come down to dinner." Even if they were having some problems, they should finish fighting after so many days.

"Since she's not well, don't force her." Dylan sat down with a sullen face and picked up his folk.

According to the bodyguard, the little woman went out today. While she could not go to the hospital, she ended up in the police station, trying to investigate Olivia's case again.

Fortunately, he had already warned the police chief, so he sent her back.

Now she even gave him that attitude! Good!

Seeing this, the old Sterling could only say nothing more and sat down.