

## Midnight 351

### Chapter 351: Return Back The Evidence

Lionel felt a little remorse. Yes, he had been warning Charlotte against becoming the other woman between Savannah and Dylan. Maybe that was why Charlotte dared not tell Dylan she had saved him.

He was responsible for this.

What's more, he was really partial to and sided with Savannah and ignored the feeling of his own sister, Charlotte. He should not blame her now.

"Somebody? Take Miss Rowe back to her room." Lionel sighed and called a maid.

Charlotte found that her brother's tone was much softer, knowing that he should have believed her. Her face was slightly relaxed, but she still looked at her brother with tears in her eyes.

"Lionel, do you believe me now?"

Lionel felt sorry for his sister and nodded, "of course, I believe you."

"But even if you believe me and know that I'm the girl Dylan had been looking for, you still don't want me to be with Dylan, brother, do you?" Charlotte bit her lips.

Lionel's brows slightly twitched.

"The one in Dylan's mind has always been me! He should be mine... Do you want me to let go of my happiness? I'm not willing..." A tear trickled down her cheek as she sobbed out her words.

Lionel frowned. He still wanted to persuade his sister to give up. Even if she was the one Dylan had been looking for, it didn't mean Dylan loved her. He was already married, and she should just forget him instead of being a homewrecker... But Charlotte coughed badly again, and a maid came in at this moment.

"Take Miss Rowe upstairs and take care of her. Get the car ready tomorrow morning, and I'll take her to the hospital for further examination."

Although Charlotte was said to be much better after leaving the hospital, he was afraid that any sequelae was left, so he wanted to know her situation himself.

"Yes, Sir," answered the maid. Then she helped Charlotte upstairs with the nursing assistant.

The maid arranged the bed for Charlotte, helped her change her clothes, and laid her down. After that, she said to the nursing assistant, "You can stay in the room next to Miss Rowe's for the time being. I'll take you there."

As the two of them walked out, Charlotte relaxed completely. Her clenched fists slowly loosened, and she lifted her hands up to dry the remaining tears on her cheeks.

The residual poison hurt the respiratory system, and she still felt uncomfortable sometimes, even coughing blood. But what did that matter?

Without Dylan, her heart was also dead. As long as she could be with Dylan, she didn't care if her body was hurt.

She turned her head, her eyes falling on the phone on the nightstand. Her lips broke into a sweet smile. Dylan said that he would call her, but she did not know when.

Just then, the phone rang!

Charlotte sat up in surprise and grabbed the phone quickly, "Hello?"

"Miss Rowe, you're in LA now?" There came the muffled voice of a middle-aged man over the phone.

Her joy was dulled by the voice, and her sweet face froze.

"Mr. Naik? What's up?" The man on the other end of the line was Erik Naik from Chicago.

But Erik's voice was not as gentle as it always was. "Now that you're back in LA, Miss Rowe, when will you give those things back to me?"

"Rest assured, I'll give them to you sooner or later," Charlotte said drily.

"Sooner or later? What do you mean?" Erik asked, flat and hard.

"I mean, not now. It's all right. It's safer for us to keep those things with me."

"No, I want it now! You can't go back on your words. You said it clearly! As long as I convinced Mr. Sterling that you're his savior, you'll return those evidence to me!" Erik snapped.

"If I give them to you now, what if something happens? Don't worry, Mr. Naik, I've kept the evidence of your embezzlement in my personal safety in the bank. If you keep that a secret for me all the time, I'll take my word that the evidence will never get out, and we'll all be safe." Charlotte said quietly.

Erik clenched his teeth. This bitch!

But now, he was at the mercy of her, and he had to listen to her.

He should blame himself for being too careless and being caught by her.

He was Dylan Sterling's most valued subordinate in Chicago, and he had been involved in the Sterling group's business since many years ago. Of course, it was not difficult for him to get himself a better deal. Over the years, he had speculated on the public money and transferred it to his overseas bank accounts. But unexpectedly, the young woman from the Rowe family checked it out! He could not figure out how she did that!

That day, Miss Rowe came to Chicago and asked him to meet her on a private yacht. She took out the copies of the evidence of his embezzlement and misusing public funds and pushed them to him, and then said her purpose --

She forced him to tell her all about the girl Dylan had been looking for. After that, she gave him several notebooks and asked him to hand them to Dylan.

He flipped through the diary books and was stunned by Charlotte's readiness.

These diary books recorded Charlotte saving Mr. Sterling and her love for him... Obviously, they were made old and yellow artificially, and they were good proof that she was Mr. Sterling's savior.

She said as long as Dylan believed she was that girl, she would give all the copies to him.

In the end, Erik took the books and gave in. But he never thought she would break her word now. She continued to threaten him with the evidence of his corruption.

Erik wondered if the young woman was really in her early 20s. She was deep and scheming, completely different from her sweet appearance!

Charlotte knew he was angry. She softened her voice, "Mr. Naik, don't worry. We're in the same boat. I'm not going to leak those evidence of your embezzlement, otherwise, I'm finished too. I'm more nervous about the evidence than you. I promise you, as long as you convince Dylan that I'm the girl, I will never take the evidence out. And you will always be Dylan's most loyal subordinate in Chicago."

### Chapter 352: I Thought You Wouldn't Come Back

"It's better to be so." Erik acquiesced and banged up the phone.

Charlotte lay back on the back of the bed and breathed a sigh.

The evidence of Erik's embezzlement was found by her old schoolmate, Chris. He was a native of LA. He got on well with Charlotte in school and once pursued her. After graduation, he returned to LA and opened a detective agency. When she met Savannah and Olivia who went to the wedding company to choose a wedding dress, she had just held a consultation about the matter with Chris. His detective agency was in the same building.

From the day she decided to pretend to be Dylan's savior, she had been wondering how to convince him she was that girl.

As a private detective, Chris was very effective. After a few days' investigations, Charlotte learned that Erik Naik, Dylan's most trusted subordinate in Chicago, was responsible for this matter over the years. Erik's words were obviously very important. If he said Charlotte was that girl, Dylan would most probably believe him.

So, how to make Erik help her became the focus.

Chris began to check into Erik's background.

Then they found that Erik had secretly embezzled funds from the company. That was understandable. Erik had been working for the Sterling group for so many years, and it was hard for a normal man in this position to keep honest all the time.

At the same time, Charlotte asked Chris to make several old diary books for her.

She took the evidence and went back to Chicago.

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Charlotte recovered from Erik's call and looked at her phone. Maybe Dylan didn't call her because her phone was busy?

She wanted to call him but afraid that being too aggressive would make him impatient.

She waited patiently for a long time and finally knew he would not call her tonight.

Could it be... he went to Savannah and forgot her? It must be. Dylan went to Chicago on the eve of their wedding day and didn't come back until today. He must hurriedly go to explain to her.

Maybe they were sexing it up now...

The thought made Charlotte extremely uncomfortable, and she could not sit still anymore.

She wanted to make a phone call to Dylan, but after a long pause, she gave up unwillingly. Her eyes gleamed, and she hardened herself, bit her tongue, and spit out a small mouthful of blood.

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The moon emerged from a silver cloud and shone full upon the walls of the houses in Green Bay.

The car screeched to a halt in front of a single villa. The door opened, and a tall man got out and stepped into the porch at quick steps.

"Mr. Sterling!" Sophie opened the door and whispered in surprise.

The living room was quiet in the dimness of a dark wall lamp. Dylan stopped, his eyes falling on the sleeping beauty on the orange couch.

The little woman was in a loose night skirt, lying on her side. Her eyes closed, and her lovely long hair fell down her shoulders on the couch, her barefoot white and cute.

Her tummy looked much bigger than it was a week ago, but her limbs seemed to get thinner.

How did the servants look after her?

His eyes cooled, and he grew angry. "how can you let her sleep here? Didn't you remind her to go back to bed?" He scolded Sophie beside him in a low voice, his tone stern.

Sophie looked at Savannah on the couch and replied in a low voice, "Miss Schultz's been sitting on the couch every night for a few days. She usually fell asleep as she waited here. We asked her to go upstairs to her room, but she refused. She would only go to bed in the middle of the night when she woke up herself."

Dylan was about to scold the maid for not taking good care of her, but now he calmed down and began to feel guilty. Was the little woman waiting for him every night?

He beckoned Sophie back to her room and went straight to the couch. He picked up the thin blanket that fell on the carpet, wrapped Savannah gently, and picked her up.

Savannah was dreaming. In the dream, she was only five, and she was having a picnic on the park lawn with her parents. Her mother was cutting fruits while gently smiled at them; her father tossed her up and then caught her safely, again and again. They laughed loud and merrily. Suddenly the storm clouds

thickened, winds came in gusts, and rain poured in torrents. She was in the air, her eyes filled with rain, but her father disappeared. She screamed and saw herself falling to the ground.

"Dad----"

Savannah woke up from the nightmare and opened her eyes, a handsome face appeared before her eyes.

Not her dad.

Dylan... came back?

No. She must stay still in the dream.

Dylan lowered his head and kissed away the sweat from the little woman's forehead, joking, "Am I looking like your father?"

Savannah was awake now. She put her arms around him and buried her head in his chest, her voice trembling, "you back? Not a dream again?"

He could feel her joy and fear, and he held her closer. "I'm back, baby."

She took a deep breath in his arms. The voice was his, and the smell was his smell. It was not a dream... He really came back. The tears, so long rebellious, finally gushed from her eyes.

"I thought you would not come back." She wailed.

Dylan held her tightly and kissed away the tears streaming down her cheek. He could feel that she was even lighter than before, frowning. Obviously, she didn't eat well nor sleep well these days. He quickened his pace upstairs and carried her into her bedroom.

In the room, he put her gently on the bed. "It's late. You need a good sleep first," he said gently.

She looked so tired, like a delicate flower. It seemed as if she would break down by a single touch.

Seeing that he seemed to want to leave, Savannah unconsciously grabbed him by the hand, eyes firmly fixing on him, "Dylan, lull me to sleep..." She said softly and somewhat reasonably.

#### Chapter 353: I'll Talk To You When I Come Back

He was her husband. They had already applied for the marriage license, and they only needed a ceremony now. He was her man. Why couldn't she reasonably ask him to lull her to sleep?

She was qualified to make such a request! The thought made her less shy.

She feared that he would leave her alone again.

On these nights she was waiting for him, she had pictured the scene when he came back. She would blame him, question him, or refuse to speak to him... However, when it came time to see him, she found that she did not want to blame him or ask what he and Charlotte had done in Chicago for so many days. The only thing she could do was to catch him and make him stay with her.

As long as she could smell his smell in his arms, she was satisfied and didn't want to think more.

"Are you still a baby?" He grinned at her, leaning on the back of the bed, and held her in his arms as she asked.

The heat from his strong chest slowly calmed her down. She wrapped her hands around his waist, and he could feel the length of her soft body against his.

"I'm still a baby," said her coquettishly.

Dylan never knew that the little woman had relied on him so much. His heart overflowed with tenderness, and he began to react to her soft and warm body.

Desire combusted deep in his belly. He looked down at her, his gaze hooded, his eyes darkening. He was breathing harder than usual.

Savannah seemed to feel the change of his body. With all her shyness, she closed her eyes and kissed him softly.

It was not enough for Dylan, of course. He leaned down and kissed her hard, pushing his tongue into her mouth. He moved suddenly so that his hand was cupping her sex under the dress, and one of his fingers sank slowly into her. His other arm held her firmly in place around her waist.

Savannah suppressed her moan and murmured, "when will we hold the wedding? Ah... Tomorrow?"

The hand under her skirt stopped abruptly.

She felt that the heat of his body cooled down a lot. He pulled back his hand and sat up, holding her in his arms again. "Later," he said quietly, his fingers pushing some escaped tendrils of hair off her face. "The wedding's a big job. You've lost a lot of weight recently. You'd better have a good rest first."

Savannah stared at him, a throb of pain coming to her heart.

Later? Why? Why did he still put off the wedding when he's back?

Sensing her trance, Dylan held the little woman in his arms closer and repeated gently, "just a few days late."

However, his gentle voice failed to soothe her. She could not figure out why the wedding had to be put off.

Was it really because he pitied for her weak health, afraid that she could not stand the heavy ceremony?

Or it was because... Charlotte?

He frowned when her little face became paler. He didn't even tell old Sterling about Charlotte's suicide, in case any people in Sterling's house might overhear it and leaked it out. But he didn't have to keep it from his wife. He was about to tell her everything when his mobile phone rang.

He held his dazed wife in one hand and freed the other hand to pick up the phone on the bedside table.

"Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry!" Over the phone came the anxious voice of a woman.

Dylan recognized the voice—it was the nursing assistant he arranged to take care of Charlotte. "What's wrong?" he sat up straight and asked.

Savannah was so close to him that she could hear clearly the voice on the other line. She stopped breathing and looked at the phone.

"Miss Rowe coughed badly just now, and she even spat out blood. She's in a bad state..."

Savannah's face changed. Miss Rowe... Charlotte? Why did she spit out blood?

"Did you call the doctor?" Dylan knitted his brows.

The nurse almost cried out, "Miss Rowe didn't allow me to tell Mr. Rowe. She said she didn't want her brother to worry about her. I just poured a glass of hot water for her, but I still fear that she's something wrong. Could you come and have a look at her?"

After Dylan hung up, he looked at Savannah and stroked her hair gently. "I'll be back soon. Sleep well, baby."

"Sophie?" He shouted as he stood up and straightened his collar.

After a while, Sophie pushed the door in. "Mr. Sterling? What can I do for you?"

"Take care of Miss Schultz." He turned to look at the little woman who looked empty at him. He hesitated for a few seconds and finally walked to the door.

Sophie did not expect that Mr. Sterling would leave as soon as he came back, but she could only nod, "yes. Sir."

Savannah watched his back as he strode out of the room. "Dylan!" she subconsciously shouted.

He paused and turned back, looking into Savannah's anxious eyes. She wanted to say something but hesitated. Dylan understood what she was thinking about. She just heard his call. He walked back to the bed, leaning over, and whispered in her ear, "Baby, don't think much. It's nothing. I'll talk to you when I'm back."

Savannah tried to hide her irritation, but she still could not calm herself down. Her throat was dry, and she seemed to be choked by something.

She wanted to cry, to ask him why he had to go, to stop him from seeing Charlotte alone. But she was stopped by her last proper pride.

It wasn't until his footsteps died away and the car engine started outside the house that she realized he was really gone.

He went to Charlotte again.

Is that why he wants to delay the wedding again?

Savannah clenched her fists, crushing her nails into her palms.

"Miss Schultz... You can sleep first. Mr. Sterling said he would come back later." Sophie advised softly. She did not know what had happened, and she could only see Savannah's pale face and trembling body.

Chapter **354: Take Care Of Yourself**

Come back later?

Really?

Even if he comes back later, his heart may still be with Charlotte.

Does he regret it? Maybe he shouldn't have proposed to her so early. If he had early known that Charlotte is the one he was looking for, he would marry Charlotte, right?

No, no, no. Even if Charlotte is his savior, does it mean he loves her? Even if he wants to repay his debt, does he have to sleep with her?

Savannah didn't want to be rude, but the more she thought, the angrier she was. He was her husband now, didn't he know she was terribly hurt when he left again for another woman? Didn't he see how she suffered silently?

The baby also seemed to be affected, and it moved restlessly in her belly.

He told her not to think too much, and she tried. But how could it be possible? Her mind was in a mess while her heart was aching, and there was a stinging and sharp pain in the center of the abdomen. Savannah doubled over her back at the pain.

"What's wrong, Miss Schultz?" Sophie rushed over, startled.

The pain dulled. Savannah wiped her cold sweat and shook her head. "Nothing."

"I'll call Dr. Joe." Sophie took out her cell phone, hurriedly.

"No, Sophie. Dr. Joe will tell Mr. Old Sterling too. I don't want him to stay up all night because of me. I'm fine. Just back pain."

Back pain was common when Savannah was seven months pregnant but was it really back pain? "Shall I call Mr. Sterling and ask him back?" Sophie was still worried.

"Please don't!" Savannah cried. Then she lowered her head, realizing her reaction was too violent. "He's busy now. I don't want to bother him with such trifles." Savannah got off the bed and poured herself a glass of hot water.

"But..."

"Sophie, I'm tired. You can go out first. I will take a nap,"

Sophie sighed, closed the door, and went out.

After drinking the hot water, Savannah climbed back into the bed.

She still felt pain inside her, but she couldn't figure out it was physical pain or mental pain. It was dull and steady. She bit her lips, telling herself that everything would be okay, over and over again.

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Royal Villa



Dylan went upstairs and stopped at the door of Charlotte's bedroom. Charlotte was lying on the bed, sick and white. There was a trace of blood on the corner of her mouth.

"Mr. Sterling!" The nursing assistant at the bedside was relieved when she saw him coming.

"Dylan..." Charlotte opened her eyes, and her haggard face lit up with delight.

"Why don't you call the doctor?" Dylan walked over to stop her when she was trying to get up.

"I don't want my brother to worry about me, and you..." Charlotte took a resentful look at the nursing assistant as if to blame her for making the phone call without her permission.

Dylan made no comments about the girl's trick. "I brought a doctor here. Let the doctor have a look at you, okay?"

"Okay. You're so nice to me, Dylan." Charlotte nodded and said sweetly.

The nursing assistant hurried downstairs. After a while, she went upstairs with the doctor.

"Nothing's wrong with Miss Rowe," the doctor examined Charlotte carefully and said to Dylan, "she's still weak. In order to exorcise the residual influence, you should make sure that she takes medicine on time and has a good rest. Don't worry. Nothing serious."

Dylan nodded. Since she was fine, he should go early. He was about to go downstairs with the doctor when Charlotte stopped him. "Dylan!"

She seemed to have something to say to him. Dylan paused, let the doctor go first, and went back to her bed.

The nursing assistant went out silently.

There were only two people left in the bedroom. The air was quiet, making Charlotte a little nervous.

"Dylan, I'm sorry to make you come here in the middle of the night. I know you must be tired..." she bit her lip and stared at him fondly.

Though she had not seen him for only a few hours, she missed him so much that she felt as if she had not seen him for many days.

Dylan was so perfect. The best sculptors in the world could not make a statue better than him.

She could not live without him. So, she would not let him marry another woman. She's the only woman who deserves to be Dylan's wife.

"Nothing," Dylan said drily, keeping her at arm's length.

Charlotte was a bit disappointed. Abruptly she raised herself on her feverish arms, but she reeled and nearly fell off the bed. Dylan threw an arm to hold her, trying to lay her back on the bed. Charlotte leaned forward and hugged his arm, holding him firmly.

"Dylan, I know you've accompanied me for many days. I should not be too greedy... But I really don't want you to go. Stay with me tonight, okay?" Charlotte sobbed, pressing her soft body to him.

Dylan's face darkened. He pulled her away gently and stepped back. "You look sick. Take care of yourself."

Charlotte had a sense of loss as she stared at him.

Dylan left Savannah before their wedding and went to Chicago to take care of her for so many days. He should also have feelings for her.

But why? Why did he avoid her touching? He didn't even give her a hug.

"I'll ask the nursing assistant to look after you." Dylan turned and left.

Downstairs in the living room, Lionel had just asked the doctor about Charlotte's condition. After seeing the doctor off, he sat on the couch, deep in thought.

"Lionel." Dylan's voice pulled his mind back.

"How's Charlotte?"

"She's fine. I just wish she'll recover early," Dylan said drily as he sat on the sofa opposite Lionel.

Lionel gave a slight, apologetic cough and said, "sorry to mess up your wedding, Dylan. I never thought Charlotte would be so bold."

#### Chapter 355: Life's Like Drama

"Nothing. Well, I'm to blame." Dylan crossed his long legs.

"I never knew that Charlotte's your savior, and you've been looking for her. Life's like drama." Lionel smiled faintly.

Dylan didn't say anything. He watched Lionel calmly, waiting for him to continue.

"Now, what're you going to do?" Lionel took a deep breath and finally asked the tough question.

Between Savannah and Charlotte, Dylan had to make a choice and decision.

He didn't want to see any of them be hurt.

Before, he tried to keep Charlotte from destroying the relationship between Dylan and Savannah. He never thought that Charlotte would have committed suicide. How could he force her after that?

So, for now, he just had to see Dylan's choice.

Dylan twisted his lips into a half-smile as if he thought Lionel's question was redundant. "What do you want to say? Do you think I'm picking and choosing in a shop?"

"You mean?" Lionel raised his eyebrows.

"Savannah's my wife. It'll never change." He said decisively.

"You're so nice to Charlotte just because she saved you, not because you've any feelings for her?" Lionel looked relieved.

"Yeah." Dylan looked at Lionel and nodded.

Yes. He had been looking for the girl who had saved him. He wanted to find her so much that he even kept his nephew's fiancée at his side as a substitute.

However, when Erik called to say he had found the girl, he didn't feel excited or delighted as he thought.

But after all, Charlotte was his savior, and she even committed suicide in his mother's house. He had to fly to Chicago to take care of her. While he was accompanying Charlotte these days, he was thinking about the little woman who was waiting for him all the time.

"Rest assured," Dylan added, "Charlotte's still physically and emotionally unstable, so Savannah and I will not hold the ceremony until she recovers, in case it irritates her. It's the only way I could repay her for saving my life. In addition, no one except Erik and several doctors and nurses in Chicago know Charlotte's suicide. No one will let it out. The reputation of the Rowe family will not suffer from it."

Lionel nodded. Dylan always did everything with careful consideration.

The Rowe group had just started its business in LA. If the daughter from the Rowe family was known to commit suicide for a married man, the reporters might make an issue of the matter. Any scandal would become a serious handicap in the course of the group's development.

Of course, Dylan kept it a secret not only for the reputation of the Rowe family and Charlotte but also for the Sterling family.

Charlotte committed suicide before Dylan's wedding in Sterling's house in Chicago. No one would believe her relation with Dylan was pure.

"Dylan, anyway, thank you. It's very thoughtful of you. I'll take care of my sister. I hope she'll get over it and move on soon." Lionel smiled with relief.

Before Dylan rose to leave, he looked at Lionel thoughtfully and asked, "I didn't choose your sister. As her brother, why aren't you angry?"

On the contrary, Lionel was visibly relieved to hear that he was still going to marry Savannah as if he was afraid he would give up Savannah for Charlotte.

Lionel, obviously, cared about Savannah a lot.

But Charlotte was his sister. If Lionel had something for Savannah, he should be glad that he would choose his sister and abandon Savannah.

Dylan really couldn't figure out what feelings Lionel had for the little woman.

"Of course, I hope my sister can be happy. But Miss Schultz's a good girl, and I don't want her to be hurt." Lionel smiled.

Dylan was not satisfied with his answer, but he didn't bother to ask more. "I don't know what the hell you're thinking about, but it doesn't matter because she'll never be yours."

With that, Dylan turned and walked out of the villa.

Lionel turned off the light and went upstairs.

Meanwhile, on the second floor, Charlotte pressed herself against the staircase with a pale face. As Lionel's footsteps came close, she quickly rushed back to her own room and closed the door.

She leaned against the back of the door, tears rolling down her face, and she slowly slid down onto the carpet.

She had heard what they said in the living room.

Dylan made it clear that he treated her good just because she saved him, and he had no other feelings for her.

He would eventually marry Savannah.

Her suicide had delayed his wedding ceremony, but could not win his heart back.

The phone rang just as she was crying quietly.

Charlotte stopped crying and looked up in a daze. It was not the ringtone of her phone.

Dylan's phone was ringing on the carpet. He did not notice that his phone fell out of his pocket when she suddenly hugged him.

She wiped her tears, and held back her grievance, went over to his phone, and glanced at the screen.

Savannah was on the phone.

Charlotte hesitated for a moment, not sure if she should answer. Before the ringing stopped, she finally took a deep breath and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" No trace of tears could be heard from her voice.

The sweet girl's voice took Savannah's breath away. Immediately, she recognized the voice and did not speak for a long time.

She kept tossing and turning on the bed, and she couldn't sleep. Hot water failed to allay the dull pain in her belly. She wanted to call Dylan and ask him to come back. She wanted to sleep in his arms and ask him to go to the hospital with her tomorrow.

But unexpectedly, Charlotte answered the phone.

Was he still with Charlotte?

How did Charlotte answer his phone?

Dylan had always been a very private man and did not allow others to use his phone, even if you were his closest subordinate or secretary.

Once, he left his phone on the sofa when Savannah still lived in Beverly Hills. The phone had been ringing for a long time after he left for the company.

Chapter **356: What's With This Woman?**

When it began to ring the third time, Judy answered it, afraid that something urgent would be delayed. However, Dylan was angry and rebuked her after coming back.

Did Dylan just forget his phone again?

No one spoke over the phone for a few seconds. Savannah quickly adjusted her mood, "Miss Rowe?"

"Is that Miss Schultz? Oh, you want to talk to Dylan?" Charlotte asked.

"Yes, is Dylan there?" Nonsense. Who else could she call? Savannah was shocked with anger, but she tried to be calm.

"Oh, he's not available right now." Charlotte hesitated for a moment, and then she put the phone away from her deliberately.

Savannah held her breath and heard Charlotte's voice over there, low but very clear, as if she was ordering the servant, "Auntie Shaw! Is Dylan still in the bathroom? Tell him that someone is calling."

Dark clouds hung over Savannah's mind.

In the bathroom? Dylan was not only with Charlotte, but he was also in the bathroom in Charlotte's room?

What did they do? What are they going to do?

Maybe he just had to visit John? She wanted to believe him. But after he didn't show on their wedding day and spent a whole week with another woman, she could not stop herself from thinking more.

It seemed to be a long time before Charlotte's voice was heard again, "Miss Schultz, I'm sorry, please wait..."

"No. That's fine. I'll talk to him when he's back." Savannah said drily. She was too tired. She didn't want to know what the hell they were doing, and she didn't want to ask.

What could she say when Dylan answered the phone? Ask him back to accompany her? He should never have met another woman in the middle of the night! Why should she look for him as a jealous wife?

"Miss Schultz, wait a minute." Before Savannah hung up, Charlotte stopped her.

"What?" Savannah was a little impatient now.

"I'm sorry," Charlotte paused and said, "your wedding was canceled because of me. But now that you're calling, can we meet tomorrow? There's something we need to talk about."

Savannah held her phone for a moment. Canceled? Her wedding was put off, not canceled. She wanted to say no, but it seemed to be cowardly...

"Okay." Charlotte was Dylan's savior, and as Dylan's wife, she should give her some face.

"It's between you and me. I don't want Dylan to be embarrassed. Please don't tell him, Miss Schultz." Charlotte added.

After they decided the time and place, Charlotte hung up the phone and smiled almost imperceptibly.

She deleted the call record with Savannah and called a maid, "Mr. Sterling left his phone here accidentally. Send it to him tomorrow morning."

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Savannah sat still for long after the phone call.

She lay huddled up in bed and closed her eyes, forcing herself to sleep, but her mind was filled with images of Charlotte and Dylan. She was too tired. All she wanted was a good sleep now. The dull pain in her belly reminded her that she had to be strong enough to protect her baby... She could not be overcome now.

Gradually her head emptied of thought, and she slept.

Outside, the night was very quiet and still, and the moon was setting.

Then after some time, the door of the bedroom opened gently, and Dylan walked in. He groped his way toward the bed and could make out the shape of Savannah's body lying under the covers, her back to him, her body curved away from him and huddled up.

Dylan took off his coat and climbed onto the bed softly, and embraced the little woman from behind, only to find that she was slightly trembling.

Was she dreaming again? Dylan stared pitying at her, smoothing her hair away from her face. Then he frowned and paused.

Her face was damp. Sweat? He continued to touch and felt tears spilling from her eyes.

Did she cry?

Maybe it was a nightmare. Just like yesterday, when he came back, she was awakened by a nightmare.

Dylan didn't think much. He moved her face carefully and kissed her tears with his warm thin lips, pulling her closer to his chest.

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When Savannah woke up the next morning, she felt a bit better and went downstairs to eat breakfast.

Sophie said Dylan came back last night, but he didn't wake her up. After staying with her for a while, he went to the next room to sleep.

Savannah nodded and didn't say anything. She had planned to ask him what he did with Charlotte last night, but since he was so busy that he went out early today, maybe she should just let it go.

After lunch, Savannah took a look at the time and asked Garcia to go out with her.

Garcia looked surprised and said, "Savannah, where do you want to go? You're not in good condition. If you feel like going for a walk, let's walk in a nearby park. Or shall I call your best friend Olivia and have her talk with you?"

"I have an appointment with someone." Savannah hesitated.

"Who's it?" Garcia knew that Savannah didn't have many friends, and since she met Dylan, she had been almost out of touch with all her friends.

"Charlotte Rowe," said Savannah in a quiet voice. Garcia was the same as her family, and she didn't want to bury everything in her heart.

"Is she the woman Mr. Sterling went to see in Chicago?" Garcia gasped.

Savannah bit her lip and didn't reply.

"The woman comes back with Mr. Sterling? Did she ask you out?" asked Garcia hastily.

Savannah nodded.

"What's this woman up to?" Garcia frowned, afraid that Charlotte would hurt Savannah.

"I called Dylan last night, and she answered the phone. Then she asked me out..." Savannah said quietly.

Garcia gasped again. She knew Mr. Sterling went out again soon after he came back last night. Did he go to see Miss Rowe again? Otherwise, how could that woman answer the phone?!"

#### Chapter 357: Burning With Anxiety

"What the hell is Mr. Sterling doing? How could he go to see that woman again?" Garcia was very angry.

"He didn't go out on his own initiative. Charlotte's servant called him last night. It sounded like something happened to Miss Rowe, and he had to go himself..." Savannah defended him, twisting the hem of her dress around her fingers.

"I see. That bitch deliberately seduced Mr. Sterling! Well, you really shouldn't hold back when she challenges you like this. I'll accompany you out today." Garcia got angrier.

Savannah nodded. She didn't mean to fight; she agreed to see Charlotte just because she wanted to know what happened between Charlotte and Dylan.

Garcia told Sophie that Savannah wanted to have a walk-in near the park. Then she called the driver arranged by old Sterling for Savannah. When the driver arrived, she helped Savannah get into the car and left Green Bay together.

About half an hour later, the car stopped outside a cafe downtown.

"Savannah, shall I come in with you?" Garcia was worried when she saw her get out of the car alone.

"Garcia, I'm not a kid anymore. I can handle it." Savannah took a breath and said.

Garcia didn't insist. If she went in with Savannah, maybe that woman would think that Savannah was afraid of her. "Savannah, you're Mr. Sterling's legal wife. That woman was only a home-wrecker. It's gonna be fine. Don't be afraid!"

Savannah didn't say anything. Legal wife? They had not held the wedding ceremony yet, and their marriage had not been opened to the public.

Charlotte was the one who appeared in Dylan's life first, and she had even saved his life.

In front of the one who had been so important in Dylan's mind, she really didn't have much confidence.

In order not to make Garcia worried, Savannah forced a weak smile and nodded. Then she walked into the café with a hand protecting her belly.

The café was quiet, and it lounged hummed with soft background music from time to time. There were few guests at this time. Each seat was semi-open, suitable for a private conversation.

A waitress saw the young pregnant woman, and hurriedly came to greet her. "Miss Schultz? Miss Rowe is waiting for you over there. Please come with me."

The waitress led Savannah to the innermost window seat.

Charlotte was sitting there in a white satin dress, her hair trailing over her shoulders. Seeing Savannah coming, she didn't move but smiled, "nice to see you again, Miss Schultz. Please sit down." Then she gestured to the waiter to bring the juice.

Charlotte seemed to have lost a lot of weight, and her face was haggard. Although she had put on simple makeup, she looked weak, as if she had just recovered from a severe illness.

Savannah sat down opposite her. After a short silence, Charlotte spoke and said, "Savannah... Do you mind if I call you by your first name? You can just call me Charlotte."

"Whatever. Miss Rowe." Savannah replied drily.

Charlotte was a little embarrassed. Savannah still called her Miss Rowe. That was to say, she did not want to get close to her at all. Taking a deep breath, Charlotte returned to her sweet look and continued, "I just want to explain something to you."

Savannah raised her eyebrows and looked at Charlotte.

"You must have known about Dylan and me," Charlotte said slowly.

"Well, I heard that you'd risked your life to save Dylan when you were young, and he had been looking for you." Savannah's voice was toneless.

"I know, you hate me for ruining your wedding, but do you know why Dylan went to Chicago on the eve of your wedding? Actually, it was my fault. I heard that he's going to get married, and of course, the bride's not me. I ran back home to avoid attending your wedding, but I still couldn't get over it. I attempted suicide by taking a position in great sadness." Charlotte bit her lip, and she looked so poor and adorable.

Taking poison? No wonder the servant said Charlotte was spit blood over the phone last night. She had not recovered yet.

"That's why Dylan flew to Chicago before the wedding. He looked after me himself and accompanied me through the crisis. Miss Schultz, please don't blame him. It's my fault. I shouldn't have done the stupid thing at the wrong time. Last night, I felt bad, and the nursing assistant was so anxious that she called Dylan. Anyway, it's all my fault. Miss Schultz, don't make any mistake about Dylan. I'd be so sorry if there's any change in your marriage."



Savannah's mood was even gloomier after Charlotte's explanation.

Dylan left her to Chicago before their wedding and stayed there for more than a week because Charlotte committed suicide.

She might as well not know this reason.

He stayed in Chicago for so long because he was worried about Charlotte. If he didn't have any feelings for her, why not just ask someone to take care of her? Why did he stay there in person? It meant that Charlotte had a very high position in his mind, right?

What's more, even if Charlotte had attempted suicide. She was fine now. Why must he postpone the wedding?

Was it because he realized his true feeling for Charlotte, so he regretted it? Or he was afraid that Charlotte might do stupid things again, so he didn't want to irritate her? Whatever the reason was, the fact was that he was worried about her.

Charlotte's face lit up with sweetness as she reminisced. "After I was sent to the hospital, Dylan flew to Chicago and rushed to see me. I felt like I was in a dream when he appeared at my bedside, burning with anxiety. I was carefully nursed by him those days. I never thought that he would look after me in person, and how I wished time could stay..."

Savannah's heart wrenched.

Flew to see her... burning with anxiety...

These words made her so uncomfortable when they were used on her man by another woman.

"But I also know that while Dylan was accompanying me, he was also thinking about you and the baby in your belly," Charlotte took a sip of the juice and sighed, as if she was terribly troubled, "I know, no matter what had happened between Dylan and me, it was all in the past. Now, you and the baby are his responsibilities. I don't want him to be torn. I know he's struggling between the two of us..."

Was that man struggling between them? Savannah slightly knitted her eyebrows, No. Dylan was always a man of determination. But he did leave her before their wedding, he did spend more than a week with Charlotte in Chicago, and he did plan to postpone the wedding when he came back.

Savannah was not sure if she should believe him or not now.

### Chapter 358: **She Just Wanted An Answer**

If it weren't for the responsibility, the baby, and his father's request, would he be in such a dilemma? Would he choose Charlotte?

After Dylan came back from Chicago, he did not explain anything to her. Was he so confident and thought that she would believe him without reserve?

Charlotte was not aggressive or provoking as Garcia expected. Instead, she said every word with sincerity. But her words were like deadly arrows, which could easily do her harm. It sounded as if she

and Dylan loved each other, but they could not be with each other because of many misunderstandings. Now, she was willing to quit because she didn't want Dylan to be embarrassed.

That's interesting. Savannah smiled coldly. She pressed her fingers together, convulsively. The dull pain in her belly came again, and her face became pale and whiter.

"Miss Schultz, are you all right?" Charlotte looked at her with concern.

"I'm fine," Savannah said calmly as she covered her belly with her hands. "Finished? If that's what you want to say, okay, I know it. Can I leave now?"

Charlotte paused and then stood up, "I'll see you out."

"No, thanks." Savannah glanced at the juice on the table, took out some cash, and put it on the table.

"I'll pay." Charlotte frowned slightly.

"No, Miss Rowe. We're not friends, and I don't think we're good enough to share morning tea." Savannah said quietly.

Not only morning tea. She had no interest in sharing anything with her, including her man.

When Devin was seduced by Valerie and betrayed her, she chose to leave him. Now it was the same.

She could force herself to forget the girl in Dylan's mind before, but when the girl appeared in their life and even wanted to take her man, by no way could she ignore her anymore. Besides, Dylan cared for his dream girl so much that every time she needed him, he would leave his wife for her...

Savannah left without another glance at Charlotte.

Out of the café, Savannah stood at the door in a trance for a long time. The wind was getting stronger and hurt her eyes. She touched her face and found it bedewed by tears.

Garcia gave a few cries in the car. Savannah didn't react until she got off the car and walked to her. She quickly wiped away the tears and walked to Garcia.

"Savannah, what did that woman say to you? Is she too aggressive?" Before getting in the car, Garcia grabbed Savannah and whispered.

"No." Savannah shook her head.

"No? Didn't she say that she was Mr. Sterling's true love and ask you to leave him?" Garcia asked in doubt. Miss Rowe was said to be Mr. Sterling's savior and had been looking for Mr. Sterling for a long time. She must have feelings for Mr. Sterling, otherwise, she would not have asked him to see her just before his wedding with Savannah. What else could she want to see Savannah for?

Savannah took a breath. Charlotte was not aggressive, and she even apologized to her. But in fact, she kept saying how hard it was for Dylan and suggested Savannah take the initiative to leave.

Charlotte was much more scheming than she looked.

She pretended to be poor and looked as if she was the one who got hurt.

Seeing her silence, Garcia didn't dare ask more.

When Savannah got home, she went upstairs and closed the door. Then she took out the diamond ring and the wedding license from the drawer.

The remembrance of his proposing made her throat choke.

Did he regret it?

Would he be pleased if she returned him the paper and the ring?

The phone rang and brought Savannah's thoughts back. She looked at the screen, her heart beating.

"Hello," she answered the phone and found herself hoarse.

"Savannah? What's wrong?" Dylan could hear that her voice was gone.

"Nothing. I've got a sore throat." Savannah murmured.

"Is it cold? Tell Sophie to call Dr. Joe." Dylan became tense at once.

It sounded sweet at other times. But Savannah was not happy at all. She wondered if he worried about her because of love or responsibility. Would he be more nervous when Charlotte was hoarse in front of him right now?

Dylan, however, knew nothing about what his little wife was thinking about. He was a good businessman, but he was really not good at feelings. So, of course, he didn't know that "nothing" had an entirely different meaning in woman-language than it did in man-language.

"Maybe it's because I ate some spicy food at noon," Savannah said.

"You'd better not eat too much spicy food," he said gently.

"I like eating spicy food recently." She muttered. She hoped that he could sense her mood changes, but Dylan didn't.

He paused for a moment and said pleasantly, "I heard from Judy that the baby might be a girl if his mother likes spicy food."

In fact, the gender of the unborn baby could be determined early. Old Sterling didn't ask the doctor to test it, and Dylan never mentioned it.

Savannah knew that old Sterling wanted a grandson, but she didn't know whether Dylan liked a boy or a girl. At the moment, he seemed to prefer a daughter.

"Why? You don't like a girl?" Dylan lowered his voice.

"How about you? Do you really like a girl?" She tried to pull herself together.

"Yeah." He wanted a little princess as beautiful and pink as the little woman was.

"But...but I like boys. Because I don't want to share you with another girl." She meant more than she said.

With a silent smile, he teased, "are you jealous of your own kids?"

"No... I'm joking." Savannah murmured.

Just then, someone knocked at the office door, and there came a secretary's voice over the phone.

"I'll come back late today," Dylan said softly.

"Hold on, Dylan..." Savannah gripped the phone tightly.

"Huh?"

"If I want to marry you now, I...I want the ceremony tomorrow, would you agree?" Savannah bit her lip and said slowly.

If he agreed, she would not believe Charlotte and would stop making blind conjectures.

Now she just wanted an answer.

### **Chapter359: She Helped Him Choose**

There was a long silence on the other end of the phone.

Finally, Dylan said calmly, "I thought we've agreed on this."

Savannah was really down in the dumps at his words. She remained silent for quite a while before she finally found her voice, "you still don't want to, do you?"

"We'll talk about it when I'm back," Dylan said helplessly. The secretary was waiting for him at the door, and it was not convenient for him to say that on the phone. It seemed that the little woman was really depressed. He must explain to her more clearly tonight.

Savannah said nothing more and hung up.

She was foolish to try again. It was the same answer.

She didn't understand why the man changed in such a short time. Charlotte had saved him, so she was more important? That was really ridiculous.

Savannah sat on the edge of the bed in a daze for a long time. She thought things over and over but failed to figure it out. Finally, she was awakened by the familiar pain in her belly.

With her hands covering the baby bump, she bore the pain without a word and moved to the desk. She sat down and turned her PC on and opened a blank document.

She typed out two words with her trembling fingers: Divorce Settlement.

Looking blankly at the screen, she could not dull the aching of her heart. She loved him, yes, but she was too tired after having gone through all these things. She couldn't bear that there was another girl in her man's mind.

Not even a bit of it.

She adjusted her breathing, controlled her emotions, and continued typing.

After finishing the document, she printed it out and signed her name in the signature space. Then she put the paper in the drawer with the diamond ring and the marriage license. She assumed Dylan would bring the documents to the city registrar once he saw it to make it legal. After all, it's about time for them to separate.

She had never thought her marriage would end so quickly, like a drop of morning dew being evaporated by the sun.

Maybe she shouldn't have agreed to marry him at all.

She should have known that there was already another woman in this man's mind, and she was just a substitute. However, she didn't believe that he would care about the girl he had just met once more than her, and she didn't expect that the girl was his neighbor in Chicago who was almost crazy in love with him.

She did not want to be hurt in this love triangle. So, why not leave first in a smart way?

She had followed him for so long, like a small pet, enjoying his love and care. But she never helped him or gave him anything in return, except the baby.

Now, the divorce agreement would be the last she could give him. With this, he would no longer be torn between two women.

He didn't know which to choose. It was fine. She helped him choose.

She had never thought that a man of his dignity could really belong to her. It was all right now. She did not have to worry about losing him all the time.

As she closed the drawer, her chest constricted, her tears started to fall, and she choked back a sob. Soon tears were streaming down her face, and she really didn't understand why she was crying. Even if he forced himself to finish the wedding ceremony with her later, he would always feel sorry about Charlotte. She had saved him, so he would come to her whenever she needed, right? Perhaps it was best to back away now with what self-esteem she had reasonably intact.

She had survived when her mother disappeared, and her father died. It didn't matter now. But the thought of not seeing him again was agonizing.

The phone started ringing.

Savannah wiped away her tears with her sleeve and picked up the phone, "hello?"

"It's me." The man sounded tired, but the familiar voice shocked Savannah.

"Kevin? Didn't you go on a business trip abroad? You come back?" Savannah's tears welled up again.

"Savannah, now that I know everything," Kevin said, there was a hint of pity in his voice.

Savannah was slightly flustered. "What are you talking about?"

"I've called Oliva, and I know all about it. You're pregnant. When you came to JK to take photos the last time, you felt dizzy and almost fell down. You were pregnant at that time, right? You're going to marry

Dylan Sterling, and the wedding party had been prepared. But it's canceled all of a sudden. Why?" Kevin asked anxiously.

"Dylan was held up on urgent business..." She gripped the phone tightly.

"What's more important than the wedding? I've enquired. Mr. Sterling flew to Chicago two nights before the wedding, and he didn't return until yesterday. What's going on?" Kevin's tone was full of concern.

Savannah bit her lip. Finally, she told him everything from first to last, with the tears still in her eyes.

Kevin listened quietly on the phone. He didn't interrupt her, but his hard breathing sounded both anxious and angry.

It turned out that Savannah had been a replacement to the girl Dylan had been looking for.

He was heartbroken when the girl he cherished became the woman of another man. But he would bless them if that man treated her with heart. However, he never thought the man only took her as a substitute.

Kevin knew Savannah must be very sad now. He should not express his annoyance to Dylan, or she would feel worse. After Savannah finished, Kevin took a deep breath and said carefully, "where are you now? Still Sterling's house?"

The groom left for another woman before the wedding. She would be laughed at if she was still living there.

"No. I live in Green Bay now, my old home. He bought it back and gave it to me." Savannah said.

That man gave Savannah a house? As compensation? Oh, the rich guy's little game. He didn't expect Dylan would treat her in this way. Kevin's expression grew colder, but he tried to soften his voice, "what are you going to do now?" If Dylan kept a relationship with another woman, would Savannah stay at his side anymore?

Savannah shook her head, "I don't know. I've written the divorce papers, and I'll give it to him tonight."

"Will he agree?" Kevin knew Dylan well. Whether he really liked Savannah or not, he would not let Savannah go. What's more, Savannah was pregnant with his baby now.

Savannah understood what Kevin meant. "I have nothing to do with him except the kid. I'll talk to him about the baby. It should be negotiable. After all, the Sterling family is a big family. He has to keep face for his family," Savannah murmured.

### Chapter 360: Abdominal Pain

Savannah's abstracted voice made Kevin quite worried. "Savannah, let's meet each other somewhere?"

He was really worried about her, and he wanted to comfort her face to face. They could discuss the details of the divorce negotiation.

"Okay." Savannah hesitated for a moment and agreed. Then they appointed the time and place before hanging up.

When Savannah stood up, the pain in her belly returned. She reeled a little and caught herself with one hand against the desk. Taking a deep breath, she walked out of the room. Maybe her bad mood had affected the baby. She should go to the hospital tomorrow.

Garcia wanted to go with her when she knew that she was going out again, but Savannah just shook her head and said she wanted to take a walk by herself. Garcia had to agree. She thought Savannah was just distressed after talking with Miss Rowe. Fortunately, Sophie was out for the market, otherwise, she would not agree to let Savannah go out alone.

Savannah called a taxi. Kevin worried about her status, so they made an appointment at a nearby park.

As soon as Savannah paid the fare and got off the car, she began to feel pain in her belly again. The park was on the opposite side of the road. She crossed the road carefully, with her teeth set, her right hand clenched on her belly. After a few steps, she found the pain sharpened. It was not dull as she felt before, but a burning and stinging pain. Immediately she bent in pain. The sweat poured forth upon her brow, and she felt as if she should faint.

"Miss? Are you all right?" The taxi driver put his head out of the window and shouted behind her.

"Nothing." She shook her head with a pale face and walked forward.

However, the abdominal pain did not disappear, but incredibly become sharp. When she walked to the middle of the road, the pain in her lower abdomen heaved tumultuously within her. She broke down in cold sweat, squatting on the ground.

The light became green and the cars started. A car speeding towards Savannah didn't expect that she would stop in the middle of the road. The driver blew the horn and slammed on the brakes.

As the car screeched to a standstill, Savannah fell to the ground.

The driver got out of the car, eyes wide in horror. Savannah sat on her knees on the cold ground, blood soaking her dress under her.

It hurts... Savannah groaned in pain. She felt something come out of her body, and she was so weak that she did not have the strength to get up.

Her baby...

Is something wrong with the baby?

She covered her belly, trying to stop the bleeding, but how?

For the first time, she felt so desperate and regretful. The pain had lasted for several days. Why didn't she go to the doctor earlier?

Suddenly, a figure from the opposite side of the road rushed over, picking up Savannah.

The driver came to his senses and stuttered, "As you can see, it's none of my business. My car didn't touch her at all! She fell down herself..."

Kevin stared at the frightened driver, but it was not the time to argue with him. He held the semi-unconscious woman in his arms, heading for his car. When he put Savannah on the backseat of the car, Savannah caught him on the arm and murmured, brokenly, "Don't tell him... Don't..."

Kevin felt an awful pain. Savannah did not want to see Dylan because she was heartbroken for him at the moment, or she did not want to win him back by this?

Or maybe, she did not want that man to worry about her?

Whatever the reason, it meant that the man still had an important place in Savannah's mind.

But what did the man do? He abandoned his wife before the wedding to look after another woman. Now he still postponed the wedding for that woman and made Savannah so hurt!

Kevin took a deep breath and nodded. He quickly climbed into the driver seat and started the car, heading for the hospital.

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The hospital

Anxiously, Kevin was pacing outside the door of the emergency room where Savannah was being examined.

After a while, the doctor walked out carrying a piece of paper, eyes on Kevin, and said, "are you the husband of the pregnant woman? She has a threatened miscarriage and needs a cesarean section now. Please sign your name here."

"No... Well, yes. Threatened miscarriage?" Kevin stared at the paper and didn't have time to explain.

"In the majority of people, there're symptoms that you can identify," the doctor said with some dissatisfaction, "your wife must have abdominal pain for more than a few days. Didn't you find it? How did you look after her? If you take her to the hospital earlier, she would not have vaginal bleeding today."

Kevin didn't say anything. With a dark face, he took the pen and signed his name, and asked nervously, "are she and the baby alright?"

"She's only seven months pregnant and has just experienced vaginal bleeding. There's the risk of an operation, of course. You must be prepared. We'll do our best." The doctor said and hurried in.

A few minutes later, Savannah was wheeled to the operating room by two nurses.

Kevin didn't have a chance to speak to her. His heart wrenched when he peeped quickly at her pale face. Her eyes were closed, and she looked quite senseless.

The operating room door was closed, and the red light was on. Kevin stood on the porch outside the operating room, waiting quietly.

Savannah must have the signs for threatened miscarriage for several days. But Dylan didn't notice.

Well, how could he possibly know it while he was busy flirting with another woman?



He must be the main cause of Savannah's illness.

Then Kevin remembered that Savannah looked so sad and disappointed when she begged him not to tell Dylan her status. Kevin doubled his fists and clenched his teeth.

Just then, Dan hurried over. "How is Savannah?"

"She had threatened miscarriage and is undergoing a cesarean section," Kevin said quietly as he looked straight at the door of the operating room.

Dan took a breath and lowered his voice, "Didn't you call Mr. Sterling and ask him to come?"