

Midnight 41

I Never Joke

On the weekend morning.

In her new dress, Savannah got into the car nervously.

The Lamborghini stopped in front of a luxurious villa.

The carved gate in Romanesque style came into Savannah's view. A three-story house with a great tree-lined court stood quietly under the sunshine, and on the lawn of the court, several gardeners were busy working.

The Sterlings' old butler, Cooper, a white-haired man dressed as a housekeeper, was waiting at the door. He had been with George for more than thirty years.

On seeing Dylan and Savannah, butler Cooper bowed, "Good morning, Sir, miss."

Savannah got so nervous that she could not move a step until Dylan took her hand and went inside.

Walking into the living room, they saw Susan and her husband Henley sitting on the sofa.

Susan sneered when she saw Savannah, her tone polite but sarcastic, "What a surprise to see you here, Savannah. I didn't think you would come."

Savannah blushed. She didn't know what to say. The people in front of her were almost her parents-in-law, but now she is here with the man who was once supposed to be her uncle.

Dylan lead Savannah to the sofa, said with an impassive expression, "she's my woman now, and she's always there for me."

Susan was about to utter words when the voice of Cooper rose from the door: "How are you today, Mr. Yontz?"

Savannah felt nervous again, but then Dylan held her left hand.

His hand was gentle and warm, putting courage into her heart. She calmed down, looking up, and her face turned white again.

"Dad, mom, uncle. You're all here." Devin, taking Valerie's arm, walked into the living room of the villa. He smiled at Valerie before he turned to Susan, "Mom, it's Valerie."

Valerie was dressed in a purple dress, wearing a butterfly hair clip on her long curly hair, nothing too special. Obviously, she suited her dressing style to the elders today, looked simple and pure, appropriate for meeting parents. She smiled sweetly, "uncle, aunt, it's nice to see you again."

Savannah had not expected that Devin would bring Valerie here. It's too embarrassing to see them in such a situation.

She wouldn't have come if she had known Valerie would be there too.

Feeling her small hand struggling in his, Dylan glanced at her and gave her a lazy smile, "what are you nervous about? You are to the elder, so your cousin should be the nervous one."

She flushed at the word "elder".

She was now Devin's uncle's woman, and Valerie was only Dylan's nephew's girlfriend.

Far from being happy about the relationship, she felt more ashamed.

Susan frowned. She had not expected Valerie to come, but she could guess that Devin did it deliberately for Savannah. So, she kept her posture, "good, come in and sit down."

Valerie came in and sat down with Devin. Then she noticed Savannah's dress, the latest limited dress that must have been bought in HIMO that day. Thinking about the humiliation of that day, she could not overcome her anger and jealousy. After thinking for a while, she said softly: "Oh, Savannah, thank god I see you again. It's been a long time. I was worried about you these days. It must be dangerous for a single girl living out here. But now I see you must be living in my uncle's home. My parents will be relieved."

The sarcasm of her voice was so obvious.

Before Savannah uttered a word, Dylan opened his mouth. "Devin, is this your new girlfriend?"

"Yeah." Devin took a provocative look at Savannah.

"Your taste is getting worse," Dylan said.

Valerie was ashamed with surprise at Dylan's words, and she never thought he would speak in such a rude way. She said nothing but looked at Devin pathetically.

"Uncle is joking." He whispered to comfort Valerie.

"I never joke," Dylan added.

Sitting there awkwardly, Valerie's expression darkened further.

Devin frowned, his face darkening too. As his uncle had just agreed to inject capital in his company, he dared not refute his uncle now.

Susan was a little unconvinced. She tried to smooth things over for her son's face, "Dylan, Valerie, and Savannah are both the daughters of the Schultz. If Valerie is not good, is Savannah?"

"Even the nine sons of the powerful dragon king were all different in character. Besides, Savannah and Valerie have different parents." Dylan's voice was lazy and cold. "What's more, Savannah would never seduce her sister's fiancé."

Susan choked by his words, but she didn't want to start a quarrel with Dylan, who seldom came back home. If he left with anger, George would not let her get away with it.

Valerie clenched her teeth and remained silent. Her confidence had gradually gone since Dylan said the first word.

Just then, George came downstairs. He flashed a brilliant smile when he saw the family was all in the living room, especially Dylan.

Valerie stood up and made a bow to old Sterling--the backbone of the Sterlings. She greeted him with a sweet smile: "Good morning, sir."

Then she handed a gift over, "I know you like the famous calligraphy and painting, and I went to the antique market for it," she said.

Savannah looked at her cousin, flattering old Sterling. It seemed that Valerie had done previous preparation for this meeting, and she really wanted to marry into the Sterlings. It would be half a success if she successfully pleased the old Sterling.

George looked at Valerie and frowned.

He heard their conversation before he came downstairs and knew that this girl had been with Devin before Savannah broke up with his grandson.

He could never like a girl who would even hook up with her sister's fiancé.

But he was still polite to the guest, "thank you, miss Schultz."

Valerie was a little frustrated. Before she could say anything, George had already turned to Savannah.

Savannah was so nervous that she still didn't know how to face the old man until Dylan shook her hand: "say hello."

She lowered her head and simply said, "good morning, sir."

She really had no idea how to please the old man with good words, not even to bring a gift to him.

George looked kindly. "Savannah, you can just make yourself at home like before."

Valerie bit her lips. Though she was so enthusiastic and to the initiative, Old Sterling didn't even look at her. But Savannah could easily find favor in his eyes by a simple greeting? Was the old man blind?

Savannah felt warm at her heart and nodded. "I will, sir."

"I would have liked to hear you call me grandfather, but I'm afraid I can't now." George gave a meaningful look at Dylan.

Savannah flushed. She used to be Devin's fiancée and called him grandfather. Now, she seemed to rank a higher position...

Dylan was still expressionless and was not embarrassed at all. "It's getting late. Mealtime now."

Cooper ordered the servants to serve the dishes.

The Sterlings sat at the table and began to enjoy the meal.

It was a sumptuous feast on the family day. The Sterling's cook had served as an executive chef at a three-star Michelin restaurant in France and was hired by old Sterling when he returned home.

On the table, George said to Dylan: "It's the first time for Savannah to come to our house. Dylan, take care of her."

Valerie felt even more wrong. It's also her first time coming here, why no care for her? But she dared not take the initiative to please old Sterling any more, and she just ate herself silently.

Susan quickly glanced at Valerie, who was at least her son's new girlfriend. If Valerie was ignored, she would also be involved in the disgrace. What's more, she didn't like to see Savannah being received by George all the time. She laid down her knife and fork and smiled at Valerie. "Valerie, I heard that you are learning to become a Graphic Designer at CalArts."

It's her opportunity again. Valerie said modestly, "yes."