

## Midnight 69

### He Always Goes His Own Way

Thinking of this, Devin was a little excited. He turned out of bed and went to the ward next door. In the ward, Valerie was sitting up in bed, crying piteously. When seeing Devin coming to see her on his own initiative, she stopped crying and rushed forward to take him in her arms, "Devin, you are not angry at me?"

Devin took her back to the bed and said softly, "Be careful! Don't hurt the baby." Valerie just learned about her pregnancy, but she thought he would be mad about it, and never expected he would be so concerned. "You are not angry?" "How can I be angry? This is my own flesh and blood.

I thought about it, I was just too impulsive, Valerie, now that you're pregnant, let's get married." Devin gritted his teeth and made up his mind. Valerie froze there, filled with delight. "Are you serious? But just now you..." "The baby must have a father. Don't you want to marry me?"

"I do!" Valerie quickly nodded. Just a few minutes ago, Devin was going to break up with her, and now his whole attitude changed. She certainly knew it was because of the unborn baby.

Whatever, she won the battle. She could finally marry Devin, becoming old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law. She breathed a sigh of relief, a triumphant smile on her lips.

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News that Devin and Valerie were getting married because of Valerie's premarital pregnancy reached Dylan's ears a week later. In the office, Dylan frowned after Garwood's report. "Isn't Valerie a student who hasn't graduated yet?"

Garwood shrugged, "Valerie Schultz will soon graduate from college. She has no classes and is doing an internship now. It's normal to get married early, seeing as she is already pregnant."

At that moment, old Sterling called, asking Dylan to go back to the Sterling's house tonight. Dylan knew what his father was going to say. He thought for a moment and then agreed before he hung up the phone.

Garwood said, "Sir, a few days ago, Mr. Yontz went back to Sterling's house with Valerie and told old Sterling that they wanted to get married at a grand wedding. Old Sterling doesn't like Valerie and was very unhappy when he heard it.

But then the news that Valerie was pregnant by Devin cheered up old Sterling, who urged them to get married as soon as possible. It seems that Mr. Yontz wants to return to the group with this chance."

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In the evening, after finishing his last job, Dylan went back to the Sterling's house.

Cooper stood at the gate with a couple of maids in white aprons waiting for their young master to come home,

"Sir, welcome back."

"Sir, would you like to change your clothes?"

"Sir, would you like a drink?"

He passed them, not answering, and he went into the living room with no expression, "Dad."

"Dylan, you came back." On the sofa, old Sterling smiled and put down the evening paper, greeting his son. "What's the matter?" Old Sterling sighed; his second son was still so indifferent toward him. "Did you drive Devin out of the group recently?"

"Um...Yes." Sure enough, Devin had complained to old Sterling.

"In general, as I gave the Sterling group to you, I should not interfere with the way you run the group, and you can fire anyone. But Devin is my grandson and your nephew. Dylan, can't you bend the rules a little if possible?"

Dylan rolled up his shirtsleeves and refused, "He should be punished for his blunder. I have let him down easy. If he was not my nephew, I would have been more ruthless."

Old Sterling paused and said, "I know what he did was wrong. He told me, he offended Savannah on the spur of the moment.

Savannah now is your woman; he really shouldn't have done that. But since he has admitted his mistake to me, and you've already beaten him up, is that not enough? Well, Dylan, I've scolded him. Just let him come back to the company."

Oh, this guy. He was so clever that he readily admitted his mistake to old Sterling. Dylan sneered. "No." Old Sterling changed his face, "Dylan, I don't want to step in, but now that Devin has mended his ways and is ready to get married, he will be a father. The unborn child will be my great-grandchild.

Even if he has made a mistake, he has corrected and reflected on it. I don't want my little grandson to have a shiftless, idle father who had been kicked out of the company! In short, Devin will return to the company tomorrow! If you don't agree, I'll tell the shareholders, and we will determine the matter by a vote!"

Cooper, seeing that old Sterling was really angry, came to Dylan and said with gentle persuasiveness, "Sir, please." The shadows again settled upon the face of Dylan, "If I don't permit him to come back, are you going to eliminate my position as CEO?"

"I don't want to do that!" old Sterling said, grinding his teeth." But if you continue to be so stubborn, I have no choice then." Cooper was busy smoothing things over, "Sir, your father, is just so angry... Come on, why not just make a concession and resume Mr. Yontz's post?"

"I don't think dad said that in anger. He always goes his own way." Dylan gave a little snort. Old Sterling knew he was talking about the same thing again, and his face darkened, "How long are you gonna hold the grudge?" "Forever," Dylan said coldly.

Then he flung out of the room, again parting with his father in displeasure. "You --" Old Sterling stood up, hurrying forward a few steps, and was choked by a fit of coughing. Cooper sprang to his side, holding him, "Sir, stay calm, master Sterling will come round one day."

Will he? Old Sterling closed his eyes. This son rose up against him all these years, filled with hatred toward him. Could they have a good relationship one day? Standing there silently, he let out a long sigh as he heard the noise of the car die away in the distance.

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Beverly Hills, deep in the night.

Savannah looked at the time on the lower-left corner of the notebook. It's almost eleven o'clock. The man should not come back today. Since she had fallen asleep that night and escaped sex, she was haunted by the fear of being picked on him every night. Fortunately, he didn't come back.

She powered off the notebook and stretched luxuriously, preparing for bed. Just then, the door of the bedroom was kicked open. Savannah turned back startled, seeing Dylan, very drunk at the door. He was dead drunk.

He must've thrown his suit somewhere; his shirt was unbuttoned, and his sexy chest was exposed. He leaned one arm against the wall, on the point of falling off onto the ground.