

Midnight 271

271: Don't You Remember Me?

Valerie was quite content with her life at present.

Devin, because of the child in her, had returned to his previous tenderness to her, at least on the surface.

These days, after finishing his work in the company, Devin would no longer hang out with his buddies or lovers as before but went home to company her for fear that she might be unhappy, and her bad mood might affect the unborn baby.

Valerie could see that Devin attached more important to the baby than to the one he had lost as if he rested all his hope on her tummy.

So was she.

Valerie looked down at her pregnant belly. This child had also brought her luck, even...

The child was not Devin's.

Darkness flashed in her eyes when she thought of this, and then it disappeared soon.

At first, she was really worried that the whole thing might be brought to light, and she couldn't sleep for several nights. But she slowly calmed down.

She had nothing to fear. No one knew what happened except Olivia and the man who had sex with her.

Who knew the man? And he would never again show in her life!

As for Olivia, she's still in a vegetative state and should have no chance to come around.

Valerie, with a smile of relief on her lips, took a piece of apple from the maid and ate it slowly.

If there was anything to distress her, that was her cousin, Savannah.

That bitch now not only charmed Dylan the very soul out of him but was also liked by old Sterling a lot.

Valerie could not imagine that her cousin married into the Sterling family one day and became Dylan's wife, and she would have to call her aunt.

At that time, her cousin, the daughter-in-law of old Sterling, was obviously in a higher position than her, the granddaughter-in-law.

No... Would she have to be inferior to her cousin all her life?

When they were young, Savannah had a happy, wealthy family, a beautiful mother, and a capable father. Later, she had Devin, a rich young man from a powerful family, as her fiancé.

In the future, she would become Mrs. Sterling, the young mistress of the Sterling family...

No!

Thinking of this, Valerie became a little upset again, and she had no mood to watch her favorite TV series. She threw the leftover fruit into the plate and sat straight.

After a while, she comforted herself. It's okay. She worried too much. Although old Sterling liked Savannah, he would not necessarily let her marry into the Sterling family.

Just then, a servant came in and called from the door, "Mrs. Yontz, you have a guest."

"Who?" Valerie roused herself and scowled.

Usually, no one would suddenly come to her. If her parents came, they would give her a call in advance.

As for her college classmates, she had no interest in keeping in contact with those common people, so she didn't tell anyone her address. Her future friends could only be the rich ladies of the upper class.

"I don't know," the servant shook his head, "the coming one is a young man, and he just said he's your old friend."

Valerie's heart began to pound with emotion. She had a bad feeling.

"Is he your relative or friend, Mrs. Yontz? Shall I invite him in?" asked the servant, respectfully.

"No," Valerie answered, "at the door? I'll go out and have a look."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. I'll be back in a minute." Valerie dismissed the servant and went out of the villa by herself.

Outside the richly carved gate stood a rather familiar figure.

Her heart was in her mouth. Though the light was quite dim that morning and she was drunk, she could not forget the look of the man.

The man, not far away from her, with small eyes and dirty face, was the one who had sex with her in the bar!

Valerie trembled, and her face immediately turned pale!

Mike, who was enjoying the luxurious villa in front of him, approached Valerie with a cheeky smile when she saw him coming out, "Why do you look scared? Don't you remember me, honey?"

"What are you doing here? How do you know... I live here?" Valerie lowered her voice to a whisper.

"Oh, I not only know that you live in such a luxurious place, but I also know that you are the granddaughter-in-law of the Sterling family. I didn't know that I had fucked a young mistress from such a powerful family!" Mike said in a suggestive way, and then his evil eyes fell on Valerie's pregnant belly, "oh, you are pregnant...? How many weeks?"

The sweat started out on Valerie's backbone. "What do you mean? Stop dreaming! This child belongs to my husband! How am I supposed to have a baby for you, a bastard?" She said coldly, for fear that he should guess anything.

Mike didn't say much but laughed, "It hurts my heart to hear you say that, honey. Anyway, we had sex before..."

"Shut up! Don't say anything about that!" Valerie growled in a low voice, fearing to be heard. She looked around and shouted, "what do you want?"

"Well, since you say that, I won't beat around the bush. I'm short of cash these days. I need some money." Mike said rasily.

Valerie had guessed that this man was just for money, her face darkening, "how much?"

"Not much, one hundred thousand." Mike made a number.

Valerie gnawed her teeth. She was reluctant to satisfy this rogue, but she was also afraid that he might say everything out when pressed. "Okay, give me your account number. But the only condition is, you can't appear in front of me again, and you can't mention that day again!"

Mike was surprisingly pleased when saw Valerie agreed so soon, and he even slightly regretted that he should ask more. "Well, then I wait for you to transfer the money," with these words, he took out a note which had been prepared and handed it to Valerie.

He was about to turn to leave when Valerie stopped him coldly, "wait a minute."

Mike stopped and hissed, "What's up? Do you want to spend another night with me?"

"Shut up! Just tell me how you know my identity?" Valerie clenched her fist.

It had been several months since that day. If this gangster had known that she was Mrs. Yontz, he would have come to her long ago.

Mike felt the wound on his face and sneered, "Speaking of this, I really owe it to my injury."

"What do you mean?" Valerie frowned.

"Several evenings ago, a girl came to Hot Bird and showed your picture to people, asking if they had ever seen you. I coaxed that beautiful girl to a box, but before I could fuck her, her man came in time and gave me a good beating...Damn, then I stayed in bed for more than a week! I got so worked up and wondered who that girl was, so I checked on you. Finally, I found out that the woman who had a one-night stand with me is actually the wife of Master Yontz! Anyway, I was beaten up because of you, so you should give me money as damages!"

272: That Bitch

Valerie opened her eyes wide in alarm. She pulled out her phone and showed a picture of her cousin to Mike. "This bitch?"

Mike glanced at her cell phone and laughed, "yes, This girl. She's quite beautiful, but I let her go that day... What a pity! By the way, what does this chick have to do with you? Why did she investigate you?"

Valerie took back her cell phone, and her face was clouded.

The one who looked into her whereabouts was her cousin, Savannah, and the man who had saved her, needless to say, must be her uncle, Dylan. If it weren't for Dylan, her cousin wouldn't have been so lucky!

She thought that Savannah had given up on Olivia's case, but in fact, she kept investigating it secretly.

Savannah must grudge her living a rich life, so she wanted to ruin her life!

And now Savannah successfully got the damn rogue to knock on her door!

Valerie recovered and said coldly, "don't get so nosy. You can go."

Mike shrugged and didn't bother to ask. Anyway, money was more important. He turned and left Rosemount Villa.

Valerie collected her emotions and returned to the house as if nothing had happened.

Upstairs to her room, she transferred a hundred thousand dollars into Mike's bank account with a sigh of relief. As long as she can shut up the rascal, a hundred thousand dollars wouldn't hurt.

The children of the Sterling family would have their own family account after they got married, and they would receive a certain amount of money in their account every month as a family fund.

Her monthly allowance was quite large, and Devin often bought her expensive jewelry to please her.

After a short rest, Valerie went downstairs. Devin just came back from the company and was changing his shoes on the porch.

She immediately walked over to him with a soft smile, like a good wife to welcome her husband home. "Devin, you're back."

"Well. I heard from the servant that someone called on you today. Who's that?" "Devin asked casually as he loosened his tie.

Valerie was thrown off her balance for a moment and then quickly regained her composure, and, acting as if it was a slight matter, she laughed, "oh... Well, he's my distant cousin... He came to LA looking for a job, and my mom asked him to come to me..."

"Do you want me to get your cousin a job?" Devin said casually. It's not a big deal for him.

"No, no. I haven't seen him for more than ten years, and I don't know him very well. Why should I bother you to help him with his work? I gave him some suggestions and sent him away. You don't have to worry about that." Valerie waved her hand busily.

Devin was a little surprised. Since Valerie married him, she and her mother Norah had been used to showing off in front of their relatives. In order to show that they had the support of a powerful family now, Norah recommended several children of their relatives to the companies under the Sterling group.

Today, as Schultz's relative had come to their door, why did Valerie say no?

However, since Valerie put it this way, he did not bother to say more. He took off his coat and threw it in the servant's hand, walking into the living room, "we have a family dinner this weekend. Get ready, and I'll pick you up in the evening. Remember to perform well then."

"Oh, I see. In fact, I don't have to please grandpa specifically. As long as he saw my baby belly, he will be very happy." Valerie smiled and felt her belly.

"So long as you give me a healthy son, even if you want the moon in the sky, I will pick it for you." Devin looked at Valerie's pregnant belly with great satisfaction. Then he turned and shouted to the servants, "take good care of your young mistress! No accident is allowed! Do what she says to you, understand?"

"Yes, sir." The servants answered up in a chorus.

A satisfied smile played on Valerie's lips, "in fact, Devin, I don't really want anything but... I'm not quite satisfied with the former caregiver. I want to hire Ms. Perry as my caregiver during my pregnancy. She's the most popular senior nurse in LA, and most of those dignified ladies from good families will hire her when pregnant. But she seemed to have already been hired by others. She refused to come even when I offered her a double wage."

"Then triple her wage. Nothing is more important than my son," said Devin quickly.

"Triple? Really?" Valerie was surprised.

"Of course. As long as she is the best nurse and can take care of our baby, the amount of money does not weigh." Devin took out his checkbook, wrote down a number, detached a check from it, and handed it to Valerie, "enough?"

"Enough." Valerie's eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

Devin put his hand on Valerie's pregnant belly, and in his eyes, there was a strange light. He could not have any more children. In Valerie's belly, it was the only child in his life, more precious than anything else.

The next morning, when Valerie had just finished her fine breakfast, a servant came in and whispered, "Mrs. Yontz, Ms. Perry's waiting for you in the living room."

Valerie wiped the corner of her mouth with her napkin, and her lips raised in a contented way. Last night, when she called Sarah Perry and told her that she would like to triple her fee, she agreed immediately.

Helped by a maid, she stood up gracefully and walked into the living room. Sarah was waiting for her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Yontz." Sarah greeted her respectfully.

"Ms. Perry, it's really nice to see you." Valerie smiled.

"Just call me Sarah." Sarah smirked and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Yontz, I was hired by another boss before, so I had to refuse you."

"Well, Sarah. You refused to come even though I could pay you double times. Who was the last person to hire you?" Valerie asked with great interest. In LA, it seemed that there were few families richer than the Sterling family.

"Mrs. Yontz..." Sarah hesitated, "as the employment agreement, it's not good to give the identity of my client away..."

Valerie was more interested in who that pregnant woman. Could it be... a mistress of a man of influence? What's more, this man might have a stronger background than Devin, which made Sarah dare not change her job. Valerie narrowed her eyes, "I'm your client now, Sarah, tell me."

273: Do You Want More

"Sorry, Mrs. Yontz. I can't reveal my client's information, or I might complain." Sarah didn't dare to offend Mr. Sterling.

Valerie was now treated by everyone with indulgence, and the whole Sterling family obeyed her without question. No one dared refuse her request. Valerie rolled her eyes and said lazily, "If you don't tell me, I won't give you triple wages."

"Mrs. Yontz, how could you..." Sarah was surprised to see Valerie break her promise because of this.

"It's just a verbal agreement. We haven't made a deal yet." Valerie sniffed, making an affectation of indifference.

Apart from curiosity, Valerie was also jealous of the woman who had been served by the senior nurse before her, so she was determined to know who that woman was.

Who else could be more precious than the future young mistress of the Sterling family?

"But..." Sarah hesitated.

"I won't force you to. Since you don't want to," Valerie turned to a maid beside her, "see our guest off —"

"No, I say!" Sarah looked a little worried, "actually... Mrs. Yontz, you also know my previous client..."

"Do I? Who?" Valerie rose from the sofa, feeling more curious.

"Dylan Sterling," Sarah said timidly.

Valerie's eyes popped in surprise, and she had a bad foreboding, "who's that pregnant woman?"

No, it couldn't be...

Unsurprisingly, Sarah lowered her voice, "she's Miss Schultz, who lived in Beverly Hills. I heard that...she's your cousin."

Valerie goggled her eyes at Sarah in disbelief. "Is Savannah pregnant?"

"Yes, she's three months pregnant," Sarah said with great assurance.

Valerie clenched her fists with an evident mixture of feeling, and her heart was pounding so loudly.

She had been wondering who hired Sarah before her. It turned out to be Dylan.

Savannah...that little bitch, she's pregnant? More than three months?!

Could it be... Savannah fainted at Sterling's house that night because she had a baby?

No wonder she didn't go to see old Sterling for so long. Dylan protected her in Beverly Hills, and he even refused to let her go out when old Sterling asked her to have dinner.

Valerie was full of envy, jealousy, and agitation.

But more importantly... She was frightened.

She had been consoling herself that even if old Sterling liked Savannah, it was not certain that she could marry Dylan.

But now it was different.

Savannah was pregnant! In her tummy was the real grandchild of old Sterling, and she had a great chance to marry into the Sterling family now.

It seemed that Dylan had not told old Sterling about her pregnancy yet. No one in the Sterling family knew it now.

But once old Sterling knew, all his attention would surely be put on Savannah and her baby!

Thinking of this, Valerie's face fell and looked gloomier and distorted, her hands tightly clenched. A thousand thoughts flashed through her mind, and she found it impossible to think calmly now.

"Mrs. Yontz?" Seeing Valerie's pale face, Sarah gave a quiet cry.

Valerie recovered her senses and looked at Sarah gravely, "don't tell anyone about Savannah's pregnancy, and don't tell anyone that you mentioned it to me. Remember, I hadn't asked you anything today. I don't know anything about it."

"Okay..." replied Sarah meekly.

Valerie sent a servant for Sarah's living arrangement and then went upstairs to her room.

After lying on her bed for a long time, she couldn't settle down but became more and more anxious.

Savannah's pregnancy would not be kept a secret for a long time, and old Sterling would know it sooner or later.

At that time, her position in the Sterling family would have a disastrous decline! Savannah would marry Dylan, and she had to call her aunt... Valerie worked herself into a temper as she thought about it.

No! She could never let that day come!

Valerie got up from the bed. She took out the note Mike had given to her, on which there was a phone number in addition to the bank account. She pulled out her cell phone and dialed the number.

"Hello?" Mike's voice was harsh, and it sounded that he was in the bar again.

"It's me." Valerie swallowed her disgust.

"Oh, Mrs. Yontz?" Mike smiled wickedly.

"Have you received the money?"

"Got it. Mrs. Yontz, thanks for your generosity." Mike laughed.

"Do you want more?" Valerie's voice was cold.

"What do you mean?"

"If you do one thing for me, I'll give you another two hundred thousand."

"Really?" Mike's breathing was noticeably short, "what do you want me to do?"

"The woman who asked you about me that day is pregnant, isn't she?"

Mike paused and said, "Yes, that's right... What do you want?"

"Abort her baby," said Valerie fiercely.

Mike was amazed. He thought about it for a long time and said, with reluctance, "no... the girl's man seems to be very strong, I even didn't touch her but was beaten half to death that night! If she miscarries because of me, I will be killed!"

"Yes, the man has a strong background," Valerie smiled coldly, "but the girl is only his mistress, and she's not that important for him. The baby in her belly is only an illegitimate child. I dare to assure you, you'll be fine after the woman miscarries. Otherwise, how dare I let you go to do this? Am I not afraid of trouble?" Valerie urged.

"But..." Mike remained undecided.

Valerie continued tempting him, "how many hundreds of thousand can you make in a lifetime? You really don't want it?"

Mike finally gave in to the temptation, but he bargained shrewdly, "no, two hundred thousand is not enough for me to take the risk to offend people with such a powerful background. At least five hundred thousand! Yes, five hundred thousand, and I'll help you find a way to abort her child!"

Any fool could see Valerie's intolerance of that unborn child.

She could afford five hundred thousand!

He had regretted asking only one hundred thousand from her.

Valerie gnashed her teeth. This damned gangster was really greedy and pushed his luck! But now that she had told him her plan, she could not take the words back anymore. What's more, besides Mike, she did not know any other gangster. Finally, she made a decision, "deal!"

Five hundred thousand dollars was fine. Old Sterling and Devin had given her some jewelry, and it should be no problem to get enough money after selling them.

After she gave birth to her baby, she would have a higher position in the family for the sake of old Sterling's great-grandchild! She didn't need to worry about money at that time! Five hundred thousand was nothing!

* * *

On the weekend

In the evening, old Sterling sent a driver to pick up Valerie and Devin to Sterling's house.

As they entered the living room, Valerie saw a delicate and familiar figure sitting on the sofa, talking and laughing with old Sterling.

Savannah was here too.

274: How's That Possible?

Valerie scrutinized her cousin quietly.

Since Savannah was three months pregnant, her belly should have been swelling. However, she wore a loose one-piece dress today, her belly looks flat, and no one could see she's pregnant. Maybe it was because she didn't have a good appetite during her pregnancy, she looked even thinner than before.

An envious cold smile rose on Valerie's lips. She had the impulse to push her cousin hard to the ground.

"What's up?" Devin noticed Valerie's sensation and looked at her.

"Nothing." Valerie shook her head, trying to suppress her emotion. Then she smiled confidentially.

What's the hurry? Everything had been planned. This little bitch would not give birth to this child safely.

She would never let Savannah have the chance to marry into the Sterling family and argue with her for the position of the hostess of the house!

Savannah pretended not to see Valerie when she and Devin walked over to them.

Yesterday, Cooper called and invited Dylan and her to come for dinner on family day. She thought Dylan would refuse, but he agreed to come. When she asked, he explained that the doctor said the baby in her tummy was relatively stable now, and it's good for her and the baby to go out for a walk.

Seeing that Devin and Valerie had arrived, old Sterling asked the servant to serve the food and led them to the dining room.

Dylan moved close and took Savannah's arm as soon as she stood up. Savannah looked at him in surprise. Though he took her to the Sterling's house for dinner today, he was still worried about the baby in her tummy. She felt funny. What could happen from the living room to the dining room? He didn't need to watch her in rather an exaggerated way!

"I can go myself," she whispered as she got herself free from his hold.

Dylan frowned. Didn't she know that he's just worried about her?

Old Sterling noticed their movement and laughed, "Savannah, what's troubling you? Can't you walk without Dylan?"

Savannah hurriedly took two steps ahead of Dylan and explained, "no. Dylan's just talking to me..."

"Yeah. Just talking." Dylan agreed dryly.

Savannah's eyes clouded slightly at Dylan's words. He had not told old Sterling about her pregnancy.

It seemed that he didn't plan to tell anyone before the baby arrived.

Old Sterling just joked and didn't notice the strange air between the two. He sat down first.

After the servant brought in the last dish, the table was groaning with food. "Let's get started," said old Sterling.

Savannah was really hungry now. She hadn't much of an appetite but especially liked fish recently. She picked up her fork and stretched to the nearest lemon blacken grouper in front of her, but before she could touch the fish, Valerie's soft voice stopped her,

"Devin, I want to eat that fish."

Devin quickly forked up a piece of grouper to Valerie's plate.

Valerie, however, didn't eat the fish. She was still staring at the plate of fish. "Devin, I'm fond of fish these days..."

The implication was that a piece of fish was not enough. She could eat a whole plate.

Savannah knew Valerie did it on purpose. The table was filled with food, but Valerie wanted nothing but the grouper she was about to eat. She deliberately aimed at her.

Well, she did not bother to argue with Valerie for a plate of fish.

"Grandpa, Valerie has become really fond of this kind of fish recently," Devin explained to old Sterling.

"Then serve it to her and let her eat it alone." Old Sterling didn't observe what's going on between Valerie and Savannah.

Immediately Devin brought the whole plate of grouper to Valerie.

Valerie gave Savannah an aggressive glance and then enjoyed the grouper with a satisfied smile.

Savannah was a little out of the mood, and she just ate some salad slowly.

"Make some more fish." Dylan turned and ordered the servant next to him.

The servant nodded and left for the kitchen.

Valerie wiped the smile from her face when she saw Dylan care for Savannah so much. She sank her fork into a piece of fish with spite. As long as Savannah loses the baby, Dylan won't value her anymore!

When they've just finished the meal, Savannah's phone rings.

She picked it up and saw Matt's name.

Matt rarely called her, afraid of making trouble for her. Unless... What's wrong with Olivia?

She was in a panic and answered the phone quickly, "hi, Matt. Anything wrong with Olivia?"

"The doctor said Olivia might come to her senses soon!" Matt said excitedly over the phone.

"Really?" Savannah cried with joy and surprise.

"Yes! She has not woken up yet, but the doctor said she'd recover her consciousness in one or two days."

"Good, I'll come to see her later!" Savannah hung up the phone happily.

"Savannah, what happened? What makes you so happy?" Old Sterling asked mildly.

Savannah took a deep breath and gave a significant look to Valerie, and then she replied to old Sterling, "sir, my friend, who has been in a coma for a long time, will wake up soon."

Valerie broke out in a sudden sweat, clasping her hands under the tablecloth.

What? Will Olivia wake up soon? No... How's that possible?

Devin's face turned pale, too.

"Oh, you mean your friend who got hurt in a bar? That's good." Old Sterling nodded slowly.

Savannah then looked at Dylan, "I want to go to the hospital, can I?"

Dylan's face remained impassive when he heard that Olivia would wake up soon. "It's too late. You can go tomorrow morning." He said dryly.

"Tomorrow morning? But..." Savannah wished she could sprout wings and fly there. How could she wait until tomorrow? In spite of the embarrassment in front of old Sterling, she tugged at his sleeve and said softly, "Dylan, please..."

However, Dylan was unmoved at all, "as I said, it's too late today. Olivia isn't fully awake, and you could do nothing if you go now. Let's go tomorrow."

275: She's Finally Awake

Savannah bit her lip with anxiety. He knew that she had been worried about Olivia for months, and she was waiting for Olivia to wake up. Now she received good news, but he still asked her to wait another night!

Well, he didn't want her to meddle in Olivia's case. He didn't care about her friend at all! Whether Olivia was in a coma or awake was none of his business!

This man was always inconsiderate and heartless!

Dylan, however, ignored the sad look in her eyes. He wiped her mouth with the napkin, stood up, and said to old Sterling, "We've finished. We'll go back first."

With that, he held Savannah, who was unwilling to leave in this way, and went out of the house.

As soon as they left the villa, Savannah pulled out her hand from his. She didn't want to quarrel with him in front of old Sterling and Valerie, and now, with nobody around them, she complained, "Dylan, can't I even go to have a look at Olivia? She's finally awake! Why?"

"Why? You're pregnant and need to rest at this hour. The hospital isn't a good place for you. You might spend hours there. I said, no." Dylan's eyes darkened.

Savannah bit the lip and was about to say more when Dylan forcibly took her hand again, "if you say much, I won't let you go tomorrow."

Then she shut up and followed him into the car.

Well, just one more night!

Forget it!

After they left, the servant prepared dessert and fruit. Valerie sat down with old Sterling on the sofa, so absent-minded that she almost dropped the fruit several times.

Old Sterling thought Valerie was just tired. For fear that the baby in Valerie shall be tired too, he asked a driver to send Devin and Valerie back to Rosemount Villa.

Devin and Valerie got into the car, speechless, and they all looked off-color.

After they returned to Rosemount Villa and watched the driver driving away, Devin gave Valerie a fierce look, shouting, "now what? Savannah's friend woke up! Damn you! If your crime is disclosed, not only are you dead, I'll also be scolded and disgusted by grandpa!"

Valerie kept up her spirit, "no, Devin, don't worry, it won't happen!"

"No? When Savannah goes to the hospital tomorrow morning, her friend must tell her everything! Then they will go to the police to testify against you! It's all over by then!" The more Devin thought about this, the more miserable he felt. He looked at Valerie furiously and then kicked viciously against a tree.

"In any case," he said, "don't expect me to help you!"

With this, Devin strode into the villa. He had to figure out how to explain to his grandpa after Valerie's crime was exposed.

Valerie, left by Devin, stood alone in the cold night, clenching her fists in horror.

She remembered the time she was abandoned by Devin and driven to her parents' home. It seemed as if all her state was loneliness and forsakenness again.

She could not help but tremble for fear.

After tomorrow morning, from the young mistress of the Sterling family, she would fall into a prisoner and become the laughing stock of the whole upper class!

No! She couldn't be given up by the Sterling family again!

She couldn't see Olivia wake up! She couldn't give Savannah the chance to ask Olivia tomorrow morning!

Valerie stiffened herself with clenched fists, and the killing intent was deeply engraved in her eyes.

* * *

The inpatient department of the hospital was silent in the middle of the night.

Everyone was deep asleep.

The nurses on duty outside the wards had nodded off over their desks.

As the elevator door opened with a single sound, a heavy figure stepped out, dodged the surveillance cameras, and headed for the ward at the end of the corridor.

The door of the ward was not locked. Valerie wrenched at the door-handle and then pushed the door in.

A slender woman was lying on the bed, covered by a white quilt.

At the side of the bed, the patient's name was on the name tag: Olivia.

It's a two-person ward, but for now, it was only occupied by Olivia.

"Don't blame me... blame yourself for being awake... If only you could just lie down like this forever..." Valerie's eyes contorted with a ghastly glow. She could not imagine that after Olivia woke up in the morning, her whole life would be ruined! Finally, Valerie didn't hesitate any longer. She grasped a pillow from another bed and moved forward quickly, pressing the pillow over Olivia's face with all her strength!

The one under the pillow moved.

Is she really awake? The cold sweat burst out upon Valerie's brow, and she increased the pressure on the pillow with the resolution to put the people to death!

All of a sudden, the person under the pillow turned over and jumped out of bed, and before Valerie could react, she was held by the wrist! With a clanging sound, the handcuffs were put on Valerie's wrists!

Valerie froze, and she stared at the woman in front of her with wide eyes. She was not Olivia, but a woman of Olivia's size!

Simultaneously, a group of people rushed in, and several uniformed police officers surrounded her.

"Mrs. Yontz, we are police from the city police department. We now suspect you of murder. You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law," the woman said coldly.

* * *

News about Valerie's arrest reached Beverly Hills at sunrise.

Savannah did not recover for a long time when she heard what happened last night.

She couldn't wait to go to the hospital right away. Dylan didn't stop her this time and told Garwood to drive her there.

In fact, Valerie had been watching Olivia's state closely, so she had already found out where Olivia lived. Before she came to the hospital last night, Olivia was temporarily moved to another ward.

When Savannah arrived at the hospital, Olivia had been moved back to her original ward, where she lay still on the bed as usual.

Matt stood by the bed and looked at her. "The police called just now. They said that Valerie is in detention and she'll face a lawsuit soon. Thanks to Dylan! Otherwise, I don't know when I can find the killer."

Savannah never thought that all this was just a trap arranged by Dylan.

Olivia didn't wake up. The news she got last night was to bait Valerie to kill Olivia again.

She thought he didn't care about Olivia's case at all. In fact, he arranged everything to help her catch the killer.

But she kept sulking at him.

Savannah sighed and turned to Olivia on the bed, feeling a sense of loss.

Though it was a good thing to catch the murderer, Olivia didn't wake up. She felt disappointed at the vain pleasure.

If only Olivia woke up.

276: DNA Result

After a while, Garwood came in quietly and whispered, "Miss Schultz, it's time to go. Mr. Sterling said that it's not good for you to stay in the hospital for too long."

Savannah nodded. She said good-bye to Matt and went out of the hospital with Garwood.

As she got into the car, she could not help but ask, "Garwood, why didn't he tell me about this in advance?"

On the driver's seat, Garwood paused for a moment, turned his head, and sighed silently, "Mr. Sterling did all this... for the sake of you, Miss Schultz."

"For my sake?" She raised her eyebrows in amazement.

"Mr. Sterling didn't allow you to investigate into your friend's case because he was afraid that Mrs. Yontz might murder you when pressed. After all, she dares to kill Olivia, it's not surprising that she will do you harm too."

Savannah took a breath and became clear. "He hasn't told anyone else about my pregnancy..."

"He just wants to protect you and the baby. Miss Schultz, you've been with Mr. Sterling for some time, and you should know that struggles for power are quite normal in rich families. Mr. Sterling is the only son of old Sterling, and the baby in you is the future master of the Sterling family. If Mr. Yontz and Mrs. Yontz know that Mr. Sterling has his own child, we can't imagine what they will do in order to secure their own power and position. It'll be hard for us to keep you safe at that time. That's why Mr. Sterling keeps your pregnancy a secret. He plans to tell old Sterling when your state is stable enough."

Savannah bit her lip and remained silent for a long time. Did she misunderstand him? He temporarily kept this matter secret to protect her, not because he wanted to abandon her after she gave birth to the baby?

Garwood started the engine and was about to drive when Savannah asked, "where's he now? Has he gone to the company?"

Garwood shook his head significantly. "Mr. Sterling has something important to do today. He'll go back to Beverly Hills after that."

In Sterling's house.

After Valerie was detained by the police in the detention house, Devin rushed to Sterling's house to ask his grandpa for help. Early in the morning, old Sterling was shocked and almost fainted when he learned that Valerie was arrested by the police. It was said that Savannah's friend, who fell into a vegetative state, was Valerie's victim, and last night, Valerie even sneaked into the hospital to kill her again!

However, thinking of the child in Valerie's belly, old Sterling could only hold back his anger temporarily. He sent a lawyer to bail Valerie out first.

Two hours later, the lawyer came back alone with a serious look, saying that because Valerie attempted to murder two times and was caught on the spot this time, the case became serious and not bailable now.

Astonished, Devin still tried to retrieve the situation. He took old Sterling by the sleeve and said, "Grandpa, you must help Valerie! She's really wrong..."

"Wronged? She was caught by the police on the spot! You must know what she did as her husband too! You two...you are going to be the cause of my death!" Old Sterling became more furious and shook off Devin.

"Anyway, Valerie's still pregnant with my child," Devin cried with a long face, "Grandpa, you have to help her for the sake of the baby. Besides, it will disgrace our family if that comes out."

Old Sterling, of course, had the same thought. He gave his grandson a stern look and called the police chief himself.

The police chief answered the phone respectfully, but when old Sterling asked him to let Valerie go, he answered helplessly, "sir, it's too serious this time. Last night, your granddaughter-in-law was caught on the spot, several nurses and doctors saw what happened too. What's more, we don't know who gave it out, Daily News knows the case and said that they would follow up on the progress of this case at any

time. If we let the suspect go, the media won't let me go! Don't worry, sir. I know your granddaughter-in-law is pregnant. I will ask my subordinate to watch more closely to her and keep her safe."

Knowing that the police chief could not help, old Sterling frowned and hung up the phone.

Devin rushed to him and asked, "Grandpa, how's it?"

Old Sterling repeated the police chief's words.

Devin clenched his fists. Needless to say, it must be his uncle who put the news to the media. He frightened the police out of releasing Valerie.

It was also his uncle who tempted Valerie into the trap last night.

"Grandpa, in any case, you should find a way to protect Valerie and your great-grandson. Valerie's pregnant now, and the baby will be affected after staying in detention for too long!" Devin was really worried. The unborn child was not only the next generation of the Sterling family but also... his only child in this life. Valerie couldn't have an accident again!

Old Sterling thought about the problem for a little while and knitted his white eyebrows. If the police could not make the decision, he could only turn to the prime minister, Robert Smith...

The Sterling family had a good relationship with the Smith family, and Robert was his old friend too.

He picked up the phone and was about to dial the number when a servant rushed in hurriedly, "sir, Mr. Sterling is back."

"Dad wants to call Mr. Smith?" Dylan's voice sounded chilly.

Old Sterling saw his son come, paused, and nodded his head.

Devin had a bad feeling when he saw his uncle. A shiver ran down his back.

"Valerie attempted murders twice. She got only what she deserved. Dad, you still want to protect her?" Dylan strode in.

Old Sterling frowned. "I'm not protecting her. I'm protecting the baby in her belly."

"Then don't worry," Dylan said dryly.

"What do you mean?" asked old Sterling, surprised.

"Because the child in Valerie's belly has nothing to do with the Sterling family." Dylan threw a stack of papers into Cooper's hands.

All the people present changed their faces!

Devin rushed forward, "uncle, don't talk nonsense!"

Dylan was too lazy to talk to him and just motioned to his father to look at the document.

Old Sterling, with a pale face, took the document from Cooper and read it line by line.

This was a paternity test report issued by DNA Diagnostics Center. DNA samples were taken from Valerie's fetus and Devin.

Dylan took the DNA from both and sent it to the agency for testing seven days ago.

Today, it just came out.

The final result of the DNA report was clear: Probability of Paternity: 0%

Devin was not considered the biological father of the unborn baby.

"With current DNA technology, it's now possible to identify the relationship of paternity even if the baby is unborn. The result is clear." Dylan glanced sympathetically at his nephew, who was being cuckolded.

277: Give My Son A Treatment

Cooper flung his arm out just in time to stop old Sterling from falling. The report slipped from old Sterling's hand. He looked paler than ever, and he was speechless for a long time.

The unborn baby whom he had been expecting turned out not to be his great-grandson at all.

Devin, standing behind his grandpa, could clearly see the result of the DNA report. Veins throbbed on his forehead, and blood rushed to his face. His fists clenched and held stiffly to his sides.

The unborn baby in Valerie's belly was not his own flesh and blood...

Valerie must have betrayed him when she was driven back to her parent's house!

Fuck!

The other night, a servant said that a man came to Valerie. That bitch hummed and hawed, saying that the man was her relative... He sensed something was wrong but didn't pursue the subject at that time. Now when thought about it, he realized that she had been lying!

Was the man the one who had an affair with Valerie and made her pregnant?

Devin was so angry that he clenched his teeth. The unborn child was not his... that was to say, he could never have his own child?

It was as if God had given him a gift and then taken it away without mercy.

"Valerie attempted to kill Olivia twice because Olivia may have known Valerie's relationship with another man. Olivia suspected that the baby in Valerie's belly was not Devin's, so she asked Valerie out to a bar. In order not to expose the truth, Valerie pushed her downstairs. Knowing Olivia might wake up, she attempted murder again last night." Dylan articulated each word clearly.

Even though Devin was humiliated and annoyed, he had to restrain himself, "grandpa, it's impossible. The DNA report must be false! Valerie is not that kind of person... Don't just rely on a report! It's too simple for my uncle to doctor the report..."

Although knowing that this explanation was not good, Devin still had to defend himself.

The unborn baby in Valerie's belly was his only leverage.

"False? Then what about your illness? Isn't it true?" Dylan pursed his lips chillingly.

"What do you mean?" Devin gazed in agitation, and cold sweat was running down his back.

Led by two bodyguards, a paramedic helped a woman in a hospital dress in.

"Susan?" Old Sterling was surprised.

"Mom!" Devin froze.

"Dylan, what do you bring Susan back for?" Old Sterling looked at his son in perplexity.

Dylan did not answer but strolled to her sister. "Susan, I heard that your son is ill." His voice was soft and gentle.

Although Susan was still bewildered and knew nobody, she was clearly in good spirits today. She looked as if suddenly remembered something, and her eyes lit up. "Yes," she exclaimed, "give my son a treatment! He's the heir of the family firms! How can he be childless? You must get a good doctor for him and cure him!"

Old Sterling's face changed. Devin wanted to rush up to cover his mother's mouth, was stopped by two bodyguards in time.

"Why? Devin, what's the matter with you? Why does your mother say you are childless?" Old Sterling looked in disbelief at his grandson.

Devin was rooted to the spot, too ashamed to speak of it.

"Serious syphilis, and he hasn't recovered yet," said Dylan dryly, "according to the doctor, he is left sterile. Susan helped him to conceal the truth all the time. Devin didn't show up when his parents got a divorce because he was being treated at that time. If you don't believe it, you can take him to the hospital for an examination. Since Devin cannot have children, it's clear whether Valerie's baby is Devin's." It sounded like Devin had known the baby in Valerie was not his, and he suppressed the truth on purpose.

Old Sterling's face turned pale. He knew that his grandson liked hanging around with his evil friends, but he did not expect that he would have caught such a disease.

Apparently, he got it from running around with other women.

"Grandpa, uncle is responsible for my illness!" Devin busily explained.

However, while Devin's words were still on his lips, old Sterling knocked him away with a vicious slap in the face; he was too enraged to say anything.

Devin looked at his grandfather in horror.

"You have the nerve to blame your uncle? Fuck you, fool! How could anyone harm you if you behave yourself? Before you got married, you hooked up with your fiancée's cousin; after you married, you went out fooling around on your wedding night. I don't believe you are completely innocent this time. I

don't care about your personal life, but since you are infertile, how could you conspire with your wife and get her pregnant with another person's child? How dare you deliberately cheat me! What do you want, use a bastard to inherit the property of the Sterling family? If I hadn't known it today... I..." Old Sterling pointed his trembling hand at Devin, and he was too excited and angry to finish his words.

Devin, knowing that he couldn't change the situation, knelt down and hugged his grandfather's leg, crying, "Grandpa, I know I was wrong, but I'm also a victim. I didn't know that the baby in Valerie's belly is not mine. I- I want to kill her too..."

Old Sterling kicked his grandson away in a rage.

Seeing his master tremble with anger, Cooper hastily patted old Sterling on the back to comfort him and called two servants to take Devin back to Rosemount Villa first.

Dylan also gestured to the bodyguards to take Susan away. Susan, unaware of what had happened, was prattling proudly as she left the villa, "go and get a good doctor for my son! Be sure to cure him, or I will kill you! Devin must not be childless. He's going to inherit the property of the Sterling family!"

Old Sterling staggered to sit down on the sofa. It was a long time before he came. Looking up, he saw his son standing not far away, staring at him.

When Valerie became pregnant again, he thought that good times would come back, or at least there were hopes in the coming days.

However, it turned out that his grandson had been infertile... And the baby in his granddaughter-in-law was not his blood and fresh at all.

Now, Valerie became a murderer and would be sent to prison, which was a great disgrace to the Sterling family.

Old Sterling knew very well that it was Dylan who led Valerie to the hospital and arranged for the police to arrest her. Besides, Devin was not lying when he said that he got that terrible disease because of his uncle.

He suddenly felt sad and tired.

278: You're Back

Old Sterling knew that there was no right or wrong in the struggle for power in large families. He couldn't blame his son or his grandson.

When old Sterling was young, his life goal was to earn more money and accumulate more wealth. But now, he sadly realized that money and power would eventually cause the family members to fight with each other and make the family fall apart.

Dylan walked to his father, who looked ten years older, and said reassuringly, "I've called Daily News and asked its editor-in-chief not to publish articles about Valerie's case. In short, no one from the outside will gossip about your grand daughter-in-law's attempted murder, and the Sterling family's reputation won't be ruined."

At least, he wouldn't let Valerie disgrace his family.

As old Sterling knew, it was Dylan who sent the news to Daily News so that the police would not release Valerie. Now that the matter was settled and no one would bail Valerie out, of course, he would ask the media not to report it.

His son had grown up; he was now decisive and ruthless, autocratic, and cold.

The business of the Sterling group should eventually be handed over to his son.

Old Sterling closed his eyes wearily and nodded.

* * *

After leaving the Sterling's house, Dylan went to the police station and talked with the police chief, and then he went back to the company to manage some urgent business affairs. When he returned to Beverly Hills, it was about ten o'clock in the evening.

He changed shoes and stepped quietly into the living room. The lamp threw out a dim light, and the television was still playing a TV play in a low sound. A slim figure was reclined on the sofa, asleep.

The little woman looked like a little kitty when she was asleep, quiet and cute. Though the baby in her belly was more than three months, Savannah had a supple waist, slim arms, and shapely legs, and besides her small bump, she was not like a pregnant woman at all.

Her baby bump was a little smaller than other pregnant women of the same month. Well, the obstetrician and gynecologist who examined her said the fetus was developing well in the womb, otherwise, he would have to force-feed her every day.

Dylan's intense eyes turned from her belly to her face. Her eyelashes, long and dark, were fringing down the edge of the eyelid; her exquisitely sculpted lips were rose-red and full, looking sweet. She was softly illuminated by the dim lights. Looking down her graceful neck, Dylan gazed at her white and swollen breast under her low-cut dress.

His breathing became harsh, and desire pooled way down low...way down there. He managed to hold it back, strolled over, and tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear from her forehead.

Savannah was awakened. She opened her bright, beautiful eyes and stared at him. Two seconds later, she reacted and stood up, "Ah, you're back..."

Before the words were out of her mouth, she felt pins and needles in her leg and was about to fall back on the sofa again when he stretched out to hold her waist and pulled her in his arms in time.

Dylan narrowed his eyes as his hands flexed over her backside, "why sleep here? Didn't Judy ask you to go upstairs to bed?"

She didn't get out of his arms, afraid that he might blame Judy again. "She did, but I... I'm waiting for you," she busily explained.

His eyes darkened.

Savannah was a little nervous under his intense eyes, "I cooked seafood porridge in the evening, and left some. Are you hungry? It can be your night snack."

With that, she gently pushed him away and went to the kitchen, put on the oven gloves, and took the porridge on the stove out.

Dylan glanced at the pot of porridge. So much left? Obviously, she cooked it expressly for him.

He knew that the little woman was embarrassed, so he didn't mention it. There was a ghost of a smile on his lips, and he said with his eyes glancing with humor, "you won't drug me this time, will you?"

Savannah's face turned red as she remembered the night she had seduced him with Viagra in sugar water. She shook her head in embarrassment, "no..."

"That's good." After joking, Dylan took a bowl and ladled in some porridge. Without a spoon, he picked up the bowl and took a mouthful slowly.

"Well, is it better than any before?" Seeing the calm expression on his face, Savannah felt much more confident.

Of course, there was progress. He had tried her cooking so many times... Dylan silently raised his lips in amusement. After finishing a bowl, he stared at her, and his expression became serious again, "what do you want? Or did you do anything that made you feel guilty again?"

Based on past experience, every time the little woman took the initiative to please him, she acted with a purpose.

"Nothing." Savannah pursed her lips and seemed to not agree with his preconceived conclusion.

"Really?" Dylan didn't believe it.

"Really. I cooked this night snack because... I want to thank you, thank you for helping Olivia." Savannah took a deep breath. What's more, she wanted to make up for the way she thought of him these days. He was not that heartless as she scolded...

"It's a thank-you meal." Dylan glimpsed the well-made bowl of seafood porridge, and he might have been happier if she had simply cooked a meal for him with no intent.

Savannah noticed that his face clouded a little. She had no idea what had happened and did not dare to speak. After a while, Dylan opened his mouth again, "If you must thank me, only do one thing well."

Savannah felt a tug in her heart, and she could guess what he wanted to say. As expected, he stared at her, grasping her chin with his long index finger and thumb, and said dryly, "give birth to the child and don't make trouble again, that's what I want."

She swallowed. Although Garwood's words seemed to thaw the icicles in her heart, she still hesitated when he brought up the subject of having kids for him. It was not an easy decision.

If he really liked her and valued her, why not marry her? She really couldn't give birth to a baby until she made clear her relationship with this man.

She had gotten enough when she was with Devin, and she didn't want to fail in feelings again.

Dylan was still staring at her, waiting for her answer.

His eyes dislocated her mind and made her upset. She was afraid that she might promise him if pressed. Finally, she bit the lip and chose to escape this time.

"Dylan, I...I felt a little dizzy."

She knew that he would not press her if she said so. As expected, Dylan scowled slightly, "what's wrong? Let's go to the hospital?"

"No... I just want to sleep."

Dylan gazed at her, his expression was unfathomable. Then he scooped her up and carried her curled against his chest to her room up the stairs.

With shocking surprise, Savannah instinctively threw her arms around his neck. Looking at his beautiful profile, she didn't struggle anymore.

279: Do Me A Favor

In the detention center.

In a cell, Valerie, gaunt and exhausted, sat still on the hard bed.

In just a week, she became thinner and paler.

What's more, she was verging on a breakdown.

After days, the Sterling family still did not send anyone to bail her out, and Devin had not visited her once.

Suddenly, a female prison guard came and clanked the door open. "Miss Schultz, come out! Someone has come to see you."

Valerie surprisingly stood up, a gleam of hope arising from despair. "Is that my husband?"

The female prison guard took a pity to look at her, "come with me, and you will know."

Valerie, holding her heavy belly, walked out of the cell with the guard to the reception room.

A tall man in suit and tie sat with his back to them on the long table in the room.

Valerie, overjoyed, rushed over and was about to cry "Devin" when she saw clearly the man and stopped. She was deeply disappointed; the glow went out of her face.

The man was in his forties, with gold-rimmed glasses, and looked cultured and professional. He was not Devin!

Seeing Valerie come out, the man stood up and began to introduce himself, calmly, "Miss Schultz, I'm the lawyer from the Sterling family."

Valerie didn't notice that he called her Miss Schultz, not Mrs. Yontz. She roused herself and saw hope again. "Did Devin ask you to win this case for me?"

"I'm here on behalf of Mr. Yontz," the lawyer ignored her question and pushed several pieces of paper towards her, "please sign this divorce agreement."

Valerie felt as if a bucketful of ice water had been poured over her, her blood freezing in her veins. In disbelief, she picked up the document, which was indeed a divorce agreement, and she immediately fell down on the chair.

After she had waited for so many days, instead of the protection and shelter from the Sterling family, and indifferent lawyer came with a divorce agreement?!

"No, I'm not getting divorced... Why does he divorce me?! I'm still pregnant with his child! How does he have the nerve to abandon me just because I'm in prison?" Valerie made her final stand, her pale face contorted with rage.

The lawyer sneered, leaned forward, and lowered his voice, "Miss Schultz, you know best whether the unborn child is Mr. Yontz's own flesh and blood or not. It's your luck that the Sterling family won't charge you with adultery. They won't pursue the matter, and if you don't want to make yourself a big scandal, sign this agreement now."

Valerie broke into a cold sweat, and the pupil of her eyes narrowed and then widened in horror. Did old Sterling and Devin already know the truth about the unborn baby?

"Don't dilly-dally. You should know that there are many ways for Mr. Yontz to divorce you, Miss Schultz. If you don't sign it, the Sterling family will use other methods, and the consequences will be unpredictable." The lawyer scoffed.

Valerie shivered under the lawyer's cold eyes. She picked up the pen and signed her name with a trembling hand.

The lawyer picked up the divorce agreement with satisfaction and left the detention center.

* * *

Rosemount Villa.

Devin was sprawling on the sofa, drinking himself to death. The floor was already covered with empty bottles.

After he was sent back to Rosemount Villa that day, his grandpa never spoke to him again. He tried to go back to explain, but the servants stopped him at the door and refused to let him in. He called, but Cooper answered the phone and said that old Sterling did not want to talk to him now.

Besides, his grandpa also suspended his position in the company and sent the servants and drivers away from Rosemount Villa, asking him to move back to his apartment in a few days.

If it were not for Valerie, how could his life be ruined like this?

His grandpa knew that he was infertile, and he even thought that he and Valerie plotted together to cheat him with a bastard to win his favor.

How could he be easily forgiven? It was certainly the end for him this time...

Even if grandpa would forgive him, he had no chance to struggle for power with his uncle again.

Though the relationship between grandpa and uncle was very poor, how could grandpa deliver over the family's property to a childless grandson?

He lost the game.

Since he betrayed Savannah and chose Valerie, his fortune had turned bad...

Was he rewarded for betraying his fiancée?

Thinking of this, he grabbed the empty can of beer and squeezed it hard, hitting it to the ground.

At the same time, his phone rang.

He answered the phone in liquor.

"Mr. Yontz, your wife, had signed the divorce agreement. I will settle your divorce as soon as possible." The lawyer reported in a businesslike tone through the phone.

Oh, he finally divorced that unfaithful bitch!

But he could not go back to his normal life.

Devin clenched his teeth with hatred and scolded Valerie when he thought that she betrayed him and was pregnant with another man's child!

"Do me a favor..." Devin ordered the lawyer in a harsh voice.

After the lawyer heard what Devin said, he frowned slightly but dared not disobey his order, "Mr. Yontz, you don't have to do this... Miss Schultz will come to no good for her attempted murder."

"I don't care! Anyway, I have to vent my spleen!"

"But..."

"Please make it clear, dear lawyer, that I'm still the grandson of George Sterling. If you still want to work for the Sterling family as a lawyer, just do as I said!" Devin's tone became even sterner.

The lawyer had no choice but agreed. "Yes, Mr. Yontz."

* * *

Late at night in the detention center.

In the cell, most of the female criminals were fast asleep, purring slightly.

Valerie sat against the wall clasping her knees and kept awake all night. She was filled with despair.

Devin divorced her, and no one could help her get out of here. She's finished...

She couldn't blame Devin or old Sterling, she had to vent all her anger on Savannah.

It's all because of that little bitch!

If it were not for Savannah, Olivia would not have asked her out to question her, and she would not have pushed Olivia down the stairs!

If it were not for Savannah, Dylan would not have set a trap and tempted her to the hospital, and she would not have been arrested on the spot!

In a word, the source of her misery was Savannah...

Now she was imprisoned alone in this cold cell with a big belly, while Savannah was enjoying the best treatment as a happy pregnant woman in the villa!

Why?

She was not reconciled!

Valerie buried her face in her knees, weeping sadly, and her eyes blazed hatred.

My dear cousin, Savannah, since my life had been ruined, you may as well forget about having a peaceful life.

280: I Will Protect You

Valerie sobbed, fingernails biting into her palms.

"Stop crying! You're making too much noise!" A tall and aggressive female prisoner, who seemed to have been awakened, came up from her bed and roared savagely.

Valerie, in a bad mood, impatiently replied, "ha, if you have another choice, I suggest you live in the presidential suite. Why don't you move out?"

"You'll be sorry for what you've said!" With those words, the female prisoner drew out a dagger, rushing to Valerie, and thrust it into Valerie's big belly violently!

Valerie's eyes widened as the sharpened dagger pierced her belly, and she fell to the ground in the shrieks of other prisoners who saw the blood.

* * *

Savannah heard what happened to Valerie the next noon.

Garwood did not intend to mention the matter to Savannah at first, but when he told this to Judy, Savannah just went downstairs and joined their conversation.

Last night, Valerie was badly injured in a fight with a female prisoner in her cell.

After Savannah learned the terrible accident from Garwood's mouth, her stomach turned over, "what about Valerie now?"

"She was taken to a hospital. Her life is saved, but the baby is dead. It's said that the baby is a 2kilos boy. What's more,..." Garwood sighed.

"What?"

"After massive hemorrhage, her uterus was removed, and she couldn't have children in the future. The police said that Valerie would be formally charged when she recovers from her injuries."

Savannah didn't know whether or not she should feel sorry for Valerie. After all the recent things, Devin and Valerie were all left infertile.

However, she felt something was wrong and asked suspiciously, "how could the female prisoner in the jail have a knife?"

Garwood looked at her, "well, it's really difficult to smuggle tools or knives into the detention center."

"You mean... someone bought off the female prisoner and gave her a dagger in the dark and instructed her to kill Valerie?" Savannah widened her eyes.

"That's it." Garwood nodded.

Judy gasped, "who could it be? That's too cruel..."

Although Judy did not like Valerie at all, the unborn baby in Valerie's pregnant belly was always innocent.

The final purpose of the one who bribed the prisoner was to kill the pregnant woman and her baby together. It was so wicked.

Savannah and Garwood looked at each other, it suddenly became clear that who the initiator of the murder was.

It could only be Devin who wished Valerie was dead.

As a rich and powerful young man, Devin only allowed himself to hang around with other women, but he would never bear being betrayed by his wife. Whether he really loved Valerie or not, seeing Valerie cheating on him and being pregnant with another man's child, he must be extremely mad at Valerie and wanted to kill her.

But Valerie was now prisoned, so he paid off the prisoner to do it for him.

Garwood finished his work and left.

After learning about Valerie's tragedy, Savannah felt upset, and her mood was full of confusing pictures and disturbed emotions. In the afternoon, she fell asleep when watching TV on the sofa and had a lot of nightmares.

In her dream, Valerie stood in front of her with a dead baby in her left arm and a bloody dagger in her right hand, and blood was still spouting from the big hole in her belly; with a ghostly and cold look on her face, she rushed over to Savannah, "I become this all because of you! I won't let you go..."

"Ahhh---"

Savannah woke up from the dream in a cold sweat. She opened her eyes and saw a familiar figure squatting beside the sofa. "What's wrong? Have a nightmare?" Dylan asked with a serious look.

"Hmm." She collected herself, wiped the sweat from her forehead, and sat up.

But she didn't know why she felt much better and calmed down when she saw him back.

Staying with him set her mind at ease.

"You rarely have nightmares." Dylan frowned. He saw her struggling in her nightmare and turning pale, and she was still panting for breath now.

"I... I heard about Valerie's case today." She took a deep breath and curled up in the corner of the sofa.

"Garwood said it?" he knitted his eyebrows, "I don't know he has a big mouth."

He should have warned Garwood not to tell her.

She was pregnant and easily startled and scared. He only wanted her to lead a peaceful life free of care.

"Don't blame Garwood. I asked him to tell me." Savannah murmured.

He mused and caressed her hair, his voice soft and quiet, "tell me about your dream. I remember when I was a kid, my mom said, say your dream out, and then you will forget it."

She didn't work except that he would comfort her with his mother's words. "Valerie... she approached me in blood, saying I'm to blame for her end, trying to kill me..." She said slowly, holding her belly.

She always wanted to abort the baby, but in her dream, her first response was to protect her tummy.

When she woke up, she was glad that it was just a nightmare, and the baby was not hurt.

Was it because she began to have feelings for the unborn baby as it grew in her belly?

"Don't be afraid. I will protect you. I'm not going to let anything happen to you or the baby." Dylan stared at her with a steely resolve in his eyes.

Savannah's mind became rested. She restrained the apprehensions in her and changed the subject, "by the way, did the woman stab Valerie, really because she fought with her?"

"Devin did it," Dylan said, with nothing hidden, "he sent a lawyer to buy off the woman in her cell to kill Valerie."

This morning, old Sterling was shocked when he learned of this incident. He thought that it had something to do with his grandson, so he called the lawyer.

The lawyer knew he couldn't hide it from old Sterling and told him exactly what Devin ordered him.

Savannah had guessed it was Devin, but she was still shocked when she heard the truth.

"Dad was very angry. He was afraid that this event might affect the reputation of the Sterling family when it came to light, so he took Devin back and confined him in Sterling's house and planned to send him abroad."

"He wants to send Devin abroad?" Savannah was surprised.

"Well. Devin will be sent to Japan this month. We have companies under the Sterling group over there, and dad wants to put him through the mill."