

## Midnight 571

### Chapter 571: Who Is Calling?

Savannah glared at Dylan, who was laughing at his son.

Men were all kids!

"There will be a girl who wants to be your bride when you grow up." She pinched Kaiden's round face as she comforted him.

"When is it time to grow up?" Kaiden, in a better mood, asked again.

Savannah looked at Dylan for help.

"At least you should learn to count," Dylan said casually. He just wanted to hurry the boy back to his room so he wouldn't disturb them. "How can you please a girl when you don't even know the money or buy anything?"

"What do you mean?" asked Savannah disapprovingly. "Are girls falling in love for money now?"

"Oh, babe, I didn't mean that," Dylan hastened to explain. "As a man, if you want to please the one you love, you have to spend money. If you don't even want to spend money on your woman, who would marry you?"

Not far away, Garcia could not help but cover her mouth and laugh.

In the eyes of the servants, Mr. Sterling was very bossy and dominating, but they didn't know the one who had a real high rank in the family was Savannah. Even Mr. Sterling dared not offend his future wife.

Kaiden remained silent for a long time before he finally jumped out of Savannah's arms.

"From now on, give me pocket money instead of toys! I'll save it and buy Lisa a gift!" He made up his mind and said.

Savannah thought for a moment and nodded. It was good to develop the kid's financial awareness from now on. She took out her wallet from her bag and handed Kaiden a \$100 bill.

"Your pocket money for this week."

"One hundred dollars?" Kaiden looked at the bill and hesitated.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Not enough." Kaiden frowned slightly.

Oh, it seemed that he had a concept of money.

"Well, how much do you want?" A hundred dollars was not much for a boy in such a rich family.

Kaiden thought for a while and said, "Um, I want ten dollars. A hundred dollars is too little. It's not enough for me to buy Lisa a present."

"..." Savannah's hand stopped.

A silent smile played on Dylan's face. It looked as if he had had a hard time, not laughing.

"What's wrong? Are ten dollars too much?" Kaiden ventured.

The little guy really didn't know about money!

Trying not to show any sign of derision, she nodded and said, "well, ten dollars."

Then she changed a \$10 bill from her wallet and handed it to Kaiden.

Kaiden took the money happily and put it in his pocket before going upstairs.

He needed to think about what to buy for Lisa with so much money.

Looking at the little guy's back, Savannah finally couldn't help laughing.

"This guy doesn't have a concept of money." Dylan shrugged.

No one in the Sterling family had taught Kaiden how to use money. After all, the little boy had led an easy life with everything provided. There wasn't anything he could ask for that he couldn't have. So, he didn't have to know about money at all.

Savannah was considering how to teach the little guy about money when Dylan threw his arms around her waist and pulled her into his chest. They rolled into the sofa together.

"You came back home later than usual," Dylan whispered to her ear as he hugged her.

He didn't come here at this time every day, but he knew when she got home at the usual time.

"Kevin knew I'm getting married, and he came back... I met him downstairs K&G today." Savannah didn't hide it from him.

His hands on her waist tightened, and for a moment, she sensed his nervousness.

"Oh, really?" He tried to feign calmness.

Savannah felt amused and asked deliberately, "nothing else you want to ask? Don't you want to know what he said?"

"No," he said, his eyes twinkling.

Since he had asked her to call Kevin back to their wedding, he should have believed her, or she might laugh at him.

Kevin must come to give her congratulations.

She was going to marry him. What else could he do?

"Good, I should be so much more at my ease." Savannah tilted her head and continued, "I'm going to take him out to dinner tomorrow. I think you won't mind, will you?"

"Have dinner? Just the two of you?" Dylan knitted his brows.

"Or what? How many people do we need for a meal? What's the matter, Mr. Sterling? Don't you trust me?" Savannah asked in an innocent tone.

"How could that be?" Dylan's handsome face slightly fell.

He thought for a while and added, "I'll book a place for your dinner. How about entertaining Kevin in the hotel managed by the Sterling group? He's your guest and had flown all the way from Italy to attend our wedding. I'll go with you then."

Savannah agreed with a straight face as if she didn't know he just didn't want her to meet Kevin alone!

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There was only one week left before the wedding.

This Sunday, as Dylan had just flown to Europe for business, Savannah took Kaiden to visit old Sterling herself.

After dinner, Savannah and Kaiden sat with old Sterling on the sofa chatting. Just then, the phone rang.

Cooper answered it. After a few words, he lost countenance, hung up, and walked quickly to old Sterling.

"What? Who's calling?" asked Old Sterling, frowning.

"It was from the mental home, saying that Miss Sterling is ill. At first, they thought it was a common cold, but it was getting worse. Miss Sterling had a high fever for several days and was sent to the intensive care unit just now. It's said to be...acute pneumonia." Cooper said quickly.

Susan?

Susan was sent to a mental home after she went insane three years ago.

Savannah froze for a moment. She thought she would never hear this name again.

When hearing this, Old Sterling's face changed too.

"How is she now?"

"Miss Sterling received an injection of penicillin for her fever and underwent CT scanned. The doctor said that her condition is special. After all, she's mentally ill and couldn't talk with the doctor normally when she felt uncomfortable. She still needs a few days of observation." Cooper explained.

### Chapter 572: Where's Grandpa?

Old Sterling's face grew darker and began to twitch. He had not expected his daughter to be so ill.

Although Susan had done a lot of wrong things, she was his own daughter, and he was very worried that her life might be in danger.

Kaiden knew, of course, that the sick "Miss Sterling" was his aunt, whom he had never met before. Seeing his grandpa was in a bad mood, he sat quietly without saying anything.

"Get the car, Cooper. I'll go and see her." Old Sterling stood up.

Cooper said yes and left.

Savannah rose swiftly. It was dark outside, and Dylan was not in LA, she couldn't let an old man go to the mental house alone.

"Let me go with you, sir," she said quickly.

Old Sterling looked at her, paused, then nodded gratefully.

He knew about Savannah's memory recovery.

He didn't expect she would like to accompany him to see the woman who had done her harm.

After asking a nanny to look after Kaiden, Savannah helped old Sterling to the car and went to the mental home far away from the city center.

It was terribly quiet in the mental home late at night.

At intervals, there were low moans and whimpers, as if from sick men.

Savannah and old Sterling were taken by a nurse to the intensive care unit.

Because it was not visiting hour, the nurse only opened a small window for them.

Through the small window, Savannah saw Susan lying in her hospital bed unconsciously.

After more than three years, Susan was nothing but skin and bones now, far from the proud lady she had once been.

Although Susan had never been a good person, Savannah was still very uncomfortable to see her become like this and felt sorry for old Sterling.

What's more, Susan's condition made her quite uneasy.

After her memory recovered, she also remembered the secret of the Sterling family.

Susan was here because of a hereditary mental illness in her family.

Dylan's brother was killed in a car crash as a result of the disease.

Savannah couldn't help but worry about Dylan and Kaiden. The blood flowing in Kaiden was also the same as that in the Sterlings. Would he also show a sign of insanity in the future?

But Dylan was still fine after all these years, he would be all right...

Why worry about something that hadn't happened yet?

With that in mind, she put her heart at rest.

Old Sterling's eyes turned red. Finally, he turned away and could not bear seeing his daughter so sick.

Savannah followed old Sterling back to the corridor silently.

"How is Susan now, doctor? Why hasn't she woken up?" Old Sterling asked Susan's doctor calmly despite his sadness.

The doctor's expression turned solemn.

"Miss Sterling's acute pneumonia has aggravated and caused the failure of other organs. She has not lived through the desperate situation yet..."

Old Sterling stumbled and nearly fainted, and luckily Savannah flung her arm out just in time to stop him from falling.

The doctor said a few more words before he left with the nurse.

Old Sterling stood still in the corridor, staring quietly at the closed door of the intensive care unit, his face grew grave.

Savannah could understand his feelings. She silently accompanied him without saying anything.

As the night got darker, old Sterling's face became more and more tired. After being comforted and persuaded by Cooper and Savannah, he agreed to leave first and go home to wait for the news.

It was already early in the morning when Savannah sent old Sterling back to Sterling's house. Kaiden had fallen asleep under the care of the nanny, so she went back to Green Bay and said that she would pick up Kaiden tomorrow.

After seeing Savannah off, Cooper went back to the villa and saw old Sterling still sitting in the living room, deep in thought. He sighed and went forward.

"Sir, you should get some sleep. Don't make yourself ill! If there's anything going on with Miss Sterling, the doctor will let us know immediately."

Old Sterling pulled himself together, looked at Cooper, and seemed to have decided something.

"Cooper, call Devin right away. Tell him to come back from Japan at once."

Cooper was stunned.

Since old Sterling sent the master Yontz to Japan three years ago, he had never asked him back to LA.

Suddenly he understood what old Sterling meant.

They didn't know if Miss Sterling could get through her illness this time. If she couldn't get through this, her son could have a last look at her.

Thinking of this, Cooper nodded.

"Yes, sir. I'll call him right away."

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The next day, Savannah got up early in the morning, called and told Tina that she wouldn't go to K&G today. Then she went to Sterling's house.

Last night, when Dylan called, she told him about Susan's situation.

He was silent on the phone for a long time.

Savannah knew that he should be in the same mood as old Sterling. No matter what Susan had done before, she had suffered enough, and after all, they were brother and sister.

She told him that she would help old Sterling to take care of Susan, so he wouldn't have to worry about her.

When Savannah arrived at the Sterling's house, Kaiden had just finished breakfast and was playing with toys in the living room.

Looking up, he immediately threw his toys away and ran over.

"Mommy!"

"Where's grandpa?" Savannah touched his head.

"Grandpa wasn't feeling well this morning. He couldn't get up. Dr. Joe came to see him and said his blood pressure was a little high. After taking medicine, grandpa was asked to have a rest in his room," Kaiden replied tamely.

Savannah's face slightly changed. Old Sterling was still too worried about Susan.

She went upstairs. As expected, the old man looked pale, too limp to sit up. When he saw Savannah, he still tried to get out of bed.

"Savannah, let's go to see Susan."

"Sir, you can't run around now that you're sick." Savannah stopped him hurriedly and helped him to lie down.

#### Chapter 573: Don't You Trust Me?

"Susan's still in intensive care, in critical condition. I'm worried sick." Old Sterling sighed.

"I can go to see her for you," Savannah said. "Don't worry, I will ask the doctor about Susan and come back to tell you, and I will ask the nurse to take good care of her."

Old Sterling stared at her for a long time without speaking.

"Sir..." Savannah took a deep breath. "Don't you trust me?"

"I surely trust you." Old Sterling shook his head and sighed. "You will soon be my daughter-in-law, Dylan's wife. It's right for you to handle the matters of the family. How can I not trust you?"

Savannah's face blushed a little.

"I'm just thinking about what Susan had done to you and how you returned well. You're even willing to take the time to deal with her illness..."

Savannah knew it wasn't because she was kind enough to forgive someone who had hurt her many times, it was just because of that man.

She would marry him soon. So, his family was also her family, and she couldn't turn a blind eye to them when they needed help.

Since she had promised him that she would take care of his father and sister, she would do what she said.

Savannah played with Kaiden for a while before she left for the mental home.

The mental home in the daytime looked the same as general hospitals.

The doctor told Savannah that Susan's vital signs had stabilized, and she was much better than yesterday.

Savannah was relieved. Since Susan was getting better, old Sterling wouldn't be too worried.

After visiting Susan, she hurried out of the mental home.

Just as she was walking out of the gate, she saw a familiar man getting out of a black car not far away. Her steps stopped short.

Devin paused when he saw Savannah. Then he came slowly over.

Savannah thought she would never see him again in her life.

It was supposed to be old Sterling who allowed him to come back to see Susan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the guts to go home without permission.

He looked worn-out and seemed to have just got off the plane.

After more than three years, he looked still like a dissipated idler. He walked to Savannah with a frivolous smile, looking up and down.

"Long time no see. I heard you're going to marry uncle?"

Savannah didn't want to talk to him. She bypassed him and moved on without a word.

Devin, ashamed into anger at her ignorance, stared at her back, crying, "oh, are you so proud to marry into the Sterling family? The wedding has not taken place yet. I know that you almost got married three years ago, but then it was canceled. It's hard to say whether you can hold the ceremony smoothly this time. Even if you marry my uncle, you won't be happy!"

Hearing Devin's vicious curse, Savannah stopped, her face covered with ice, and slowly she turned to look at the man who looked uglier out of frustration.

"After being driven out of home and staying in Japan for more than three years, you seem not to improve at all." She said slowly with a hint of ridicule.

Devin gritted his teeth angrily.

Savannah continued with a sneer, "It's not up to you whether Dylan and I will be happy or not. It's up to us. Your curse only proves that you are a clown, ignorant, ugly, jealous, and disgusting."

With that said, she turned and continued on her way.

She wondered how she had been with such a man for a year.

Devin watched her back, and suddenly he ran to catch her.

"It's not only a curse or out of jealousy when I said you and uncle wouldn't be happy, but it's also the truth, and you should know very well what I mean!" He said violently.

Savannah halted, turning back.

"What do you mean?" She pressed her bad feelings down.

Devin noticed the change of her expression, walking towards her slowly with a little satisfied air of importance on his face.

"Three years ago, my mother was sent here because of a sudden mental disorder. I once wondered if a person could really go crazy so easily. Even if my dad and my mom divorced, it shouldn't have broken my mom down like this. Later, I sent someone to investigate it privately. Then I knew the truth... A secret that the family had hidden for years..."

Savannah's heart contracted sharply, and she clenched her fists.

"That fact is, my grandmother had a hereditary mental illness! Because of that, my elder uncle was dead in a car crash after his attachment met with strong opposition; because of that, my mother suddenly went insane... Grandpa had given his three children and me genetic tests long before, and they all carry the genetic gene, except me! Ha! That is to say, my uncle also has a hereditary mental illness, which can attack him at any time, and he doesn't seem to know that this terrible disease is lurking in his body, does he? But you probably already knew that, didn't you? You're pretty bold to be with a guy who may go insane at any time. Living with such a man, happiness is impossible for you!"

"Nonsense! Shut up!" Savannah could stand it no longer.

Devin tutted and shook his head.

"I know you hate to admit it, but it's the truth, it won't change. You see, this genetic disease won't spare any of the Sterlings. You knew the end of my grandmother, elder uncle, and my mother, didn't you? Do you think my uncle can get away with his fate? Oh, when the famous Dylan Sterling becomes a complete madman, hated, shunned, talked about, and lost his reputation, and is finally locked up in an insane asylum... How miserable he will be!"

Devin's words knocked heavily on Savannah's heart.

Yes, that was always a great worry to her.

She had been afraid to think about the hereditary disease of the Sterling family and had been comforting herself that he might be luckier than his mother, brother, and sister, and the disease would spare him...

#### Chapter 574: Are You Tired?

But now Devin disclosed the secret without mercy. She felt a sudden chill and began to tremble.

She couldn't imagine that day coming.

How could a man so proud and exalted accept the result of becoming a madman in the eyes of the world?

Devin narrowed his eyes when he saw her trembling.

"What? Do you regret it? It terrifies you to contemplate living with a madman, and you have to be on guard against him to come on at any time, don't you? Oh, well, what if uncle hurts you because of the attack of the mental disease? Never mind, if you want to break up with him, it's not too late--"

Savannah stopped him with a slap in the face!

Devin covered his face and gazed at Savannah in shock and anger.

"I warn you not to call him a madman. I will never regret it. No matter what illness he has, I will marry him, accompany him all my life, and never leave him!" Savannah articulated her words slowly, the palm of her hand stinging because of the slap.

Devin's face went from blue to purple, and jealousy filled his chest.

Knowing Dylan had such a terrible illness, she was still willing to live and die with him.

He gritted his teeth and swallowed the jealousy, and said with a sneer, "good! I'll see how long you can stay in love with him!"

"What do you want to do?" Savannah stared at him in alarm.

"If the shareholders and executives of the group know he is a potentially dangerous psychopath, do you think they would still trust him as the CEO? Not even grandpa could keep him at that time!" Devin smiled grimly.

When he learned about the hereditary mental illness in the family, he felt an impulse to expose the matter to the domestic media and let everyone know about that.

But at that time, his grandpa was angry with him, and he didn't dare to annoy him again. He would come to no good even if he could drive his uncle out of the group.

However, after he was called back to LA this time, he had the idea to topple his uncle from his post!

If his uncle was driven out of the company, who else could his grandpa give the group to? Even if grandpa was still mad at him, he had no choice but had to turn over the group to him. Uncle's child was still too young.

"How dare you!" Savannah broke out in a cold sweat. She couldn't imagine how Dylan could stand that. "Your grandpa won't let you get away with it easily! And you will come to no good after you go against your uncle in this way!"

"Haha, thank you for thinking of me, but rest assured, I don't need to spread the secret out by myself. You will get nothing on me. What's more, when my uncle's future is bound to fail, it's impossible for my grandpa to kill his only grandchild. The most he can do is to give me a sound beating! You know, once my uncle falls, I will be the only man left in the whole family. Oh, you don't think he will choose your half-grown son instead of me, do you?" Devin smirked.

Savannah gritted her teeth and could not restrain herself from giving him another slap but was caught at the wrist by him.

Devin pushed her away with a sneer, and then he strode into the mental home without another word.

Savannah gasped as she watched Devin's vanishing back. She could not help feeling a twinge of panic.

Devin was expelled from the family three years ago and spent three years in Japan. How could he be reconciled to leaving after visiting Susan this time? He wanted to get back what belonged to him.

It was a long time before Savannah collected herself and left the mental home.

She went back to the Sterling's house and told old Sterling about Susan's condition.

Old Sterling looked much better when he learned that Susan was out of danger.

Savannah didn't mention Devin's threats.

She was going to marry Dylan, and Dylan and Devin were constantly competing with each other. Her words couldn't be convincing.

There was no recording when she talked with Devin, and she had no evidence at all.

And most of all, she didn't want to make a big deal out of it, and she didn't want Dylan to know he had this genetic disease.

She recalled Dr. Joe said that Dylan would feel burdened if he knew about this genetic disease, and it might come on more easily.

She didn't want the disease to be a strain on him.

After spending some time with old Sterling, Savannah took Kaiden away. She sent him back to Beverly Hills first, and then she went back to Green Bay alone.

On the way, she was wondering how she could get Devin to shut up.

She felt dulled and confused, and she bumped into someone when she entered the living room. Shocked, she looked up and saw Dylan.

"Aren't you on a business trip? Why are you back?" Savannah opened her eyes wide.

"Well, I'm afraid you can't handle it alone." Dylan pressed her into his arms and lowered his head.

Her nose was slightly stung. They had not seen each other for three days only, but she missed him so much as if they had parted for a year. Probably because she felt very uncomfortable after talking with Devin today, she flung her arms around his neck and buried her head in his chest.

Dylan didn't ask anything but stroke her head with his warm hand.

"Your father's very worried about Susan's condition. This morning, I went to the mental home on behalf of him to ask about Susan. She's much better now, and your father's blood pressure had stabilized. Rest assured," she whispered in his arms.

He took her hand up and kissed it.

"Are you tired?" He asked softly.

"No," she shook her head with a smile.

"Good girl," he nuzzled behind her ear.

#### Chapter 575: I Don't Want To See Her

Dylan's hand glided down to her buttock, and she inhaled sharply as he started kneading gently.

He never stopped seducing her when they were alone at home.

She blushed, feeling he was particularly impatient today.

"Wait..." She stopped his hand when it glided across her breasts, afraid Garcia would come back and see them. "Go and take a bath first..."

"You want to wash me?" He didn't let her go.

"Even Kaiden can wash himself," said Savannah, her color rising.

"Kaiden doesn't have a wife. I do." He kissed her ear.

Before Savannah could say something, he swept her off her feet and walked upstairs.

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Early in the morning, feeble gleams of light made their way through the windows of the bedroom. Savannah got up and stretched herself.

Dylan still had some business to deal with after the business trip, so he went to the company early.

Yesterday, he had a bath with her after carrying her into the bathroom, and they had long and sweet sex. He didn't separate himself from her body from the bathroom to the bedroom, and at last, she fell asleep in his arms.

He was so earnest and so impassioned last night.

Savannah had a sore back when she went downstairs.

After eating breakfast, she remembered the meeting with Devin yesterday, and the happy mood after the sweet night became a mess again.

She couldn't wait to see that son-of-a-bitch make trouble for Dylan.

She must keep the fact that Dylan had a genetic, mental illness out of the newspaper.

But what could she do to stop Devin?

Even if she could stop him this time, what would happen next time?

Savannah sat silently on the sofa in the living room all morning.

It was almost noon when she got up, changed her clothes, and went out.

She didn't call the driver Dylan arranged for her but stopped a taxi.

"Miss, where do you want to go?"

"LC Women's Detention," she said quietly.

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LC Women's Detention, located in the eastern suburbs, was the only women's prison in the city.

Savannah felt a chilly wind coming from the detention at its iron gate.

Her cousin Valerie had spent more than three years in this place.

Savannah went in, led by the guards, to the visitor's room.

Her palms were wet with cold sweats after ten minutes of waiting.

Finally, Valerie, in a dark blue uniform, came out behind a female guard.

The proud and beautiful twenty-year girl now looked haggard and drawn after being tortured in prison for three years.

Her body was so thin that Savannah could almost see her skeleton. Her face was pale and wrinkled, and her hair was short and dry.

She used to be, after all, a beauty. But now she looked much older than her years, old and ugly.

Savannah looked at her cousin and sighed. She was clear that it was not only the prison life that made Valerie falling quickly, her massive bleeding after being stabbed to abortion also hurt her so much. What's more, her uterus had been removed after that, and she was told that she could never have babies... Finally, she broke down completely.

Valerie started when she saw that the visitor was Savannah, and her face showed embarrassment and resentment. She did not want Savannah to see her.

Turning around, she struggled and cried, "I don't want to see her! Take me back!"

The female guard brandished the baton in her hand and hit Valerie on her leg, "be quiet!!"

Valerie let out a whine of pain and squatted on the ground, still covering her face and murmuring, "I don't want to see her... I want to go back!"

The female guard cursed as she picked Valerie up and gave Savannah a look, indicating that she couldn't help it. Valerie breathed a sigh and was about to go back with the guard when she heard Savannah's cool voice.

"Don't you want to know about Devin?"

Valerie paused and turned slowly. After a short hesitation, she withdrew her hand from the guard's arm, walked back, and sat opposite Savannah.

"Devin... Didn't old Sterling send him to Japan?" Her voice trembled a little.

In recent years, when her mother visited her in prison, she mentioned to her that Devin was sent to Japan by old Sterling.

"Yes. But he came back a few days ago." Savannah looked at Valerie with sympathy and continued, "You knew it was Devin who sent someone to stab you and kill your unborn child. You were forever deprived of the right to be a mother, but Devin? He was just sent to Japan by his family. It seemed that he got his punishment, but in fact, in this way, he avoided punishment by law. Now when he came back home, he was still the young master of the Sterling family. He still has a bright future and can enjoy different women in his arms, but you..."

Valerie's face grew darker. Her chest heaved with suppressed rage.

She loved Devin so much that she had tried anything to be his wife. But he injured her with the cruelest means and let her lose the most precious thing in a woman's life.

Yes, she shouldn't have had someone else's baby in her belly, but... that was because he betrayed her first, and she was so sad that she drank herself blind in a bar...

Wasn't he so cruel as to order someone to stab her in prison?

He killed her unborn child and almost killed her, but it didn't cause a stir in his colorful life. He ruined her but got no punishment at all. After three years, he could still lead a giddy life of pleasure.

But what about her? Even if she could be released from prison several years later, she could see no hope in her future.

She was unable to bear children anymore. No man would like to marry her.

Savannah looked at Valerie's face, which was twisted with resentment, and said quietly, "are you really willing to see Devin get away with murder after hurting you? You could go to sue him for mayhem, and let him know the taste of imprisonment, or at least give him some punishment."

"Devin is the grandson of old Sterling. Who am I? Just a prisoner! How can I sue him?" Valerie smiled sadly.

"How do you know if you don't try? Anyway, you have nothing to lose. What else is there to be afraid of? The worst result is nothing but failure. Could it be worse?" Savannah gazed at her.

#### Chapter 576: I'm Waiting For You

"You're here today to tell me about Devin? What do you want to do? Use me to help Dylan deal with Devin? Do you think I'm stupid?" Valerie stared at her coldly and snorted.

Though she had been in prison for a few years and lived a terrible life now, she was not a fool. Savannah would not inform her that Devin had returned to LA for no reason, and she suggested her to sue Devin, not for her good.

The only explanation was that she or Dylan had a conflict of interests with Devin, and they wanted to make trouble for Devin.

Savannah did not deny it but gently twisted her lips to a calm smile.

"You fear being used by me, so you give up revenge? I just want to remind you that Devin returned home to see his mother this time, and he will go back to Japan when Susan gets better. You can't do

anything to him when he's out of the country. Oh, yeah, maybe you will never see him again after this time. He will enjoy his colorful life across the ocean, and you," Savannah stood up and gave Valerie a pitying look.

"If you want to get even with him, you can only go on for your next life. Enjoy your dark days in the prison, my dear cousin," with those words, Savannah turned and left the room.

Valerie watched her as she left, clenching her fists and trembling in spite of herself.

"Go back!" The female guard gave Valerie a kick and led her away.

Valerie, with her hands and feet chained, walked back to her cell like a walking ghost.

When the iron door behind her slammed shut, an imperious glint flashed in her eyes, and she took her resolution.

She rushed into the washroom, picked the tooth mug, and threw it to the mirror.

The mirror cracked and fell, breaking to pieces.

She picked up a piece of broken glass and cut her wrist with clenched teeth. Her left hand immediately became a bloody stump.

Her roommate in the same cell came in at the noise and saw Valerie sitting in a pool of blood, screaming,

"Ahhhh!"

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It was already evening and nearly dark.

In the CEO's office, Dylan showed no intention of leaving. He was still sitting steadily behind his desk, reading papers.

Suddenly, his face slightly changed, and he felt a little lightheaded. He raised his head from the papers, rubbed his eyes, and shook his head.

As the wedding day approached, he was getting busier and busier, so he wanted to work overtime these two days to catch up on his unfinished work. After that, he could spend more time with Savannah, and he wouldn't have a number of worries when they honeymooned abroad.

"Sir, what's the matter with you?" Garwood next to him asked hastily.

"Nothing. I just have a headache..."

"Oh, shall I get some painkillers?" Garwood asked, caring.

In order to finish the work before the wedding banquet with Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling was under much strain these days.

"No. Ask the secretary to make me a cup of coffee and--" Dylan's head throbbed all of a sudden, and he covered his head with a groan as he got the blackness.

"What's up?" Garwood was taken-aback.

Dylan recovered and shook his head.

"You look terrible! I'd better take you to the hospital." Garwood suggested. Mr. Sterling had had headaches before, but he never looked so in pain.

Dylan was silent for a few seconds before he said, "please contact Dr. Shamon. Tell him I'll go to his hospital later."

\* \* \*

Green Bay.

Dylan entered the living room after coming back from the hospital. Only a small wall lamp was on, and the actor's voice from the TV echoed in the empty room. Savannah was asleep on the sofa, as though she had been waiting for him all night.

There was something very attractive and pleasing about the way she slept. She looked like a quiet and sweet baby when she was asleep, so charming that he could not get enough of her.

He stepped quietly over and picked up the blanket that had fallen to the ground and put it over her.

Savannah was awakened by his movement and realized that he was back. With a sleepy soft grunt, she fell into his arms.

Such petting intimacy could soften the hardest heart.

"Why don't you go to bed?" Dylan murmured as he leaned down to briefly kiss her cheek.

"I'm waiting for you. Garwood said, you have a headache in the afternoon and went to the hospital. How are you now?" Savannah brought herself up and touched his forehead. Fortunately, he didn't seem to have a fever.

"I've seen Jacob. He said that I had been too busy and stressed recently. Well, I've taken some painkillers, and I'm fine." He pinched her chin gently.

"Are you really all right?" Savannah slightly knitted her brows.

"Yeah. I used to have a headache when I worked a lot. It's not the first time. Garwood knows."

"Well, I'll give you a free massage." With a gentle sigh of relief, Savannah knelt on the sofa and rubbed his head for him.

He smiled, closed his eyes, and enjoyed her intimate massage. Her small hands gave him a wonderful sensation. In a few moments, he felt comfortable, and as the natural smell of perfume drifted in his nose from her body, desire instantly replaced tiredness, coursing through his blood. Suddenly, he scooped her up and carried her curled against his chest to her room upstairs.

On her soft bed, at the moment when she caught her breath to meet him, he paused, raising himself up, and reaching into the drawer next to the bed.

He took out a foil packet, gazing down at her, his expression dark. He rolled the condom down over his impressive length.

She blushed, and though she was a little embarrassed, she could not help it. "Actually... You don't have to..."

"Oh?" He teased.

"Well. Didn't you say... You want to give Kaiden a brother or sister?" She looked at his eyes coyly, her face and even her neck were burning hot.

She wouldn't refuse to have another child for him if he wanted.

His eyes were passionate as she invited him to have a baby together, but he still didn't take off the condom.

"You've just recovered. We can give Kaiden a brother or sister later." He murmured as he slowly eased into her.

She knew he was referring to her miscarriage, and she couldn't think more as he moved. She closed her eyes and groaned. She realized that what he said make sense. They still have much time to have another baby.

\* \* \*

The next day, Savannah didn't get up from bed until noon.

She went downstairs, picked up a piece of bread, and sat on the sofa, switching the TV to the local news channel.

### Chapter **577: Aren't You In Prison?**

From the TV came the announcer's voice.

"... About six o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the medical room of LC Women's Prison. The guards immediately emptied the medical room. A female prisoner was missing during the safe evacuation and has not been found so far. The police are scouting about the run-away prisoner. Anyone who happens to see the woman in the picture should immediately contact and inform the police substation. "

Savannah felt her heart slip a cog. She turned her eyes to the picture showed on the TV screen and froze.

The female prisoner in the picture was Valerie!

Valerie... escaped from prison?

How could the medical room of the prison catch fire for no reason?

Valerie must have managed to get into the medical room and set fire to run away when the fire drew the guard's attention.

Why did Valerie suddenly escape from prison?

Was it because of Devin?

What did she want to do next?

Savannah's heart was beating so hard that she could not calm down.

\*\*\*

Bars, disco, and neon-lit streets made up much of the nightlife in LA.

On the sofa beside the dance floor, Devin, with two scantily clad hostesses draped on each arm, enjoyed the rare leisure time.

During those days, he lived in Japan, with the watchful eyes arranged by his grandfather, he did not dare to go too far. What's more, he lived in the less prosperous area in Kanto, and there were few entertainment scenes, much different from the central area like Ginza in Tokyo. He lived a rather simple and joyless life these three years.

Having finally returned to LA, he must take the opportunity to have a good time.

He had to accompany his mother in the mental home in the daytime, so he could only sneak into the bar at night.

Days like this really sickened him.

But that was okay. When his uncle's genetic illness became known, the Sterling family lost its backbone, and then came his chance to take the stage.

He would not have to go far away home at that time, and no one would come to tell him what to do and what not to do.

With this in mind, Devin squeezed the sexy hostess on his right hand into his arms and kissed her eagerly.

"You frightened me, sir," the hostess popped a grape in his mouth and shied away delicately.

"Oh? But I want more..." Devin smiled evilly as he slipped his hand into the girl's bra and stuffed a stack of dollars into it.

Pleasantly surprised at his generous manner, the two hostesses forgot to hide, and instead, they pressed themselves into Devin's arms like snakes.

Devin was quite comfortable and satisfied. He took out another roll of money and stuffed them into the V-shape collars of the two women and generously ordered the waiter to open two bottles of expensive wines.

The two hostesses beamed and served harder at Devin.

Meanwhile, not far away, a pair of malicious and unwilling eyes were staring at Devin.

Under the dim light around the corner, Valerie clutched her thin fingers and stared at her ex-husband, who was flirting with two women.

He divorced her and brought someone to stab her inside the prison, made her abort the baby, and nearly killed her. She had to remove the uterus after that and could never be a mother. But he did not take any responsibility and was still here playing around with other women.

That was so unfair!

On the day Savannah visited her in prison, she suggested Valerie to sue Devin for his crime of intentional injury against her.

But did it work? It had been three years! There was no proof of anything! If the law could punish him, he would not have flown to Japan three years ago.

He was the young master of the Sterling family anyway, how could old Sterling see his grandson be imprisoned?

The only way for her to get justice was to settle it with her own hands.

But she couldn't even see him in prison. How could she get justice?

So, she cut herself on purpose and was sent to the mental room of the prison. The guards in the mental room were somewhat looser, and then she set fire and fled in the evacuation.

Her only purpose was to find him and get even with him!

She moved and picked up a fruit knife from the bar, walking towards Devin.

The hostess looked over and saw a thin and gaunt woman standing in front of them, frowning, "don't do the cleaning at this hour. Leave us alone!"

After Valerie had escaped from the prison, she stole a dress from a peasant's house in the suburbs and changed into it. She looked like a cleaning maid now.

Valerie's face blushed with embarrassment. Her heart was filled with grief and indignation when the hostess took her as the cleaning maid.

Devin was so drunk that he didn't recognize her.

"Go away! What the hell? Anybody? Get the ugly aunt out of here!" Devin cursed and grunted.

Valerie, utterly humiliated, looked down at herself—thin and dirty, her hair dry and half white, and her rough skins covered with scars as the result of years of work and beatings in prison.

The removal of the uterus had left her with no normal estrogen in her body to maintain her physiological balance, and years of torture in prison made her around ten years older.

She was quite different from what she looked like before.

No wonder Devin could not recognize her.

But who was to blame for how she looked now?

The desponding bitterness on Valerie's lips turned to a determined resentment.

"Devin, don't you know me?" Her words were so cold, as if from hell.

Devin woke up and looked at the woman in front of him, frowning.

"You... How did you get out? Aren't you in prison?"

"What? Afraid to see me?" Valerie asked grimly as she approached.

The two hostesses moved aside in horror at her reckless manner.

Devin gritted his teeth and reached for his phone.

Valerie's heart constricted when she saw he wanted to call the police. She knocked down the mobile phone of his hand and said sadly,

"I used to be your life. I loved you so much and had been pregnant for you. But you... You ordered someone to kill me, and now you want to call the police and send me back to prison? Devin, are you a man? Do you really have no pity for me at all?"

#### Chapter **578: Valerie Killed Devin**

"I don't know what you're talking about, I just know you're an escaped criminal! Stay away from me!" Devin bent over to get the phone!

If at this moment he had shown her a little remorse, she might have relented.

But he had no sense of guilt at all. He wanted to grind her into powder!

What else was she afraid of? Anyway, her future had completely been ruined by him. She might as well be dead!

If she let him go today, she would never get another chance!

Valerie did not hesitate any longer. She held the knife and stabbed it into Devin's stomach with all her strength!

The knife was stuck into his guts, and there was a gush of blood as the knife was pulled out from his stomach.

Devin's face faded. He covered his stomach as he stared at Valerie in front of him in disbelief. His expression was frozen, and slowly he sagged to the ground.

The two hostesses woke up and screamed,

"Ahhhhh! Murder!"

\* \* \*

The next morning, Savannah got up early.

She had been distracted since she knew from the news that Valerie had escaped from prison.

She tossed and turned last night and fell asleep very late.

Dylan was also very nervous when he heard about Valerie's escape. He called immediately and asked her not to leave the house until Valerie was caught by the police. He also sent several bodyguards patrolling around Green Bay to protect her.

Savannah knew that he was afraid Valerie would take revenge on her after escaping from prison. After all, there was a lot of bad blood between them.

However, she had no fear of Valerie's coming to trouble her. She felt that Valerie would do something else.

After washing and changing, she went downstairs for breakfast.

She had just sat down when Garwood arrived with Kaiden, looking rather grave.

"Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling, asked me to bring the young master to you. He will be very busy these days and can't go back to Beverly Hills, so please take care of the young master."

"What's the matter? Is there something wrong?" Savannah stood up uneasily.

Garwood asked Garcia to take Kaiden upstairs, and then he whispered, "Master Yontz was stabbed by Valerie, who escaped from prison in the bar last night. He was taken to the hospital and died despite emergency treatment."

Savannah's face turned white as paper.

Valerie escaped after killing Devin.

Garwood's voice continued, " Valerie was caught red-handed and taken to the police station. At the news of Master Yontz's death, old Sterling fainted due to an attack of high blood pressure this morning and is still in the hospital. Mr. Sterling has to deal with the death of Master Yontz and the questions from the media. He's going to be very busy."

"Well, I see." Savannah drew back her thoughts and nodded.

"In addition, I'm afraid your wedding will be delayed because of this sudden accident. But it shouldn't be long." Garwood added hesitantly.

"I understand. All right." Savannah, though a little upset, was not surprised.

After Garwood left, Savannah went upstairs. With a forced smile, she accompanied Kaiden for a while before she went back to her bedroom, intensely disquieted.

It seemed that the words she had spoken to Valerie on that day had given Valerie the decision to take revenge.

It could be said that the knife that killed Devin was also stained with her blood.

A sudden chill of horror swept over her as she blamed Devin's death on herself.

She just wanted Valerie to sue Devin so that Devin was involved in the lawsuit and had no time to make trouble for Dylan. She didn't mean to kill Devin. She never expected such a result.

Yes, after Devin's death, she didn't have to worry about him going around, saying that Dylan had a mental illness. But...it was one life!

She felt like she was the murderer.

Even though Devin deserved to die, she shouldn't be the one who killed him.

Feeling sleepy, Savannah leaned back on the bed and fell into a deep sleep.

She didn't know how long she was asleep. When she opened her eyes, she saw a figure standing beside the bed.

She rubbed her eyes and saw Devin!

Devin was covered with blood, and there was a bloody hole in his stomach. His white face was covered with a sad, sharp smile.

"Savannah, you are so cruel! For Dylan, you used your cousin to kill me..."

Savannah broke out in a cold sweat and tried to get up to escape, but she couldn't move!

"Since you dare to order Valerie to kill me, what are you running for? At least we were once an unmarried couple. Come on, come with me... We'll be a couple again underground..." Devin moved closer and closer. The grim smile on his pale face looked awful in the dark bedroom.

Then he raised his bloody hand and held it out.

"Don't come --" Savannah exclaimed, sitting up!

"Mommy!" A worried little boy's voice sounded.

Savannah opened her eyes and saw Kaiden running in from his room and was shaking her with his small hands. She took a deep breath, collected herself, and picked up Kaiden.

"I'm fine. I had a nightmare."

"Don't be afraid, Mommy. I'll protect you." Kaiden put his arms around Savannah's neck to cheer her up.

Holding Kaiden, Savannah could still feel her heart beating violently.

When it was completely dark, Garcia took Kaiden back to his own bed.

Savannah dreaded going to bed, afraid to have nightmares again.

She called Dylan and wanted his company, but nobody answered after a long waiting.

Well, he should be in charge of the affairs of his nephew, dealing with the media. Worse, old Sterling was ill, Susan was still in the intensive care unit, and the company's business was waiting for him... He must be badly battered now.

Savannah did not call him again. She didn't want to hold him back.

That night, she had several nightmares, and she tossed and turned all night, dreaming about Devin, who was covered in blood, coming to her to pull her to hell together.

\*\*\*

When she woke up the next morning, her bones ached, and she felt light-headed. Her face looked flushed as if she had a fever.

She took an antipyretic and decided to go to K&G today. The Young series had just come into the market, and she had to follow its progress.

So after sending Kaiden to the kindergarten, she went to the company.

Tina reported to her about K&G's recent situation. Then she turned on her PC to make some changes to the new design works.

#### Chapter 579: **Why Not Stay At Home When You Feel Unwell?**

Tina noticed that she didn't look well.

"Miss Schultz, are you feeling sick? Would you like to go home earlier?" She asked concernedly.

"Never mind. I have to finish these designs before I go." Savannah said.

Tina didn't say more and poured Savannah a cup of coffee before she went out.

It was noon when Savannah looked up from the drafts. She turned off the PC and stood up.

She blacked out, and immediately she caught herself with one hand on the desk. After a moment's pause, she summoned her strength and walked out of the office.

Unluckily, she waited on the roadside for a long time, but there was no taxi.

The noontide sun shone ruthlessly, which made her feel sicker. Her brain became heavy, and her knees were so weak that she could no longer support them, and suddenly she slipped down.

"Savannah!" A big hand caught her just in time.

Savannah tried to open her eyes and saw Kevin in front of her. Her lips moved slightly, but before she could say anything, she passed out on him.

\* \* \*

Kevin sat quietly at the bedside, staring at Savannah, who was still asleep after being put on a drip.

This morning, he just heard that Devin Yontz was stabbed by Valerie, who escaped from prison. He was worried about Savannah, so he went to K&G to see her. But he didn't expect to see her pass out of fever.

"Don't come... Don't! Get the hell out of here... I didn't kill you... You deserve it! Devin, no! Get out of my way, don't come near me..."

On the bed, Savannah was mumbling about the dream, her pale little face slightly twisting, and the cold sweat stood out on her forehead.

Kevin started and whispered, "Easy, Savannah, easy. It's just a dream."

Savannah, however, was still haunted by the nightmare and her body made a spasmodic jerk.

Kevin gently lifted her into his arms and patted her on the back as he whispered, "don't be afraid, it's me. Your Kevin brother is here."

In his warm embrace, Savannah slowly calmed down and opened her eyes. She was in a trance for a moment before she realized she was in the hospital.

"Are you feeling better?" Kevin sat her on the bed and put a cushion behind her back.

"I'm fine." Savannah gasped out a few words, still a little pale.

"Can you tell me what nightmare you had?" Kevin asked softly, staring at her.

"No, nothing..." Savannah shivered, swallowed, and shook her head.

"I heard you are shouting Devin's name in your dream, and you looked frightened. You asked him not to come near you and that you didn't kill him. Savannah, what happened? If you still believe in me, tell me and let me share the burden with you." Kevin said softly.

Savannah looked into his eyes and finally unloaded the fear she had possessed over the past two days.

"Valerie escaped from prison and killed Devin, did you know that?" Her voice slightly trembled.

"Well, I heard about it this morning." Kevin frowned.

"Valerie did not kill Devin. I killed him." Savannah clasped her knees and controlled the shaking.

"Don't talk nonsense. How could you have killed Devin? Valerie was caught on the spot, with reliable sightings and evidence! What's it got to do with you?!"

Savannah shook her head in a daze. "Yes, Devin was killed by Valerie... But I was the one who told Valerie Devin was back and egged her on him..."

With a white face, she told Kevin about her visit to Valerie in prison that day.

Kevin listened carefully and said, "You didn't ask your cousin to kill Devin. It's none of your business. Your cousin hated Devin so much that she made the decision herself."

"But I feel like I'm the one behind it... Even though I hated Devin and he deserved it, I didn't want to be a murderer..."

"You're not a murderer!" Kevin interrupted her. "You said you just wanted your cousin to sue Devin so that he would get what he deserved. You didn't expect that your cousin would choose a crazier way of revenge! It's out of your control! Don't give it another thought. It has nothing to do with you. Have a good rest and don't think too much."

Savannah swallowed the tears and nodded.

Kevin felt heartache for her but also very depressed.

She went to Valerie, needless to say, for Dylan's sake.

Devin's returning must have threatened Dylan in some ways.

Savannah did this to protect Dylan, but she didn't expect it to get out of hand.

Before Savannah knew Dylan, she was only a lovely girl who could not bear to hurt a fly. Of course, the death of Devin would frighten her and made her self-blame for a while.

She hadn't told it to Dylan yet. She was going to take it on herself.

How he admired Dylan!

Savannah loved that man so much that she was willing to do so much for him.

It seemed that his defeat was final this time.

"Kevin, what time is it? I want to go back..." Savannah's words brought back his mind.

"I'll call Dylan and have him pick you up." He touched her head and said.

Savannah was a little uneasy. She was afraid Dylan would be jealous when he saw her with Kevin. But she was too weak to go back alone at this moment.

What's more, she didn't know why she missed his arms so much when she was ill.

She nodded and said, okay.

Kevin made a call and went to get the medicine for her. After that, he helped her out of the ward.

Just as they walked out of the hospital gate, a black Lamborghini was coming towards them.

The headlights were sharp and bright in the early darkness.

The car stopped, and Dylan stepped out. He looked stern and powerful in a sharp black suit.

His eyes fell on the pale-faced little woman, and he made his way to her.

"She just got an intravenous drip, and her fever is gone. It's nothing serious, but she's still very weak." Kevin said drily.

#### Chapter 580: She Was His Sister

Dylan nodded, took Savannah's hand, and pulled her to his side. He put his hand on her forehead and whispered, "Why not stay at home when you feel unwell?"

"I'm all right now." She grunted and jumped into his arms.

The mere smell of his breath made her feel better.

Dylan wrapped her with his suit and looked at Kevin.

"Thank you, Mr. Wills, for taking her to the hospital."

"I know something has happened to the Sterling family, and you are busy with your business and the wedding, but please pay more attention to Savannah when you are free," Kevin's tone was not very friendly.

Dylan knitted his eyebrows and tightened his arms around Savannah's waist.

Savannah noticed the rather sullen expression on Dylan's face. No man liked to be told how he should care about his woman by another man.

She interrupted the embarrassment with a cough.

Dylan withdrew his eyes from Kevin and walked Savannah away. They got into the car and drove into the darkness.

Kevin watched as the Lamborghini left, and he remained motionless for a long time. His tall figure seemed to be frozen into an exquisite statue.

Not far behind him, from a black car surrounded by plainclothes guards, a pretty figure pushed open the door and got out.

The girl walked to Kevin and didn't stop until she was five feet away from him.

"She's now too far from you. What are you still waiting for?" She whispered behind him.

Apart from the fact that Savannah's car was far away, she also meant that Savannah's heart was never on him.

Didn't his heart ache as he watched his beloved woman leaving with another man?

Kevin frowned. He didn't have to look back to know it was Cecelia.

This girl came again.

"I had met Mr. Smith that day. What are you doing here? You want me to see him again?" He did not turn, and his tone was indifferent.

After Cecelia asked him to have dinner with their father in the rain that night, though he did not return to the Smith's house, he accepted Robert's invitation and met him in a café.

"Must we be meeting for dinner? Can't there be anything else?" Cecelia asked wittily.

"It's getting late. Time to go home." Kevin was not in the mood to chat with her. With that, he walked to the parking lot. After a few steps, he noticed that Cecelia was still following him.

"Stop going after me!" He turned and said impatiently.

"Will you take me home? It's not safe for a girl at this hour." Cecelia acted coquettishly.

"With all the security guards and cars following you, do you need someone else to send your home, Miss Smith?" Kevin felt annoyed and amused.

"But I only want my brother to send me back!" Cecelia said coyly.

"Stop it. Go back home. You're not a kid, not to go back alone,"

Cecelia didn't leave. She followed Kevin as he walked on.

"What do you want? I repeat, don't follow me!" Kevin stopped and turned at her when she followed her into the parking lot.

"I'm not following you! If you can come here, why can't I?" Cecelia curled her lips.

Kevin, without a word, caught her wrist, heading for the Smith's car and guards.

"Why, what are you doing?" Cecelia struggled to free herself from his hand.

"Take you back to your car," Kevin said coldly.

Cecelia wriggled but hadn't the strength to get free.

"Somebody! Help! There's a rascal!" She cried out in a playful tone.

The crisp girl's voice echoed in the quiet parking lot!

Kevin's face darkened as two people not far away looked over.

"Shut up!" He covered her mouth.

"Run me back in your car, and I will shut up," Cecelia grinned.

Kevin, with a helpless sigh, walked to his car and pushed her into the back seat.

But Cecelia made a clamor again, crying to sit in the passenger's seat next to him.

Kevin watched her running to the front seat, and with a dark face, he got into the driver's seat. He started the car, driving toward the direction of the Smith family.

The guards not far away hurriedly followed them in their cars.

Smith's house was located in a suburb far from the city center. Kevin stopped a few hundred meters away from the house, which was patrolled by guards and warders.

He didn't plan to send the girl to the door of Smith's house.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Smith? Please get out of the car." He reached to unbuckle her seat belt.

Cecelia didn't ask for more. Although this time she still failed to let him into the house, he had made progress by coming to the door.

Before she jumped out of the car, she turned suddenly around and kissed Kevin on his lips.

"Bye, brother."

Kevin froze!

A few seconds later, Kevin's face went from red to blue. He looked at her, heated and embarrassed.

"Cecelia! Do you know what you're doing?"

"Yep. Bye, Kiss!" Cecelia didn't think she had done anything wrong.

'I'm your brother!' Kevin didn't know what to say.

"So what? Can't the sister kiss her brother?" Cecelia shrugged her shoulders, her expression saying, "why don't you stop being so corny?"

Kevin clenched his teeth, Wasn't a good-bye kiss a kiss on the cheek?

How did she kiss his mouth?

This ambiguous kiss obviously did not belong to brother and sister, but to lovers!

Now, brother and sister get along like this, they kiss?

Kevin's expression was very complex.

"See you!" Cecelia waved at Kevin and walked away.

Kevin's cheek was still hot.

Damn it.

She was his sister!

Dylan and Savannah were already back in Green Bay.

After laying her down on the bed, Dylan placed the medicine she was about to take on the bedside table and poured a cup of warm water for her.

"Don't forget to take your medicine on time," he whispered in her ear.

Then he tucked her in and turned down the lamp.