

## Ambush OTQ 95

### Chapter 95 You Had Fun

Two minutes later, seeing that Timothy had already “fallen asleep,” Alana got up and returned to her room.

Timothy opened his palm and looked at the strand of hair he held. He quickly got up and ran down the stairs.

“Granny!” Rosaline was sitting on the sofa in the living room. She saw Timothy running toward her.

Has he already gotten it?

Rosaline went up to him and carried him in her arms.

“My dear grandson! Do you have what I told you to get for me?”

“This is it!” Timothy opened his palm and showed the strand of hair to Rosaline.

“That’s great! I can finally confirm that!” Rosaline said happily.

“What is it?” Timothy asked.

“This is a secret between you and me, Timothy. You can’t tell anyone else!” Rosaline said and plucked a hair from Timothy’s scalp.

Timothy grimaced from the pain. He did not complain because his grandmother told him it was a secret.

The next day, Rosaline placed the two strands of hair in an envelope and went to Ryker’s Hospital to look for Cristopher Reid, the head of the biology department.

“Is there something you need, Ma’am?” Cristopher asked curiously.

“I want to know if Alana Lane is really the mother of my grandson,” Rosaline said. “Conduct a maternity DNA test for me!”

Cristopher gasped but recovered in a split second. He said with a smile, “That can be arranged. I’ll let you know when you can collect the report.”

“Mm.” Rosaline nodded. “Don’t tell anyone else about this.”

“Don’t worry, Ma’am.” Cristopher nodded and bowed.

After Rosaline left, Cristopher sent a message to Alana.

“I saved you again, Alana. How are you going to thank me this time?”

Alana was in the beauty salon when she received the message. She was shocked after she read it, and she quickly replied, “What do you mean?”

“We’ll talk when I see you. Let’s meet at Blue Skies Café.”

Alana could sense that something was amiss. She urged the beautician to wash her face quickly, then took her sports car to Blue Skies Café.

Blue Skies Cage was located opposite Ryker's Hospital. Cristopher was already waiting for her in the private room.

"Rosaline Turner brought me two strands of hair today," Cristopher said with a cloying smile on his corpulent face. "What do you think she wants to do?"

Alana's heart skipped a beat. Suddenly, she remembered that Timothy plucked a strand of hair from her scalp last night.

"What... does she want?"

"She wants to know if you're the biological mother of Timothy Ryker!"

Alana's face turned pale. She felt a chill course down her spine.

Is Rosaline suspecting me?

"Don't worry." Cristopher's meaty hand was already fondling Alana. "You know what I can do for you."

"You have to help me, Cris." Alana leaned close to Cristopher. "You can't let Rosaline know the truth!"

"Of course. Why else would I call you over?" Cristopher said smugly.

"How should I thank you?" Alana allowed Cristopher's hands to travel brazenly around her body.

"You should come to my house and spend the night more often," Cristopher said. "My wife is on a business trip again."

"Okay then." Alana did not complain when Cristopher pressed his oily face against her cheek. "As long as you write in the report that I'm undoubtedly Timothy Ryker's mother!"

"You don't have to worry about that, Alana." Cristopher grinned like a pervert as he fondled Alana's bosom. "All you have to do is satisfy me!"

"Oh, Cris!" Alana fell onto his chest. "I'll definitely look for you after the report is done..."

"Good girl." Cristopher gently kissed Alana's cheek and left the room.

Alana's expression instantly sank. She considered her options for a while before calling Adam.

Adam only answered the call after several rings. He said lazily, "Why are you calling me again? I told you I'm not interested in you!"

"Adam!" Alana said coyly. "You say you're not interested, but you looked like you had a lot of fun that night!"

"Heheh. You should know I want to get rid of that wretched child in your womb!"