

## Midnight 21

### It's Too Late

The following night Dylan came again into her room and ordered her to change into another cloth he brought.

"Change into this one," He said.

Savannah answered through her gritted teeth, "Okay."

"Now." Told Dylan when he saw Savannah standing still.

Right now? She got scared.

Would he sleep with her tonight...?

She knew that this would have occurred sooner or later since she decided to stay here but didn't expect it so fast. Holding the bath towel with her sweaty palms, she finally picked up the sailor-like nightgown and went into the bathroom.

Five minutes later, Savannah opened the sliding door of the bathroom and came out slowly. Dylan turned around and stared at her, frozen for a moment.

Her skin was pale and flawless. The children's night skirt surprisingly fit her clean and babyish face, and its size was very suitable for her petite sweet figure. Dylan's eyes moved down to her breast, which looked full and eye-catching in the limited size—making her a bit more seductive and fascinating.

His eyes darkening, he got up and walked to her.

She could hardly breathe when she smelled the faint smell of sweet ambergris and the bath from him, embarrassed and unable to move. Savannah closed her eyes, her muscle clenching.

Whatever he was going to do, she had to swallow her pain for Kevin.

With eyes closed, although she couldn't see what he was doing, she could feel him sizing her aggressively. She was waiting for him to tear her dress, and for bad sex to come, her back sweating. Finally, he ran his hand through her hair, and then he tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear.

Surprised, she opened her eyes. He said with weariness, "It's too late. You should go to sleep now."

Then he turned and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

Savannah was unconvinced and stayed where she was, around by his imperious smell.

Is he just gone?

Nothing?

Her heart sank back to its place, and with a sigh of relief, she ran to the door and locked it. Clambering into bed, she switched off the light and lay down, exhausted.

She closed her eyes and then drifted into a heavy sleep.

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When she woke up the next morning, it was already ten o'clock.

She hurriedly washed, opened the closet before closing it again. Holy Crap – he's spent a fortune. It resembled Valerie's wardrobe – Gucci, Armani, and Lacoste. She'd only ever heard most of them and never dreamed of owning them. Intimidated by the selection, she grabbed the plainest looking dress on the rack and pulled it on before heading downstairs.

Breakfast was already set. Freshly baked bread and scones with pots of jam, marmalade, and cream served with silver tea-spoons.

"Good morning, Miss Schultz." Said Judy, as she hurried past with a hamper of laundry.

"Where is Mr. Sterling?" She yawned, sitting down at the head of the table.

"He went to work before eight o'clock," She said, giving her a sideways glance. She supposed that she and Garwood considered her his mistress now. And she supposed she was. The way he'd fucked her, face down, pulling back her hair and thrusting it in her. She still felt sore. None of it made any sense to her how she got from there to here. From being Devin's wife to being his uncle's mistress. Such a chain of lurid, nonsensical events.

To Judy's credit, she didn't say anything. After a moment of silence, she bowed her head and left. "Enjoy your breakfast."

She nodded, and after Judy had left ate some scones with a mound of cream and jam. Then another and another. She was famished. Then, after what seemed like only a moment, there was a knock on the doorframe.

Garwood came in. "Miss Schultz? Mr. Sterling is waiting for you in the car."

"Now? But where to?"

"The hospital."

"The hospital?"

"The issues you discussed with Mr. Sterling. They will be sorted."

"So soon? Wow, well-"

Garwood had already led the way, and Savannah hurried along behind.

Outside, dappled sunlight streamed through the trees, the smell of freshly cut grass and the distant sound of a strimmer. In the drive was a black S-Class with Dylan in the driver's seat. He wore a grey suit, white shirt unbuttoned.

He was scowling at her. "You overslept."

She blushed and said nothing. Climbed into the back seat of the car, and they head off.

The way was uneventful. The real world seemed so distant to her now. People of the street merely stage actors that had no meaning beyond their immediate function. Like, if she waited long enough, they would all run out of things to do and the world as she knew it would stop.

When they arrived, Dylan took her hand, lead her to the hospital. She stopped at the automatic doors, "I don't really need to go in. I'll just wait outside while you resolve the issue...please."

Dylan tightened his grip. "You need to get used to seeing things like this. It's time to grow up."

She thought it was funny, considering the school uniform he'd fucked her in last night, but she didn't say anything. There was another meaning to those words. She was his mistress, which meant she would have to deal with Devin and the Sterling's regularly. Time to grow a thick skin.

She was led past reception to an elevator. From there, down a maze of long white corridors and swinging doors until they arrived at the ward. There were only four beds, and all the curtains were drawn around them.

"Devin, here. Have some soup. It'll make you feel better." A voice came. It was from Susan. Before she could run, Dylan flung back the curtain, skidding it along the rails. Held her hand in his.

"Your uncle's here, Devin, and-" She stopped. Frowned and caught her breath. Devin sat up, a confused look on his face.

Savannah lowered her gaze to the floor to avoid Susan and Devin's stare.

Dylan spoke up. "What are you doing? Sit down."

Holding Savannah's hand, he sat her on the sofa.

"Dylan, what do you mean by bringing her here? It's her and her friend that gut Devin here in the first place. And you..." Her face was stern like chiseled marble.

"That's why she's here today." Dylan looked from Savannah briefly to Susan. Then he closed his eyes meditatively, his tone was quiet, "Say it."