

Midnight 241

241: Never Again

Savannah spent time on her iPad for a while; then, she called Mat to ask the state of Olivia.

Olivia's vital signs were stable beyond the critical stage, but she showed no sign of waking up.

After the phone call, Savannah was a bit depressed. She grabbed her nightgown and towel and pushed the door open.

There was no bathroom in the study, so she had to go to the bathroom in the guest room on the second floor.

Although the bathroom was for guests, the size, specifications, and comfort could match which of a five-star hotel.

The room was equipped with a luxury Jacuzzi, which had eight automatic massage heads, thermostat-controlled heat, automatic water release of negative ions and minerals.

Savannah opened the hot water faucet, watching the water slowly filling the bathtub. The bathroom was full of steam soon.

She took off her bathrobe, went into the tub, lay back, and briefly closed her eyes, relaxing in the soothing warmth.

She was completely lost in her own world that she didn't notice the door open.

Dylan came in and closed the door. It's all hot and steamy. He stopped at the bath, gazing at the little woman in hot water and foam. His eyes were hot and heated, enjoying the beauty in front of him.

It was some time before Savannah felt his burning gaze. When she opened her eyes, she saw a vague form in the steam standing beside the bath.

"Who's that!" She screamed, startled, retreating into a corner. Then she saw clearly the person in front of her, blushing. "Why are you here! I'm taking a bath!" She cried, reaching for the towel on the shelf and wrapped it around her body.

She was not only shy for being seen by him, but still annoyed because he restricted her from visiting Olivia for a few days.

"Didn't you say you felt sick? I'm coming to see how sick you are." Dylan was not embarrassed at all but took a few steps closer.

This little cat became bolder!

He said nothing when she didn't go downstairs to eat before. He knew that she deliberately avoided him, but he gave her enough time to calm down.

However, after so many days, she went even further!

She gave him the attitude over and over again!

Today again, she didn't have dinner downstairs to avoid him. He didn't bother to say anything in front of his father, but privately, he had to teach this disobedient cat a good lesson!

She said she was sick? Well, he came to see what's wrong with her for himself!

She could even feel the heat of his body above the steam. "Don't come, I'm much better now..." she murmured as she curled herself up in the corner.

In reply, he reached over and pulled her out of the bath.

The towel was randomly wrapped around her, and it slipped down the floor easily by his grasp. Her white breasts jumped out, bumping against his chest. He watched her intently, his eyes heated even, and he tried hard to repress the thought of taking her now.

"Better? Aren't you too ill to go downstairs to eat? How could you get better so soon?" He said sarcastically as he caressed her naked skin as if to check where it was wrong.

Savannah bit her lower lip, and her body writhed slightly under his touch, "really... Let me go... Dylan..."

"Are you better or not ill at all?" His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed gently. He was going to make her stop lying or being difficult with him!

Savannah shut up and did not speak.

Seeing her silence, he smiled a slow, lazy, wicked smile. He had a lot of ways to make her submission. His hands smoothed and shaped each of her buttocks, then his fingers glided down to her sexy...

Finally, she couldn't stand it, "I'm not sick, I'm not sick, okay?!"

"You mean you're cheating?" Dylan asked coldly.

She bit her lip and denied nothing.

"Dare you again?" His hand went up to her chin, tipping her head back, and his tone was stern.

"No, I dare not..." Savannah muttered, but she was not convinced.

"And pretend to be ill?!"

"Never again..."

"Should you go downstairs to dinner every day?"

"Yes..."

Dylan knew she didn't really mean it, but he was already satisfied. After bringing her to a good girl again, he released his hands.

Savannah was slightly relieved and immediately took two steps back for the towel. Maybe it was because she didn't eat dinner or something, a fit of dizziness came to her suddenly, and she slipped into the water. She choked and began to cough!

Dylan reacted quickly, pulling her up into his arms and frowning, "what's up?"

"Nothing!" She steadied herself and pushed him away. She hadn't made up with him yet, and she couldn't let him take advantage of her now.

"You seem to be in this state frequently these days. Really nothing?" He frowned as he gazed at her.

This happened to her several times. He thought she had affected illness before.

But she felt dizzy and sick again today. This time, he thought she was not faking it.

"Maybe I've stayed in the bathroom for a long time and got a little dizzy from the steam. Just get out of here and let me wash up quickly." She said, pushing him outside.

"I'll tell Cooper to call Dr. Joe," Dylan said as he was pushed out by her wet warm hands.

She looked at him through the steam, a little moved, but then she restrained herself. Why should she be touched by his concern? He just didn't want his pet to get sick. He would be worried even if she's a dog or a cat.

He knew exactly what she wanted to do now, but he wouldn't let her do it!

After a pause, she said bravely, "no. I wish you'd let me see Olivia more than see a doctor, and let me keep investigating Olivia's case."

Then she waited for his answer.

She hoped that after all these days, his attitude had softened.

However, two seconds later, he opened his mouth, "No."

Grumbling anger swelled her bosom. With clenched teeth, she banged the bathroom door closed and locked it!

A few days later, Devin and Valerie came to the Sterling's house again. When they were eating, Devin and Valerie said that they wanted to spend the weekend with grandpa.

Old Sterling welcomed the couple, of course. Since Susan was sent to a mental nursing home, and his son-in-law Henley left, he was quite lonely and starved for companionship.

He felt so good to see more people in the family. His eyes were brighter, and his attitude toward Valerie became better and better when he saw her growing belly each time she visited.

In the face of the Sterlings' precious fourth generation, nothing was unforgivable.

If Valerie could safely deliver his great-grandson for the Sterlings, her contribution to the family was enough to offset any mistakes she might have made.

When Savannah learned that Devin and Valerie would spend the weekend at the Sterling's house, she asked to return to Beverly Hills first.

242: Don't You Have Basic Manners?

Old Sterling knew that she wanted to avoid facing Devin and Valerie.

After all, Devin was her ex-fiancé, and he broke up with her because of her cousin; her relationship with Valerie was also very tense. It would be a little awkward for her to live in the same house with them. But old Sterling was really reluctant to let her leave.

When Savannah moved out, so would Dylan.

Dylan rarely lived at home before. How could old Sterling let him go now?

In this way, old Sterling persuaded Savannah to stay, saying that he was not quite well yet. He also said that as the Sterling's house was so large and had so many rooms, he would arrange for Devin and Valerie to live far away from her and Dylan. They would not meet each other too much, and they would only stay for two days at the weekend.

Anyway, everything worked.

Savannah had no choice but to compromise and promise to stay.

In addition to the persuasion from old Sterling, she also had her own concerns.

Her relationship with Dylan hadn't eased yet, and she never spoke to him these days.

She was still very angry at his insolence and that he suddenly changed his mind! Now she felt he was not only overbearing and autocratic but also unfeeling and ruthless; what's more, he forced her to become a cold-blooded animal too!

At least she would have a chance to avoid him at the Sterling's house.

Back at Beverly Hills, she couldn't avoid him anymore.

Therefore, it would be good to live in the Sterling's house for the time being.

On Friday night, Dylan was busy with the business of the group and didn't go back.

Right after dinner, Devin and Valerie arrived from Rosemount Villa.

Valerie's belly looked bigger, and her round face looked ruby under the light. They walked arm in arm into the room, like a lovely couple. They called old Sterling grandpa sweetly before sitting down.

Valerie touched her belly softly, "the baby didn't move today until we came here! He must be very happy to see grandpa!"

"Yes, it seems that the baby's greeting you, grandpa." Devin also flattered.

Hearing this, old Sterling smiled from ear to ear.

Maybe it was because this scene was too disgusting, or Savannah ate too much in dinner, her stomach got sick, and she was at the point of fainting.

Seeing Valerie, she was reminded of Olivia, who had not yet woken up and didn't know when she would open her eyes again.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm feeling a little ill. I'll just go upstairs." She stood up and said softly.

Old Sterling thought that her illness was an excuse, but he understood her. "Well. Go upstairs to have a rest."

Savannah nodded and left first.

Valerie looked at her cousin's back, and there was a faint chill in her smiling eyes.

The memory of what Savannah said last time in the garden angered her again. Savannah didn't have the evidence that she killed Olivia, but she herself almost admitted it by the little bitch's trick!

Oh, now she still lives here. Did she really think of herself as the Sterlings' young mistress?

When I give birth to the baby and move back to the Sterling's house, you little bitch will get out of here! Valerie clenched fists secretly.

Even if Dylan and old Sterling liked Savannah, she couldn't be more valuable than the baby!

Valerie felt her belly with a confident smile.

Upstairs.

As soon as Savannah went back to her room, she rushed into the washroom, bent down in front of the toilet, and began to throw up.

She spewed up the entire meal.

Then she rose up, stumbling, with a feeling of faintness. If she wasn't in time to lean one arm against the wall, she would have fallen to the ground.

She was now alarmed by the sick feeling throughout these days. Before, she didn't care about it because it was not obvious, and she didn't want to bother anyone when she still lived here.

Today, she realized that the feeling of dizziness and nausea had lasted for a long time. And it was getting worse.

She supported herself against the wall, and walked slowly out of the washroom, sitting down on the bed. Covering her stomach, she sighed.

Was it because she had eaten too much meat and fish since she lived in the Sterling's house?

But how did faintness and sickness come at the same time?

She was in good health all the time and didn't have so many problems.

Maybe she should go to the hospital for a checkup.

After resting for a while, Savannah felt better. She prepared clean clothes and a bath towel and was ready to take a bath in the guest room.

However, when she just walked out of the study and turned right, she saw Valerie standing at the end of the corridor as if she had been waiting for her for a long time. There was a provocation in her expression.

"What are you doing here?" Savannah stopped warily.

Valerie bared her belly and walked slowly to her like a peacock about to unfurl. "I'm the granddaughter-in-law of the house's master and the rightful owner of this house. Is it strange to see me here? And I wonder how you, a nobody, could live here for such a long time. Could you tell me what you are doing here?" She said in an offensive way as she stopped in front of Savannah, and her words were full of aggression.

Savannah clenched her fist and hoped she could slap her cousin in the face. Her patience was almost at an end, but she must bear it, for Olivia and for herself.

Her impulsive action would only give Valerie a chance to complain!

Valerie might design to infuriate her. Her anger was exactly what Valerie wanted!

Savannah stared at her coldly and snorted. Then she got around Valerie to pass on when she was stopped by one arm. "I'm talking to you! Don't you have basic manners?"

"Basic manners?" Savannah repeated derisively, "what should I say to the one who has no basic humanity? Valerie, I used to think you were just selfish and mean, but now I realize that you are not even a human being. You mustn't think because there's no proof that you can get away with it forever. I'm sure Olivia will wake up one day, and when she tells the police the truth, you're dead!"

Valerie's face turned red, and she put up her hand --

Savannah flung up an arm to ward off any blow, but Valerie didn't slap in her face as she thought. Before she knew, Valerie flashed a sinister smile and grabbed a decorative porcelain vase on a rosewood cabinet beside them.

With a bang, the vase fell to the floor and broke into pieces!

Savannah stared at her in amazement.

Valerie bent down, picked up a piece of porcelain, and pointed it at her own arm!

"What trick are you playing again?" Savannah gritted her teeth and guessed her intention!

"If I cut myself and say you hurt me... Will grandpa drive you out of here immediately?" Valerie was jealous to see her cousin living in this house, and she didn't want to see her for a moment! She was pregnant but could only live in Rosemount Villa, while Savannah lived here with no name!

Valerie's face twisted, full of resentment.

"What do you have in mind? Another frame?" gasped Savannah, "Valerie, you're really in great need of psychiatrists! Your soul is horribly besmirched! Have you forgotten your end when you framed me last time?"

243: She Broke The Vase Herself

Valerie laughed derisively. "I had a miscarriage before. It's different now. I'm pregnant again, and the whole Sterling family treats me as a treasure, afraid of any careless mistake. If I say, you hurt me, who will question? Even if they know that I wrong you, can anyone punish me?"

Just then, footsteps on the staircase interrupted their conversation.

The sound of glass falling to the ground on the second floor startled the people downstairs.

Old Sterling, Devin, and Cooper came up together. Behind them was Dylan, who had just returned home.

Valerie, hearing the footsteps, at once drew a trace of blood on her arm with the piece of porcelain, and then she sat down on the ground, looking at Savannah in horror.

"Valerie, what's going on?" Seeing this, Devin became frightened and rushed to help Valerie up. "Are you all right?"

Valerie's baby was so precious that he could not bear to lose it again!

"It's okay... Devin..." Valerie murmured as she stared in horror at Savannah. "Savannah knocked the vase off the cabinet when I passed by. Nothing. It's really nothing..."

She said nothing, but everyone could see she didn't mean anything!

She obviously meant that Savannah deliberately broke the vase, and the broken porcelain injured her.

Devin looked at the scratch on Valerie's arm. Luckily it did not hurt her belly. He heaved a sigh and looked at Savannah. "You're so careless."

Old Sterling, however, knew what temperament his granddaughter-in-law had and what character Savannah had. Obviously, he didn't believe it was done by Savannah, but he still looked at Savannah doubtfully.

"What's going on?" asked Dylan as he strode up to Savannah.

Savannah felt calm in the heart and leashed her anger, "I didn't do anything. She broke the vase herself."

"You mean that I wronged you again?" Valerie said with swift violence, "since what happened last time, I've already known I was wrong. How could I do that again? Am I so stupid? I know, I was not sensible and wronged you once, and you've been trying to revenge me. I didn't say anything just now for you to vent your anger! Well, I broke it myself, and I cut it myself, okay?" Then Valerie burst into a convulsive sob!

Fearing Valerie's emotion might affect the baby, old Sterling frowned and said, "all right, just don't hurt yourself. Stop that!"

Valerie gritted her teeth when she saw old Sterling was still partial to Savannah. She squeezed out a few tears and said in a pathetic voice, "Grandpa, it's not me, it's Savannah! She didn't really forgive me at all... She still holds the grudge toward me! Well, since Savannah doesn't want to see me, I dare not stay here, lest I should be hated. I'll go back to Rosemount Villa."

As she sobbed, she took Devin by the arm and turned to go downstairs.

Seeing that she was leaving, old Sterling shouted, "stop! Where are you going at this late hour? It's cold and dark outside, the wind might give you a cold! What if my great-grandson is affected?"

Devin helped Valerie to stop.

Then old Sterling looked at Savannah. He took a deep breath and looked sorry. "Savannah... "

Savannah knew that she and Valerie couldn't stay together in the house now. Otherwise, Valerie would make a noise every day, which might affect the unborn child.

Since old Sterling couldn't see Valerie leave in the middle of the night, she herself became the one who had to leave.

Her nose stiffened, and she choked back the tears that were gushing from her eyes. "I'll go now, sir."

With that, she turned and was about to pack in the study when her hand was clasped by Dylan's long cold fingers.

"Who let you go?" Dylan asked coldly.

He could in no way see his woman be driven away in front of him.

He knew Savannah would not hurt Valerie, even if she did hurt Valerie, so what?

There was a chill that fell in his eyes. He turned, and his eyes of ice froze freezingly on Valerie. "Are you sure your cousin broke the vase? Think before you speak."

Every word chilled Valerie.

Dylan looked like a ruthless judge with the most penetrating eyes.

Valerie felt cold all over, grabbing the coat-tails, and dared not say a word. She felt that if she lied, the man in front of her would run to her and cut her throat in the next minute. If it were not for the presence of Devin and old Sterling, she was afraid that her nerves would have come apart.

She looked helplessly at old Sterling, "grandpa..."

"Dylan!" Old Sterling saw Valerie's body shaking violently and tried to stop it for the baby in her.

With a tug at Dylan's sleeve, Savannah whispered, "forget it. I really want to go back to Beverly Hills... I don't want to stay here."

She was not to compromise with Valerie; she just didn't want to make old Sterling difficult.

Besides, she was exhausted, and she felt dizzy. It seemed that her strength was slipping away from her limbs.

She didn't want to fight with Valerie here anymore.

Then Savannah turned in silence and went to her room to pack her bags.

Valerie's lips lifted slightly, her eyes shining with triumph.

The little bitch will finally go out of here.

But before Savannah opened the study door, she swayed and fell to the floor!

"Savannah!" In the cry of old Sterling and Cooper, Dylan stepped forward quickly and grabbed Savannah to his arms. The little woman was held tightly by him, her face pale and bloodless. Her long eyelashes fell down, and her eyes were closed. Obviously, she fainted.

"Cooper? Call the doctor now!" Old Sterling came to his senses and shouted.

"Yes, yes!" Cooper swallowed and ran down the stairs to make a phone call but was stopped by Dylan's growl. "No!"

Cooper turned around and saw Dylan pick up Savannah in his arms. Dylan looked coldly at Valerie and shouted in a sullen gloomy voice, "You will pay for it if something happens to her!"

Valerie trembled all over with fear.

With the little woman in his arms, Dylan quickly strode downstairs and went out of the villa!

The car was going down the road like an angry beast at full speed, without fear of any traffic lights.

It finally stopped at the gate of a hospital.

Dylan slammed the car door open and held Savannah in his arms carefully, marching up the steps.

Jacob, who had received the phone call, was waiting at the door with a nurse. When saw them coming, he hurriedly let the nurse put Savannah on the gurney and pushed it in.

244: Savannah Is Pregnant

Outside a ward in the hospital.

Dylan riveted to the spot and gazed at the white door. His face was hard to read in the half-darkness.

Garwood was standing by him, waiting for a result from Dr. Shamon.

How did Miss Schultz pass out?

It was said that she was wronged by Valerie again, and then fell in a faint suddenly before everybody.

She must be so flustered and disappointed that she ultimately broke down.

Valerie... Too much! She framed Miss Schultz once and again!

Did that woman want to harm Miss Schultz till she had no place in the Sterling family?

Just then, the door of the ward creaked open. Jacob, dressed in a white doctor's overall, came out with the nurse. He said something to the nurse, and the nurse left first.

"How's she?" Dylan walked over to him.

Garwood followed, "Dr. Shamon, is everything all right?"

Jacob looked at Dylan with a complicated expression. He didn't speak for a long time and then sighed.

Dylan's eyes darkened. What did that mean?

Garwood became quite anxious by Jacob's reaction too.

"You got what you want this time. I'll be scolded to death by Savannah!" Jacob said to Dylan helplessly.

"What do you mean?" Dylan scowled and made as if to strike him, "cut the cackle! Tell me what's wrong with her!"

Jacob quickly dodged and said, "Savannah's been pregnant for at least a month."

Dylan froze!

Is she more than one month pregnant?

She said she was uncomfortable because she's pregnant, not to find an excuse to avoid him?

Garwood was surprised too.

"Are you satisfied now?" Jacob glanced at Dylan, "You forced me to change her contraceptives for vitamins! She'll certainly doubt how she could get pregnant while she's on the pill! If she knows that it's because I conspired with you, she'll break off with me!"

Garwood was speechless. It turned out that Miss Schultz had been taking contraceptives, and the pregnancy was caused by Mr. Sterling's cheating and replacing her contraceptives secretly.

What Mr. Sterling did was, of course, a little bit unkind. Miss Schultz must be furious about that!

"Are you, my friend or her friend? How's she now? Why did she get faint?" Dylan looked a little worried, frowning.

"She had a little anemia during the pregnancy, and maybe she didn't eat much these days. She's fine now. You can take her home after two days of observation in the hospital."

"Does Miss Schultz know she's pregnant?" asked Garwood in place of Mr. Sterling.

Jacob shook his head. "She woke up for a while but fell asleep again because she's so tired. I haven't had time to tell her yet."

She would raise hell when she knew it!

Dylan's face became stern, and he pushed Jacob aside, ready to enter the ward.

Jacob knew that he wanted to see Savannah and stopped him, "Savannah's just fallen asleep. It's late now. You can see her tomorrow. She has a baby in her now, and it's important for her to have enough rest."

Dylan paused. Just then, his phone rang. It was old Sterling.

When Savannah was sent in to check, old Sterling phoned him several times.

He had no mood to speak to his father at that time. Now frowning at the screen, he finally answered the phone.

"What happened to Savannah?" Old Sterling's voice was full of concerns.

He was worried about Savannah when Dylan took her away. When Dylan didn't answer the phone just now, he became even more anxious.

"Didn't you just drive her out for Valerie? It's kind of funny to care about her now." Dylan scolded coldly.

Old Sterling was silenced by Dylan's words. He did feel a little guilty when he gave implicit consent to Valerie's unreasonable demand. After all, he had been with Savannah for so many days. But when Valerie came, he had to ask her to move out. This was really a little too far.

"Dylan, I didn't drive her out. She didn't want to make it hard on me, so she asked to leave. I know I wronged Savannah in this matter, but after all, Valerie is pregnant. The baby in her is the next generation of the Sterling family. Please ask Savannah to be considerate. When Valerie gives birth to the baby, everything will be fine. I will personally apologize to Savannah... "

Dylan was too angry to listen any more. Before his father finished speaking, he hung up the phone with a gloomy face.

Just because Valerie was pregnant, Savannah had to accommodate herself to her?

It didn't matter to others, but he couldn't see his woman suffer such wrongs!

"Dylan, why didn't you tell old Sterling that Savannah is pregnant too? Valerie's baby is, in fact, a Yontz, while the one in Savannah is a real Sterling. If you tell him, he must be overjoyed and pick up Savannah at once!" Jacob had just learned what had happened to Savannah from Garwood. He raised his brows when Dylan hung up the phone.

Dylan mused for a moment, then said firmly, "don't tell anyone about Savannah's pregnancy. Especially the one from the Sterling's house.

"Why?" Jacob and Garwood were amazed.

Old Sterling was dreaming of having a bigger family. This was a happy event, and there was no need to hide it.

If Savannah had an unwanted pregnancy, they might wonder if Dylan hid it because he did not want the baby. But Savannah's pregnancy was actually arranged by him, which meant he also wanted the baby.

"All in all, keep this pregnancy under wraps for the time being. I'll tell you when it's time to go public." Dylan slightly frowned, a little impatient.

Jacob knew that Dylan didn't like his words to be doubted. He said nothing more and went back to the office to deal with the rest of the work.

There were only two people left in the corridor.

Garwood took a deep breath and asked, "Sir, you don't want to tell the Sterling family about Miss Schultz's pregnancy for the moment... Are you afraid that anyone will do harm to Miss Schultz?"

Dylan gave an approving look to Garwood, who guessed his consideration. After a pause, he said quietly, "Valerie's completely a madwoman. She dares to do anything to gain her end. Savannah's pregnancy is a serious threat to her position in the Sterling family. Since she can push Olivia downstairs, she can also harm Savannah to keep her place. What's more, in order to get the property of the Sterling family, Devin will go to all lengths! If he knows that Savannah is pregnant, I can't imagine what he will do to Savannah. Just in case, don't make it public yet."

245: No Accident Was Allowed

It was thoughtful to keep it secret now. Garwood nodded at Mr. Sterling's forethought.

Well, that's true. People can do anything for power and wealth.

The baby in Miss Schultz was the legitimate grandchild of old Sterling. He would turn all his attention to Savannah when he knew her pregnancy. No one would care about Valerie at that time.

Seeing that Dylan had a son, old Sterling would be so happy that he might give the Sterling Group to Mr. Sterling completely.

The baby in Miss Schultz's belly was indeed the biggest threat to Devin and Valerie.

If they knew it, they would try all sorts of evil tricks to harm Miss Schultz!

Although Miss Schultz was closely protected by Mr. Sterling...what if he missed a trick and gave Valerie and Devin a chance?

The baby was Mr. Sterling's flesh and blood. No accident was allowed!

Therefore, Mr. Sterling made this decision. That's the safest way.

* * *

The next morning, Savannah woke up when day dawned. She sat up and looked around. Was she in a hospital?

Last night...

She was framed by her cousin and, not wanting to embarrass old Sterling, offered to move away.

Maybe it was because she felt deeply wronged or something, she blacked out.

She vaguely remembered that Dylan carried her downstairs and left the house.

So, now she was sent to the hospital by him?

Before she could think it over, a feeling of sickness in her stomach came to her. Covering her mouth, she got out of bed, rushed to the washroom in the ward, and began to vomit.

Because she hadn't eaten anything since last night, nothing came up. After retching for a while, she stood up.

What's wrong with me? Is it gastroenteritis?

A long time ago, when she was asked by a manufacturer to film on a diet, she got gastroenteritis, and the symptom was almost the same. But she recovered soon after that time.

Just then, the door opened, and Jacob came in. He was surprised to see Savannah in the washroom.

"You wake up. How are you feeling?"

Savannah saw Jacob and smiled in relief. "Much better..."

"Well, it's still early. You can sleep a little longer." Jacob helped her to the bed and laid her down.

"Jacob, did you check on me yesterday? What's wrong with me? Is it gastroenteritis?" Savannah put the cover over herself and asked.

Jacob paused and forced a laugh, "No..."

"Then what's that?" Savannah was puzzled.

Jacob took a deep breath and finally said, "Savannah, you're pregnant."

Savannah froze up. She could not speak for a long time. Her mind was blank.

Pregnant? No way!

For a while, she shook her head slowly, "Jacob, I think you made a mistake. How can I be pregnant? I've been on the pill for a long time, and you prescribed it for me..."

Jacob was silent, and he looked embarrassed.

Savannah suddenly understood. "Did you give me the wrong pill?"

Jacob pretended not to know, "Come on, Savannah, the pill is not one hundred percent effective. Dylan's so energetic and vigorous that even the pill cannot stop him..."

Savannah made to get out of bed, "Don't you admit it? Good, I'm going to take the rest of the pills to a test, then I'll know!"

Seeing this, Jacob gnashed his teeth and had to say, "Okay, well... The pills I gave you are vitamins."

"Jacob, you --" Savannah sat up in bed, her face red with anger.

"Calm down, Savannah, you're carrying a baby!" Jacob helped her down again.

Dylan left her in his hands. If anything wrong happened, Dylan would kill him!

Savannah was seriously angry. Her heart throbbed heavily in her chest. "Dylan made you do it, didn't he?" she finally calmed down and asked.

In fact, she also knew that the question was otiose.

If it wasn't Dylan, how would Jacob do this?

She couldn't believe that man was so insidious... He agreed on the surface that he would not force her to have children for him in order to appease her, but secretly he changed the pill!

She had wondered how Dylan could be so good to give up the idea of having a baby easily!

Jacob nodded helplessly.

Savannah could not help saying, "I thought we are friends! Do you have basic medical ethics? How could you associate with him and change my pill?!"

"I don't want to do it, Savannah," Jacob was more grievous than her, "you know Dylan, we can hardly change his mind when he decides something. He got me there and threatened me to do so... Alas, don't mention it again! I'm also a victim!"

Dylan threatened him with his love affair, and he had to bow to power...

Savannah was angry, but she knew Jacob was not the one to blame. After all, the originator was Dylan!

She jumped out of bed and rushed to the door.

"Where are you going?" Jacob hurriedly held her back.

"I'm going to bust in on that damned man!"

"He's in the company now. Hey, don't get excited. You're still very weak now. If you faint again, he'll kill me! What's more, what's the use of killing him now? It's already too late!" Jacob glanced at her belly.

She had already been pregnant. It's no use in beating the shit out of Dylan now.

Savannah took a long breath. Jacob was right.

Now the most important thing was...

"Jacob, help me out!" She stared at Jacob with her beautiful eyes, and they slid over his face with a your-chance-for-redemption-came look.

"What do you mean?" Jacob shuddered.

She bit her lip. "Help me with the operation, I want an abortion!"

She was now in the hospital, and it was convenient!

"Savannah, I am not a gynecologist." Jacob was helpless.

"Then help me find a gynecologist! You have all kinds of doctors here, right?" Her tone was emphatic.

"Savannah... you want me to die? Please, don't embarrass me." Jacob sighed.

Abortion? If he helped Savannah to have an abortion, Dylan would cut him into pieces!

"Jacob, I beg you..." Savannah pulled Jacob's sleeve, fixing her miserable gaze on him.

"Savannah, don't beg me, I beg you! Give me a chance to live! If I do as you told, he'll kill my family! Well, I see you look better now. Have a good rest, press the bell to call the nurse for help when you need it." Jacob pulled out his arm. It was dangerous to stay here for another second.

He closed the door behind him as he left.

Savannah couldn't stop him. She bit her lip, looking down, and her gaze falling on her belly. Was there really a baby?

246: I Have No Appetite

Savannah put her hands on her abdomen and gently touched it.

All of a sudden, she retracted her hands as if the fingertips got an electric shock. She shook her head.

No.

She couldn't have a baby for him like this!

Who was she to him? Nothing! She was not his wife nor his girlfriend!

It was a matter of principle. She could not compromise on that!

Savannah found it difficult to fall asleep again. She sat on the bed, transfixed for a long time before the door opened again. Judy came with a thermos flask.

Last night, Garwood called Judy and told her about Savannah's pregnancy.

Judy was loyal to Dylan, and she had taken care of Savannah for a long time. Now Savannah needed a trusted subordinate to look after her, and Judy was the best choice.

Judy knew that Savannah had hypoglycemia during her pregnancy, so she boiled a nourishing soup suitable for pregnant women overnight and brought it to Savannah as breakfast.

Savannah's nose suddenly stung when she saw Judy came. Though Judy was just a servant, she was more like a gentle and kind aunt to Savannah. She tried hard to settle her nerves, "morning, Judy."

Judy poured the soup into a small bowl and handed it to Savannah. "The soup is nourishing," she told Savannah lovingly, "it's good for you and the baby. If it tastes good, I'll make it for you every day and make sure you have a healthy baby."

Judy's face was shorn with excitement. Well, she didn't know Savannah's annoyance, and maybe she couldn't understand her thoughts at all. Savannah looked at her excited eyes, and she didn't know how to tell her that she never planned to give birth to this child.

She hesitated and gave up the idea of sobbing out Dylan's evil behavior. "Did Dylan call you to come here?" She forced a smile.

"Well. Mr. Sterling said that you would have to stay in the hospital for two days, and he was afraid that you won't be used to new nursing staff and that you might feel lonely, so he asked me to accompany you." Judy didn't notice her depression.

It sounded like he sent Judy here for her good? Come on, he must intend to let Judy watch her closely! He knew she would be angry when she found out she was pregnant, and he would not give her a chance to escape.

Savannah had a feeling that she was suffocating. She looked at the soup with no appetite at all.

"Judy, thanks, but I don't want it."

Judy thought that she had a poor appetite because she was in early pregnancy, "you must eat more food to replenish your energies. What do you want to eat? Tell me, and I'll make it for you!"

Savannah shook her head. "I don't want to eat anything," she said.

"Dr. Shamon said you have hypoglycemia and need feeding up. What's more, you are now in the first trimester of pregnancy. Just eat a little, or you will starve the baby." Judy said to her energetically.

Starve the baby? Well, since Dylan didn't keep his word and gave her such a big trouble, why couldn't she starve his baby?

Savannah bit her lip, waving and turning over the soup with a sudden spurt of energy, "I said, I don't want it!"

The little bowl of soup immediately rolled to the ground and spilled all over the floor!

Judy had no idea why she was in a temper, but she knew it was not against her. "Okay, fine, then forget the soup. I'll buy you some fruit, porridge, or something, okay?" Afraid that Savannah might hurt herself, Judy hurriedly picked the bowl away.

"Judy, I don't want to eat anything. You can go back first. Please don't bring me anything at noon or in the evening. I have no appetite. I won't eat." Savannah lay down, covered her head with a blanket, and rolled over.

Judy frowned. How could a pregnant woman with a weak body eat nothing? The baby would suffer too!

Just then, the door opened, and Dylan strode in and his face frosting, and there was a cold gleam in his eyes.

Before Judy reacted and greeted him, Dylan indicated that she should go out first. She bowed her head and left the ward.

Savannah closed her eyes and heard a distant voice behind her, "are you angry with me?"

She shivered and didn't have to turn around to know that it was Dylan. She clenched her lower lip, sat up, and looked at his cold face. "Can't I? Dylan, you didn't keep your word! You clearly said that you wouldn't force me to give you children, but you cheat! You asked Jacob to give me vitamins instead of contraceptives... Dylan, you should be a liar!"

He had expected that when she knew she was pregnant, she would react very, very angrily.

Seeing her emotion, he stepped forward, seized her wrist gently and tightly, pulling her into his arms, in case that she might hurt herself and the baby because of her furious movements.

"If you were willing to give me a baby, would I need to cheat?" He said in a low voice.

"You mean it's my fault?" Savannah was so angry that she struggled heavily but couldn't release his arms.

Dylan locked her in his arms and whispered, "I don't care whose fault it was. You've been pregnant, and you must take care of our baby! What the hell do you want now?"

Savannah smiled icily at him, "Can you give me whatever I want? Good, I want an abortion, can I?"

A massive rage came over Dylan like a dark cloud, and his eyes flared with anger.

What did she mean? She didn't want his baby even when she had already had one? She'd rather have a surgical abortion than give birth to the child?

In a fury, he stiffened himself with clenched fists. He would find a way to punish her at ordinary times, but now...

Suddenly he punched the wall hard with his fists!

With a dull thud, Savannah was shocked and then heard his gloomy voice,

"Eat your meal, and take care of our baby. Otherwise, I'll bankrupt the Schultz factory, and I'll put all your dad's old underlings out of work!"

Then he took the thermos and raised it to her lips.

Savannah tightened her lips with clenched fists. Then she shouted, "Dylan, are you threatening me? You are not a man!"

He looked meaningfully at her belly, "whether or not I'm a man has been clearly proved."

Savannah blushed, and her teeth clenched convulsively. She didn't move, preparing to make her final stand.

"I won't wait much longer. Five seconds." Dylan said coldly, staring at her.

"Five," Savannah was plainly distraught.

"Four," Dylan's voice was cold and dry but full of threats.

"Three," Savannah moved uneasily. She knew he was not joking.

"Two," Dylan emphasized his tone and picked up his phone.

"Enough!" Before he spoke out "one," Savannah stood up, grabbed the thermos and ran the soup into the bowl, and then buried her head to eat.

After she finished a whole bowl of soup, he peeled an apple for her.

Savannah gave him an angry look. Then she wiped her mouth and lay down with her back to him. "I'm going to bed. Please get out!"

Dylan didn't mind her losing temper again. Jacob said that the pregnant woman had dramatic mood swings. He bent down and whispered in her ear,

"Don't starve our child. Otherwise, don't blame me for being ruthless." His tone was mild but threatening.

Savannah bit her lip and felt his breath fanning her ear. Then he left and closed the door.

247: Am I A Prisoner Now?

After two days in the hospital, Savannah finished the health examination and went through the discharge procedures.

Garwood drove Savannah and Judy back to Beverly Hills.

On the way home, Savannah kept looking out the window silently.

Garwood looked at her sullen face, knowing that she was still angry with Mr. Sterling.

Judy sighed and felt helpless too. After Mr. Sterling came to the hospital that day, Savannah began to have meals, but she was depressed and did not talk much.

When they arrived at Beverly Hills, Savannah unbuckled her seat belt and went out of the car, only to see six or more bodyguards patrolling at the entrance of the villa.

There were the Sterling's bodyguards standing outside the villa before, but only one or two.

Extra hands were set here.

Savannah frowned.

Judy got off and followed Savannah. Seeing Savannah's expression, she explained, "Mr. Sterling sent more people here for your safety."

Savannah rolled her eyes. For her safety? Come on, he must make this arrangement to stop her from going out for abortion.

Just as Savannah was entering the house, she saw a strange woman waiting in the living room.

The woman was about thirty, dressed in a dark blue business suit. She bowed to Savannah, "Miss Schultz."

"And who is this"? Savannah asked, her face tense.

Before Judy could come forward to say anything, the woman introduced herself, "Miss Schultz, my name is Sarah Perry. I was the director of obstetrics and gynecology in the city hospital. I'm also a well-known domestic nutritionist and nurse practitioner, proficient in taking care of pregnant women. I'd been hired as a full-time health care professional by many big families, very experienced. It was Mr. Sterling who specifically engaged me to look after you twenty-four hours a day. I will take care of you during your pregnancy."

Wasn't the arrangement overdone? Savannah's face looked even gloomier.

Sarah, obviously very experienced, had already gotten into gear. She gave Judy several pieces of paper. "I've analyzed Miss Schultz's health condition and made a meal plan for her and the baby. Starting today, you can prepare meals for her according to this menu."

Judy took it from Sarah's hand and began to flip through them. Looking up, she blurted out, "Savannah does not like these... Can I cook some of her favorite dishes for her? The pregnant woman will be happier when she has what she likes, and her appetite will be better."

Sarah seemed displeased with a servant's question. "I'm an experienced nutritionist. The menu is planned by me personally. Do you doubt a professional now?"

Judy shook her head and accepted the menu.

"What's more, fetal education is very important during its development, especially in the first three months, which is an important formative period of the baby's character. Please speak to Miss Schultz as little as possible." Sarah looked at Judy with contempt.

She implied that Judy was just a servant, which was not good for fetal education.

Savannah didn't like Sarah's attitude towards Judy, frowning, "I'm used to Judy's care, and I like to eat what she makes. We don't need the menu from you, and I don't need anything from you. Ms. Perry, I mean, you don't have to live here."

Sarah froze. She never expected to be treated like this. As a senior nurse, she was popular with those housewives in the upper class, especially expectant mothers!

Some rich women even hired her one year in advance! It was flattering for some families to hire her.

Now, this girl asked her to leave and would rather have an old maid serving her?

Who did she think she was? Mr. Sterling didn't get married, and the girl was just a mistress. Did she think she had a higher status now when pregnant?

Though angry, Sarah dared not to fight with Savannah.

"Miss Schultz, I'm one of the top maternity nurses. Mr. Sterling asked me to take good care of you during your prenatal period, and I suggest you follow my daily arrangement. If you have any objection, please go straight to Mr. Sterling."

Judy swallowed at the thought of an argument between Savannah and Sarah, and she was also afraid that Mr. Sterling would be annoyed by Savannah again. She pulled Savannah gently, "that's fine, Savannah, I'll do as she said."

Savannah frowned, turned, and went upstairs.

At noon, Sarah came upstairs, following a maid with a loaded tray.

"Miss Schultz, this is your well-balanced lunch. Please help yourself." Sarah said as she asked the maid to place the tray on the coffee table in front of Savannah.

Savannah vomited twice after she returned to her room, and she still felt uncomfortable now. Lying on the couch, she scowled, "I don't want to eat now. Take it away."

Sarah blanched, "how can you eat nothing? Miss Schultz, you're pregnant, and you need to be nourished; otherwise, the baby's development will be affected."

"I feel sick in my stomach, and I can't eat. Okay?" Savannah tried to hold back her displeasure.

"Pregnant women must have regular meals, or the baby might have a bad development. You will feel like fetching up during the first few months of pregnancy. That's normal. I will let the maid pour you a glass of fresh lemonade, which can relieve nausea symptoms. If it doesn't work, you can take vitamins." Sarah motioned to the maid to prepare lemonade.

Savannah controlled her anger and sat up. She didn't want to fight, nor did she had the strength to fight. If she refused to eat, Sarah would keep getting in her hair. Under Sarah's hard eyes, Savannah had to pick up the plate and eat the food mouthful by mouthful while suffering from her stomach's discomfort.

Sarah, standing by all the time as if she was the hardest officer in a college, watched Savannah eating, afraid that she might miss a bite.

Finally, Savannah finished her lunch. She put the plate and fork down, stood up, and went out of the room.

"Miss Schultz, where do you want to go?" Sarah stopped her immediately.

"I want to go downstairs and have a walk outside."

Sarah frowned slightly, "it's not a very nice day," she said. "it's windy, and it's not very sunny for a pregnant woman."

"Am I a prisoner now? Can't I even go out?" Savannah felt her temper come again.

"Sorry, Miss Schultz." Then she picked up the tray, left the room, and closed the door.

Savannah sat on the edge of the bed, her teeth clenched.

Now Dylan had added bodyguards to the villa, and a strict Sarah was waiting on her almost 24 hours a day.

In that case, when would she get the chance to have an abortion?

248: Can You Let Her Go?

After Dylan threatened her with the Schultz's factory, Savannah began to eat normally, but her decision to abort the child remained unchanged.

The consequences could be terrible, she knew... But she still had no reason to have the baby.

When she was living in Beverly Hills, she had almost no expenses and saved her salary from advertising. It's not a small number, especially the endorsement fee for Fairy World, which was very hot now. That was, her savings was not bad.

If Dylan really fired her uncles again, she would take out her savings!

What's more, old Sterling had given her a jade bracelet. At the worst, she could sell this jade bracelet for emergency use.

In a word, there was no turning back.

But now...

The most important thing was how to get rid of Sarah and find a way to have an abortion.

* * *

Several evenings later.

Savannah had just had her dinner under the supervision of Sarah; then, she listened to classical music for half an hour as prenatal education.

She admitted that she had no interest in classical music at all, and more than once, she almost fell asleep but was awakened by Sarah's cough. "Music plays an important role in antenatal training. It's good for baby development." Sarah said drily when Savannah wanted to give up and go back to her room.

At last, Savannah had to keep dozing over the music for another ten minutes.

A maid came in and whispered something in Sarah's ear.

Sarah looked at Savannah and said coldly, "Mr. Sterling comes back and is in the study now. Take Miss Schultz there."

At once, Savannah was wide awake. She felt her chance had finally come.

She followed the maid to the study. The maid opened the door to lead Savannah in. In the dim light, Dylan was sitting on the sofa. He looked a little tired but still heart-stoppingly beautiful.

Savannah stood in the doorway, holding the corner of her dress with her fingers. She felt a little nervous.

Dylan's gaze fell upon her. The little woman was only one month pregnant, and there was no change in her form, but she still changed into a loose pregnant woman's dress; her brown hair fell in soft waves to her breasts and down her back; her face showed thin, and her large eyes looked hollow.

Brow scowled, "Come over."

Savannah moved slowly to the sofa.

"Sit down." He commanded.

Sit down? He sat on a single sofa, and there was no more place for her! Savannah paused and was ready to walk to the couch opposite him.

He seemed to read her mind, glancing at his laps, "sit here."

Savannah realized what he meant, flushing, "I... I'll just sit over there..."

Before she finished the last word, Dylan stretched out and clasped her waist, gently but firmly, pulling her onto his laps.

Savannah was startled but soon composed herself. She had been used to his frivolous behavior.

"Why do you look so thin? Not eating well again?" Dylan squinted. He could feel that the little woman sitting on his lap had lost a lot of weight.

"I did eat well." Savannah pursed her lips.

"Why are you even thinner than in the hospital?"

She bit her lip, "sometimes I get sick, and I threw up what I just ate."

"I'll ask Sarah to prepare some more savory food for you." Dylan's voice was serious.

Savannah peeked up at him, "I don't like Sarah. I don't want Sarah to take care of me. Can you let her go?"

"Why?" Dylan's eyes darkened.

"I just don't like her anyway. She always forces me to eat what I don't like and does not let me go out for a walk. I'm also forced to listen to music that I don't like. Anyway, I don't want to see her!" Savannah pouted.

Dylan burst out laughing, "Sarah's one of the best maternity nurses in LA. What she asked you to do is a lot of good for you and the baby. Others would not be as professional as her.??

"I don't need a nurse! Judy's enough." She snapped.

"No." Dylan's voice was serious. His woman was pregnant; how could there be no professional nurse around her?

"Then change another nurse for me! I don't like her, anyway. The baby will be affected by my bad mood, right? I'm irritable to see her... Replace her with someone else for me..." she said obstinately, twisting herself on his laps.

Dylan was a little annoyed. He could give her what she wanted. But it seemed that this little woman threw a tantrum out of nothing but hormone imbalance during her pregnancy. Even if he replaced Sarah with a new nurse, she would continue to make new trouble.

Besides, Sarah was a top nurse, and a new one wouldn't be any better. His woman, of course, should be taken care of by the best one.

He clasped her waist to stop her from struggling and said in a sullen voice, "No nonsense."

His forceful voice indicated that he was serious. She could even feel the chill coming from his hands through the cloth, but she couldn't be reconciled to such a result.

If she let slip such a chance, it would be impossible for her to get rid of Sarah when she gained a footing.

Okay, she should change her ways!

Savannah steeled herself and secretly bit the tip of her tongue, squeezing out some tears. She sobbed deliberately, staring at him, and her tone was a bit more girly, "but I don't like her. She's the same as the dean of students in my high school, and she's too strict. I can't go outside for a walk, nor can I eat what I like. Dylan, please... Let her go and let Judy take care of me, will you?"

Although she was not an actor, she had basic performing skills as a model.

Now sitting on his lap, she acted as a delicate and touching girl, asking for candy. She even subtly wristed, and the last word "please" sounded sweet and sticky as sugar. She was so coquettish that every man would be melted.

Sure enough, Dylan's expression softened. Since he didn't let her see Olivia, he had not enjoyed her soft side for a long time. His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed gently—a familiar desire pooling in his belly.

Savannah saw a chance; she threw her arms around his neck and continued, "Dylan, please."

Dylan's breath hitched as he pushed her against his body. Savannah knew she had tempted him successfully, but it was too late to stop now.

Deep in his throat, there was a faint distressed groan. Dylan stood up, swept her up in his arms, and walked to his big desk.

249: Don't Be So Soft

Dylan gently placed Savannah on the desk and didn't forget to clear the books and the papers off so that they scattered on the floor.

Grabbing her upper thighs, he forced her legs apart. Then he wrapped her legs around his hips and positioned her beneath him. As he leaned against her, Savannah could feel the length of his body against hers, and his erection was growing...

She startled, "Dylan... "

Her breathy voice made Dylan even wanting. His hands moved to her hips and then cupped her, but before he took off her underwear, his gaze fell on her belly...

A fleeting thought came to him, like cold water, colding all his desire.

Now the fetus in her was not stable, and the doctor said they'd better not have sex in the first three months.

Dylan tried hard to repress his need. He grasped her head and helped her sit up, whispering in her red ear, "Be good. I know you like Judy, but Judy is not professional after all. Sarah is the best nurse in LA. Everything she does now is for your smooth production. Hold it for the baby. At most, I'll ask her to be less strict and let you relax once in a while."

Savannah knew this had been Dylan's biggest concession. If she continued to pester him, it would make him suspicious.

She finally nodded and gently pushed him, "I'm tired, I want to sleep."

Dylan was reluctant to let go of her, "Sleep in my arms with the baby." He murmured in a husky voice.

Her heart softened, and she gave up struggling without any reason, laying in his arms quietly.

"Baby, be good, don't give trouble to your mother." He said softly as he stroked her belly.

She peeked at him. The subdued orange light gave his heavenly cold face a lovely gloss, which softened him a little.

For a moment, Savannah felt as if he and she, and the baby in her were really a family.

Maybe Dylan loved this baby, and he wanted the baby not to fight for power and wealth?

"Ring -"

The phone started ringing, breaking the temporary quiet and peace.

Dylan reached out his long arm for the phone, frowning slightly when he saw the caller on the screen.

Savannah was about to stand up but was held back in his arms.

He answered it.

Sitting in his arms, Savannah could clearly hear the voice of old Sterling through the phone, "Dylan, how's Savannah? I heard she was in the hospital for two days."

Savannah did not expect that old Sterling would care about her so much. She felt warm in her heart and was about to say something when Dylan covered her mouth so that she could only curl up in his arms like a little cat.

"Nothing." Dylan simply replied.

"Really? Then why was she hospitalized?"

"Hypoglycemia. She was out of the hospital days ago." Dylan said dryly.

Savannah stunned. A strange feeling came over her.

He made her have a child for him to fight power with Devin, didn't he? That was to say, her pregnancy should be good news for old Sterling.

But why... he hid it?

Well. She was not Dylan's legitimate wife at all. He wanted her baby, not her. That was why he kept her pregnancy a secret!

Ten months later, he could simply announce that he had a baby. It didn't matter who the mother was.

The thought brought a wry smile to her face.

She just incredibly softhearted, thinking that they were a family...

Savannah, you flattered yourself.

Don't be so soft.

Over the phone, old Sterling heard that his son didn't want to talk much about it. He thought he was still angry at him for driving Savannah away, but before he could say more, Dylan said impatiently, "Anything else?"

Old Sterling sighed and said no more.

Dylan hung up the phone, only to find that Savannah was in a daze. He grasped her chin, tipping her little face back, "What's up?"

"Nothing..." She picked herself up, lifted from his arms, and stood up. "I'm really tired."

Dylan didn't want her to leave. She smelled so good, and her body was so warm and soft. But he also knew that she must be tired after the prenatal check-up.

According to her attitude, it seemed that she did not resist the pregnancy and should have accepted it.

Finally, he repressed the desire inside him, "it comes to the final phase of the tallest building project, and I'm a little busy these days. I may not be able to come here every day." He said softly.

"Okay. You don't need to come; business is more important." Savannah said sweetly.

"Go and rest." Dylan gently patted her head.

She turned around and left the study. As she walked out of the door, she sighed with relief. Pregnancy isn't so bad, she thought, if it were not for her pregnancy, he wouldn't have let her go so easily,

Glancing back at his study, she hastened her steps lest he should change his idea.

After that evening, Dylan didn't come for several days because he was busy with the project.

He did what he had promised. Obviously, Sarah was a little less strict with her than she used to be. Savannah could also see a look of awe in Sarah's eyes. Dylan should have ordered her something.

A few days before the regular pregnancy check-up, Savannah contacted a clinic online and made an appointment for an abortion.

Now she almost had no opportunity to go out at all, and she could only take action on the same day on the pregnancy check-up.

On this day, Savannah got up a little earlier than usual. She was surfing Twitter absent-mindedly as she considered her plan in the living room, waiting for the driver.

The thought of sneaking out for abortion made her nervous.

Just then, a servant came in with a familiar figure, "Miss Schultz, Butler Cooper is coming."

Savannah stood up, surprised, "Cooper, why are you here early in the morning?"

Cooper smiled and said, "after you fainted that day, old Sterling was afraid that you might have some health problem. He called Mr. Sterling many times but received no clear reply. So, he asked me to come to Beverly Hills to see you, then I can report back to him."

250: I've No Freedom At All?

"Thanks for your concern," Savannah said with a momentary warmth in her heart.

"I heard you lived in the hospital for two days. Are you alright?" Cooper asked anxiously.

Before Savannah could say anything, a brisk woman's voice cut in, "Miss Schultz had been in the hospital for two days because of hypoglycemia. She's all right now."

Cooper looked at Sarah as she walked by, wondering, "you..."

Cooper didn't usually come to Beverly Hills, which was Mr. Sterling's private property, but he knew that this woman was not a servant here.

Sarah had been instructed by Dylan and had already prepared a pretext, "I'm the nurse hired by Mr. Sterling. Miss Schultz hasn't been feeling very well these days, and Mr. Sterling asked me to take care of her."

Savannah's eyes clouded slightly. Dylan must have asked Sarah not to tell anyone about her pregnancy.

Before Cooper came, she was still uncertain if she should keep the baby or not. Now her mind was quite determined.

Cooper was relieved and asked no more. After a few more words with Savannah, he said good-bye and went back to report to old Sterling.

After a while, the driver came. Accompanied by two bodyguards and Sarah, she went to the hospital.

The check-up ended in half an hour. Savannah came out of the examination room, greeted by Sarah, "Miss Schultz, we're done with the projects for today. I'll come for the result tomorrow. Let's go back now."

"I want to talk to Dr. Shamon about the baby," Savannah said dryly.

Sarah knew Jacob Shamon was the doctor there, and he was Mr. Sterling's friend. But she still hesitated, "we should go back now..."

"What's the matter? Shamon's a doctor, and I know him very well. You can check with Dylan if you don't believe it. Since I'm already here, why can't I talk to him about my pregnancy?"

"But you came here for a prenatal check-up," Sarah grumbled.

Savannah's face changed slightly. "You mean I can do nothing but give birth to a baby? Everything is up to you. I've no freedom at all?"

"No, but..."

"If not, just shut up! Now I'm not going shopping, and I just want to visit a doctor friend. Cut out all these nonsense! Why don't you call Mr. Sterling and ask him to come here? I'd like to ask him if I don't even have the right to speak to Dr. Shamon!" Savannah pretended to be angry, sitting on the bench in a rather unruly manner.

Well, Sarah always took her as Dylan's mistress, now she just showed her what a mistress was like.

Sarah took a breath, shocked by Savannah, who was so willful.

When Mr. Sterling came to Beverly Hills that day, he did tell her to concern her feelings and not to make Savannah angry.

At this moment, Sarah naturally didn't dare to offend Savannah. If Mr. Sterling came and saw Savannah angry, or Savannah went to complain to Mr. Sterling, she would certainly be scolded.

"Okay, I will accompany you to Dr. Shamon's office." Sarah had to compromise.

Savannah sneered, "are you guarding a prisoner? I don't need your company. Wait here!"

Though afraid that Savannah should complain to Mr. Sterling, Sarah still insisted, "but you're pregnant..."

"It's okay. I'll take care of Miss Schultz. I'm a doctor." Just then, Jacob strode over with a smile on his handsome face.

Savannah was relieved to see him coming.

"Well, thank you, Dr. Shamon," Sarah had to let her go, "Miss Schultz, I'm here with the bodyguards. You can always call me if you need anything."

Savannah nodded, went to Jacob's office with him.

In the office, Savannah sat on a sofa.

"I thought you were angry at me and didn't expect you'll come to me," Jacob said as he served her a cup of hot milk tea.

Savannah held the milk tea, smiling at him innocently, "they confined me in Beverly Hills for so long that I began to feel cooped up. I could hardly have a chance to go out. Just talk to me and help me relax."

"It sounds like you're a prisoner?" Jacob laughed.

"Worse than a prisoner." Savannah complained, "as you can see, Sarah followed me all the time, and she's even more strict than the warden. I can do nothing under her supervision."

"Sarah is said to be the best nurse for pregnant women in LA. She's been hired by many famous families, so popular that sometimes even money can't buy her time. Dylan values you and your baby, so he hired her to take care of you." Jacob said meaningfully.

Savannah pursed her lips and gave no response.

"Savannah... It seems that you've accepted the baby." Jacob said irresolutely

Today, Savannah came to the hospital for a prenatal check-up obediently. Had she come around and decided to give Dylan a baby?

An imperceptible pained look came into Savannah's eyes. "What can I do? Do you think I have a choice?" She took a deep breath.

Jacob Shamon looked at her, not knowing what to say. He was about to comfort her when the door was knocked, and a nurse's voice came in, "Dr. Shamon, the patient in bed 309, said he had a headache. Could you come and see him?"

Savannah clenched her fists. She had been thinking about how to sneak out of here without making Jacob suspicious while getting rid of Sarah and bodyguard, now her chance came. "Go now, the patient is more important. I'll just sit here and wait for you." She quickly said.

Jacob nodded and left with the nurse.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. Two minutes later, she went out of the door too.

Having lived here for several days, she was quite familiar with the hospital now. To avoid meeting Sarah and the bodyguards in the front hallway, she changed direction and left from the back door of the hospital.

Twenty minutes later, a taxi stopped at a small clinic.

Savannah paid and got off the taxi, making her way rapidly to the clinic.

It was not a large public hospital, nor a lavish private hospital where Jacob worked. The clinic was a small-sized underground one, not very well known, and its place was not easy to find.

The advantage was... the procedure here was effortless. Unlike a normal hospital, there was no preoperative examination, and no family signature was required. All you need was to pay the money and go to the operating table, which was what Savannah wanted.