

## Midnight 251

### 251: A GPS Tracker

"Hello, my name is Schultz. I have a reservation."

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Ten minutes later, Savannah was led to the door of the operating room by a nurse.

There were several young women in line ahead.

Savannah gasped. She had not expected that there were so many pregnant women here waiting for an abortion.

"Wait in line. The doctor will come out to call you when it's your turn." The nurse said, and left.

Savannah sat on a bench, waiting for her turn.

When Sarah found that she's gone, she should already be on the operating table.

Even if Dylan was powerful, it would take time for him to search for her. By the time he found her, her operation would have been ended.

Thinking of this, she breathed a long sigh of relief, becoming calmed down.

She put her hand on her belly, an unspeakable sadness and emotion seizing her. Though she decided not to have the baby, it was still a part of her.

Moreover, the baby had been in her body for more than a month. Although it was now a small fetus, not a real-life and far from the time of fetal movement, Savannah could still feel its restlessness at the moment.

"Baby, I'm sorry... Go and find a normal family." She knew it was funny to feel guilty about a fetus, but she could not help it.

These days, she's trying to figure out how to abort the baby. But at this moment, she began to hesitate.

However, she had to give it up.

She did not want to give birth to a child as an unmarried mother. Without a complete family, the child wouldn't be happy. What's more, she didn't want Dylan to use this baby as a weapon to compete for power and wealth.

"Miss Schultz!" Soon it was her turn.

Savannah stood up, hands on the belly; then she clenched her fists, finally made the decision, and strode into the operating room.

The room had been cleaned, but there was a faint smell of blood in the air, apparently coming from the last woman who had an abortion. Savannah paused, the thought sent shivers up and down her spine.

"Come here and don't stand there! You are going to have a general anesthetic so you won't feel anything," urged the middle-aged doctor impatiently, who had obviously operated on many women.

Savannah held her breath, walked over, and lay down on the operating table.

Under the shadowless lamp, Savannah separated her legs and put them on the shelves as directed by the doctor, humiliated.

Then a sharp sound from cold medical equipment came.

Savannah had known the abortion procedure from the Internet. The thought that the cold and hard instruments would enter her body and tear the fetus made Savannah shiver all over.

"What's the use of being afraid now? Why not protect yourself when you had sex?" The doctor muttered as she prepared the instruments.

People who came to this kind of private hospital to have an abortion were mostly playgirls or prostitutes. Anyway, they were from the bottom of society. The doctor thought Savannah was one of them, too, so she showed no respect.

Savannah knew this was too true for contradiction. She closed her eyes and tried to get a grip on herself.

"Well, open your legs. I'll give you an anesthetic." The doctor said dryly.

Savannah took one last look at her belly and closed her eyes, biting her teeth.

Just as she was waiting for the injection, there was a loud BANG, and the door of the operating room was kicked-open!

Startled, the doctor almost dropped the anesthetic injection in her hand!

Savannah was astonished by the movement too. She quickly threw a blanket on her and tried to sit up.

When she clearly saw the coming man, a brief thrill of fear came to her.

Dylan, it's Dylan!

How did he get here so fast?

Before Savannah could recover from the shock, Dylan had already stridden in.

The noble and handsome man now looked furious, his face frosting.

The doctor reacted, rushing forward to stop the coming man, "who are you? This is the operating room, how dare you to break in --"

Before she finished, the man put his hands around her neck and lifted her up! The doctor breathed hard and could not say another word!

Dylan fixed the doctor with a decidedly hostile look. "I'll see who dares to perform an abortion on her!" His tone was deadly and dangerous.

The doctor shuddered. She couldn't imagine the terrible consequence she might have if she finished the operation.

"Go!" Dylan shouted sharply as he released his grasp.

The doctor fell on the ground and then quickly picked herself up, running out.

On the operating table, Savannah shrank back, "Dylan, why..."

Even if Sarah found out she was missing as soon as she left the hospital and called Dylan right away, he wouldn't have been able to find her so quickly!

"Why could I come so soon?" Dylan turned his arctic glare on Savannah. Then his glance fell on the small handbag on the shelf next to the operating table.

She took the handbag every time she went out. After she climbed on the operating table, she put it on the shelf.

He grabbed her bag, pulled out a tiny round metal device, and slammed it onto the operating table.

She picked it up and gasped, looking up with disbelief, "A GPS tracker?"

"Not stupid," Dylan replied coldly.

Had this man put a tracker on her? No wonder he located her and found her so fast!

Savannah forgot her fear for a moment and, with a sudden rush of anger, picked up the tracker and threw it at him.

"Dylan, you bastard! You put a tracker on me?! Do you really think I'm your pet?"

He still did not believe that she would have a child obediently, so he had a card up his sleeve.

What a treacherous fox!

Before he could scold her, she complained first? Dylan grabbed her hand, sneering, and said sardonically,

"How would I know you don't want to have this baby if it were not for the tracker? Savannah, this is what you ask for. An abortion, right? Well, I'll hand over your files and photos to all the hospitals and clinics in LA. Even if you slip out, no doctor will dare to operate an abortion on you! Whoever dares to abort my son, I will kill his family!"

## **252: Dare To Say It Again**

With that, Dylan put her messy clothes into place with one hand and picked her up, heading outside.

Apparently, he had asked the bodyguards to temporarily remove all the patients out of here. At the moment, besides several bodyguards, there was almost nothing in the corridor.

Dylan took the struggling little woman outside the hospital, put her in the back of the car, slammed the door, then walked around the car and got in.

Savannah had eaten nothing in the morning, and she was exhausted after struggling and shouting in the car. When they were back in Beverly Hills, she was overcome by weariness and could only be carried out of the car by Dylan quietly.

At the door of the villa, Sarah, who had been waiting anxiously, sighed with relief when she saw Mr. Sterling returned with Savannah in his arms.

Luckily, when she didn't see Savannah come to her for a long time, she knocked on Dr. Shamon's office door and went in. When Savannah was nowhere to be found, she informed Mr. Sterling for the first time.

Otherwise, if Savannah really had an abortion, Mr. Sterling must kill her!

"Mr. Sterling, is Miss Schulz all right?" asked Sarah carefully.

"She's not allowed to go out without my permission until she gives birth to the baby. Keep her closely watched. You'll be held responsible if anything goes wrong!" Dylan ordered coldly.

"Yes." Sarah nodded in a cold sweat.

Savannah looked at him with disbelief. Was this man going to put her under house arrest? Before she could offer any objection, Dylan had already carried her to the second floor. He went straight to her bedroom, kicked the door open, put her on the soft bed, and turned to leave.

"Dylan, stop!" Savannah straightened up and cried, "I just don't want to give birth to this child! You fooled me into pregnancy! Why can't I choose to have an abortion? I want an operation, I don't want the baby!"

Dylan halted, turned around, and looked at her frostily.

Slowly, he came to stand in front of her. Leaning down, he fixed her with his cold stare, his expression unfathomable, eyes dark. He brought his hand up to grasp her chin and rubbed it with his long fingers. His anger was at white heat, and his voice was deadly quiet, "Dare you to say it again?"

Savannah felt the chill passing through his finger and sensed his extreme anger.

If she weren't pregnant, his hand would have slipped and grabbed her neck!

She was quivering from fear, but she still gritted her teeth and repeated, recklessly,

"I said, I'm going to have an operation, I don't want this baby! I'd rather die than have it!"

As soon as she finished her last word, a sudden blast of air came to her, and the man's hot lips caught her lips.

Savannah's eyes popped open in shock. He kissed her hard with all his anger while she pummeled his shoulders in a flurry of fists. Savannah struggled and tried to push him away, but her movement added fuel to his rage. Dylan stifled an angry groan while his hand grasped the nape of her neck as he deepened the kiss. He explored the shape of her mouth, the silk of her tongue, fury sputtering as he pressed her against the bedhead!

It was not a lingering, tender kiss, but a punitive one!

He didn't let her go until she was panting, her face turned pale from lack of oxygen, and her constant heavy sobbing ceased.

The moment his hands released, she slumped on the bed, gasping for breath.

Dylan stood up, tidied his clothes, and glanced at the little woman in bed.

"If you dare argue for abortion again, I have a hundred ways to deal with you." He said quietly, too quietly.

Savannah was panting against the bedhead. All her strength had been used up by his kiss. She was too weak to lift her head and only heard his footsteps gradually dying away out of the bedroom.

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After the day she was caught on the operating table, Savannah noticed that Sarah's actions were more severely restricted.

Previously, Sarah did allow her to take a walk outside the villa once in a while.

Now, she couldn't even take a step away from the villa and was only allowed indoor activities. Even worse, she was not allowed surfing on the Internet!

Dylan learned that she had contacted the hospital and made an appointment for abortion online, so he unplugged the network cable.

What's more, her cell phone was confiscated, and she was not allowed to communicate with the outside world.

Being confined to the house, she was not even allowed to surf or play on her phone! Savannah couldn't think straight for a long time.

Was Dylan really going to put her under house arrest until the day she gave birth?

No... she couldn't wait until her belly grew bigger. The operation danger of abortion would be very big at that time.

But now she couldn't even go out of the villa, how could she have an abortion...

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This noon, Savannah was watching TV on the sofa in the sitting room after lunch.

Sarah was very strict about her TV time. She said pregnant women couldn't spend too much time watching TV, and for prenatal education, she was very picky about what Savannah watched.

After Savannah had been forbidden to surf the Internet or play on her phone, she was allowed to spend more time on TV.

After all, she needed some relaxation as an expectant mother, and it was not good for the baby if she was always in a bad mood.

However, time on TV was limited to an hour, and she had to watch the prenatal education program when Sarah was beside her.

Savannah dozed off at the dull prenatal education program. When Sarah asked to be excused because she got a stomach ache, Savannah finally had a chance to pick up the remote control and change the channel.

There was a TV show about family drama right now. Savannah had had a few episodes before. The show now came to the plot that the heroine was pregnant but had a miscarriage because she had eaten too much seafood.

As Savannah was dropping off, her brain suddenly perked up when she caught this.

At the same time, Sarah came back. She frowned and grabbed the remote control, switched the channel back to the prenatal education program. "Miss Schultz, that kind of TV show is not good for prenatal education!"

Savannah stood up with no expression. "I don't want to watch anything. I'm tired," she said coldly, turned, and walked upstairs.

Sarah looked after her, frowning, but didn't dare say anything more. She followed Savannah upstairs into the bedroom, helped her to lie down, then closed the door and left.

### **253: Savannah Was Too Bold**

As soon as Sarah left the room, Savannah opened her eyes, sat upright, and took a deep breath.

Abortion surgery was not the only way to have an abortion.

Dylan wouldn't let her go out of the house, and she didn't have a chance to go to the hospital, but there were other methods she could try at home.

Though other ways might be dangerous or injure her body, she had no choice now.

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After taking a nap, Savannah went downstairs and slipped into the kitchen before Sarah noticed.

She opened the freezer, took out the ice cubes, and put them in a glass; then she got a glass of cold water from the water cooler and drained off the whole glass.

As soon as she had finished one glass, Sarah heard the movement and went downstairs. She went to the kitchen, only to find that Savannah was getting another glass of cold water.

"Miss Schultz, are you drinking cold water?" cried Sarah as she rushed to Savannah and grabbed her glass.

Savannah rubbed her eyes and yawned, showing a look of innocence, "What? I woke up feeling hot and thirsty. Can't I drink some cold water?"

Sarah knew she was doing it on purpose. She stamped her foot and exclaimed in dismay, "Miss Schultz, have you lost your mind? You're pregnant! How can you drink ice water?"

"Oh, sorry, it's my first time being a pregnant woman. I really don't know." Savannah shrugged and walked out of the kitchen.

Sarah looked at her back, her face shadowing.

Since Mr. Sterling confined Savannah to the grounds of the villa, she couldn't go to the hospital for an operation, so she found this way to get an abortion?

Holy shit! If Savannah really had anything wrong, Mr. Sterling would kill her!

Sarah decided to put away all things that were harmful to pregnant women!

In the evening, when Savannah went downstairs again, she found that all the sharp corners of the house's furniture were wrapped in a soft cloth. The ice in the refrigerator had also been put away, and even the faucet for cold water had been turned off.

Needless to say, Sarah did it.

Savannah snorted, did Sarah think it was all right now? If she really wanted to get an abortion, there were so many ways, and no one could stop her.

After dinner, the yoga instructor came. According to Sarah, specialized yoga activity during pregnancy was good for the delivery of the child. Savannah, under the close supervision of Sarah, spent one hour in the fitness room upstairs.

She knew Sarah was afraid that she might hurt herself on purpose. However, yoga had no dangerous movements at all, and no painful stretch was allowed in yoga for pregnant women.

What's more, the room was covered with so much soft carpet that she couldn't hurt herself even when she fell down.

After the yoga exercises, Savannah went back to her room in Sarah's company. Savannah even found Sarah waiting at the door when she had a bath.

After Savannah finished the bath and went to bed, Sarah finally let out a sigh of relief. She dimmed the light, turned and left the bedroom, and didn't forget to lock the door behind her.

As the door closed, Savannah pushed back her covers and sat up, staring at the closed door. After a while, she got out of bed.

Without hesitation, she went to the window, pulled back the curtain, and opened the window!

Cold night air came in as the window opened. Having adapted to the villa's 24-hour warmth, Savannah couldn't help quivering with cold by the wind. Standing still in front of the window, she had no intention of closing it.

She should catch a cold after being blown by the cold night wind for a whole night. If she had a fever, the baby in her must be affected too...

Dylan, I've made up my mind not to have this baby. You can't stop me no matter how strict you are!

But... could she get an abortion by simply having a cold? Medical science was so advanced now... Savannah shook her head, frowning at this thought.

She looked out of the window, and her gaze fell on the wide lawn behind the main house. A bold but terrible thought came into her mind.

Her bedroom was on the second floor, not very high from the ground, and it was covered with thick lawn. If she jumped from the window, she wouldn't break off her neck, but...

It should lead to miscarriage.

When the thought swam into her mind, she found it challenging to get rid of it.

Savannah could not help herself, and she took a chair and stepped on the edge of the window. Holding the window, she looked down and shivered.

Did she really have to do this? How else would she do it?

Savannah closed her eyes and loosened her fingers. Just at the instant before she leaned outwards, the door was pushed open, and a man strode to grab her waist!

She fell into the man's bosom. Before she could exclaim, she was held close and cradled by his arms and rolled onto the carpet together with him!

Because of inertia, they could not stop until they bumped the foot of the bed. Being clasped in his arms, she hardly touched the ground, but she heard his muffled moan with pain.

Being still in a panic, she looked up into his blazing grey eyes and shivered, and before she could speak, Dylan had already raised himself, stood up, and then lifted her from the carpet.

"Call Dr. Shamon!" shouted him to the door before he had time to punish her.

"Yes, yes!" answered Sarah, frightened out of her mind when she saw what happened clearly. She turned and hurried downstairs.

Is Miss Schultz crazy? In order to abort this child, she tried by every means and even intended to jump off the 2nd floor!?

Fortunately, when she saw Savannah drinking cold water this afternoon, she called Mr. Sterling and reported the matter for fear of any problem. And Mr. Sterling came in time.

Meanwhile, Savannah struggled to free herself from Dylan's arms, "Let me down! Dylan! I said I don't want to have a baby! Even if you put me under house arrest, even if I failed today, I'll find another way tomorrow!"

Her fists struck on his arm as she struggled, which made Dylan frown with pain. He gritted his teeth and put her on the bed gently. "You'd better pray the baby is all right."

Savannah could see the barely-contained fury in his eyes. He went to the window, closed it, and drew the curtain!

Soon Jacob arrived at Beverly Hills.

He already knew what had happened. He walked into the bedroom up the stairs and saw Savannah lying on the bed with a pale face. Dylan was standing aside, and his eyes blazed with anger. Jacob took a deep breath. Savannah was too bold!

Last time, she took the opportunity and sneaked out of the hospital for an abortion.

This time, she almost jumped out of the window! Although it was the second floor, she might kill herself if she hurt the vital part.

"Have her examined!" Dylan shouted to Jacob in a low voice.

Jacob said nothing. He hurried to the bed and began to examine Savannah.

#### **254: A Sense Of Warm Feelings**

During the examination, Savannah kept quiet and didn't bat an eyelid. It seemed that she hadn't recovered sufficiently from the shock. She could have fallen off the window if Dylan hadn't come in time!

After a while, Jacob straightened up and said, "Savannah is fine. She's just a little scared. If you're still worried, take her to the hospital for a fetal ultrasound examination tomorrow."

Dylan's face relaxed a little, but then his hand went up to cover his left forearm as he screwed up his face in pain.

Jacob looked at Dylan in his direction and found bruises on his forearm. "You hurt?" he asked in surprise.

Savannah raised her glance to Dylan's arm. Did he hurt himself when he protected her?

"It's okay. You can go back first. Thank you, Jacob." Dylan said. Jacob was not an accoucheur, but he helped a lot.

"Your ankle began to swell. How can it be okay? I'll take a look." Jacob went over and raised Dylan's arm slightly. A wince of pain appeared on Dylan's face.

"Looks bad. Let's go to the hospital." Jacob said with concern.

"No, it's not broken. It's just injured by twisting." Dylan moved his arm gently, "there's plenty of medicine here. Look whether you can find any useful one and help me with some ointment."

Dylan motioned Jacob to go out with him. It seemed that he didn't want it to be seen by Savannah. Then he commanded to Sarah,

"Stay at the door and take care of Miss Schultz!"

"Yes." Sarah snapped.

When the door closed and the room became quiet again, Savannah sat up and looked at the door.

He didn't break his arm, did he? But he really hurt himself in order to prevent her from falling to the ground.

At that moment, he was really desperate to protect her and the baby...

She almost believed that he would risk his life for her.

The sentiment was stirring within Savannah.

Night getting deeper, Savannah was lying in bed, awake.

For a long time, she didn't hear anything outside, and no one told her how Dylan was.

He didn't get a broken arm, did he?

Savannah threw back the covers and sat up on her bed, her feet feeling along the cold floor for her house slippers. Then she opened the door.

"Miss Schultz, what's up?" Sarah saw her coming out and asked in alarm.

"I need water." She wanted to ask Sarah how was Dylan's injury, but she couldn't.

"I'll ask the servant to get it for you." Sarah stopped her.

"No. I'll go downstairs and have a drink myself," Savannah said impatiently.

"I'll go with you." After what had just happened, Sarah didn't dare leave her alone.

"Enough!" Savannah gritted her teeth and shouted, "I'm tired, and I wouldn't do anything tonight! But if you dare to stop me, I might really have another jump in a bad mood!"

Sarah gasped. After seeing how crazy the girl was this evening, she didn't dare to say anything more.

Savannah went downstairs alone. The lamp in the living room threw out a dim light. Jacob should have left.

A familiar tall figure was leaning against the sofa.

A smell of peppermint oil filled the air.

There were visible bruises on Dylan's left forearm, which was covered with medicine now.

It seemed to be a severe physical injury.

Savannah's gaze then fell on his face. With eyes shut, Dylan had fallen asleep on the sofa. The blanket that had been covered by him slipped to the ground.

The scene somehow touched Savannah to the heart, making her approach the sofa. She picked up the blanket and let it cover him.

She was about to turn back quietly when Dylan's voice was suddenly heard behind her, "What are you doing downstairs alone? Where's Sarah?"

Savannah's heart rate inexplicably increased. "I came downstairs for water." She turned and said, avoiding his eyes.

"For water? Or for a chance to hurt yourself again?" He asked dryly.

She kept her eyes cast down, not intending to talk about this anymore.

Dylan looked displeased to see her downstairs alone. He got up, scooped her up, and carried her curled against his chest to the upstairs.

Sarah was surprised to see Dylan carrying Savannah upstairs in person. She rushed forward, but before she could say anything, Dylan gave his order in a low voice, "You can go."

Sarah paused and then nodded and left.

Dylan strode into Savannah's bedroom, kicked the door shut, and put her in bed gently. He didn't leave but began to unbutton his shirt.

"What, what are you doing..." Savannah stammered as she grabbed the cover over her, "don't you go to sleep at this late hour?"

Dylan stared at her coldly, and his hands didn't stop until his naked chest showed in front of Savannah. He took off his shirt and threw it on the sofa beside the bed and then removed his pants. Savannah's mouth dropped open. She gulped as she flinched back, "Dylan, you need to cold down... Don't forget... I'm pregnant now..."

"Now you know you're pregnant?" With a sneer on his lips, Dylan leaned down and lifted her quickly.

Savannah didn't know what he wanted to do. She held her breath and waited for his next move.

But he just turned and got into the bed. After laying her down gently, he pulled her into his embrace, his arms curling around her waist from behind, and he turned off the lamp.

"Close your eyes. Sleep." He ordered simply.

Savannah blinked. She couldn't believe he came to her bed for nothing.

However, it turned out that he was just for sleep and did not intend to do anything further.

Maybe he was scared by her behavior tonight, so he slept with her.

Savannah finally relaxed and shut her eyes.

In the darkness, he put one long arm under her neck while another arm on her waist. This position made her more comfortable, but she must have pressed his injured arm.

Did he ignore his own pain for her to sleep comfortably?

A sense of warm feeling stirred her heart...

But in an instant, she clenched her teeth to restrain herself from being moved.

No, Savannah, you can't.

Never be moved by superficial tenderness.

He cares about you and loves you for the baby. He hurt himself in order to protect the baby in you.

He's just afraid that the baby would be gone, and he needs the baby to fight for power for him!

He values you right now because you still have value with the baby.

Will he still care about you when you give birth to the baby?

No.

Remember, he wants the baby, not you.

### **255: How's Our Baby These Days?**

Why else would he keep her pregnancy a secret? He didn't want to make public her pregnancy at all!

If a man loved his woman, he would be anxious to tell the world, eager to share his joy with everyone.

Savannah closed her eyes and bit her lip, trying to let herself fall asleep as quickly as possible.

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After that night, Dylan went back and stayed at Beverly Hills for several days, no matter how busy he was in the company.

Every time he came, as on that night, he slept in her bedroom and surrounded her with a tender hug.

They did nothing but sleep.

In the daytime, Sarah and the servants in the villa watched Savannah closely all the time for fear that something should go wrong again.

Savannah knew that Dylan and his servants in the house were all on the watch, and she wouldn't be free for a long time.

Two months went up with still no chance for Savannah to leave the house. She began to develop a baby bump, and her maternity dress couldn't conceal it.

As her belly was growing, her anxiety and perplexity increased. There's no time. She couldn't wait any longer.

Jumping out of a window was not a good idea, and she dared not try it again. She just climbed on the window out of an impulse that night. After she calmed down, she broke into a cold sweat with a panic fear.

However, Dylan couldn't give her another chance to sneak out.

The tallest building project was on a roll when Savannah was 12 weeks pregnant.

Dylan flew around the country every day and had no time coming to Beverly Hills.

It's getting cold day by day. Before the cold spell, accompanied by Sarah and the bodyguards, Savannah went to have a check-up in the hospital.

During the check-up, she was carefully watched by a group of people. In fact, it didn't matter even if she slipped out. Since Dylan had given her information to all the hospitals and clinics in LA, no hospital would dare to offend him and gave her an operation.

After the check-up, Savannah was taken out of the examining room like a prisoner. Before leaving the hospital, she felt sick again and rushed to the washroom to vomit. In fact, her nausea and vomiting were not as severe as before, but it still came to her occasionally.

Sarah accompanied her into the ladies' room and waited outside the stall.

After throwing up, Savannah felt much better.

"Miss Schultz, are you all right? If not, see a doctor." Sarah's impatient voice was heard from the outside.

Savannah rose tremblingly, supporting herself by the wall. She was about to open the door when she saw a plastic bag on the toilet paper holder. She picked it up and found a blue and white box in it, which should be forgotten by a patient. Suddenly the green characters on the box attracted her attention: "VIAGRA."

Of course, she knew such a famous medicine, which was used to treat erectile impotence in men. The blue pills could help with sexual function, but for the one who didn't need it at all, it could lead to an unnecessarily prolonged erection that lasted for more than several hours.

What's more, when a healthy man took it, he would want much more sex than usual.

Savannah thought for a second, unconsciously tore the box open, and took one blue pill in her pocket before she left.

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On the third day after the check-up, Dylan came to Beverly Hills.

He just flew back to LA, worn-out after an extended business trip. He looked much thinner but more delicate. Savannah was having a rest in her bedroom when she heard the movement downstairs. She walked out and saw Dylan take off his coat and hand it to the servant.

"How was the check-up?" He turned to Sarah.

"Everything's fine," Sarah said quickly.

Dylan's look of infinite weariness relaxed a little. He strode up the stairs, just to see Savannah standing at the bedroom door. His eyes softened when he felt on the slight bulge beneath her dress.

Savannah recovered herself.

"You came," she said, biting her lip.

Dylan walked over to her, his big hand touching her belly softly. "How's our baby these days?"

"Well. Good..." She lowered her head and replied in a soft voice.

"You vomited again?" He heard from Sarah on the phone that she still felt sick occasionally. When she went to the check-up that day, she vomited again before she left the hospital.

"Much better than the first month."

"It's getting late. Go to bed." Dylan's tone was soft.

"What about you?" Savannah raised her head and blurted out.

Dylan paused. Did she care about him? "I've some business emails to handle." After a while, he answered dryly.

Savannah took a deep breath. "Not in a hurry, right?"

Dylan narrowed his eyes and approached her, gazing thoughtfully at her. "What do you want?"

"Nothing... I've nothing to do these days, and I learned to boil another kind of sugar water. You... you want to try?" That's true. These days she was confined to the villa, forbidden from all amusements, and had to kill time in the kitchen.

Dylan frowned. "You cooked?" What if she got a burn? And how could a pregnant woman stand the smoke and fire! He was about to call Sarah up when Savannah pulled his sleeve, "I don't cook every day. Sometimes I get bored, and I cook dessert and cookies with recipes. Sarah is always by my side. It's all right."

She looked like a poor and lovely cat, touching a chord in Dylan's heart. He finally nodded.

Savannah let out her breath, going downstairs to the kitchen. She filled a bowl of sugar water and quietly went to her bedroom. And opening a drawer, she took out the blue pill and quickly put it into the bowl.

The little blue pill dissolved in the water and disappeared without a trace.

Entering his bedroom, she saw him already sitting on the sofa. Two buttons of his white shirt were undone, offering up his white chest. His sculpted lips were red and attractive. Under the moody lighting from the floor lamp, he was waiting for her.

Savannah hesitated and walked to him, handing him the bowl. "Try it."

Dylan took the bowl and glanced at the sugar water.

Savannah held her breath, her heart beating fast, and she was afraid that he would sense something was wrong.

Finally, he took a few sips and put the bowl down.

### **256: What's Wrong With You?**

"Is it bad?" Savannah worried that too little drink would have no effect.

"A lot of progress." He was not a charmer.

"Then why don't you have more?" asked Savannah, raising her charming and dewy eyes.

In front of her dreamy eyes, Dylan could not help himself, and he finished it off.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief, twisting the hem of her dress around her fingers.

She carried the bowl down the stairs and then dawdled for a while, deliberately waiting for the pill to work. When she went upstairs and entered the room again, sure enough, she found Dylan looked strange on the sofa.

She could see the top of his chest through the open buttons of his shirt and small beads of moisture lying there upon his white skin; an unusual pink flush was on his handsome face, and his breathing was a little unstable, which could be clearly heard in the quiet room.

The blue pill was quite effective.

No wonder it was welcomed in the male world!

Savannah was both delighted and nervous.

He drank the soup as she planned, and the pill worked. But he was already very rough and hard in sex, and he often made her sore everywhere the next day. Now the sex must be more severe after he took that pill.

Savannah, concerned, hung back.

But then she stiffened her resolution. Isn't that what she wants?

Without a chance to go out to have a surgical abortion, she had to abort the baby by this method in the present situation. Thinking of this, Savannah took a deep breath and overcame her shyness, put down her ponytail, pulled the maternity dress off her shoulders, closed the door, and walked towards him.

Dylan's eyes darkened when he saw the little woman come in. He looked at her with a wanting glance. The left side of her baggy pink dress slid down to reveal her sexy snowy shoulders, and her long brown hair tossed about her tender throat.

Under his glowing gaze, she approached him. Her sweet natural fragrance hung in the air to his nose.

"What's wrong with you?" Her low and soft voice mixed with temptation.

He felt an irresistible impulse to have her on the sofa at once, but he restrained himself after taking a look at her baby belly. "Tell the servant to turn down the temperature in the room." He said in a husky voice as he adjusted her dress.

His voice sounded breathy and strained. It should be hard for him to resist the effect of the blue pill.

"What's the matter with you? You look as though you're hot. Have you got a fever?" She asked as she put her hand on his forehead.

Touched by her soft cold hand, Dylan felt a hot current coursing through his body. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her in his arms.

Savannah slipped on his lap, throwing her arms around his neck, and let out a slight groan. The desire in Dylan was completely aroused by this deliberate groan. His hand moved down to her hips and slipped into her dress.

He didn't touch her for a long time, and the blue pill brought the beast out of him. He lifted her and put her onto his big bed, undid his belt, and stretched out her legs, leaning down. His hands grew more agent, and he couldn't wait to have her now!

In a moment, Savannah felt the hem of her dress was lifted, and something hot and hard like stone against her lower belly, her heart beating fast, and she could imagine what would happen later. She wanted to close her legs and run away, but she finally gritted her teeth and restrained herself, closed her eyes, and waited for the coming storm.

However, he didn't tear her apart as she expected. He loosened his grip on her and sat up, panting and breathing heavily on the edge of the bed.

Stunned, Savannah looked at him in amazement; obviously, he was still confused by the desire in him, but he restrained himself because he remembered her pregnancy.

No. She couldn't let this opportunity go by.

She bit her lip, knelt down on his back, and put her arms around his neck, pressing herself against his burning back. "Dylan, are you okay?"

Dylan was beginning to wonder why he wanted this little woman so eagerly today.

No, not today. He felt strange after drinking that bowl of sugar water. There must be something wrong with it!

What's more, the little woman never cared for him so much before. She attempted him deliberately! His mind was clear, and he guessed something. He caught her wrist and pushed her away gently and then stood up. Turning his head, he looked significantly at the little woman, and there was a chill on his abnormally red face. Then he went to the bathroom and shut the door with a BANG!

Within seconds the sound of running water was heard.

Savannah sat there as if in a trance. She knew that he had successfully controlled himself. Her plan failed... Was he still a normal man? He was really a man of iron self-control...

After a while, the bathroom door was pulled open again.

Dylan came out wet and glistening from the cold shower, still unshaven, with just a towel around his waist. The desire in his burning eyes disappeared, remaining the chill making her shudder.

Before she could say a word, Dylan walked to the bed, tugged her into his arms!

He had one hand at the small of her back holding her against him, the other at her chin, tipping back her head. But Savannah knew from his impassive gaze that he was not going to kiss her. If she was not pregnant now, he might try all the methods to punish her.

He was outraged this time...

"You ask for an abortion in this way? Good!"

She was still in the first trimester, and she'd better avoid sex for the baby's safety.

If he failed to control himself, he might fuck her hard under the drug effect, which would lead to severe bleeding and miscarriage!

In order to not have this child, she tried such an extreme mean?

He thought that she should have accepted her pregnancy after such a long time. But she didn't give up!

If only he could put his hands around her neck and choke her! Finally, he released her. "Fine, I'll see how many more ways you have. From today on, stay in your bedroom until you give birth to the baby! You have deprived yourself of your last freedom!"

### **256: What's Wrong With You? Online -**

"Is it bad?" Savannah worried that too little drink would have no effect.

"A lot of progress." He was not a charmer.

"Then why don't you have more?" asked Savannah, raising her charming and dewy eyes.

In front of her dreamy eyes, Dylan could not help himself, and he finished it off.

Savannah heaved a sigh of relief, twisting the hem of her dress around her fingers.

She carried the bowl down the stairs and then dawdled for a while, deliberately waiting for the pill to work. When she went upstairs and entered the room again, sure enough, she found Dylan looked strange on the sofa.

She could see the top of his chest through the open buttons of his shirt and small beads of moisture lying there upon his white skin; an unusual pink flush was on his handsome face, and his breathing was a little unstable, which could be clearly heard in the quiet room.

The blue pill was quite effective.

No wonder it was welcomed in the male world!

Savannah was both delighted and nervous.

He drank the soup as she planned, and the pill worked. But he was already very rough and hard in sex, and he often made her sore everywhere the next day. Now the sex must be more severe after he took that pill.

Savannah, concerned, hung back.

But then she stiffened her resolution. Isn't that what she wants?

Without a chance to go out to have a surgical abortion, she had to abort the baby by this method in the present situation. Thinking of this, Savannah took a deep breath and overcame her shyness, put down her ponytail, pulled the maternity dress off her shoulders, closed the door, and walked towards him.

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If only he could put his hands around her neck and choke her! Finally, he released her. "Fine, I'll see how many more ways you have. From today on, stay in your bedroom until you give birth to the baby! You have deprived yourself of your last freedom!"

### **257: I've Been Drugged By Her**

Savannah fell onto the soft bed, a look of a vacancy on her pale face. Dylan walked towards the door, pulled it open, and shouted his order at Sarah, who just went upstairs when he heard the movement.

"Take her to her room! And I don't mind how you watch her, make sure she will give birth to the baby safely six months later. You'll be held responsible if anything goes wrong!"

"Yes, sir," answered Sarah, bowing her head a little.

Savannah shivered as the door slammed shut. Her plan failed tonight, and there would be no more chance... Because of her pregnancy, he let her go again without any punishment, but he also strengthened the defense against her and made up his mind to make her have this baby.

Dropping her head, she gazed at her mini bump and clenched her fist.

\* \* \*

In the hospital.

Dylan was sitting on a couch in Jacob's office, his face still black and cold from the gastric lavage.

After leaving Beverly Hills, he drove to the hospital, and even the night wind couldn't cold him down.

If he didn't pump his stomach, he's afraid he would have to stay awake all night because of the blue pill.

He couldn't drive as soon as he finished the gastric lavage, so he came to Jacob's office for a rest.

Jacob laughed until his sides ached. "Savannah's a resourceful girl, isn't she? Hahaha... She gave you Viagra..."

"Enough, Jacob. Are you still a doctor? Laugh like that when your patient came to see you?" Dylan was in such a bad mood that he picked up the ashtray on the coffee table and made as if to throw it to his friend's face.

Jacob grabbed the ashtray from Dylan's hand and put it down, "whoa, calm down, Dylan. You've just gotten your stomach pumped. Why are you still so... hot?"

He could not help from laughing again.

Dylan's face changed. He was about to get up to leave when Jacob finally restrained his laughter and poured him a cup of water.

"By the way, the effect of the blue pill is really not bad. I can't believe you succeeded in controlling yourself." Jacob said with a serious expression.

Dylan was speechless. Could he fail? She was now in the first trimester of her pregnancy, and it was a crucial time for the baby's development. The doctor told him that they'd better not to have sex during this period. He couldn't hurt the baby in her anyway.

When she safely gave birth to his child, he would make her pay for tonight!

The thought of it added a strange flush to his darkened face.

Jacob was a little worried about Savannah when he saw Dylan's sullen expression. The last time Savannah contacted a hospital for an abortion, Dylan almost killed the doctor who was about to operate on her. This time, she used this kind of trick unexpectedly... Dylan must be even madder!

"How's Savannah now?" Jacob blurted out.

"You should care about me! I've been drugged by her, and I am the victim." Dylan sneered.

"I know... I mean, you're not gonna punish her, are you? Don't forget, she's pregnant." Jacob reminded him.

Dylan didn't reply. She should thank god that she's pregnant; otherwise, he wasn't really sure what he was going to do. After a long time, the heat in him completely faded away, and he felt much better. He stood up and left the office without another word.

\* \* \*

After that night, Dylan did what he said. Savannah was not allowed to walk out of her bedroom, and even the three meals would be served to her room by the maids. The prenatal check-up and yoga class were all canceled. What's more, Dylan also installed a monitor in her bedroom and let Sarah and the maids waiting at the door all the time. They could break in as soon as they found Savannah had anything wrong.

When Sarah saw the arrangement made by Mr. Sterling, she knew that Savannah must have angered him again. Keeping Mr. Sterling's order in mind, she dared not relax for a minute. She asked the servant to put away all the sharp objects in Savannah's room and stared at the monitor every day.

After being confined to her room for a few days, Savannah couldn't bear it anymore. This evening after dinner, she rushed to the door and banged on it, "let me out! Let me out!"

"What do you want, Miss Schultz?" Sarah came immediately.

"I want to go out for a walk. Open my door, please." Savannah said, very upset.

"I'm sorry, Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling said you are not allowed to leave the room." Sarah refused.

"Then you call him, and I'll tell him myself!" She couldn't believe he wouldn't let her go out when she was so sick! Even if not for her, he would agree for the baby.

Sarah sneered, "Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling has been very busy lately. And he has made it very clear that I cannot allow you to leave the room. He will be quite annoyed if I call him for this. I advise you to give up the idea!" Then Sarah left.

Savannah continued knocking on the door but received no response.

She frowned, stepped back, and stared at the door. Ignore her? Turning back, she thought for a moment before she ran to the window and pushed it open. Then she looked up at the monitor in the room.

Sure enough, seconds later, the door was pushed open!

Sarah, with two servants, rushed in angrily. They stopped her in dismay and pulled her to the bed, "Miss Schultz, what are you doing again?"

"You don't let me go out or call Dylan, that's all I can do!" Savannah was not going to jump, and she opened the window only to frighten Sarah and draw her attention. Otherwise, she would not listen to her at all.

Sarah changed her face and knew that Savannah was threatening her. She had played tricks under her eyes several times and made her scolded by Mr. Sterling. What's more, she almost lost her name in the nursing circle! She couldn't see Savannah make trouble again!

With a sharp flash in her eyes, Sarah motioned to the servant to lock the window and forcibly pulled Savannah back into bed.

"Mr. Sterling had been quite annoyed by you, and now you want to call him? Stop dreaming!" sneered Sarah, and then she led the servant out of the room.

That night, when Savannah was ready to go to sleep, she was awakened by a noise of footsteps. She opened her eyes and got up, only to see Sarah coming in with two manservants who carried some tools. They went straight to the window in Sarah's sign.

"What are you doing?" Savannah jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

"Nothing. I had to have the windows nailed up so that you wouldn't do anything to hurt yourself," said Sarah dryly.

### **258: Sleep In My Room Today**

She had already been grounded in her room and was not allowed to go out. Now she couldn't even open the window? What's the difference between her and cattle waiting to be slaughtered?

Savannah was still in shock when the servants had already nailed up the only window in her bedroom and left with Sarah.

After that night, Savannah didn't make a noise in her room anymore. In the monitoring, she stared at the nailed window blankly, holding knee sitting on the sofa, silent. When the servants carried food in, she ate it quietly; when the maid asked her to have a bath, she also did as she told obediently.

Another week passed. The weather turned colder.

The darkness of evening was crowding in when a black Lamborghini stopped at the gate of the villa.

Dylan, in a black cotton overcoat, got out of the car and stepped into the house.

"Mr. Sterling." Sarah, following several servants, came to the door when they heard the car.

Dylan had not come here for a long time because he was busy with the business, but also because that Savannah had really annoyed him that night. These days, Sarah reported him about Savannah's situation all by phone.

"How's Savannah doing?" Dylan didn't take off his coat, and his voice was cold. Apparently, he didn't seem to plan to spend the night here.

"In her room. As usual, she's quiet and well-behaved. She has just finished eating. After a bath, she can go to sleep." Sarah reported respectfully.

Dylan didn't say anything. He nodded and looked up the stairs for a few seconds. Then he turned around and prepared to leave.

He had just had a business dinner nearby with a client, and he still had a video conference later. Time was early, so he came to Beverly Hills on his way back to the company.

He was supposed to go upstairs to see her but restrained himself at the thought of what she had done that night. Maybe he should leave her alone so that she could think it around. Since Sarah said that she had been well-behaved, he could be relieved.

Just as he came to the porch, Judy came up to him in a hurry, "Mr. Sterling, Mr. Sterling -- won't you see Savannah?"

Sarah frowned and stopped her, "what are you doing? Don't you see Mr. Sterling is occupied?"

Judy glared disapprovingly at Sarah and then gazed appealingly at Dylan. Since Sarah came, she had not been able to take care of Savannah herself, and she couldn't even see Savannah these days. Yesterday when she took advantage of the maid shift and sneaked in, only to find that Savannah's bedroom was deadly quite like a tomb; the window was sealed, and Savannah looked so unhappy. But Sarah thought it's because Savannah learned to behave well?

She talked to Sarah and suggested she unseal the window, but Sarah did not take it seriously. Instead, she asked Judy to stop talking nonsense, saying that Mr. Sterling had given her the right to watch Savannah closely. What's more, Sarah didn't allow her to call him.

Judy was worried. If Savannah were kept being locked in this way, it would lead to a mental breakdown sooner or later.

Fortunately, Mr. Sterling came today!

"Sir, since you're here. Please go to see Miss Schultz. She doesn't look good." Judy pleaded.

"She's very good lately, isn't she?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

Sarah gave Judy a sharp look, and then looked at Dylan flatteringly, "Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz's fine. You can go with your own business. I'll take care of her. Don't worry."

Judy gritted her teeth and knocked Sarah aside. "Yes, Savannah's good, too good that she doesn't look at herself! Please come to see her, Mr. Sterling."

Dylan thought for a while and finally, stroked upstairs. At the door of her bedroom, two maids were surprised to see him and busily lowered their heads. "Mr. Sterling."

He did not answer but raised his hand and opened the door. A more than deathlike silence reigned in the bedroom.

A delicate figure folded her knees sitting on the sofa; her eyes were focused straight out, and she didn't respond to the door opening at all.

Dylan glanced darkly at the hushed room, and he changed color when he saw the sealed window, shouting in rage, "Why you seal up the window?"

Sarah and Judy both came up after him.

"Miss Schultz made a scene and cried to leave the room a few times, and she threatened to jump out the window. In case of an accident, I..."

"So you sealed up the window? I want you to look at her, not hold her prisoner!" Dylan shouted out in a low voice.

"I know... But you had asked me to protect the baby in Miss Schultz no matter what method was used..." Sarah sounded wrong, "Mr. Sterling, you may rest assured. Though the window was sealed up, I ventilated the room by turning on the air conditioner's ventilator. Miss Schultz won't get sick..."

Savannah looked so worn now. Could she be worse than getting illness? Living in the dimly lit stuffy room for such a long time, even normal healthy people would feel uneasy, let alone a pregnant woman. Even if Sarah could protect the baby in this way, Savannah would become rather sick six months later!

But he had given the command himself.

Dylan took a look at Savannah, who was still quiet on the sofa; his cold face darkened.

"Get out of this room."

Sarah, of course, knew that this was said to her. For a moment, she tried to justify herself, "Mr. Sterling..."

"I said, get out of here! From today on, we don't need you." His voice was cold and perfectly enunciated.

Sarah was a famous nurse in LA, and she had never been driven out of the house by her clients. But before she could say anything, two servants came forward to her and carried her down.

The room got quiet. Dylan's eyes darkened as he strode to the sofa and crouched. He riveted his eyes on her, frowning at the waxy paleness on her thin face.

He picked her up and went to his bedroom.

After a few steps, Savannah recovered and raised her face. It seemed that she was just aware of his coming. Her eyes took on a hurt expression, touching Dylan to his heart.

"Sleep in my room today." His tone was soft and low.

Savannah did not speak but slowly put her hands over her neck and held him the best she could.

Dylan squeezed her even tighter to his arms. He couldn't imagine how hard it had been for her to be confined to the room with no window these days.

In the master's bedroom, Dylan put her on his big bed softly and covered her with a quilt. He was ready to rise when he felt the clench of her cold hand on his arm.

#### Chapter 259: Visiting Olivia

Dylan looked down at her hand on his arm, and his expression softened. "I fired Sarah. Judy will take care of you." He rubbed her head as he said softly.

Hearing this, Savannah's eyes were slightly lit up, but then she unconsciously withdrew her hand, buried her head in the quilt, and did not see him anymore.

When he was carrying her out of her bedroom, she held him tightly as if grasping a straw. But she backed away from him when she recovered.

They had not made it up. She didn't want the baby, but he wouldn't let her have an abortion.

Dylan tucked her up. Before he could say anything, Savannah turned her back to him, avoiding his touch. Finally, Dylan stood up and left the room.

\* \* \*

After that night, Dylan stayed in Beverly Hills for two days.

Because Sarah was fired, it fell to Judy to take care of Savannah again.

Two days later, Savannah recovered her mood and spirit but still a little upset and did not talk to him.

She had to give up resistance and give birth to this child, but there was no greater tragedy than the death of the heart.

Dylan asked Jacob to come and check on her.

When Jacob heard that Savannah had been confined to her room for so long with the window sealed up, he was so furious that he began scolding Sarah before he saw Savannah.

"How ridiculous! Top nurse? That's all the governor can do, I suppose!"

While Jacob was cursing Sarah, Dylan felt as if he himself was scolded. He urged Jacob to see Savannah with a clouded face.

After the brief examination, Jacob went downstairs with Dylan. He said that Savannah was suffering slight depression.

"Depression?" Dylan changed his face, almost turning the coffee table upside down.

"Rest assured, her depression is not the same as your previous depression. It's very common in pregnant women. She needs no medicine, and she'll be fine with a calm mood." Jacob pressed the coffee table with a wry smile.

Dylan was relieved a little.

"Don't put her grounded anymore. How could Savannah be happy if she stayed at home all the time?" added Jacob.

Dylan did not speak for a long time.

\* \* \*

Under Judy's care. Savannah recovered after a few days' rest.

The window was unsealed, and she moved back to her bedroom.

This morning, when Savannah had just finished her breakfast downstairs, Garwood came to Beverly Hills.

He nodded with a smile when he saw the empty plate in front of Savannah, knowing that her appetite was much better now. "Miss Schultz, please change your clothes and go with me."

Savannah looked at Garwood in surprise.

"Well, Miss Schultz, you haven't visited your friend Olivia for a long time. It's a nice day. You look good today, and I'll drive you to the hospital." Garwood said.

Savannah stayed for a while. Was she allowed to visit Olivia?

"Did Dylan ask you to send me to see Olivia?" She could not believe it.

Garwood nodded. Mr. Sterling knew that the best thing for Savannah at the moment was to visit her friend. "But it's the hospital, you can't stay there for too long." He added. In order to make Miss Schultz happy, Mr. Sterling overturned his decision himself.

Savannah immediately cheered up. After changing her clothes, she went to the hospital, accompanied by Judy and Garwood.

\*\*\*

In the hospital ward.

Olivia was lying quietly in her bed. Though not awake yet, she was looking pretty good under Matt's care.

Savannah learned Olivia's recent condition from Matt and then sat at the foot of the bed, looking at Olivia silently.

She was wearing a Korean style baby dress, which hid her baby bump perfectly. In fact, her figure was almost the same as she used to be, and she even lost a little bit of weight. So Matt didn't realize that she was pregnant at all.

"Savannah, don't worry. Mr. Sterling had sent care workers to look after Olivia, and he also told the hospital to keep a close eye on her. The doctor said that Olivia's condition has improved and she would come to her senses." Matt comforted her.

Savannah forced a smile, knowing that these were just words of consolation.

"By the way, Savannah, you haven't come to see Olivia for a long time. Is there anything wrong?" Matt couldn't help asking. Savannah looked a little different this time, but he didn't know what happened to her.

Savannah hesitated and shook her head. "Nothing. You know, I'm the spokesperson for Fairy World, and I'm a little busy these days..."

Matt nodded without further questions.

Savannah's gaze fell back on Olivia with a sense of bitterness in her heart.

Olivia, you're the only one I can share my story with. Wake up, Olivia. Do you know what's happening to me?

I'm pregnant...

This is not what I want. I've struggled, and I've resisted...

But why, once in a while, I don't want to give up the baby?

If you're awake, you must tell me what to do.

\*\*\*

After a while, Judy quietly came in and whispered to Savannah, "Savannah, it is late."

Savannah knew that Dylan had ordered them to take her back early because she was pregnant.

She wanted to stay longer, but she had to nod and leave obediently so that Dylan would allow her next visit.

They walked out of the hospital. As Savannah and Judy headed for the big SUV in which Garwood was waiting for them, they saw a black Lincoln slowly approach and stop next to the SUV.

The Lincoln door opened, and Cooper got off from the front seat. "Miss Schultz."

In some surprise, Savannah put her hands down, covering her belly subconsciously, "Cooper, why are you here?"

"I was sent by old Sterling. He has not seen you for a long time and misses you very much. I called Beverly Hills and heard from the servant that you had come to visit your friend here. So I come here to pick you up for dinner at the Sterling's house."

Savannah paused and then asked, "Has Mr. Sterling been informed?"

"Mr. Sterling is having a meeting in the company now, and his phone is off. It's okay. I will send you back first and then call him to come in the evening."

Just then, Garwood got out of the car when he saw Cooper coming.

## **259: Visiting Olivia Online - All Page - Full-Novel**

*Novel 2022*

7-9 minutes

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In the hospital ward.

Olivia was lying quietly in her bed. Though not awake yet, she was looking pretty good under Matt's care.

Savannah learned Olivia's recent condition from Matt and then sat at the foot of the bed, looking at Olivia silently.

She was wearing a Korean style baby dress, which hid her baby bump perfectly. In fact, her figure was almost the same as she used to be, and she even lost a little bit of weight. So Matt didn't realize that she was pregnant at all.

"Savannah, don't worry. Mr. Sterling had sent care workers to look after Olivia, and he also told the hospital to keep a close eye on her. The doctor said that Olivia's condition has improved and she would come to her senses." Matt comforted her.

Savannah forced a smile, knowing that these were just words of consolation.

"By the way, Savannah, you haven't come to see Olivia for a long time. Is there anything wrong?" Matt couldn't help asking. Savannah looked a little different this time, but he didn't know what happened to her.

Savannah hesitated and shook her head. "Nothing. You know, I'm the spokesperson for Fairy World, and I'm a little busy these days..."

Matt nodded without further questions.

Savannah's gaze fell back on Olivia with a sense of bitterness in her heart.

Olivia, you're the only one I can share my story with. Wake up, Olivia. Do you know what's happening to me?

I'm pregnant...

This is not what I want. I've struggled, and I've resisted...

But why, once in a while, I don't want to give up the baby?

If you're awake, you must tell me what to do.

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After a while, Judy quietly came in and whispered to Savannah, "Savannah, it is late."

Savannah knew that Dylan had ordered them to take her back early because she was pregnant.

She wanted to stay longer, but she had to nod and leave obediently so that Dylan would allow her next visit.

They walked out of the hospital. As Savannah and Judy headed for the big SUV in which Garwood was waiting for them, they saw a black Lincoln slowly approach and stop next to the SUV.

The Lincoln door opened, and Cooper got off from the front seat. "Miss Schultz."

In some surprise, Savannah put her hands down, covering her belly subconsciously, "Cooper, why are you here?"

"I was sent by old Sterling. He has not seen you for a long time and misses you very much. I called Beverly Hills and heard from the servant that you had come to visit your friend here. So I come here to pick you up for dinner at the Sterling's house."

Savannah paused and then asked, "Has Mr. Sterling been informed?"

"Mr. Sterling is having a meeting in the company now, and his phone is off. It's okay. I will send you back first and then call him to come in the evening."

Just then, Garwood got out of the car when he saw Cooper coming.

#### **260: I Will Go With You Online -**

Garwood walked up to them, facing Cooper, and politely refused, "Cooper, Mr. Sterling had booked a restaurant for dinner tonight with Miss Schultz. They'll go to the Sterling's house another day."

Savannah knew that Dylan had not mentioned her pregnancy to old Sterling. It did not matter where she was going to have the dinner, but after hearing what Garwood said, a feeling of loss appeared in her. She looked at Cooper and said, out of her momentary pique, "I will go with you."

"That's great." Cooper laughed and looked at Garwood triumphantly.

"Miss Schultz, why don't you ask Judy to go with you?" Garwood said quickly, worried added to his voice as he thought about Mr. Sterling's reaction when he knew Savannah would come to the Old Sterling's house.

If Miss Schultz had to go to the Sterling's house, at least she should take Judy with her, so that Mr. Sterling could feel relieved.

"No," Savannah frowned, "I'm just going to have dinner with old Sterling. I don't need anyone following me."

Cooper also took a dissatisfied look at Garwood. "We'll take care of Miss Schultz. It's not her first time going to the Sterling's house. Don't bother and worry she'll be safe,"

Garwood and Judy glanced at each other and had to see Savannah get in Cooper's car herself.

Savannah chatted with Cooper along the way. She realized she had thought too much. Like Matt, Cooper did not find that she was pregnant at all.

At the Sterling's house, Cooper led Savannah into the living room.

When old Sterling saw her, he rose to take Savannah to his side warmly. He had not seen her for a long time and was very happy she could come.

"Savannah, have you recovered from your sickness?"

Savannah looked a little different in the old Sterling's sharp eyes. But he didn't know it was because she was pregnant.

Savannah paused and smiled, "I've already recovered."

"You looked not good." Old Sterling frowned.

"I might have taken a cold," Savannah replied calmly.

Since Dylan didn't want anyone to know about her pregnancy, she would take his advice and kept it a secret.

But inwardly, she still felt a bit disappointed and dismayed.

"You should take care of yourself, Savannah. It's not good to always get sick at such a young age." Old Sterling looked worried.

"Thank you for your concern, sir," Savannah said with a weak smile.

Since Valerie's belly got bigger and bigger, she hardly went out of the Rosemount Villa. Fearing that she would be inconvenient, old Sterling did not let her come to see him again. What's more, Devin accompanied Valerie all the time. So old Sterling was alone in the house these days.

While they were chatting, a servant hurried in and whispered something in Cooper's ear with an anxious expression.

Cooper's face changed slightly.

"What's wrong?" old Sterling asked when he noticed Cooper's expression.

Cooper came forward and said, "Ms. Sterling had a seizure and hurt herself."

"What? How's it going? Is she alright?" Old Sterling was startled.

Since Susan was sent to the mental asylum, she had been calm under the control of drugs and injections for most of the time. Though she still didn't know people, she was further stabilized.

"It's said that she fell out of her bed and sprained her ankle. It's not serious, and she's better now. Don't worry, sir, I'll let the care worker keep an eye on her." Cooper tried to pacify him.

"No, tell the driver to prepare a car. I'll go and see it." At last, old Sterling felt uneasy and wanted to have a look in person. Then he realized that Savannah was still here. He looked at her, "Savannah, you... Would you like to go with me?"

He knew that Savannah and his daughter had a grudge, and he would understand if she refused to go.

Savannah took a deep breath. Even if she hated Susan, she should not hold a grudge against her when she had come to such a situation. She was not that mean.

"I will go with you." Savannah nodded.

They got into the car and quickly left the Sterling's house.

The mental asylum, far away from the downtown area, was located in a quiet suburb.

About forty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a pure white gate.

Cooper had given a heads-up to the mental asylum, where two staff were waiting for old Sterling at the gate.

Savannah supported old Sterling with her hand, walking into the mental hospital. The staff led them to Susan's ward.

From the glass window, they saw Susan, once an amazing fine lady from the Sterling family, now curling up in the hospital bed alone. She looked pale and wan, staring to the front with blank eyes.

Old Sterling's eyes began to smart, he said carefully, "Susan, do you remember me? I'm your dad."

No matter how many mistakes Susan had made, she was still his daughter.

Susan looked up at her father, grinned foolishly, and tilted her head. "Dad? Ha! I'm from the Sterling family. My father is the most powerful businessman in LA. How dare you pretend to be my dad?"

Apparently, she didn't know anyone now.

Savannah noticed that old Sterling was slightly shaking with emotion. Fearing that his excitement would affect his body, Savannah eyed the staff, who sensed her intent and helped old Sterling to the restroom.

Savannah was going to ask the nurse about Susan's situation so that she could tell old Sterling later. Before she left, she heard Susan murmuring, "Devin..."

Susan's face looked arrogant as she continued to talk to herself, "Devin must be cured! He's going to inherit hundreds of billions of property of the Sterling family. He can't lose his fertility..."

Savannah stopped, gazing at Susan. Lose his fertility?

To make sure she heard right, Savannah leaned close to the window and whispered, "Susan, did you just say your son Devin is infertile?"

Susan looked at her with alarm, "Who are you? I... Why should I tell you? Do I know you?"