

Midnight 261

261: That's The Case

Savannah rolled her eyes and said, "I am your son's nurse. The doctor sent me to ask you about Devin's situation."

Susan's face relaxed, rushing to her, "Nurse, you and the doctor must help Devin," she said, "if my father knows that Devin is suffering from such a disease and unable to have a child, he won't give the Sterling to him!"

Savannah's heart was beating violently, "Well, but you shall tell me, how did your son get the disease?"

The hate and vehemence burned in Susan's eyes, "It's all because of that little bitch! If it wasn't for her, how could Dylan get so angry and use that means against Devin? Dylan sent a sick, dirty prostitute to Devin's bed, and Devin got a venereal disease. If not for that bitch, how could Devin lose his fertility? Fuck that bitch!"

Savannah gasped.

That woman, who was sent to Devin's bed by Dylan, had a sexually transmitted disease, and Devin became infected with the disease!

No wonder Devin didn't show up when Susan had a divorce and became a mental disorder. He was probably in treatment at that time.

No one would know the secret if Susan hadn't lost her mind and blurted it out.

Wait a minute... A thought popped into Savannah's mind. Suppose Devin has already contracted a severe venereal disease and is unable to make a woman pregnant. Is the baby in Valerie really Devin's?

Savannah suddenly remembered that Valerie and Olivia had met at a bar. She couldn't understand why Valerie wanted to kill Olivia for no reason... But if Olivia had known that the baby in Valerie's belly was not Devin's, it would make sense!

Valerie must have done it to silence Olivia's mouth!

She remembered another thing --

After seeing off Donna that day, Olivia asked her about Valerie's pregnancy as they walked out of the airport.

At the time, she was wondering why Olivia cared about Valerie.

Did Olivia already know Valerie had a problem with her baby?

Yes...

That's the case!

Olivia knew what Valerie had done to her, and every time they talked about Valerie, Olivia would gnash her teeth too. According to Valerie's character, if she really suspected that the baby in Valerie was not Devin's, she must have gone to Valerie alone to find out the truth. But before Olivia had a chance to tell her, she was pushed down the stairs by Valerie!

Savannah covered her mouth, unable to hold her emotion for a long time.

But it was all speculation.

Even if she knew that her reasoning was correct, she could not accuse Valerie without proof!

Savannah clasped and unclasped her hands, finally, she turned and left the ward.

In the evening, Savannah, silent and preoccupied, came back to the Sterling's house with old Sterling.

As soon as she entered the house, she sensed that the atmosphere in the living room was quite tense. All the servants stood silently with their heads lowered. Looking straight in, she saw Dylan sitting on the sofa with a cold and emotionless face.

Obviously, he already knew about her accompanying old Sterling to the asylum to see Susan.

Savannah gasped and temporarily put Olivia's case aside.

She had already annoyed him by following Cooper to the Sterling's house. And then she accompanied old Sterling to the asylum, which must have made him even angrier.

However, what he worried about most must be that her pregnancy would be discovered by others, right?

As Savannah walked slowly in, Dylan rose and strode over to her, pulling her gently to the French window.

"You can rest assured, no one found that I'm pregnant, and I didn't tell them," Savannah said in a low voice.

Dylan frowned, "I don't mind that you came here without my permission, but you went to the asylum? Who made you go?"

"No one forced me. Susan suddenly fell ill in the asylum and hurt herself. Your father was worried about her and wanted to see her in person. I saw that he was emotionally unstable, so I went with him." Savannah explained.

"It's a mental hospital, and patients there are somewhat dangerous. You know what situation you are in, don't you?" Dylan's eyes looked very cold.

"Rest assured, mental illness is not an infectious disease. The baby wouldn't be affected." She knew that the man valued the child in her, but she had not expected to find him so nervous.

"That place is not safe for you. What if you get hurt? Or did you do it on purpose?" Dylan stared at her, and his eyes flashed angrily.

"Dylan, what are you and Savannah whispering about?" Old Sterling thought that Dylan was unhappy because Savannah came here alone. So he came to them to rescue her.

Dylan straightened up and adjusted Savannah's coat. "Nothing," he said, "it's getting late, and we shall go now."

"You've just come. Why not leave after supper?" Old Sterling raised his voice.

"No. I've no appetite now." Dylan glanced coldly at his father.

Realizing that Dylan blamed him for picking Savannah up without telling him, old Sterling forced a laugh. "Cooper called you, but your phone was off. I know you were in a meeting..."

"You can call my secretary or assistant. Next time, please let me know before you take away my girl." With that, Dylan took Savannah's hand and walked outside.

Savannah knew that he was not in a good mood today, and they couldn't stay at the Sterling's house for dinner. She could only wave at old Sterling with a goodbye.

When they climbed into the car, Dylan fastened the seat belt for Savannah and then leaned over his head, whispering in her ear, "You know you were wrong?"

"What can I say when Cooper asked me to go?" Savannah mumbled, turning her head to avoid his hot breath.

"So you still think you're right?" Dylan's voice was toneless.

"Yes. I don't feel wrong." Savannah said out of spite.

Dylan didn't say anything. He started the engine and stepped on the gas. The Lamborghini shot forward, raising a cloud of dust.

Compared with his usual speed, he drove relatively slowly and steadily today.

However, the more slowly he drove, the more nervous Savannah was. He seemed like a volcano on the peak of an eruption.

262: There Must Someone To Take The Responsibility

Savannah felt that he was holding his anger, and she knew that he did not have a racing car because he was worried about the child in her. Hands on the belly, she did not know what he wanted to do.

Not a single word was uttered along their way to Beverly Hills.

Dylan unbuckled her and lifted her out of the car, marching into the villa as he shouted, "Judy! Garwood!"

Savannah looked at him in surprise, but before she could say anything, she was pressed on the sofa to sit down.

Judy and Garwood came over and stood in front of Dylan, a little nervous. "Mr. Sterling."

Savannah looked at ice-faced Dylan and asked, "what do you want to do?"

"You don't think you're wrong? Well, it's either your fault or someone else's. There must be someone to take responsibility for it." Dylan turned and looked at Judy and Garwood coldly. "I asked you to take care of Miss Schultz, but you let her be taken to the Sterling's house without my permission. What if she had an accident?"

Judy and Garwood looked at each other, took a breath, and bowed, "it's our fault, and we are willing to take the punishment."

"Judy, you go to clean up the swimming pool and the garden today. As for Garwood, you know what you should do." Dylan gave his order and then sat down beside Savannah.

Garwood gritted his teeth, raised his hand, and flung it in his face without the slightest hesitation.

Savannah stayed for a moment and shouted out when she saw Judy hanging her head and going outside the villa.

"Wait a minute!"

The swimming pool and the garden behind the villa were so big that at least three or four servants could finish cleaning them in a day.

Judy was not young, finishing the cleaning in one day would cost half of her life!

"They should be punished for their mistakes. What do you want to say? Do you want them to take a heavier punishment?" Dylan looked at her coldly.

"It's alright, Savannah." Judy shook her head at Savannah and turned to leave, while Garwood's cheek began to swell with red marks.

Savannah got very worried. She could only turn to Dylan, "It's my fault! I should not go to the Sterling's house without telling you in advance and should not accompany old Sterling to the mental asylum, okay?"

Didn't the man do this to force her to admit she was wrong?

Well! She admitted she was wrong! Enough?

In order to let her submit to his control and make her dare not run again, he could be so cruel to his old subordinates!

Dylan's face relaxed a bit.

"I said I was wrong. What more do you want? Let Garwood stop! Punish me!" Savannah took a deep breath, and she also had the confidence that he wouldn't really punish her. He just wanted her to admit her fault.

"All go back." Dylan waved.

Garwood, covering his swollen face, left with Judy.

The atmosphere in the living room became quiet. Savannah breathed a sigh of relief.

"Don't do it again. Otherwise, you're not allowed to visit your best friend again. Everyone around you will be punished because of your mistakes." Dylan lifted her chin, making her look into his eyes as he gave her his warning.

She thought that she could get away with it when pregnant? He had his way to make her compromise.

Savannah bit her lip and nodded, "I know."

"You've had enough today. Go upstairs and have a rest." Dylan glanced at her belly as he gave the order.

Savannah paused. In fact, there's another thing...

She opened her mouth and was ready to tell Dylan about what she overheard from Susan, but then she swallowed it.

He didn't allow her to look into Olivia's case. If she told him her guess, he would watch her more closely in order to prevent her from investigating the case.

She'd better keep silent so that she could continue her private investigation.

However, though she could go out and have more freedom now, it was difficult for her to do more investigation with a lot of people following her...

Perhaps, she could ask another person for help...

Kevin brother!

"Dylan," she said, "I have another thing."

Dylan looked at the little woman coldly, thinking whether he had been too indulgent to her. "Say it."

"I still have some work as the spokesperson for Fairy World. Could I go to JK tomorrow?" Savannah gazed at him.

She had to talk to Kevin face-to-face.

But now that she's pregnant, she didn't know if Dylan would let her go.

Sure enough, Dylan immediately refused, "I've told JK that you're not convenient these days. You don't need to care about the endorsement."

"I know, but there's something wrong with one of the photos, and it needs to be retaken. It's an emergency, and I have to go. Don't worry, it won't be too troublesome. It can be done in one or two hours at most. I won't be very tired, and it won't affect... the baby." She said earnestly.

Dylan's face relaxed a little, but his tone was still decisive, "is that picture so important? Even so, they can use technical means to retouch the picture. In short, there must be other ways, you don't need to go in person. If you have any problem, I'll tell them myself."

"I'm the spokesperson! What will JK think of me if I refuse to do my work? Playing big before I become famous? My career in the model circle will be affected too! Dylan, you said you would help me with my work. Now you're holding me back!" Savannah said anxiously.

"Everything has to give way in front of the baby," Dylan replied dryly.

She had not been pregnant before, and now she was with his baby. Neither her work nor her career was more important than the baby.

Savannah gritted her teeth, but she knew she could not get tough against him. Clenching her fist, she looked eagerly at him with her large liquid eyes, "Dylan, please... Just two hours tomorrow. Even a prisoner will have two hours rest every day."

Dylan remembered the days when she had been shut in the bedroom with the window sealed.

Jacob had warned that she should be relaxed and have a good mood recently; otherwise, the depression during pregnancy would worsen.

He looked at her and finally said, "Kevin informed you?"

"Yes." She nodded.

He took out his cell phone and dialed Kevin.

Savannah's heart flew into her mouth, "What are you doing?"

263: What A Suspicious Man

"I'll call Kevin and see if that's true. After all, someone has lied to me several times." Dylan leered at her with a mocking smile.

Savannah forced herself to remain calm, squeezing her hands in the dark. What a suspicious man!

Bad. What if Kevin says he didn't call her or that she had no work at all?

While she was holding her breath, the call got through.

In the quiet living room, Kevin's calm voice was heard over the phone, "Mr. Sterling? What's up?"

"I heard that Savannah was asked to JK for pickup photography?" Dylan came straight to the question.

Savannah held her breath, clenching her fist. Kevin's answer would decide her fate!

If Kevin denies it, she must be dead!

There was a long silence before Kevin finally answered, "Hmm. Yes."

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief! She and Kevin's brother could always think the same thought!

Dylan hung up, his face darkening.

"Well? I didn't kid you. It's a really urgent business. Why don't you let me go tomorrow? I'll be back as soon as I finish my work. Okay?" Savannah gave his sleeve a gentle tug.

"Go back early," Dylan said dryly.

The next morning, Savannah, accompanied by Judy and two bodyguards, went to JK.

In the office, she sat face to face with Kevin.

She was wearing a loose blouse, a cotton coat, and wide blue jeans today. She still looked small, and no one could see she had been pregnant for more than three months.

She really didn't want Kevin to know about her pregnancy unless it couldn't be hidden anymore.

Kevin looked at her, puzzled, "Savannah, what's going on?"

He was surprised when Dylan suddenly called him yesterday.

But then he realized Savannah must have said it on purpose.

Savannah came to the point directly, "Kevin, brother, I need your help."

"What's it?" Kevin asked.

Savannah told everything about Olivia to him, including the new clues she found in the mental hospital yesterday.

After listening, Kevin thought for a while before he finally opened his mouth. "You mean, Devin has already lost fertility, and your cousin is pregnant with someone else's child. She wants to return to the Sterling family, so she told a lie. It was discovered by Olivia, and in order to silence her, Valerie pushed her down the stairs at the bar?"

"Yes." Last night, Savannah thought the whole thing again and was almost sure.

Kevin was silent for a moment. He knew Savannah's cousin was not a good woman but did not expect her to be so ruthless.

Was the glamorous life of the rich really so appealing? In order to live such a life, she could do such a wrong!

Kevin suddenly remembered that the Smith family kept asking him back, but he refused. Was he an outlier?

It was a rich and powerful family, but it only made him feel disgusting.

Kevin roused himself and sat up straight. "What do you want me to do for you?" he asked quietly.

"Kevin, brother, can you help me check if my cousin had any special behaviors before she got pregnant, like where she went?" Savannah expressed her ideas.

"You want to find out who the man is?"

"Yes. As long as I have solid evidence to prove that Valerie's baby is not Devin's, I will have Valerie's motive to kill Olivia, and maybe I can testify against her." Savannah said bitterly.

Kevin took a deep look at Savannah and nodded. He hesitated before he finally asked, "Savannah, why don't you just go to Dylan?"

Dylan was now the closest man in her life and had the power to investigate the case for her.

Savannah forced a smile, "he doesn't allow me to care about Olivia's case."

"Why?" Kevin frowned.

Savannah couldn't tell Kevin it was because of her pregnancy. "He's completely unreasonable!" She complained, "I'm not allowed to ask about Olivia's case, what's more, I'm also limited to visiting Olivia."

Kevin looked at Savannah, who pursed up her lips and frowned, and he remembered how he humored her when she was unhappy in the orphanage, "Savannah, Dylan..."

"Kevin, brother, I told him that I come to JK today to retake some shots. Can you help me make an arrangement so that I can report to him?" Savannah interrupted Kevin.

She knew what he wanted to say. He would ask if she was unhappy with Dylan, and if she kept complaining, he would take her away.

However, now she could not afford the care and love from Kevin.

Because...

Savannah put her hand down on her belly imperceptibly.

She didn't deserve it.

Maybe since she got together with Dylan, she had been stripped of all possibilities with Kevin.

And now that she had a little baby in her, it was even more impossible...

She could feel Kevin's eyes hiding a flame that went beyond the brother-sister feeling. However, she could only fail him in this way.

Thinking of here, she felt a little shameful. Obviously, she could only abuse Kevin's kindness, but she still turned to him for help when she was in trouble. She really couldn't find another person in the world who would help her unconditionally.

Kevin noticed her evasiveness, and his eyes became dim. "Okay. I'll ask Dan to arrange it."

Savannah was relieved. Dan led her to the studio, and a photographer followed them in.

Twenty minutes later, Savannah finished and walked out.

Maybe she was not in her normal energy, and she felt a little tired. As she stepped out of the studio, a sense of dizziness came to her; she suddenly lost her balance and nearly fell. Luckily, Kevin flung his arm out just in time to stop her from falling.

"What's wrong with you?" Kevin asked anxiously. Savannah composed herself and saw Kevin looking at her with a worried look on his face.

"Nothing, Kevin. I didn't eat breakfast this morning. Hypoglycemia, I guess. Well, I have to leave now." Savannah said calmly.

Kevin looked at her. He knew it was not as simple as that, and she must have something to withhold from him.

264: They Make Me Uneasy

However, he couldn't tell what she hid.

After a while, Kevin said, "I'll take you down. You look pale,"

Savannah feared that her rejection would arouse suspicion, so she nodded. What's more, if she really fainted in the elevator, Dylan would never allow her to go out again.

They took the elevator down together.

Just as they walked out of the building, Savannah felt a pair of burning eyes staring at her. She quivered unconsciously, raising her head, and saw a silver-gray Bentley parking under a tree over the road.

The car looked familiar. It's one of Dylan's cars.

A tall and slim figure stood beside the car door, glaring at her with cold eyes.

Savannah was struck dumb; she did not expect Dylan would personally come to JK to pick her up.

No. Obviously, he came to supervise her, in case she and Kevin were too close to each other, right?!

She didn't know what he was thinking when she saw them walking out together.

Bad luck.

While she was still considering how she should carry off the situation, Dylan strode across the street and walked towards her. The displeasure on his face was more obvious when he faced her. Before Savannah knew, he quickly pulled her closer to him and darted a hostile glance at Kevin.

"It's so kind of you to send Savannah out, Mr. Wills." His tone was too polite and quiet.

Kevin had experienced Dylan's possessive attitude towards Savannah, and he did not want to make Savannah embarrassed. "Savannah was a little dizzy after taking photos, so I sent her downstairs. Nice to see you coming, Mr. Sterling." Then he turned to Savannah. "I go upstairs first, and... I'll take care of that."

Savannah knew that Kevin meant Olivia's case. She nodded, with a wave of her hand, "okay, see you, Kevin, brother."

Then she sighed with relief. Every time the two men met, she would be nervous.

After Kevin walked into the building and disappeared behind the glass door, Savannah turned around and saw Dylan staring at her with steely eyes.

"W...what's up?" she stammered.

Was he displeased that Kevin walked her down the stairs?

Dylan took two steps closer, looking down at her, and tilted her head up. "I said you couldn't work in this situation. Dizzy? Let's go to the hospital."

Savannah was relieved. He was not angry. "No," she said, "I just had a little bit of hypoglycemia, and I'm fine now."

"Be good," Dylan frowned, if he had known she was so weak, he wouldn't have let her go to work today.

"Don't bother. I'm really fine. Didn't Jacob say that pregnant women shouldn't always go to the hospital? I'll go when I feel sick again." Savannah said helplessly.

Dylan studied her face, and she looked good now.

"What did Kevin mean by saying he would take care of that?" Dylan suddenly asked.

Savannah's heart missed a beat, and she clenched her hands subconsciously. Was Dylan a fox? He noticed everything!

"Nothing. Just about work. Let's go back! I'm hungry!" Savannah said calmly and walked to his car.

Dylan said nothing more. He took her hand and got in the Bentley.

* * *

A few days later, Savannah received a phone call from Kevin.

Kevin had sent someone to check on the movements of Valerie before she got pregnant.

Before Valerie was taken back to Devin's house, she went to a bar one day and had a fight with a barmaid named Monica, who seemed to have an affair with Devin. Of course, Valerie quarreled with Monica, calling her shameless, but she had not gone well and was beaten up by that Monica.

Savannah organized her thoughts.

According to Valerie's pregnancy month, she should have gotten pregnant just after having an argument with Monica.

Maybe... from Monica, she could track down the real father of Valerie's baby?

"Kevin brother, thank you. I got it." Savannah breathed a sigh of relief and felt one step closer to the truth.

"Savannah, what do you have in mind? Will you go to Monica?" Kevin knew her personality too well.

Savannah didn't hide her thoughts from Kevin, "well, I'm going to ask Monica for more information and see if I can find out the man who made Valerie pregnant."

Kevin was a bit uneasy, "Savannah, that barmaid is not simple, and you'd better not go there alone. What's more, I think the man who has an affair with your cousin is not a good egg. It's not safe for you to find him alone. Does Dylan know? Haven't you told him yet?"

"It's okay, Kevin. Don't worry." How could she say that to Dylan? If he knew it, he would stop her immediately!

"That's it. Thank you, Kevin brother. Bye!" said Savannah, before Kevin could offer more advice.

She hung up the phone and walked down the stairs.

"Judy, I'm a little bored. Would you mind going for a walk with me?" Savannah said to Judy sweetly.

These days, she behaved very well in front of Dylan. At least, she didn't cry to abort the baby.

Besides, she was a little weak after being grounded a few days, so Dylan was not that strict with her now.

If she wanted to go out, it was okay as long as Judy or the bodyguards were beside her.

Judy called the driver and accompanied her out of the villa.

Some bodyguards were also following behind them in another car.

Savannah asked the driver to go to a park not far away from the bar Monica was working.

"Judy, I'm a little thirsty," said Savannah when they almost arrived at the park.

"Fine, let's stop here," Judy said to the driver, "I saw a café across the street."

After the driver pulled the car, Judy and Savannah got off. Behind them, the bodyguards also climbed out of their car.

Glancing back at the bodyguards, Savannah frowned. She couldn't let them follow her, otherwise, it would be difficult for her to sneak into the bar.

"Judy, let's have a drink in the café," Savannah gently shook Judy's hand, "I don't want them to follow us. They make me uneasy!"

265: There Was No Clue

Melted by her girly appearance, Judy, without hesitation, agreed and asked the bodyguards to wait for them outside.

The bodyguards nodded. They stood in place and watched Judy walking into a café with Miss Schultz.

In the café, Judy ordered a glass of fresh fruit juice suitable for pregnant women. After a few sips, Savannah said that she needed to go to the washroom.

"Let me go with you," said Judy, not willing to leave her alone.

Savannah shook her head, "I will go myself. I'm not that weak. Just wait for me here, okay?"

"But..." Judy was still worried.

Savannah smiled bitterly, "Judy, are you afraid that I will find a way to abort the child? Don't worry, I dare not give Dylan a chance to punish you and Garwood like that again."

Judy knew she had behaved much better these days, so she didn't say anything more.

Savannah left her seat, walking out from the back door of the café. The street was filled with bars, cafés, and restaurants. The bar where Monica worked was very near.

She walked over to the door of the bar and dialed the number Kevin gave her.

A few minutes later, a hot sexy woman with long-wave hair teetered out in high-heeled shoes. She squinted at Savannah, "Who are you? What do you want to see me about?"

"I want to ask you about something. Please tell me all the details." Savannah knew that this woman was Devin's previous lover, Monica, who had quarreled with Valerie before. She would try to get information from her.

"Ooh, it sounds funny. Why should I answer your question?" Monica hissed, but before her voice had died away, her eyes grew wide!

Savannah pulled out several bills, waving them in front of her. "What about it? Are you willing to answer my queries if I'll pay you?"

Monica took the money, stuffed it in her bra, and said, "Okay, go ahead."

"Did Devin's wife come to you a few months ago?"

Monica frowned, and soon remembered, "Ah, yeah, that crazy woman made a scene here a few months ago, crying that I robbed her husband. Ha! Devin doesn't like her at all! She's nothing in his eyes even without me!" said Monica sarcastically.

"And then? What happened after that? Where did she go?" Savannah had a feeling that Valerie had a one-night stand after she left here.

"How do I know where she went? I just gave her a lesson but didn't follow her!" said Monica lazily.

"I advise you to think it over." Savannah looked at Monica.

Monica paused and thought for a while, "I really had no idea where she went. But two hours later, when I sent a guest out of the bar, I saw her coming out from Hot Bird across the street. Her face red and her hair was messy. I guess she got herself drunk in a bad mood."

Hot Bird is on the same street? Hot Bird again!

Savannah was surprised.

Valerie might have an affair with another man in Hot Bird and become pregnant...

Perhaps the man was a staff or a regular caller of Hot Bird!

After talking with Monica, Savannah hurried back to the café.

Judy was about to look for Savannah when she saw her finally come back. She sighed with relief, "Savannah, let's go back to the car."

Savannah turned her head and looked in the direction of Hot Bird. She knew that it was impossible to continue to investigate today, but it was great progress to come to this step. She nodded and left with Judy.

Savannah had been thinking about how to go to Hot Bird secretly.

Of course, she couldn't go with Judy following her.

This day, Dylan called and said he had a business dinner with a client from Europe, and he wouldn't come back to Beverly Hills. Savannah knew her chance came.

After dinner, Savannah deliberately said that she was tired and went to bed early. She knew that as soon as she went to sleep, all the servants in the villa would relax and let their guard down.

After a while, when the house became dark and completely quiet, Savannah jumped out of bed, put on comfortable clothes, and tiptoed quietly down the stairs. She slipped out of the postern door of the villa.

Savannah stopped a taxi and headed for Hot Bird.

There was little traffic on the road late at night. The taxi drove very fast and soon stopped at the bar.

The bar was noisy, crowded at this hour, and the music had started, so there was a large crowd on the dance floor.

Savannah made her way to the bar and sat on a high chair, taking a breath at the noise.

There was no clue. Where should she start?

It seemed that she could only try her luck.

Savannah took her cell phone and showed Valerie's picture with the staff and some young men who looked like regular customers. However, they all said that they had never met Valerie. Nothing had been found out, and she almost was entangled by some womanizers who tried to chat up with her.

When Savannah finally gave those men the slip, she hurried on and accidentally bumped into someone.

"Sorry!" Savannah looked up and saw a man looking rascally in front of her.

The man opened his small eyes wide when he saw Savannah clearly. He looked like the hungry hound got wind of the game. "It doesn't matter, sweetie. I was too careless to bump into you. How can I let a beautiful young lady apologize?"

The girl in front of him looked only 20 years old, wearing a camel-colored loose sweater dress. Her skin was white and smooth, and she looked comely and young in the dim light of the night bar. Though she dressed conservatively, the man, who was experienced in picking up women, could say that this girl had wide hips and busts under her loose dress.

Savannah frowned and was about to move past him when he blocked her way with a devil smile.

266: Are You Crazy?

"Sweetie, is this your first time coming here?" The man began to chat up with Savannah, "I know this place very well. I'm Mike. Would you like to play with me?"

"Do you know the place well?" Savannah paused, looking at him.

"Sure," Mike said at once, "I come here almost every day."

Savannah hurriedly took out her phone and showed Valerie's picture to the man, "have you ever seen this woman?"

Mike glanced at Valerie's photo on the screen and raised his eyebrows.

This woman looked so familiar.

Wait... wasn't she...

Savannah's heart was beating fast when she saw Mike changed color. She had a feeling that the man must have seen her cousin, no, maybe more than that. She immediately asked, "you know her?"

Mike rubbed his chin in quiet deliberation, narrowing his eyes. "Who are you? Why do you ask about her?"

Savannah slightly frowned, "if you have met her, please tell me."

"It's not convenient to talk here. Why don't we go to the box first?" Mike said with his evil smile.

Savannah sensed his malicious intentions, but she had no other choice.

At that moment, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen.

Dylan!

Savannah took a breath. Did he return to Beverly Hills and found her not at home?

She asked Mike to wait for her and went to a quiet place in the back hallway.

"Hi?" She answered the phone with terror.

"Are you asleep?" Dylan's voice was flat and toneless.

Savannah was relieved. It seemed that he was still in the company. "Yeah...I've gone to bed. That's what you called about?" She said calmly.

"Well, I heard that you haven't been sleeping these days easily. Is the baby steady today?"

She bit her lip, "hmm... he's good. I feel sleepy. You can go back to work."

Dylan was silent for a moment and hung up.

Savannah put her phone into her pocket and went back to Mike.

"Sweetie, who called? It's not your boyfriend pushing you back, is it?!" Mike bantered lazily.

"No. Let's go in." Savannah frowned slightly. She must get the information from the man's mouth as soon as possible and went back.

They entered a box.

Once seated, Savannah opened her mouth, "can you tell me now?"

"Be patient, sweetie," Mike called a waiter and ordered several bottles of liquor. He poured two glasses for himself and Savannah and handed her a glass with a smile, "we can talk slowly after two glasses."

Savannah looked at the glass of wine and then glanced at her belly. "No, tell me what you know. Don't play tricks, or I will go." She refused.

Yes, she always wanted to give up the baby, but this time, she refused to drink because she was afraid of hurting the baby.

Mike frowned and then felt more interested in this difficult girl. He moved nearer to her, "Okay, I tell you. The woman in this picture..." he smiled insignificantly and said with pride, "a few months ago, we had sex here."

Mike was a notorious womanizer, and he had had one-night stands with many women. That woman was in rich apparel and looked young and beautiful, so she made a deep impression on him.

Although Savannah had expected the answer, she was still shocked and remained speechless for a while. Then she looked at Mike coldly, "really? You're not talking big, are you?"

Mike gazed at Savannah unhappily. "Why should I tell a lie? This woman was supple but strong. Oh yeah, I remember that she has a tiny pole on her left breast!"

Savannah had lived in the same house with her cousin for several years. Of course, she also knew that Valerie had a mole on her breast. When she heard this, she could confirm that the man did not lie. Then she asked the date, which turned out to be the same day Valerie quarreled with Monica.

According to Valerie's pregnancy months, that day did coincide with her conception day.

It was supposed that Valerie had a one-night stand in Hot Bird with this Mike after being beaten by Monica.

The real father of the baby in Valerie, not surprisingly, was the man in front of her.

She couldn't help but say to Mike, "please do me a favor."

"What?" Mike frowned

"Prove to the police that you had a one-night stand with this woman a few months ago." Then Valerie would have the motive to push Olivia down the stairs.

Mike was not a fool, he understood immediately. The girl in front of him probably had something to do with the woman in the photo.

"Am I crazy?" He laughed, "what's in it for me? We are now strangers to each other, and I don't want to offend the one who had a one-night stand with me! It does me no good, and it'll affect my reputation. Who dares to sleep with me after that?"

"How much do you want, just say a number!" Savannah sniffed. Would such a pundit care about fame?

Mike saw that she was very urgent, knowing that it must be very important to her. He rolled his eyes and leaned over, whispering to her ear, "I don't want money. I can help you as long as you spend one night with me..."

This girl was a real tootsie. It must be a wonderful experience to have sex with her.

Savannah pushed him away and rose quickly. She knew there's no more talk between them, and she had to leave now. Anyway, she had found the man who had a one-night stand with Valerie, and it was big progress.

She turned around without hesitation, walking to the door.

But how could Mike let her go easily? In a big stride, he came to the door and locked it!

"What are you doing? This is a public place. Are you crazy?" Savannah's face changed. She stared coldly at the drunk man in front of her.

"It's not a public place when the door is closed, sweetie. You asked me so many questions, shouldn't you pay something?" Mike moved closer to her.

"Help! Anyone?" Savannah knocked hard on the door as she shouted loudly. But it was noisy outside, and no one could hear her crying in the box. Even if someone heard, they might think the man and the woman were playing.

Mike felt more excited when he heard her crying for help. He swallowed and then rushed to catch her.

267: You Know What You Did

Savannah moved quickly to dodge Mike, who only caught the hem of her dress. With a sudden jerk, he tore her shirt-like garment apart, and her pregnant tummy appeared in front of his eyes!

Mike was amazed. He stopped and spat, "damn, you're pregnant?"

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief and held the torn garment in place, hurrying towards the door. Mike recovered and took two more steps to drag her back.

"What do you want? I'm pregnant!" Savannah shot him a venomous glance as she struggled hard.

"Oh, I've never fucked pregnant women! Today is the day to have a try." Mike rubbed a hand to her soft cheek and then pulled her to him with another hand.

"Let me see where you can go now," said Mike with a sly grin. He held Savannah in place and lowered his head to kiss her neck, but before he could touch her skin, Savannah got her knees up and hit the vital part between his legs with all her strength!

"Ah--" Mike shrieked and jumped up with his hands covering there!

Savannah pushed him away and ran to the door of the box again.

"Damn you, bitch, you want to leave after you kicked me? In your dreams!"

Her kicking brought out his worst temper! He fought off the pain and ran to draw her back by pulling her hair!

Being seized by her ponytail, Savannah fell in Mike's arms with her beautiful hair falling across her back.

Before Savannah could move, she was thrown to the big sofa! Mike laughed when she saw her staring at him in terror, her white face and panic expression made Mike more excited.

He moved slowly to the little woman and was about to tear her clothes when the door of the box was knocked on heavily!

Savannah immediately began to cry, "Help! Anybody! Help!"

Mike quickly covered Savannah's mouth. "We don't need wine or any service!" shouted Mike impatiently, and he thought it was just a waiter.

The knock on the door stopped for a moment, and then, with a boom, the door opened with a heavy kick!

A black tall figure strode in. He looked purple with rage, and his eyes were turning dark. He seemed to be a deity coming straight from the infernal regions, and no one would be surprised if he killed the man who pressed Savannah on the sofa at once. Mike was still gaping when Dylan picked him up, threw him to the ground, and swung his fist down, again and again.

Savannah gasped and sat straighten up. Dylan came!

At the door stood two bodyguards.

Both of them knew how furious Mr. Sterling was at the moment, and of course, they did not disturb him. They just stood silently at the door and let Mr. Sterling vent his anger himself.

Mr. Sterling had learned Thai boxing and military sports boxing, and it's quite easy for him to handle a small gangster.

The blows made Mike's head swim, and his ears ring. When he slowly came to his senses, he reflexively grabbed a beer bottle on the table next to him and hit Dylan's head --

Savannah exclaimed, only to see that Dylan readily responded and gripped Mike's wrist and twisted. Mike uttered a shriek of pain, and the bottle fell to the ground from his distorted hand.

Then he repeated his kicks and blows on him.

Mike had no strength to fight back at all. He cried and begged for mercy because of pain, but Dylan replied with another hit sock in his nose.

After the last blow, Mike spat blood, collapsed to the ground, and passed out. Dylan stood up straight and turned to Savannah on the sofa.

His eyes were still framed with anger. Savannah knew he must be very angry at herself at the moment, but he wouldn't give her a good beating.

Before she could say anything, Dylan stepped over, took off his coat, and wrapped her in it. Then he picked her up and walked out of the box.

Curling up in his arms and feeling his anger, Savannah did not dare to move or ask why he arrived in time.

She made a blunder. She secretly investigated Olivia's case in spite of his order, and sneaked into the bar in the middle of the night, and was almost taken advantage of by a hooligan...

Everything was inexcusable.

The more silent he was, the more frightened Savannah became. She knew this was the lull before the storm. Maybe she should take the initiative to admit mistakes rather than waiting for his punishment...

Everything around them quieted down when Dylan walked out of the bar. Holding her in his arms, Dylan ordered the bodyguard to drive the car over.

Taking a deep breath, Savannah held him closer round the neck and bit her lip before she murmured, "Dylan... I'm sorry... I know, I shouldn't keep this from you..."

Dylan looked forward into the dark, sullenly. He remained silent for a long time.

Finally, he lowered his handsome face, which was colder than the moonlight, staring at her. He opened his mouth with an ironic smile. "You know what you are doing, and you know you are pregnant, don't you?"

"I know... But you don't allow me to investigate Olivia's case. I couldn't stand to see her lying in the hospital... Every time I think of Olivia, I felt guilty that she has become this because of me! I can't eat or sleep well... I found a clue days before, but I'm afraid you would stop me again, so I have to investigate it privately..." She dared not look into his eyes but lowered her head, waiting for his punishment.

She knew she had gone too far this time.

She would not be surprised even if he used the most severe means to punish her.

However, he just wrapped his suit around her a bit tighter.

She looked up and saw Dylan's fierce eyes staring at her.

"Even if I don't allow you to investigate, you should tell me when you found new clues." He said dryly.

"What if you confine me in the house again after you know that I keep investigating the case?" muttered Savannah.

"So, you'd rather ask Kevin for help?" a mocking voice asked, full of sour envy.

She chose Kevin, not him, her baby's father, when she needed the help most.

Obviously, Kevin's position in her mind was much higher than his.

"H-h-how do you know..." Savannah stammered.

"Kevin knows that you're coming to the bar tonight. He's afraid you might run into danger, so he called me." Dylan stared at the little woman in his arms with a sneer.

Savannah was in a daze. That was to say, when he phoned her and asked if she had slept just now, he already knew she was in the bar, and probably he was on the way here.

What really annoyed him was not that she sneaked out to investigate Olivia's case, but she'd rather ask Kevin for help than ask him...

"You two are really close." His tone was colder.

268: What's Troubling You?

The little woman had planned to ask her Kevin brother for help when she said that she must go to JK for pickup photography that day. After she got more clues from Kevin, she sneaked out to the bar tonight for further investigation.

Savannah tried to defend herself, but the bodyguard had already driven the car over.

Dylan didn't say anything more. He asked the driver to open the rear door and put her in, and then he went around to the front passenger seat and slammed the door.

Savannah gasped. Dylan must be very angry at her; otherwise, he wouldn't sit in the front seat alone.

"Sir, your hand..." The bodyguard screamed in surprise in the driver's seat. It seemed that he found something wrong with Dylan.

Leaning forward, Savannah saw that there were some blood marks on the back of Dylan's right hand. Was he hurt by the broken glass?

The beer bottle was broken into pieces after falling down from Mike's hand, and Dylan hurt himself when Mike struggled roughly in the fight.

Dylan took one look at his hand, "I'm all right."

"Shall I drive you to the hospital to get it bandaged, sir? Looks serious, and what if you get a lockjaw..." the bodyguard advised.

"No." Dylan's face was clouded, and his tone was a little annoyed. He was in no mood to go to the hospital now.

"Dylan... you'd better go to the hospital..." Savannah said weakly in the back seat.

Anyway, he was hurt for her.

Dylan's eyes flickered with sarcasm when he heard her voice. "If you really care about me, don't cause others trouble again! Drive!" He said coldly without turning back.

The bodyguard had to start the engine.

Savannah rolled her eyes, suddenly bent and covered her belly, looking as if in pain, "oh..."

"What's up, Miss Schultz?" The bodyguard exclaimed when he saw how Savannah looked in the rear mirror.

Dylan turned around, and his face changed too. "What's wrong?"

"I... my belly hurts..." Savannah did well in acting, and she began to squirm on the seat.

Dylan ordered the bodyguard to stop. He got out of the car, opened the rear door, and climbed in. "What's troubling you?" He looked at her nervously.

"It's only a tummy ache..." Savannah mumbled.

"Oh, the unborn child..." whispered the bodyguard, sounding worried.

"Hospital!" Dylan immediately ordered.

"Yes, sir." The bodyguard started the car right away.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief when she got what she wanted.

The car whirled down the street. Savannah continued to pretend sickness with her hands covering her belly. After a short while, Dylan pulled her into his arms with his big hands and made her sit on his lap.

"Dylan..." Savannah gasped, looking up at him.

"You'll feel warmer in this way." He was looking out the window at the night view of the city, and his eyes were still cold.

Savannah bit her lip and huddled herself in his arms quietly.

There was little traffic, so they made good time on their trip to the hospital.

Dylan walked into the hospital with Savannah in his arms. Having received advance notice, two nurses were already waiting at the door. They helped Savannah to the examination as soon as Dylan put her down.

After Savannah was pushed in, the bodyguard came forward and said, "Sir, please go to the hospital and have your hand dressed."

Dylan began to feel the pain in his hand. He looked down at his hand and finally walked into an emergency room.

Jacob was on duty tonight. When he heard that Savannah was sent to the examination room, he specially came to her and asked the doctor about her condition.

After a while, Savannah finished the examination and walked out in the company of the nurse and Jacob.

On the corridor of the hospital, Dylan sat upright on a bench, closing his eyes for a res. He looked tired.

Savannah sighed with relief when she saw the wound on his hand had been bound up. She walked over and said softly, "Dylan."

Dylan was not asleep. He immediately opened his eyes and stood up when he heard Savannah's voice. Then he saw Jacob, "how is Savannah?"

"She's fine. The baby's all right too." Jacob walked to him.

"Fine? She looked in pain just now. Did you find the cause? Would you like to check again? Or should she be hospitalized for observation?" Dylan wasn't convinced.

Jacob laughed. Dylan was always coolly self-possessed, but he became a little irrational in front of Savannah. Was it because he concerned Savannah too much? "Savannah's really okay, and you look much worse than her. Look at your hand!"

Savannah busily nodded, "I'm much better. I was just too nervous just now..."

Dylan frowned, looking at Savannah's ruddy face, and he guessed immediately. The little woman deliberately let him go to the hospital to dress his wound up by appearing sick.

He cooled down a little.

Since she tried this means to let him go to the hospital, she cared for him sincerely, right?

It seemed that he was not that bad in her eyes compared to Kevin.

Thinking of this, Dylan's face relaxed. He took Savannah's hand with his left hand. "Then let's go back. You should not stay in the hospital for too long."

Jacob was speechless. Didn't he just want Savannah to stay here for further observation? Now he became very anxious to leave!

Savannah waved good-bye to Jacob and left the hospital with Dylan.

They were standing at the gate of the hospital, waiting for the bodyguard to take the car.

"Don't think you can get away with your mistake by flattering me," Dylan said dryly as he tipped back her head.

Savannah looked into his dark eyes in surprise. Did he know it?

"From today on, you can only say to me when you have any trouble. I'm your man, and I'm the father of the baby in your tummy. Remember?" Dylan ordered coldly and wrapped her with his coat.

"Yes. I remember." Savannah replied softly.

Just then, the bodyguard pulled the car up to them. Dylan was about to lead her into the car when Savannah stopped and ventured to ask,

"Now that Kevin has contacted you, you should have known that the baby in Valerie's belly is not Devin's. The little gangster in the box is the man who had a one-night stand with Valerie and made Valerie pregnant... I want the man to denounce Valerie, can I?"

She felt that he seemed to be in a better mood, so she told him what she planned next and asked for his permission.

Under the cold moonlight, Dylan slowly turned and stared at her. "No way."

"Why?" Savannah didn't expect him to say no, "I've found out that man. Why can't I denounce Valerie?"

"Because it's useless," Dylan said sarcastically.

269: He's So Freaking Hot

"Useless?" Savannah stood there as if in a trance.

"If you expose Valerie with that man, you can only prove that Valerie cheated Devin in marriage. She might be abandoned by the Sterling family because of that, but it could not prove Valerie attempted murder, which resulted in Olivia's serious injury." Dylan explained slowly.

Savannah clenched her fingers firmly, depressed, and frustrated.

That's right—Dylan's right.

She turned her face up and said, "at least she had a motive for killing Olivia! I'd still expose her! It's better than nothing!"

"Don't act rashly," said Dylan, coldly.

"What do you think I should do next?" Savannah was not easily discouraged.

"I'll arrange it. Don't do anything now." Dylan ordered.

Savannah felt quite angry when she saw him extremely calm. She didn't think he would help her, and maybe he was just playing for time.

Don't act rashly? Olivia wasn't his friend, and her status was none of his business. Of course, he was not worried.

Now she had clearly identified the key information. How could she really do nothing?

But she didn't dare to complain...

He was furious with her for her secret investigations these days and the danger she was in today.

She had coaxed him into a better mood, and at least, he would not punish anybody.

If she continued to be stubborn and work against him, she might have trouble if he was really annoyed.

Thinking of this, she bit her lip and said nothing.

* * *

It was almost 1 a.m. when they were back in Beverly Hills.

Judy was standing at the door, waiting for Mr. Sterling to bring Savannah back. After she received a phone call from Mr. Sterling and found that Savannah had sneaked out, she felt so bad that she couldn't sleep again.

At the moment she saw Savannah follow Dylan off the car, she finally relieved, rushing down the steps, "thank god, Savannah, where did you go in the middle of the night? You frightened me out of my mind!"

Savannah was a little guilty when she saw Judy's face white with fear, "Judy, I'm sorry."

"It's okay, good to see you back!" Judy didn't ask much. Then her gaze fell on Dylan, and she exclaimed, "what happened to your hand, Mr. Sterling?"

"Nothing," Dylan said flatly as if his hand was just bitten by a mosquito.

"How could it be nothing? It's bandaged up like this! Looks serious! Blood? How did you take care of Mr. Sterling?" Judy scolded the bodyguards behind Dylan when she found that Dylan's sleeve was stained with blood.

Since Judy came to Beverly Hills to work for Dylan, she had never seen Mr. Sterling hurt so badly. Even if he met danger, the bodyguards should step forward to fight for him!

"Mr. Sterling's hand was cut by broken glass. We've just gone to the hospital, and the doctor said it's a minor injury." One of the bodyguards explained.

"How can it be a minor injury? Oh, even minor injury was tetanus-prone!" Judy was more worried.

Savannah looked at the back of Dylan's dressed hand, a little ashamed.

From Judy's surprised look, she knew Dylan had been well off since he was a child, and he should have always been protected closely.

But now, such a delicate man lost blood for her.

Oh, no, not just this time, and last time, when she was going to jump out of the window, he rescued her and twisted his arm. He was not badly hurt, and Judy didn't find it, or... she might be more anxious.

For a moment, Savannah felt that she was a femme fatale.

"Not so much." Dylan sensed the low spirit of the little woman beside him and thought she was tired. He took her hand and pushed her gently to Judy, "take her to her room and help her change her clothes. She needs to sleep now."

Judy took Savannah into the house and up the stairs.

After returning to the room, Judy prepared hot water in the bathroom and helped Savannah have a good bath. After the bath, Savannah put on a bathrobe and climbed onto her bed.

Judy dimmed the light in the bedroom and left. Though Savannah kept on her toes tonight, she was not sleepy at all sitting on the bed. After a while, she got out of her bed and opened the door, looking at the master bedroom.

The door to his room stood ajar, with an occasional ray of light escaping through the crack of it.

He would stay here tonight.

Suddenly it came to her that his hand was injured and it couldn't touch the water. He must have problems with taking a bath.

It was not even convenient for him to change clothes...

Dylan didn't like the servants to help him with his personal services.

She moved to the master bedroom and looked through the crack of the door. Dylan was going to have a shower and was undressing. But obviously, it's a little hard for him to take off the shirt with one hand.

Savannah pushed the door in, walked to his back, and helped him to pull his shirt up.

Dylan turned and looked at her, and his eyes flared momentarily in surprise.

Savannah flushed under his eyes and pretended not to see. He was too tall for her to pull his shirt over his head. "Squat down a little..." she pushed him gently and urged.

Dylan's eyes softened, like the moody light, and made the room warm and romantic. He slightly bent down as she asked, and his tone was sexy and appealing, "babe, it's your first time taking the initiative to take off my clothes."

Savannah blushed again when she heard his meaningful words. Biting her lips, she squirmed uncomfortably, "do you still want me to help you? Or you want to do it yourself?"

She wouldn't have bothered to help him if he hadn't been hurt because of her!

He stayed still and didn't move anymore.

After taking off his clothes, Savannah took a breath as she surreptitiously admired his physique. He was firm... strong. He's so freaking hot. His dark copper hair was a mess, and his gray eyes were bold and dazzling. She watched him, yearning to reach out and stroke his chest, but she contained herself.

He stood in front of her, confident, sexy, eyes blazing, and her heart began to pound. Though his boxer were not off, she could imagine the size of his erection behind them...

Savannah's breath hitched. She wanted to leave, but she couldn't look away...

She could forgive herself for wanting him right now. Anyway, he was such a perfect man...

After a long while, Dylan's playful voice was heard, "Does what you see, please you?"

270: Take His Briefs Off

Savannah hurriedly turned her gaze and played dumb, "What? I don't know what you mean!"

Dylan raised his eyebrows, "then continue."

"Continue to... What?" Her eyes widened.

"Take my briefs off."

"What? No!" Savannah waved her hands in a hurried manner.

"I want to take a shower. How can I do that without taking off briefs?"

Savannah held back the urge to roll her eyes and began to regret her own meddling. Why come in to take off clothes for him?

Forget it, just do a good deed! Savannah sighed.

Trying not to look at his hips, she reached over and felt for the front of his briefs and pulled them down.

Dylan narrowed his eyes and deliberately moved closer to her. Savannah felt her fingers touch some hot thing, which almost made her scream, and she withdrew her hand immediately.

Dylan once again tried to take advantage of her!

She bit her lip and hurriedly threw a towel to him, "well, you now can go in to take a shower!"

Dylan wrapped the small towel around his waist, covering the essentials, and he looked at her with a meaningful smile, "my hand's injured, and it can't get wet. Don't you help me wash?"

"Dylan! You've gone too far! It's not my duty to help you, and why not call a maid in? What's more, I'm now pregnant! Do you have the heart to let a pregnant woman wash you?" Savannah was scared, and she was afraid that he might want sex by this excuse.

However, he didn't insist, and he went into the bathroom alone.

Savannah was relieved and about to leave when she heard the sound of flowing water from the bathroom. She could not help but walk to the bathroom door, looking inside.

She swore that she didn't want to see him naked... but only wanted to see how he bathed. After all, he couldn't use his hands well right now.

In the bathroom, the bath was slowly filling with water. Dylan stepped into the bath and lay back; one of his handheld on the edge of the tub while his other hand was dabbing lotion on his body.

It was too inconvenient for him to wash with one hand, especially that he couldn't touch his back at all.

Savannah consciously pushed the door in, "your hand cannot get wet. Be careful!" Then she felt a little regret. She had just refused to help him, how could she come back again! This man must scoff her in his heart!

Dylan didn't laugh at her. He seemed to have expected that she would not be cruel to leave him alone. "You come to help me?" he asked as he glanced at the towel.

Savannah bit her lip. "I'll ask Judy to call a servant to help you..."

He frowned and refused, "no."

She paused and had to move slowly to him, sit behind him, and wash his back with a hot towel.

Dylan felt her soft little hands moving on the tight muscles of his back, so comfortable that he began to direct her hand.

"Well, down there..."

"Hmm, more pressure... Didn't you eat enough?"

"A little further down, don't you understand?"

Savannah found herself suddenly very short of breath. Didn't he take advantage of herself again? She could only blame herself for presenting the opportunity to him! Then she comforted herself, just once. Just this once.

She scrubbed his back like flour to vent her anger.

Dylan's brow furrowed, "you rubbed too hard. Don't you know how to wash?"

"Didn't you say 'more pressure'?" She raised her red lip innocently.

"Too much pressure," Dylan said dryly. The little cat did it on purpose!

"I'm sorry, I'm not a professional masseuse, and I don't know the right pressure. If you mind, I will go out..." Savannah continued to anger him.

But before she finished, she was grasped on her wrist by him, pulled, and unexpectedly fell into his arms!

The water rose as she splashed into the bath!

Before Savannah could recover from the shock, she was completely wet! The thin nightdress on her became almost transparent, and her body inside the dress could be clearly seen!

Dylan smiled maliciously, holding her tightly in his arms, "maybe it's more convenient for you to wash in this position."

As she came to her senses, she turned red with shame and anger and began to struggle, "let me out! Dylan!"

Though she had been pregnant with his child, she was still like a little virgin, and even having a bath with him could make her so embarrassed.

He held her in his arms gently but firmly, whispering in her ears, "you are wet yourself... let's wash together before you go out."

She blushed, her neck burning, and she finally gave up the struggle.

His right hand can't touch the water, and it would get wet if she reacted violently.

She spent more than an hour and finally finished washing him. Before he rose, she hurriedly climbed out of the bath, wiped herself with a dry towel, and got back to her room.

Shortly after Savannah left, the door was knocked on.

"Come in." Dylan replied.

Garwood pushed the door in and stood still. "I've checked the man as you ordered. His name is Mike, and he's a popular randy man in that area. Several months ago, when Valerie got drunk in Hot Bird, he took her into a box and had sex with her."

Dylan's eyes darkened. The little woman was right in her investigation. This Mike was the real father of the baby in Valerie.

"Do you want us to give that fucking rascal a good lesson?" Garwood asked tentatively.

Although Mike had been beaten within an inch of his life by Mr. Sterling, he offended Miss Schultz, and according to Mr. Sterling's temper, it was absolutely impossible for him to let the man off easily.

"No." Dylan didn't think about it for long.

"No?" Garwood was a bit surprised.

"Let him go, and let him know Valerie's identity." He couldn't make Valerie alert. It's not bad if the man could make trouble for Valerie.

Garwood didn't doubt Mr. Sterling's decision. He nodded and left.

Rosemount Villa.

Valerie was lying on the sofa watching the TV series. Her belly was growing bigger, and she had been staying in the villa for a long time without going elsewhere.

A maid was cutting fresh fruit besides her and occasionally handed her a slice of cut fruit respectfully.