

Midnight 28

She Had A Fever

"Hmm..." She murmured, lifting her head. Both her hands were tied with towels and fixed to the wall like she'd been playing SM. This pornographic picture would make any man crazy.

This little girl! Wasn't she aware of how sexy she was in her present posture?

Dylan clenched his teeth, pulled the basin off her head, and untied the towels around her wrist, "Savannah! Get up!"

When her wrists were freed, it seemed the last of her strength had been drained, and her whole body slipped into the bathtub --

His brow furrowed. He quickly picked her up and found that she was cold and stiff all over, but her forehead was hot. She had a fever.

Falling into his warm arms, she comfortably moaned and instinctively held tightly to his body and wrapped her frozen arms around his waist to absorb heat from him, just like a pathetic, trampled little girl. He pulled her wet clothes off.

Savannah woke up at the coolness, "Stop it... What are you doing..." She had been punished by him once already, she apologized, couldn't he let her off?

"Hush. Do you think I would be interested in a sick girl?" He whipped out a clean towel and wiped her dry.

Savannah was ashamed but too weak to struggle. Her skin was feeling like it was being burned all over and more profound, her muscles ached with soreness that crippled her. She could not even lift a finger as she watched him wiping her and finally set her heart at rest and closed her eyes again.

After drying, he threw down the towel, carried her straight back into the bedroom, put her in the big bed, and wrapped a white blanket around her. He walked out of the bedroom, standing on the stairs, and cried, "Judy!"

Judy was busy preparing breakfast in the kitchen when she heard Dylan and quickly ran to the bottom of the stairs. "Morning, Mr. Sterling. What can I do for you?" She blushed at Dylan's half-naked chest in the robe and the half-opened door of the bedroom behind him. Last night, Mr. Sterling told her to go back to the workers' room for an early rest and stay in the room no matter what happened. And she did hear Savannah's crying and struggling against Dylan last night...

"Go to get some antipyretic." He ordered.

Judy was shocked. What the hell had they been doing to get her sick? She didn't say anymore and fetched the medicine for Dylan.

Dylan took medicine and went back to the bedroom. The girl in the bed was silent.

The warmth and fragrance of the blanket made Savannah thoroughly relaxed and asleep. She curled up in the bed like a fetus sleeping in the mother's womb. Her tender lips moved as if to talk in a dream; "Mom... "

The word caused a wave of emotion to sweep through his heart.

Garwood had told him that her mother had disappeared before her father died, and it was said that her mother had abandoned her and her father and ran away with another man.

The chill in his eyes disappeared, "Get up and take medicine."

Savannah didn't respond. It seemed nothing would now stir her from her slumber.

He frowned, sat down on the bed, and picked her up.

She was still unconscious, just like a lazy piggy, turning over and grabbing him around his waist, and groaned, "mom... "

His face froze, and he touched her forehead-it seemed to be hotter. He ground the antipyretics into powder with a spoon and poured them into her mouth. With a mouthful of water, he leaned over; his mouth found her lips, parted her teeth, and sent the water in through his tongue.

"Um..." She groaned as she felt something stroking her tongue. She tried to drive away the man's breath filling in her mouth but failed.

It was only when the medicine was pushed by him into her throat that he had let her go. Then she drifted into a heavy sleep again.

Savannah didn't wake up until late in the afternoon. Her fever had allayed though her limbs were still sore.

The bedroom was unfamiliar, but then again, she had woken up so many times in these past few weeks that the unfamiliar had become old hat. The room was comfortably cool, the sheets tightly tucked in around her. She peeked under, glancing down at herself, and as expected, she was entirely naked. She vaguely recalled the night before; he'd undressed her, rubbed her body down, and... kissed her? No, he fed her medicine with his mouth. Why as to that? To comfort her, or did he just not want her dead so soon?

His taste was still lingering in her mouth. It was rich, sweet ambergris mingled with a hint of aftershave and the smell of tobacco. Oh my, it's intoxicating, she thought. She inhaled deeply, her cheek turning hot as if the fever came again, and she buried her head in the pillows with shame.

After a long time, Savannah calmed down and got out of bed, took one of his t-shirts from his wardrobe, and put it on. She was about to go back to his room when she paused and glanced back at his king-sized bed, turned around, and fell back into it, tumbling in the sheets. She rebel outright, no, but she could make sure he got sick as well! She was determined to infect his bed so coughed and sneezed and whipped her nose along the pillows.

The door creaked open, and a cold voice came behind her, "What are you doing?"

Savannah's heart flew into her mouth at his voice. She quickly sat up, seeing Dylan standing at the door of the bedroom. Embarrassed, Savannah stuttered, "I- I... I was just doing - nothing ... "

"Then who was rolling around in my bed? A ghost?"

"You... You must've miss seeing. I was just getting comfortable." She insisted.

"Well, at least you look well enough that you can answer back," Dylan said in a cold voice.

Remembering the night before, she bit her tongue and looked sullenly to the ground.

He went over, grasped her wrist, and pulled her out from under the blanket. He smiled breezily. The little girl was on his T-shirt. It just covers her hips and the tops of her legs. The thought of her naked body made him stiff.

Savannah did not notice the change in his attitude. She bit her lip, "I did what you asked me to do last night. Can I go now?"

He closed the bedroom door and turned the lock.