

Midnight 281

281: Baby, You Really Put Your Mother Into A Dilemma

Savannah looked at Dylan. His only competitor in the Sterling family had been exiled, and no one could contend with him now. It's not necessary for him to use the baby in her to win his father's favor...

Would he agree if she told him she didn't want to have the child now?

She nerved herself and moved her red lips, "Dylan..." Then she paused, too timid to speak.

"What's up?" He asked softly.

"I... If..." She still hesitated. What if the man got angry again?

He valued the baby much. She had not mentioned the request of aborting the child these days. Would he be annoyed if she brought it up again?

Would her relationship with him, which was temporarily calm and peaceful, worsen again?!

Dylan frowned. The little woman seemed to be troubled by something; though he had a feeling that the words she wanted to say would not please him, he still encouraged her, "say what you want."

She took a breath and was about to speak when all of a sudden, she felt the baby kicking in the belly. Savannah froze.

"What's wrong?" Dylan asked nervously when he saw her expression.

"Baby just kicked me..." She looked at him, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

It was the first time she felt the movement of the fetus, and she completely forgot what she wanted to say.

Dylan was puzzled for a moment, and then his handsome face lit with excitement. He put his hand on her belly and rubbed it softly and carefully; for an instant, he was overwhelmed by surprise and joy that he didn't know what to do.

"Here." She felt a little funny when she saw his clumsiness, caught his hands, and led him to where the baby kicked.

He breathed, feeling the movement of the new life.

Savannah, seeing his eyes excitingly stare at her belly, lowered her head, and sighed. She could not bring herself to say what was in her heart.

She never thought that the fetus could be felt to move at such a moment.

Baby, you really put your mother into a dilemma.

* * *

After that day, Dylan pampered Savannah even more as if she were cut glass. He sent more maids to Beverly Hills and hired two more full-time senior nurses who were good at taking care of pregnant women.

He knew that Savannah did not like being closely served by others, so this time, he did not arrange a second Sarah for her. Judy was still in charge of her daily life, and the nurses were there to help.

As the Vice-President of the group, Devin still had a lot of work at hand. Now he was going to go abroad, and he needed to hand it over to the deputy. In order to make sure Devin would not make more trouble before he left, Dylan spent most of his time in the company these days and did not come to Beverly Hills.

Early in the morning, Savannah woke up and got a call.

Matt's name on the screen quickened her heartbeat. Was there a sudden change in Olivia's condition? Savannah answered the phone with apprehension, "Matt?"

"Olivia woke up!" Matt's excited voice was heard immediately.

Savannah couldn't believe her ear until Matt repeated it. She hung up the phone happily and told Judy that she was going to the hospital to see Olivia.

Judy saw her looking so cheerful, knowing that she could not stop her. She looked at her belly and decided to call Dylan anyway.

Dylan was not surprised when he heard that Savannah asked to go to the hospital. He thought for a while and finally agreed, "you go with her. I'll come back later."

After hanging up the phone, Judy called the driver and went to the hospital together with Savannah.

When Savannah entered the ward, she saw Olivia sitting in bed, scrawny and weak with pillows behind her. Matt was peeling an apple in a chair by the bed, chatting with her.

"Olivia, you are finally awake!" Savannah walked towards her in high spirits.

She was really afraid that she would be happy for nothing again this time. God bless her!

Olivia looked at Savannah with a weak smile.

According to Matt, Olivia woke up early this morning. The doctor said that Olivia survived and recovered full consciousness due to her youth and good physical condition. However, she was still weak and gathered no real strength, and she would be able to leave the hospital after a period of observation.

After Savannah sat on another chair beside the bed, Olivia began to tell her what happened in Hot Bird that night. As expected, Olivia was pushed downstairs by Valerie because she found out that the baby in Valerie was not Devin's.

Savannah held Olivia's hand and was silent for a long time. She felt that she herself was the one to blame for all that Olivia had suffered. Well, luckily, Valerie had been arrested, and Olivia woke up, or she would never forgive herself.

Valerie, who attempted murders, would never escape punishment by law.

Olivia stared at Savannah with a grateful glint in her eyes. "Savannah, I know you've been moving about for me, and Valerie was caught so soon because of you and Mr. Sterling. What's more, you've paid all my medical expenses, which Matt and I can't afford at all... Thanks to Mr. Sterling, I can stay in such a good hospital and get such good treatment. After I am discharged from the hospital, I'll pay him back slowly, so as not to embarrass you."

She knew that Savannah was unwilling to accept Mr. Sterling's financial aid; otherwise, she didn't have to work as a small model after living with him. According to Mr. Sterling's power, he could recommend her whatever job she wanted. Obviously, Savannah chose to earn her own living instead of relying on a man.

Mr. Sterling helped a lot after she was injured, and she was really sorry that Savannah had to owe Dylan a big favor because of her.

"No! Don't be silly. We are best friends, aren't we? If it had not been for me, you would not have asked Valerie out and would not have been injured by her." Savannah said hurriedly.

"But... it's a great expense... I'll transfer some money to your account later, and you can give it to Dylan for me?" Olivia didn't want to take advantage of Mr. Sterling.

"No, really, I... I've paid him back." Savannah knew Olivia's character, so she had to say this.

Olivia started, "do you have enough money? No, I should give you the money first..."

Savannah put her hands on her belly quietly. With this baby, everything could be paid for.

She forced a smile and tapped Olivia on her shoulder, joking, "don't worry. I'm not short of money. If you insist, give me double when you are rich!"

282: It Can't Be A Second Reason

Olivia smiled faintly.

Matt left the ward to let them amuse themselves together, saying that he was going to ask the doctor about Olivia's post-care.

They chatted for a while.

Olivia's parents traveled from their home town to LA and would come to see her this afternoon. Fearing that Olivia would be too tired, Savannah prepared to take her to leave.

"You've just woken up and need more rest. Keep your spirits up to meet your parents in the afternoon. I'll come and see you tomorrow." As she rose and turned around, her dress flew up; Olivia's face suddenly changed, "Savannah?" She caught Savannah by her hand and stopped her suspiciously.

Savannah paused; she turned back and saw Olivia gazing at her belly.

She was still wearing a loose-fitting coat today, but Olivia sat too close to her, and she clearly noticed her tiny baby bump when she stood up.

Savannah covered her belly unconsciously, but then she knew that this movement would only bear out Olivia's suspicions, and she slowly put her hands down.

"Savannah, you are not pregnant, are you?" Olivia couldn't believe her eyes.

According to the size of her baby bump, she was at least three months pregnant...

As a model, Savannah had a small delicate shape, thin arms, and legs. If Olivia had not noticed her belly bump, she would never guess her best friend was pregnant.

What had happened to Savannah when she was in a coma?

Savannah nodded.

Olivia gulped, "but you and Dylan..."

Savannah knew what she wanted to say. She and Dylan were not married, and she was not even his girlfriend. They should have used condom at ordinary times... What did it mean for her to have an illegitimate child in her twenties? What should she do after the baby's born? Who was she at that time?

Dylan wanted a baby, so he made her pregnant, but he never planned their future for her.

Olivia was almost suffocated by the anger when she thought that her poor friend was in trouble because of a man.

Savannah patted her on the back to calm her, "Olivia, you've just woke up, and you need a good rest. Don't worry about me. Take care of yourself first."

Olivia looked worriedly at Savannah.

Savannah became her close friend after she came to LA and worked as a model. Like Savannah, she didn't have a good background and had to struggle in the model circle alone, but she had parents and relatives, and when she had to be hospitalized, at least there was a reliable lover beside her.

As for Savannah... her father died, and her mother was missing, and she was the same as an orphan; all she received was the cold treatment from her only family--her uncle and aunt, what's more, it was her cousin who seduced her fiancé away!

Finally, she met a man who could take care of her... However, this rich and powerful man never gave her a complete and healthy relationship; no matter how he petted Savannah, he was not Savannah's good choice.

But now he made Savannah pregnant?

As Savannah's best and only friend, if she did not worry about her, she was afraid that no one else could worry about her...

Olivia pressed Savannah's arm tightly, "what is Dylan's reaction?"

"He... he's very happy about my pregnancy, and he cares so much about the baby." Savannah did not lie. The man was overjoyed.

"I mean, did he promise to marry you? Or are you engaged? You're pregnant now, and he's not going to let you have a baby as an unmarried mother, is he? At least he should make your relationship public... Not yet? What are you? A surrogate mother?"

Promise to marry...

Savannah shook her head. She hadn't thought of that. She was not sure if they were in a relationship.

Olivia gulped, "so he didn't even think about going steady with you? Does he just need your belly? Come on! Dylan Sterling's so powerful, it must be easy for him to find a woman to give him children, why should he hurt you?!"

As Olivia spoke, she became angrier and began to cough and gasp for breath.

Savannah hurriedly poured a glass of water for her.

"And you, Savannah, why not protect yourself? You know how to say no, don't you?" Olivia failed to calm herself down.

"I..." Savannah hesitated for a long time. In fact, in the beginning, she was much angrier than Olivia. She rebelled against him more than once and tried many ways to have an abortion. She sneaked out to a little clinic for the operation but was caught in time by that man; she drank ice water; she drugged him in order to abort the child in sex; she even almost jumped out of a window...

However, now she wavered and seemed to have given away... After the fetus movement that day, the strong desire for having an abortion became weaker and weaker like a candle flickered out in the wind...

Maybe it was because she knew the baby had a life, so she hadn't the heart to kill it, or because she had special feelings for the man who made her pregnant...

No! It can't be the second reason.

She fought off the absurd thought and said as calmly as she could, "don't worry... I'll think it over."

Olivia looked very strained; she nodded and looked after Savannah as she left.

Out of the ward, Judy came up to Savannah as soon as she closed the door. "Savannah. Are you tired? Let's go home."

"I will go to the bathroom first," Savannah shook her head and said.

"Oh, I'll go with you."

"No, I can go myself, wait for me here, and I'll be back soon," Savannah said and turned for the women's room at the end of the corridor.

Judy felt a little strange when she saw Savannah absent-minded and upset. She knew Savannah would not escape and make it difficult for her, so she just sat down on the bench, waiting for her out.

With weight on her mind, Savannah pushed the bathroom door in.

As Olivia said, Dylan never made their relationship public, and no matter how much he pampered her and valued the baby, he didn't mention marrying her...

What feelings did that man have for her?

Did he take her as a plaything, the plunder taken from his nephew?

She really envied the relationship between Olivia and Matt; they were common lovers, but they treated each other true-heartedly and whole-heartedly.

Savannah walked to the hand basins, washed her face with cold water, and looked at her pale face in the mirror. Taking a deep breath, she finally cooled herself down,

She was about to walk out of the washroom when suddenly, she became aware of footsteps after her and saw a strong hand close to her face. Then a smelly wet cloth was put over her mouth and nose before she could scream or call Judy!

She widened her eyes as she breathed through the cloth. Her strength fell away quickly, and she lapsed into a coma.

The bathroom door was opened noiselessly. Savannah, with her eyes closed tightly and her mouth still covered by a big hand, was half-dragged and half-lifted toward the staircase.

283: Where Is The Key?

When Savannah opened her eyes, she found herself tied to a chair, bound with ropes and gagged. She struggled but failed to get free.

Looking around, she guessed she was still in the hospital.

The room was in clutter, lumbered up with boxes and medical equipment. It should be the lumber-room of the hospital where nobody would come.

Who the hell tied her up here? Why?

Savannah wanted to cry for help, but she failed to utter a complete word with her mouth stuffed with cloth.

At this moment, she smelt something burning...

She looked around in horror and found a cardboard box ablaze not far away from her. Flames were devouring the box, and smoke spread quickly...

"H-h-help..." she blubbered weakly.

Of course, no one outside could hear her.

After a while, the smoke grew heavier and thicker, and the room became stuffy and hot.

The fire spread; in a short while, another pile of cardboard boxes was burned rapidly!

The smoke for a moment blinded Savannah's eyes. She felt that she could hardly draw air into the lungs. As soon as she had quitted the fresh air, she fainted.

At the same time.

Judy began to feel strange when Savannah didn't come out for a long time. She went into the bathroom and called Savannah's name but received no reply. The bodyguard was greatly frantic when he heard that Miss Schultz disappeared again. They searched every room of the inpatient department but had no success. After talking together, they decided to go out to search for Savannah.

As soon as they walked out of the building, a Bentley stopped in front of the gate of the hospital, and a handsome, tall man got off the car and made straight for the inpatient department.

Dylan's face changed when he saw Judy and the bodyguard hurrying out together without the little woman.

"What happened? Where's Savannah?" His tone was stern.

Judy almost cried when she saw Dylan coming, "Sir, Savannah went to the bathroom after visiting Olivia, but she did not come out for a long time. I went in but didn't see her..."

Dylan's face darkened, "have you searched the hospital?"

The bodyguard immediately replied, "we did. But we can't find Miss Schultz anywhere! I wonder if she stole away again..."

Dylan understood what the bodyguard meant. He suspected that Savannah slipped out for abortion like what she did last time.

"No. Keep searching!" Dylan ordered with a certain tone.

Something must have happened to that little woman.

She behaved quite nicely these days.

What's more, when the baby moved that day, he saw her expression soft and peaceful, which meant she cherished the baby too.

He knew that she wouldn't give up the baby easily now.

If she only fooled him by making a show that day, he could only say that her acting was too good.

But he trusted his own judgment.

The bodyguard nodded when given the order, "we've searched every ward in the hospital, sir. We'll now look outside along the road."

Dylan asked Judy about the time when Savannah went into the bathroom and thought for a while before he said, "no, she must still be in the hospital. Block all the exits of the hospital immediately, and search all the rooms one by one, including the tea room and men's room. We can't miss any corner!"

The bodyguard stared blankly for a moment and then immediately called other bodyguards to do as Dylan ordered. They were about to research Savannah from the first floor when a nurse's screams resounded through the end of the corridor, "someone! Fire! There's a fire in the lumber-room! Come quick!"

How did a fire break out in the hospital for no reason? Dylan frowned and changed his face as if he suddenly thought of something. He rushed towards the lumber-room. The bodyguards followed closely behind him.

They stopped at an insignificant lumber-room at the end of the corridor. Dylan pushed his way through the crowd and saw the white smoke blossomed out from under the door, and the firelight flared!

At the door, a familiar orange-pink smartwatch was lying on the ground.

It's Savannah's!

Dylan gave her this smartwatch two weeks ago. It was convenient for her to measure steps during pregnancy to maintain a certain amount of exercise, and it could monitor her heart rate and blood pressure.

This watch was not very expensive so she accepted and obediently wore it every day.

The bodyguard followed Mr. Sterling's gaze and saw the watch on the ground. "It's Miss Schultz's watch!" He exclaimed, "is Miss Schultz in the room?"

Dylan grabbed a doctor's collar with a sullen look, "Where's the key? Give it to me! Now!"

"This room has stayed idle for a long time. The key is in possession of an administrator who's on leave today..." The doctor's voice was trembling when he saw the murderous look on the handsome man in front of him.

Dylan left the doctor, and without a word, he stepped forward and kicked the door with his foot spitefully. Everyone drew back in a shock.

Fortunately, the door of the room was not very solid, and after several kicks, it flew open!

Smoke billowed from the burning room as soon as the door opened. Dylan had scarce time to think. He took off his expensive coat and quickly ran to the washroom to get it wet.

Knowing what Mr. Sterling wanted to do, the bodyguard stopped him in a hurry, "Mr. Sterling, the hospital has called 911, and the fire engine will come soon. Just wait a moment!"

"Maybe Miss Schultz is not in the room. She just accidentally dropped the watch here when she passed..." Another bodyguard hurriedly said.

They had no idea what it's like inside, but the flames looked heavier than expected! Mr. Sterling was such a man of high distinction that he should not make himself in danger!

Dylan made no answer as if he heard nothing. He covered himself with the wet coat, making his way towards the room.

The two bodyguards looked at each other and stepped forward to block the way. Dylan didn't see them but said in a gloomy voice, "get out!"

Before the two men could say anything, Dylan forced his way through them, rushing into the room!

"Ah!" The crowd exclaimed.

"Mr. Sterling!" The bodyguard exclaimed as Dylan ran into the flames!

The lumber room was not that small as it looked from the outside. It had several rooms, lumbered up with junk, broken equipment, and boxes. Dylan found it impossible to see clearly in smokes and flames. He cried Savannah's name, but the smoke caught in his throat and made him cough. Finally, there came a faint voice from the inside room.

The voice was feeble, but Dylan knew it was his little woman's voice! He came wide awake, and following the voice, he rushed to the innermost room and saw Savannah tied to a chair.

The smoke was more solemn, and the flames were so fierce that there seemed to be the source of the fire.

Savannah was awakened by the odor of smoke, her white face now black with ash. She giggled at the vague figure at the door helplessly.

284: Dylan Was Injured

When Savannah saw clearly the coming one, her nose twitched, and tears came down. She purred and whined but could not utter a word.

There were so many boxes, desks and chairs that divided them from each other.

"Don't be afraid," Dylan shouted, and then walked around those obstacles, rushing towards her. But when he was several footsteps from her, a burnt-out fluorescent light on the top beam cracked and fell on him!

Savannah looked at him in horror. She wanted to cry out, but her voice wouldn't work. Luckily, Dylan reacted swiftly. He sprang away and escaped the falling tube and continue his way to Savannah.

Savannah came to herself and began to shake her head violently.

Don't come! You will be burned!

But Dylan did not stop. He put his arm over his head and darted to her. He pulled the cloth out of her mouth and untied her hands and feet quickly.

At the moment the cloth was pulled from her mouth Savannah choked and sobbed, "Dylan..."

"Don't cry." Dylan took off his coat and wrapped her up.

"But you..." Savannah sounded shaky. Without the only coat, he would be injured. In fact, his hand was already covered with severe burns.

Dylan didn't say anything but picked her up, pressed her face into his arms to secure her, and strode toward the door.

Being clasped to his bosom, Savannah was still frightened but felt secure. When they almost reached the door, a horizontal beam above the door frame was burning with a crackling sound, and it became too thin to hold itself.

Savannah gazed at the beam and suddenly screamed when it fell to them crazily. Before she knew, Dylan pressed her to his bosom tightly, and with a thunderous sound, the beam seemed to fall on the back of his head!

"Dylan! How're you?" she raised herself anxiously, only to see him catch his breath and pick her up again. "Nothing."

Savannah thought he dodged the beam and breathed in relief.

At this time, the bodyguards came in with two soaked blankets and helped them out.

Out of the lumber-room, Dylan put down Savannah unsteadily. He looked at her and was about to say something when suddenly he blacked out.

"Mr. Sterling!" The bodyguard cried and flung his arm to stop him from falling.

A medical staff next to them shouted, "blood! He's bleeding..."

Savannah's heart came to her mouth again. She looked up and saw the blood running down Dylan's forehead like a stream.

That beam did hit him!

Savannah, Garwood, and Judy were waiting outside the operating room along with several bodyguards.

"Mr. Sterling I'll be fine." Judy held Savannah's arm tightly and felt her shaking.

An hour ago, Dylan was sent to the emergency room in the hospital. Two doctors checked Savannah over. Fortunately, she was rescued in time and didn't breathe in too much smoke and dust. The baby was fine too.

Judy asked the bodyguard to send Savannah back first, but Savannah insisted on staying until Dylan woke up.

Savannah stood, immobile, and her hands clenched. She stared at the light of the operating room, her heart thumping nervously. The unborn baby seemed to feel her panic and moved uneasily in her belly.

Finally, the door of the operating room opened, and two nurses pushed out a gurney on which Dylan was lying silently with his head wrapped by white gauze. Savannah hurried forward but dared not ask the doctor after Dylan's situation.

Judy turned to the doctor behind the nurses, "Doctor, how's Mr. Sterling?"

"We've sewed up the wound on his head, and his life is not in danger now." The doctor said.

Judy and the bodyguards were relieved, but Savannah was still in a trance, "why hasn't he woken up?"

The doctor hesitated for a moment, and then his expression became a little serious, "he should wake up three or four hours later from anesthesia."

"What if he can't wake up at that time?" Savannah had a bad foreboding.

"If that's the case, I'm afraid it's a nerve injury. Anyway, we'll see." The doctor replied, and left.

Savannah took a deep breath. Dylan had consciousness before he was sent to the operating room, how did his situation suddenly become so serious?

What did the doctor mean by saying nerve injury? Was Dylan likely to remain unconscious? Even... the same as Olivia?

After the nurse pushed Dylan into the ward, Savannah controlled her emotions and said to Judy, "Judy, I'll wait here tonight until he wakes up."

"Savannah? No, you're still pregnant! How can you overwork yourself? You may rest assured that I will keep some servants here with Mr. Sterling." Judy advised.

Savannah bit her lip, "it's okay with me. There are sofas and beds in the ward, and I won't be tired."

"I'll leave with you." Judy had to agree when she insisted.

Savannah nodded and entered the ward first.

Dylan was lying on the white bed quietly. However, his head was bandaged with white cloth, he was still the most handsome man on the planet.

Savannah closed the door and slowly walked to the bed, and sat on a chair next to him. Her poor head was full of the picture about fire and his anxious eyes. She felt like she had just watched a thrilling action movie.

He was really desperate to save her.

For the first time in her life, a man was willing to risk his life for her...

She was really moved, her heart warm with a vague feeling.

Savannah spent her night on the sofa opposite the bed.

When she opened her eyes, it was dawn.

Savannah woke up and immediately looked at the bed where Dylan was still lying.

The doctor said Dylan would wake up in three or four hours at most. That was to say, he should have come back to life in the middle of the night. Now it was more than eight o'clock in the morning. Why hadn't he come yet?

He didn't really hurt his nerve as the doctor said, did he?

No!

Savannah hurried to the bed and whispered, "Dylan?"

The man didn't open his eyes.

"Dylan? Can you hear me? Wake up!" Savannah bit her lip and slapped him gently on the cheek.

Dylan was still lying silently in the bed, just like he was last night.

Tears rose in Savannah's throat and burned their way to her lids. She stretched out her hand to press the bed bell furiously with red-rimmed eyes.

After a while, the doctor came in with a nurse.

"Doctor, he's not yet conscious! What's wrong with him?" Savannah choked back her tears and fear.

285: Well Done

"Don't worry." The doctor calmed her and then began to check Dylan's heart rate and pulse with a stethoscope hanging around his neck. He looked a little more serious as he checked his pupils with a flashlight.

The nurse leaned in and helped the doctor.

Savannah's heart swelled and throbbed. He will be fine. He must be fine.

As soon as the doctor picked himself up, Savannah rushed to him, "Doctor, how's he?"

"The vital signs of Mr. Sterling are normal. He should be fine." The doctor said mildly.

"Why didn't he wake up? The effect of drug anesthesia should have gone off long ago! Are his cranial nerves really injured? Doctor, could you examine him carefully again...?" Savannah did not believe he was fine, her eyes filled with terror.

"It's possible. I suggest you stimulate him with words. For such a patient with a brain injury, he may recover a little faster under strong external stimulation." The doctor suggested earnestly.

Savannah looked at Dylan with a puzzled expression.

Seeing her silence, the doctor explained, "you can say something he cares about. It will stimulate his cortex."

She took a deep breath, squatted down, and whispered in his ear. "Dylan, wake up, please! Olivia had just come back to life, and now you fell into a coma again. What's wrong with me? People around me get hurt all the time? I'm not only unlucky but also cursed?"

The doctor and nurse laughed.

However, that didn't work for the man in the bed.

Savannah bit her lip and decided to make a push. She glanced at her belly and continued, "Dylan, the baby can't be born without a father. Wake up, please!"

She repeated several times and noticed a slight flicker of his eyelashes. Though it was a tiny, momentary movement, she noticed it anyway. She looked back at the doctor surprisingly, "doctor! He seemed to move just now!"

The doctor smiled encouragingly, "well, come on. In short, you can talk to him about the thing he cares about most."

Savannah looked at the unconscious man in the bed with the hue of shifting thought in her large eyes. What did he care about most?

Now, nothing could be comparable to this unborn child. She flushed a little and whispered in his ear. "Dylan, I promise you I'll give you a baby and never think about abortion again, okay?"

Well, she just had to wake him up first.

His eyelashes fluttered, and this time it's more obvious than before.

Under the eyes of Savannah and the doctor, Dylan slowly opened his eyes. His eyes were beautiful as dark obsidians, deep and uncanny. Though he looked still weak, he really woke up!

"You finally woke up!" Savannah did not expect her words could work so soon, overjoyed and almost jumped up.

"If you speak louder, I might be knocked out again." Dylan joked as he tried to sit up, his voice a bit hoarse.

Savannah threw a pillow behind his waist, lifted him up, and only heard him say, "I heard what you said just now. Don't try to go back on your words."

She gaped at him. What? He heard it?!

Did she want to play the fool? Dylan frowned and stared at her. "I hate people who don't keep their word. If you dare contradict yourself, you won't get off easily."

She could only nod, "I won't go back on my word..."

His face relaxed, and then he smiled at her, "say it again."

"What?" Savannah gasped.

"Say what you promised again." He said gently.

Savannah looked at the man's deep eyes, his straight nose, and square jaw. He hadn't shaved, but his stubble made him doubly tempting.

Promise. The word touched Savannah and gave her too much pressure. She slightly regretted that she shouldn't say that in order to stimulate him. But what was said could not be unsaid. What if the man fainted again?

Her heart was softened as she thought of the scenes that he rushed into the fire and saved her out. However, she glanced at the doctor and the nurse behind them and felt embarrassed, "can't you wait till you're out of the hospital?"

"No." He refused. She was his woman, and there's nothing to be ashamed of!

Savannah bit her lip and hesitated, "I'll never think about abortion again. I'll..." after a long pause, she closed her clear eyes and said shyly, "I will give birth to your baby."

Dylan smiled complacently. He held her hand and then frowned, "did you spend a night here?"

"Yes." Savannah drank some water, nerving herself, her face still flushed.

"Didn't Judy and the driver send you back? Did you have a general check-up?" Dylan looked at her up and down. She was pregnant and had breathed so much smoke in the burning house.

"Yes, I'm fine," Savannah replied quickly, "Judy asked me to go back, but I refused. Don't blame them."

Dylan frowned and called Judy and the bodyguard in, and ordered them to take Savannah back to Beverly Hills for a rest.

"Mr. Sterling just woke up, and the doctor will arrange for him to have a general examination. Savannah, let's go back first." Judy said when she saw Savannah still hesitate.

Savannah nodded and then followed Judy out.

Not long after their footsteps disappeared, Dylan's eyes filled with an imperceptible luster. Though his head was still slightly hurt, he felt more comfortable than ever before. His mouth quirked up, and he stared appraisingly at the doctor.

"Well done."

The doctor smiled wryly.

Last night, the famous young master of the Sterling family decided to carry out the trick as soon as he was sent to the operating room.

So, Dylan was fine, and he woke up early; he just pretended to be unconscious.

The doctor deliberately said to Savannah that he might hurt the cranial nerve and she should say something to stimulate him.

What Mr. Sterling wanted was only a promise from Miss Schultz.

The doctor sighed. It was so unexpected that the CEO of the Sterling Group was not only good at business but also skilled in playing tricks to win a girl's love.

That's really interesting.

286: I Wonder What's On Dylan's Mind

"Have you found out the person who tied me up?" Savannah asked as she walked out with Judy and the bodyguard.

"We've asked the police to deal with it. Don't worry, Miss Schultz, they will find the murderer as soon as possible." The bodyguard responded immediately.

Savannah sighed and nodded.

Just as they came to the gate of the hospital, a black Lincoln limousine came to a screeching halt in front of them.

The car door opened, Cooper got off and walked up to Savannah.

With a glance at Savannah's belly, Cooper shouted at the bodyguard before he could react, "do you know what you are doing? Why not tell us about Miss Schultz's pregnancy? If Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz had not been hospitalized together, how long would you want to keep us in the dark?"

Dylan was injured in the fire last night, and Savannah lived in the hospital with Dylan. When old Sterling heard this, he was shocked and called the doctor to ask about their situation. Then he knew that Savannah was pregnant.

"And you, Judy," after scolding the bodyguard, Cooper turned to Judy unkindly, "you've been in the Sterling family for decades, why are you so stupid too?"

Judy and the bodyguard lowered their heads. What could they say when Mr. Sterling did not allow them to open Miss Schultz's pregnancy?

"Well, old Sterling will talk to you later." Then Cooper smiled at Savannah and signed her to get in the car, "Miss Schultz, please."

"Ah?" Savannah stood still and looked at the car fondly.

"Where do you want to take Savannah, Cooper?" asked Judy hastily.

Cooper frowned, "where else? Back to Sterling's house, of course! Miss Schultz is now bearing the flesh and blood of Mr. Sterling. Surely she needs to stay in the house so that our master can rest assured."

"We can take good care of Savannah in Beverly Hills..." Judy said subconsciously, "I must ask for instruction from Mr. Sterling first."

"Take good care of Miss Schultz? Like yesterday when Miss Schultz was tied in the fire? Is that what you mean good care?" Cooper shouted indignantly.

Judy and the bodyguard glanced apprehensively at each other, at a loss for words. Cooper didn't wait for the reply and led Savannah to the car.

Savannah did not dare to disobey old Sterling, so she followed Cooper into the car quietly.

The car started, and after a while, they arrived at Sterling's big house.

Savannah noticed that there were many more servants in the house, and the atmosphere was strained and quiet as if everyone was afraid of making any mistake. As soon as she entered the living room, she saw old Sterling stand facing the French window. He looked energetic, his face radiant with joy. When he heard footsteps, he turned and stepped forward, cheerfully, "Savannah!"

Old Sterling was always warm and friendly toward Savannah, and this time, he welcomed Savannah as if she was a precious treasure.

"Good morning, sir." Savannah was a little bit embarrassed by his strong emotion.

Old Sterling stared at her little baby bump and nodded, it was pretty obvious now. Then he shook his head and reproached himself, "Where is my concentration? Oh, my eyesight is really falling. Savannah, you've been here a few times! Why not tell me? What if the servants treated you with neglect and hurt my little grandson?"

"I..." Savannah smiled helplessly.

Of course, old Sterling knew that it was because Dylan didn't allow her to open it, so he did not pursue it anymore. He was not in the mood to care about anything else at the moment, all his attention was on his dear grandson. "It's more than three months, right?" he asked kindly.

"Well... Nearly four months." Savannah answered shyly.

"I wonder what's in Dylan's mind! It's ridiculous to keep such a fine thing from me! He even put you in such danger! How did he protect you? Did you get hurt in the fire?" Though the doctor said Savannah was fine, old Sterling could not help scolding his son.

If any accident happened to this unborn child, old Sterling would rather die... He didn't know why he had run into a lot of difficulties when he wanted to have grandchildren. He would not allow the baby in Savannah had any problem this time.

"Dylan saved me and hurt himself..." Savannah said in a low voice, a little embarrassed, "he's still in the hospital now."

Of course, old Sterling knew that his son had been hurt. Anyway, he had asked the doctor about Dylan's situation and was relieved to learn that he would recover soon. "For the sake of my grandchild, I won't blame him for not taking care of you," old Sterling said, and then he turned to the butler, "Cooper, is Savannah's room ready?"

"Yes, sir, the suite was prepared," Cooper responded quickly.

Savannah looked at old Sterling in surprise. Live here?

Sensing her doubt, old Sterling smiled and said, "Savannah, you will stay here from today."

Savannah thought old Sterling had asked her to come to make sure about her pregnancy and didn't expect that he would ask her to live in the house again. "Sir...Does Dylan know it? He hasn't agreed yet..."

"He needn't know," old Sterling said, "I haven't lectured him for not taking care of my grandson and putting you in danger. I'll only be relieved when you and my grandson live here. Cooper, take Savannah upstairs to her room to see if she has any dissatisfaction."

Cooper led Savannah upstairs with two elderly maids following them.

The bedroom prepared for Savannah was a suite on the second floor, which was several times larger than the small study Savannah lived in last time. The decoration and furniture were even more luxurious than the old Sterling's bedroom.

All furniture, window sills, and picture frames were free from dust, and the fine bedding was new and clean. Sunlight filled the windows, and the room was very bright. All sharp edges of the furniture were wrapped with a soft cloth, lest she should be injured.

At the end of the bedroom, there was a sunny balcony facing the back garden and a lovely artificial lake behind the house. Roses and many growing plants in tubs were neatly aligned on the balcony.

It was not easy for the old Sterling to arrange such a soothing and relaxing place for her in less than half a day. Savannah was also exceedingly surprised that old Sterling would arrange such a great suite for her.

287: My Father Isn't Stupid

From Cooper, Savannah knew that old Sterling and his wife used to live in this room. It witnessed their most loving days at a young age.

After the death of Dylan's mother, old Sterling moved to another room in the villa in order not to be drunk in the memories recalled by this room.

This bedroom had been left untouched since then.

Cooper introduced the two maids and followed them up to Savannah. They were the old loyal servants who had worked in the house for decades, Sophie and Emma. They used to be charged with the care of Susan and Dylan when they were young. What's more, old Sterling was going to employ two professional nurses good at taking care of pregnant women, and even a baby care specialist and a dietitian for Savannah. They would come in a few days.

"We haven't had enough time to prepare the necessities for you," added Cooper, "the driver will pick up your usual supplies from Beverly Hills first, and the maternal health products from the best supplier in European will be flown here within two days."

After Cooper finished, he turned and signed the two elderly maids, who immediately bowed to Savannah, "Miss Schultz."

Savannah gasped. It was more exaggerated than what Dylan did in Beverly Hills. She hesitated, "Cooper, can you please tell old Sterling, I don't like being served closely... I don't need any nurse, and Aunt Sophie and Aunt Emma don't have to look after me 24 hours per day. I'll feel nervous and uncomfortable, and the baby would be restless too. I'll call them when I need, okay?"

"Oh, well..." Cooper looked serious, "I'll talk to him."

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief.

* * *

In the afternoon, while old Sterling was drinking coffee on the sofa, there came from the porch rapid footsteps of dissatisfaction and the servant's nervous voice, "Mr. Sterling..."

Old Sterling knew that Dylan would come, but he did not expect him to come so soon. After all, he had just had his wound sealed and didn't recover completely. He should be staying in the hospital instead of running about.

Thick bandages swathed Dylan's head, and he still looked pale and a little gaunt. His grey eyes were deep and cold, showing how unhappy he was. He threw off the support of the servant and walked straight to the sofa.

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz's having a rest upstairs. Don't worry..." Cooper broke the embarrassment between the father and the son and said hurriedly.

Dylan ignored Cooper and his father, turned, and walked to the stairs.

"What are you doing?" old Sterling shouted behind him.

He stopped and didn't look back, "take her back."

"Back? I have nothing to say if you can take care of Savannah, but can you? Savannah was almost burned to death with the unborn baby, and you got hurt and became more inconvenient now! Don't you know this is your home and also my grandson's home? Anyway, from today on, Savannah will live here until the birth of the child." Old Sterling's words came clear and hardly permitted doubt.

"Yes, we have experienced servants and care workers here, and we'll take good care of Miss Schultz. The pregnant woman should live in a more comfortable place." Cooper added energetically.

"Thank you. But I don't think she has any inconvenience living in Beverly Hills," Dylan said dryly.

It's ridiculous that his woman pregnant with his child doesn't live with him!

The fire was an accident. It won't happen again.

Then he continued up the stairs.

Looking at his decisive back, old Sterling was so angry that he blurted out, "if you take Savannah away, I'll remove your title of the CEO!" As the former Chairman of the Board, old Sterling had this right.

He wouldn't give way to his son when it came to his first grandchild!

After Valerie's two pregnancies and two disappointments, he would not be able to absorb another heavy blow.

He would really be mad if his grandson had an accident this time.

Cooper broke out in cold sweat at his master's threat, and he began to worry about the relationship between the father and the son again. It couldn't grow cooler...

"Whatever you say," Dylan sneered, "I don't care."

When he went upstairs to the second floor, he saw a beautiful figure gawking at him on the landing.

Savannah was not sure if she had heard clearly the conversation between Dylan and old Sterling. Her heart was beating violently in her left chest, and she felt a little confused.

She did not expect he would personally come to Sterling's house for her before he made a full recovery. She was more surprised when he said he did not care about the position of the CEO.

Well, he made her pregnant to win old Sterling's favor so that his position could be secured in the group, wasn't it? What did he mean by saying he didn't care? Why did he act in direct contravention of his previous wish?

Dylan didn't know her mixed feelings. He walked over and took her hand, "go back with me."

She withdrew her hand and stepped back two steps. Looking at his bandaged head, Savannah wanted to laugh, but she didn't.

"What's wrong?" Dylan frowned.

"I'll live here," Savannah murmured, biting her lower lip.

"Are you afraid that my father will remove me from my post?" He looked grave.

She did not speak, but her uncertain eyes reflected her thought.

Although the little woman disobeyed him, she did not want to leave because she cared about him.

"Don't worry, he knew how much I value in Sterling's business," he said with a smirk of pride, "My father isn't that stupid. He was just scaring me."

He was not worried that old Sterling would really strip him of his rights, but the little woman was frightened.

She looked at his confident face, still worried, "but your father looked furious just now... Even if you aren't discharged from your post, your relationship will be more strained... And I don't think he will give up easily..."

Dylan reflected for a moment. That's true. Even if he took Savannah back to Beverly Hills today, his father might ask Cooper to drive her here tomorrow. What's more, Savannah would suffer a lot on the move.

288: Be Careful Of Your Wounds

He would not let anyone take Savannah away when he was beside her. But after all, he could not be with Savannah all the time. Judy could not stop Cooper, and Savannah dared not disobey his father...

Savannah continued while he was musing, "I'd better stay here. It really doesn't matter. And the room's really big and comfortable!"

Under her imploring gaze, Dylan sighed and finally nodded. He was not in the best condition now, and it might really be better to leave her here.

Savannah was relieved when he agreed. "You should go back to the hospital."

The doctor said his wound would heal in a week, but he still needed to rest in bed these days.

Dylan didn't want to leave right away. He took her hand and said, "show me the room they've arranged for you."

"Okay." Savannah could only agree.

The man would not rest assured without an inspection of her room.

When she stopped at the door, Dylan paused and relaxed his grip on her hand, looking a little abstracted. Savannah knew that he might feel kind of gloomy when saw the room his mother had lived in.

"I heard from Cooper that this is the room where your father and mother lived when they were married," said Savannah carefully.

After a long pause, he pushed the door open and entered the room, looking around.

Maybe it was because he could not help thinking of his dead mother, he looked distressed, and Savannah could see the shade of melancholy which settled in his eyes. He walked slowly to the balcony, watching the artificial lake in the near distance with a curious feeling of disappointment.

Savannah followed him standing on the balcony.

"I was very young when my mother died. But I know she loves the balcony. On summer nights, she often read, drank, listened to music and even danced on this balcony... with dad." Dylan gazed over the extensive views, hands on the rail.

Although he had been estranged from old Sterling in recent years, he had deep feelings for his mother.

Savannah had seen the photo of old Sterling and his wife in their prime at the Sterling's house. Dylan's mother in that picture was indeed brilliant and beautiful.

It was unacceptable that such a woman had mental illness and died early because of that.

Why did such a beautiful woman suffer an unhappy fate?

Though knowing that his wife had a mental illness, old Sterling married her and had children with her. After her death, he didn't remarry and had been missing his wife in his life. Dylan's mother must be a charismatic woman.

"It's a pity that I had no chance to see your mother. She must be really a most unusual and quite individual beauty when she was alive." Savannah could not help saying.

"Unfortunately, the beauty had a tragic end. A small fall killed her. Perhaps God envies her perfection." Dylan said self-deprecating in a lonely mood.

Savannah didn't reply. Dylan didn't know that the real cause of his mother's death was not an accidental fall, but her genetic mental disease.

Old Sterling hid the secret well.

No one knew about the genetic disease in the Sterling family except him and Dr. Joe.

Now, of course, she knew it too.

After she accidentally learned the secret that day, she had tried to bury it in the bottom of her heart and not to think about it. An inexplicable sadness came to her when Dylan mentioned his mother's death today.

Dylan's brother died in a car crash because of the breakout of the genetic illness, and Susan also became insane after a heavy blow.

Well, now there was only Dylan.

Could he avoid the attack of this hereditary disease?

And this kid...

Savannah looked down and her gaze fell on her tummy.

She shuddered.

This baby also had the blood of the Cavendish family. Would he or she also have this hereditary disease?

In fact, she refused to have his baby also because she had worried about this. She didn't want her child to carry such genetic genes.

"What's wrong?" Dylan saw her silent, turned and gazed at her.

"Nothing. Maybe it's a little cold on the balcony." Savannah said as she pushed back her wisps of hair that fell over her face. She was afraid that she might not be able to keep that secret under his tight eyes.

Dylan didn't say anything more. He put his arm around her waist and found her shaking slightly. Then he lifted her up to his chest, walking back to the room.

Savannah let out a weak cry and threw her arms around his neck. She thought she had been used to his impulsive action now.

He didn't put her down and left immediately as she expected, but carried her to the big bed. He lay her on the soft bed and then lay down on her, supporting himself on his elbows. He gazed down at her through impossibly long lashes, his eyes a scorching smoky gray.

Her belly safely stopped him from pressing himself closely against her, holding him back. But with this distance between them, Savannah looked more attractive to him, and he was sorely tempted by her white neck and her sweet and refreshing scent.

Savannah turned red and held up her small fists against his chest, trying to push him away, "Dylan...be careful of your wounds..."

Moving too violently would disturb the wound on his head!

He did not let her go. He felt her soft body, and his breathing turned husky.

Since she was pregnant, he had not touched her for a long time. She would be living in the Sterling's house from today on. Though he could come at any time, it was not convenient as in Beverly Hills. Thinking of this, he completely put his wound behind him, and all he wanted was to eat her before going back to the hospital.

Without taking his eyes off hers, his left hand moved beneath her waistband, skimming her and moving to her behind. Then his hand glided slowly down her backside to her thighs, pushing up her skirt...

"Wait... the baby!" Savannah cried in a low voice.

Dylan paused, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

She was a little embarrassed under his intense gaze. Not long before, she tried all methods and tricks to abort the child, and she even drugged him in order to have fierce sex. But now she stopped him, for fear that he might hurt the baby. No wonder she could see the amusement in his eyes.

289: You Aren't Well Yet

Savannah bit her lip and whispered breathlessly, "You aren't well yet. It's not good to have...have sex now. Later... okay?"

Dylan was still staring down into her eyes, his jaw clenched, eyes burning, but his hand didn't go further. Finally, he pulled down her skirt and smoothed it, leaning down to her red ear, "Remember what you said. Later."

Then he dropped a kiss on her belly before he left.

Down the stairs, Dylan straightened his slightly ruffled collar with a glance at his father.

Old Sterling raised his brows when he saw that he went downstairs alone. "You agree? Will Savannah stay?"

"Well, we haven't found the one who wanted to hurt Savannah. What's more, I haven't altogether recovered. It's much safer for her to live here recently." Dylan said dryly.

"You can rest assured and go back to the hospital," old Sterling said and smiled in relief, "of course, I'll look after my own grandson. And don't be impulsive again! What's the use of the bodyguards? Why not ask them to save Savannah from the fire?"

Although old Sterling was displeased that his son had hidden Savannah's pregnancy from himself, he was much more worried to know Dylan was badly hurt. He asked Cooper and a driver to take Dylan back to the hospital.

The arsonist who tied Savannah to a chair in the fire was caught by the police in three days.

Since Dylan Sterling was hurt in this hospital arson case, it engaged the great attention of the police chief who personally urged the investigation of the case. So the efficiency in handling the case was quite high.

Garwood came to the Sterling's house the next day and told the results to old Sterling and Savannah.

The criminal was Mike, and behind the scenes, Valerie told him what to do before she was arrested.

Valerie said in the written record that she learned her cousin was pregnant through Sarah, a newly hired nurse. Then she called Mike and promised to give him five hundred thousand if he could abort Savannah's unborn baby.

Every time Savannah went out, she was accompanied by lots of bodyguards and servants, and Mike could hardly find the opportunity. Finally, when he followed her to the hospital that day, he saw her enter the bathroom alone and knocked her out with chloroform dipped cloth. Then he forced the lock of the lumber-room in which he tied her to a chair and lit a carton with a cigarette lighter.

At present, Mike had confessed everything and was sent to prison. What awaited him was the severe punishment of the law.

Sarah, who revealed her client's information, spoiled her own reputation in the domestic nursing circle, and her career prospects were also ruined.

After hearing Garwood's report, old Sterling was understandably got into a good-sized rage. He was still angry with Valerie, who planned to cheat him with a bastard, and now he became more furious and could not speak for a long time.

How repulsive and poisonous Many was! She not only betrayed Devin and tried to win the Sterling's property with a bastard, but also conspired with her lover to kill his grandson? His anger almost suffocated him!

Seeing this, Garwood pacified him, "Sir, don't be angry. This time, Valerie would be punished severely. Even if she won't get a death sentence, she's not too far away from life imprisonment. She has already got the punishment she should have. What's more, she has signed the divorce agreement with Mr. Yontz and had nothing to do with the Sterling family now."

Savannah was filling a glass of water for old Sterling when she heard this.

Indeed, her cousin deserved what came to her. It was her own retribution, and she was not worthy of pity. But Savannah was not happy at all when she heard Valerie's tragic end.

Maybe it was because they had the same family name, Schultz.

She could only hope that her cousin would repent of her former wrongdoings in prison...

"Miss Schultz? Are you okay?" Garwood sensed Savannah's silence. The glass in her hand was overflowing...

"Oh, yes." Savannah recovered and forced a smile.

Old Sterling thought she was offended when she knew what Valerie had done. "Sophie? Take Miss Schultz back to her room to rest," he shouted his order to the maid waiting behind Savannah.

Savannah was not really uncomfortable, but seeing how worried old Sterling was, she had to stand up obediently and follow Sophie up the stairs to her room.

After Savannah left, old Sterling looked at Garwood again. "Garwood, how're Dylan these days? I heard that he went back to work this morning? How did he discharge from the hospital so soon? Has he recovered?"

"Sir, Mr. Sterling's injury is not so serious. The doctor said the edges of the wound had joined up, and it will be the same that he goes back to take care of it. Mr. Sterling has been thinking about the company, so he left the hospital a little earlier." Garwood said.

Knowing that his son was a workaholic, old Sterling sighed and then said, "ask him to come if he is free today. I want to talk to him."

"Yes, sir."

After dinner, Savannah played on the computer and chatted with Olivia online upstairs.

Old Sterling didn't have strict rules for her as what Dylan used to do. She was allowed to watch TV and spend time on the cell phone at any time. There were few regulations, and all that she should do was to keep herself in a happy mood.

She didn't want Sophie or Emma to follow her closely, and old Sterling didn't insist; she didn't need a nurse to take care of her life, and old Sterling agreed too.

At times, she felt that Dylan was more like an elder than his father and was too hard on everything.

One of the characteristics of youth was good health. Olivia was getting better and better day by day, and now she could walk downstairs alone. She chatted with Savannah every day, and today she told her that she could leave the hospital in a week.

Savannah was so absorbed in the chatting that she didn't notice the bedroom door was pushed open, and the footsteps behind her were approaching.

"Who are you talking to?" Dylan leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

Savannah cocked her head slightly and saw Dylan's handsome face on her shoulder, his breathing hot and made her flush. The bandage had been removed from his head, and the wound appeared to be healed.

"I'm chatting with Olivia..." She murmured.

"Go to bed early." He stretched his arm and put his right hand on hers. Then he led her hand to take the mouse to close the dialog box.

This flirty action elicited a delicious, tickly shiver on her. Savannah struggled out of his grip after he turned off the computer.

"Okay, I'll take a shower and get ready for bed." She stood up and was about to go to the bathroom when he put his arms around her from behind.

Savannah stared at Dylan in the over-large mirror in the left front of them. Their eyes met briefly in the mirror, and she looked flushed and slightly unfocused.

289: You Aren't Well Yet Online - All Page - Full-Novel

Novel 2022

7-9 minutes

Savannah bit her lip and whispered breathlessly, "You aren't well yet. It's not good to have...have sex now. Later... okay?"

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290: Wait For Me, Honey

In the mirror, Dylan wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tightly against his chest.

What made her blush even more was that she found herself submitted and resigned in his arms like water.

He leaned down and gently kissed around her ear and down her neck, whispering, "don't run away as soon as I come."

The heat of his lips and his breathing was stifling and overpowering. Savannah tried to control her nerves with a new subject, "why do you come here tonight?"

"Dad said he wanted to talk to me." He replied distractedly.

"Oh... Then go and talk to your father. Don't keep him waiting." She was sure that the man came straight to her room and had not yet come to old Sterling.

"No hurry." He was displeased when driven away by the little woman.

"Didn't you ask me to go to bed early... I have to take a shower first. Let me go..." She said as she tried to stop his hand from sliding into her nightdress.

"Take a shower? Do you need my help?" He ignored her weak resistance. His hand trailed up from her hip to her waist and up to her breast.

She blushed and refused, writhing slightly in his arms, "no. I can do it myself."

Dylan didn't let her go but held her closer, "did you forget what you promised last time in this room?"

"What...?" She could not concentrate now. Did she promise anything to him here?

"You said 'later'. You were afraid of hurting the baby last time. I've asked the obstetrician, and he said appropriate sex is okay for you. The wound on my head is all right too." He reminded her. His big hand slid down, covering her belly and caressing her lovingly. She had no more excuses this time.

Savannah's heartbeat quickened, and her face flushed again. Was this man thinking about sex all the time? He even went to consult a doctor, especially? Before she had time to reply, Dylan put his hand on her thighs, pushing up her skirt!

"Ah! Dylan --" She let out a cry.

"Miss Schultz, what's up?" asked Emma, who was waiting outside the door.

"Babe, it's not a nice soundproof room, and we're not in Beverly Hills. You're going to be heard from outside when you cry like that..." Dylan smiled in her ear.

Savannah stared at him. Afraid that Emma would burst in, she turned and shouted, "no, nothing..."

Her voice was more like a moan. The man -- on purpose -- squeezed her hips when she opened her mouth!

Emma heard Savannah's voice and immediately realized what they were doing. Mr. Sterling was in the room at the moment. Thinking of something, Emma felt embarrassed and shut up.

In the room, Savannah struggled but was easily controlled by him in his arms.

Dylan began to trail feather-light kisses across her jaw, her chin, and the corners of her mouth, and his fingers slid through the fine lace...

Savannah could see that in the mirror, her skirt was tucked up and could hardly cover her naked behind. She swallowed instinctively in shame, and she could feel his erection...

She was completely seduced. She breathed and slightly moaned in his hot arms.

"Babe, did you miss me these days? Do you want me or not? I want you to speak your mind." He whirled her around and stared into her eyes, like a seductive devil. His voice was full of magnetism, soft and charming.

Her mouth opened as she groaned.

Dylan could feel that she was all ready. He was about to carry her to the bed when the door was knocked.

"Sir, old Sterling knows you've come. Please come to his room now." It was Cooper's voice.

"Damn it!" Dylan muttered, "wait a minute!"

Savannah heard Cooper's urging voice and recovered from desire, blushing and pushing him away, "you should go to your father's room first," she said.

"Mr. Sterling, please come at once." Cooper urged again.

Damn! Dylan cursed in a low voice, and the burning fire in him was completely cooled down by the repeated knocking. He took a deep breath and looked at the little woman on the bed. Her cheek, her naked arms, and legs turned rosy because of him. Walking slowly to her, Dylan leaned over, his voice husky, "Wait for me, honey."

Then he stood straight, took on the suit, and went out.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief when the door was closed, and the footsteps outside the door disappeared. She flushed again when she remembered what he had said before he left.

What? He'll come back and continue with the unfinished work?

As she was wondering idly, her eyes fell on a black iPhone lying quietly on the bed.

It must have slipped out of his pocket when he took off the suit...

She rubbed her red face and calmed herself down, picked up the phone, and opened the door. She was going to call Emma to take the phone to Dylan, but Emma was nowhere to see outside the room. Maybe she was preparing the nourishing soup in the kitchen. She did it at this hour every day as old Sterling ordered, and a different soup every time.

Savannah did not think much of it. She picked up the phone and went to the old Sterling's room.

At the same time. Dylan came into old Sterling's study and saw his father sitting on a wicker chair by the window, half-smiling at him as if knowing what he had done.

"You finally tear yourself away from Savannah." Old Sterling teased a sense of amusement in his voice.

He asked Dylan to come because he had something to discuss with him about Savannah. After Cooper told him that Dylan had come, he didn't see him for a long time. Then he knew that Dylan came straight into Savannah's room, and of course, he knew what's in his son's mind.

Dylan's face darkened slightly.

"I remind you that Savannah is pregnant with my grandchild! Behave yourself and don't hurt the baby."
Old Sterling scolded his son with a meaningful smile.

That's also one of the reasons why he insisted on Savannah staying here.