

Midnight 47

Don't Be Shy

"You... What the hell are you doing? No... Let me go... I'm tired! Can't I take a break?" Savannah began to struggle but could hardly move as was held firmly by his hand.

Taking a deep breath, she could only close her eyes, waiting for the storm to sweep through her as what she had had a few hours earlier in the car.

Five seconds passed...

Ten seconds passed...

Half a minute passed...

She found that he wasn't doing anything wrong, and...

There came a cool, comfortable feeling from her thigh, and the fragrance of an ointment, which was like the cooling oil her father wiped on her sprained ankle when she was a kid.

He was massaging her on her private part with the ointment; his movement was simple and gentle.

Her heart was filled by unspeakable warmth, which she had not felt in a long time since before she lived in her uncle's home.

But today, she felt that from Dylan...

After he did it too hard to her with some anger and a sense of punishment in the car, she walked with unspeakable pain.

Now she felt much more comfortable with the ointment.

She froze, flushing, but dared not move; after all, it's the most private part of her, so she stopped struggling.

Was Dylan waiting for her to come back only to put the medicine on for her?

But... it made her really ashamed that he was looking at her...

"I can do it myself." She stretched her hands to stop him.

Dylan knew her shyness, leaned over, and whispered in her ear, "Don't be shy. Haven't I already seen every part of you?"

Savannah was so embarrassed that she could only hide her face in shame.

She almost cried out when his long-steeped finger was running across the upper point there... hurriedly, and she stopped him by pulling her underwear up, "... Don't touch there!"

"Then, where?" He sounded innocent.

"... Have you finished?" She was afraid that he would bring out the beast inside him again.

"There's no rush."

"... "

Fuck! He must be doing it deliberately! Savannah's cheeks blushed scarlet, like a red apple.

Dylan glanced at her heated face, desires pooling in his belly again.

He tried hard to cool it down.

Damn it. It must have been that many hormones given off by her that made him want her again.

He didn't look like himself.

The temperature of the bedroom was heating up during the process.

Finally, when Dylan raised himself up and put down her skirt, Savannah rushed out of bed: "I'll go back to my room."

"Wait a minute." He pulled out a tissue and wiped up the ointment on his hand.

Savannah felt nervous once again, "Anything else?"

"I asked Garwood to pick you up, and he said he had waited a long time at the intersection to see you. Why did you walk for so long? Where did you go?" He raised his eyebrows and hurled questions at her.

He was so bossy that he questioned everything about her whereabouts.

Savannah slipped her hand down to protect the contraceptive pills in the pocket of her skirt and took a deep breath: "Nothing. You...did that unexpectedly in the car. I... I... walked along the moat a little bit far before going back to the intersection."

She'd better not tell him about the pills.

She was now completely under his control, and everything she did should be at his command. What if he didn't allow her to take the pill?

Then she would endure pregnancy and then give him a baby?!

With the child, she would be completely tied up and unable to leave him forever.

Was she really going to be with him forever?

Thinking about it, Savannah felt the perspiration start forth upon her brow.

Fortunately, Dylan had no more questions.

Savannah sighed with relief and hurried away.

The next morning, when Savannah went downstairs, Judy was busy preparing her breakfast.

Last night, after she came back to her room, Dylan left for business with the company and did not return to Beverly Hills again.

Judy had said that besides Beverly Hills, Dylan had several other private villas and apartments, two of which were next to the company, and he would sometimes sleep there.

Savannah could heave a sigh of relief that Beverly Hills was not the only place he would live.

She did not have to worry about how to escape from him every day.

In this way, she felt that she was really like an imperial concubine, who was kept in one of the palaces in the imperial harem and was waiting eagerly for the emperor to come.

This emperor, of course, was Dylan.

But the difference was that she preferred not to see him.

Judy served all the breakfast -- millet gruel, fried noodles, steamed dumplings, crystal shrimp dumplings, red bean cake, and freshly squeezed fruit juice, her favorite one.

"Miss Schultz, today is the Chinese breakfast. If you don't like it, I'll make you a western one tomorrow. Oh, if that's not enough, I can get more for you."

Savannah stopped her and said, "Enough already. It's more than I can eat. Judy, why did you prepare so much?"

Judy smiled, "Not much. Before Mr. Sterling left last night, he said that your strength was drained and asked me to cook more food for you to replenish your energy, by the way, I'll make pork liver soup and ginseng chicken soup for you this afternoon."

Savannah was almost choked by the juice!

Was it coming to that?

Dylan was really shameless to say that to Judy...

She groaned as she buried her head in her breakfast.

"Eat slowly, Miss Schultz." Without any child, Judy took Savannah as her family as she was there for Savannah's daily life now.

Savannah wiped her mouth and said sweetly, "Judy, don't call me Miss Schultz, just Savannah, if you don't mind."

Judy had not expected that Savannah was so approachable; anyway, she was only the Sterling's servant, while Savannah was Mr. Sterling's woman, half owner of the house. She liked Savannah all the better and smiled: "Sure, Savannah."

Savannah had to say that Judy's cooking skill was really good, which was similar to that of the chef in the restaurant, and her home-cooked meal quite hit the spot.

It's no wonder that Dylan chose Judy here to help him with his private house from so many domestic servants.