

Midnight 91

My Little Cat Is Missing

Savannah went upstairs and changed into a swimsuit. Then wrapped in a towel, she walked out of the villa.

There was a swimming pool in the backyard.

It's a good day for a swim.

When she was small, her dad had taught her how to swim, and after she became a model, she occasionally went swimming at an indoor swimming pool in order to keep the figure.

She positioned herself on the edge of the pool and then plunged in with a splash.

Swimming was a pleasure for her.

Every time she was in the water, she could forget all the troubles of reality. In the water, she could retrace the old happy time during her youth.

At that time, her father and mother would take her to the swimming pool next to their home every weekend.

When her father patiently taught her to swim in the ocean, her mother would sit on a beach chair on the shore, looking kindly and gently at them.

She missed them.

After she swam back and forth several times up and down the swimming pool, the sky became pitch dark. She enjoyed herself and forgot the time when she heard someone was calling her in the distance.

It's Dylan!

She was surprised. She thought he wouldn't be home today.

A tall and handsome figure was standing on the edge of the pool, frowning. "I called you several times, and you didn't answer. I almost jumped in here to get you!"

"I was under the water and couldn't hear..." She murmured.

"Come out of the water now! Why did you choose to swim on such a cold day?" She was going to be pregnant!

"It's not cold at all. I used to swim a lot during the winter." She muttered. As soon as she came out of the water, Dylan wrapped her with a towel quickly and held her in his arms, and headed straight for the house.

"Ah, I can walk on my own!" Savannah exclaimed in his arms.

"Don't move! How can you walk barefoot without slippers? The wind is strong at night, and you must be careful not to catch a cold! The doctor said people would have a hard time becoming pregnant if they had a cold!" He scolded her softly.

Savannah did not move with a guilty conscience.

He wanted her to have a baby and cared for her with such tenderness, but he didn't know that she was secretly on the pill.

Every time Dylan came, Judy and the hour maidservants would stay in the workers' room without disturbing Mr. Sterling and Ms. Schultz.

Tonight was the same.

The whole villa was quiet, except for the quick footsteps and the frantic heart beating of the man while he was carrying the woman upstairs.

Instead of going back to her bedroom, Dylan went to his bedroom directly.

Savannah could guess what he wanted to do. Her heart was pounding, trying to leave her chest.

When he entered the bedroom, he kicked the door closed and threw her into the big bed. Unzipping his fly, he pushed Savannah down onto the bed, so he's lying on top of her.

He kissed every inch of her pink skin...

The next morning, sunlight entered the room through a gap in the curtain. It was warming in the bedroom.

Savannah woke up, rubbed her aching waist, and then looked at the man beside her. He was sleeping soundly.

He habitually cradled her from behind with a possessive arm after the hard sex last night. She tried not to disturb him and released herself quietly.

He looked impossibly handsome, calm, and collected when he was asleep. His beautiful sculpted lips made her blush.

Last night, he fucked her in every embarrassing way in order to get her pregnant.

She was distracted by the memory of last night, her heart still pounding. Walking tiptoe out of the room, she went back to her bedroom quietly, opened the drawer, and took out the pill.

She must take the pill regularly every morning to ensure its effectiveness.

Savannah remembered that she had a model colleague who unexpectedly got pregnant because she missed a pill. She wouldn't make the same mistake!

When she had just swallowed the pill and replaced the bottle back into the drawer, the door creaked open.

"What are you doing?" Dylan curled an eyebrow, and he was in his pajama pants. When he woke up, the little woman in his arms was gone.

Savannah was startled by his voice. She quickly calmed down and stood straight. "Nothing... I'm going to change my clothes."

He should not have seen her taking the pill.

She blocked the cabinet guiltily.

Dylan stared sharply at her. "Change your clothes? Really?"

She nodded and walked to him. Brushing back her hair as she lifted her head, she said, "Why did you wake up so early?"

Dylan's attention was diverted by her, his eyes burning into her.

The little woman was in pink silk pajamas. The neckline sat low on her chest. Her skin was as smooth as satin, as white as snow.

He felt his need for her again, even though he had fucked her all night. Every time he looked at her, he wanted to have her immediately.

He pushed back wisps of hair away from her face. "I woke up and found my little cat missing."

"Would you like to get more sleep? Still early."

"Together." He bent and planted a gentle kiss on her lips.

She blushed and hesitated before he raised her in his arms. They returned to the master's bedroom.

After she was almost seen and caught taking the pill that morning, Savannah came up with another idea. She poured the pills all into a chewing gum box.

The man was suspicious and very shrewd. She had a hard time keeping anything dark from him.

The place that seemed most dangerous was exactly where safety lay. She replaced the chewing gum with the contraceptives and carried the box every day in her bag. Even if he saw the box, he would not guess that the pills were in the box!

How clever of her to think out such a plan!

Meanwhile, she almost finished her work modeling for the dairy company.

On the last day of the shoot, she attended a wine party held by the dairy company. Before the party, she called Judy and was told that Dylan would have dinner with some clients and might not come back tonight.

Savannah was relieved. After Devin's wedding, Dylan spent more nights in Beverly Hills.

She could finally take one night off to relax.

At the party, she had a nice meal and chatted with some model friends. When she returned to Beverly Hills, it was after nine o'clock.

"Judy?" she gave a little cry as she entered the porch but received no answer. The living room was dark, with no lights on.