

Midnight 93

Examination Result

Jacob Shamon said, "Let's talk in my office."

Savannah was too nervous, taking two steps back, she murmured, "Sorry, I need to go to the bathroom. You go first, and I will come at once."

Dylan halted, frowning, "Why is there something wrong?" He touched her head and found no fever.

"Nothing." She replied anxiously.

"Why is your face so red? Are you sweating?"

Fortunately, Jacob rescued her. "Lots of female patients are uptight during or after the gynecological examination, which leads to depression or feeling bad. It's Savannah's first time, so it's normal for her. Don't worry, it's alright."

Dylan's face relaxed, and walked into Jacob's office first.

Jacob glanced at Savannah, who was going to the bathroom, and said innocently to Dylan, "Please wait for me in the office, Dylan, I need to get some files first."

In the hospital bathroom, Savannah washed her face with cold water and managed to calm her nerves.

After a long delay, she finally went out. Looking up, she saw a tall and elegant figure in a white coat standing at the door. "Jacob? Why are you here?"

Jacob Shamon did not answer her question. With his arms encircling, he asked, "Savannah, you've been on the pill behind Dylan's back, so you haven't been able to get pregnant, right?"

Before Savannah came out with Dylan for lunch, he had noticed her hesitation as she looked back several times.

When they came back, Savannah broke into a cold sweat as soon as she heard the result was ready, and he knew why Savannah couldn't get pregnant.

Savannah took a deep breath and nodded, pleading in a low voice, "Jacob, please don't tell Dylan..."

Jacob Shamon stared at her. "You don't want to have Dylan's baby?"

Savannah paused and nodded affirmatively. "No, I don't."

"I thought you were together because you really love each other." Jacob frowned.

Savannah's delicate lips curved into a self-mocking smile. "Dylan and I are together for a reason, but not for love. I have my reason, and he has his needs."

"But I don't think Dylan has ever been so fond of a woman..."

"He treats me nice, the same as he treats his property. You will certainly treasure your property, but can you say that you love it?"

It sounded reasonable. Jacob was speechless.

"So, Jacob, it's not good for us to have children now in this situation. You know his temper, too. I can't argue with him. Jacob, please don't tell him the real result of the examination...Please..."

"It's really not in my nature to hide anything from my friend." It was a tough matter for Jacob.

"Jacob, please..." Savannah continued to plead.

"Okay, okay..." Jacob replied helplessly. He was a born gentleman, and he could not resist a beautiful woman adopted with a sweet look. "I'm ready to get my ass kicked by Dylan when he finds out."

Savannah was pleasantly surprised. "Thank you, Jacob! Don't worry, I will be careful not to let him find out."

Jacob sighed. Savannah looked down on Dylan too much.

Now that Dylan brought her today for a check-up, it's a sign of suspicion.

Even if he helped Savannah, Dylan would find out her little trick sooner or later.

Jacob didn't say anything to scare her, in case she would be more nervous.

They came back to the office separately.

Savannah was relieved to know that Jacob would help her.

"Now tell me the results," Dylan said when they were seated.

"Well. The reports say, Dylan, your reproductive function is normal. Your hormones or androgens are alright, and now you are in the best childbearing age." Jacob said as he rummaged through the examination report.

Dylan glanced at the little woman beside him. A smile in his eyes said that he was most pleased.

His problem? The result of his scientific examination showed everything!

"In addition, I didn't find any problems in Savannah's examination report. Everything is normal with the uterus and ovaries. In general, neither of you has any physical problems." Jacob concluded.

Dylan frowned. "We are both fine, so why can't she get pregnant? Haven't you determined why, or is there another reason?"

Savannah stirred uneasily with a quick glance at Jacob Shamon.

Jacob lived up to her expectation and smiled. "Dylan. Besides your physiology functions, whether she can be pregnant or not is also affected by other factors such as psychology and outside condition. It's a very complex matter."

Jacob paused with a cough and continued, "For example, when you had sex last, Savannah was in her safe period, and your sperms missed her ovum. Or it could be that she was not relaxed, which made your sperms have difficulty entering the egg. As a result, she could not get pregnant normally."

Savannah, though relieved to hear that, blushed at Jacob's detailed description.

Dylan listened carefully and frowned a little.

Safe period? Probably not. When he decided to make her have a baby for him, he asked Judy about her period, so he always took her during her time of ovulation.

So..... Psychology?

The little woman had always resisted giving birth to children for him. She would not have agreed if he hadn't threatened her with Kevin's matter and the Schultz's factory.

It must be that she could not reconcile herself to give him a child.

Jacob smiled to relax the tense atmosphere, "In a word, pregnancy is a matter of fate, and cannot be forced."

He made it clear that Dylan should not force Savannah to get pregnant.

Savannah certainly understood Jacob's kindness. She smiled gratefully at him quietly.

"Besides, Savannah is still young. I don't think she is mature enough to be a mother. Other girls her age are still studying." Jacob added.

"I know if she is mature or not." Dylan interrupted him impatiently.

"And pregnancy is a matter of fate? Jacob Shamon, when did you change your profession from a doctor to a priest?" Dylan scolded him sarcastically.

Jacob Shamon shut up. He knew Dylan was incredibly serious. You could only expect poisonous words when he opened his mouth.

Dylan did not wait for Jacob to respond. Without another word, he took the little woman by the hand and stood up. "Let's go." Then they left the hospital.