

Midnight 94

Am I Dirty?

Savannah dared not say a word as she walked out of the hospital with Dylan. When he pressed the button to start the car, she finally gathered her temper and spoke her mind.

"Dylan, in fact, Jacob is right. Pregnancy is a matter of fate. Since God doesn't want to give us a baby for the time being, just forget about it, okay?"

"Fate?" Dylan paused. His broad shoulders moved slightly, as though he were sulking his anger, and then he turned back and fixed her with his cold stare.

"God? If it is ordained, I will go against this God."

Savannah looked at Dylan blankly. Half a minute later, she sat down in the car.

Dylan sent Savannah back to Beverly Hills and left directly. After that, he didn't come home for several days.

Savannah felt very cheerful recently.

Her work had all been done. Besides sleeping late and chatting with Olivia on the phone, she spent the rest of the time surfing the Internet and taking care of her twitter.

She had become a little more famous in the modeling circle after she appeared in some ads for several famous brands during this period. The number of her followers on twitter had grown by leaps and bounds in a short period of time.

She used to receive only a few comments when she tweeted about things, but now, as soon as she posted a tweet, it would get over 100 comments.

Because of this, she had become more and more interested in updating her twitter, and sometimes she interacted with her fans.

In the afternoon, Savannah was holding the iPad and chatting with Olivia via MSN. A steady rain was falling outside.

"Olivia, what does it mean when a man who pesters you every day but then suddenly ignores you for a long time?"

"There's always a cause and effect. Has anything happened?"

"Well, for example, a man wants a woman to give him a baby, but he fails. Now the man ceases to hold any communication with her. Does it mean that the man is not interested in the woman any longer? And he has given up the thought of getting the girl pregnant?"

"Savannah, you're not talking about yourself and... Dylan, are you?"

"Oh, come on."

"Hmm... It's possible that the man lost face when he failed to make her pregnant. So, he gave up."

It would be great if he really gave up the idea of having a baby. Savannah thought as she breathed a sigh of relief.

Just then, Dylan returned.

As the door pulled open, a cold wind blew in.

Whether it was the cold wind or Dylan's strong sense of presence, it made Savannah shiver. She hurriedly turned off MSN and opened a romance novel page; she pretended that she was reading a novel.

"...Why are you here today?" She asked timidly.

Dylan took off his coat and hung it on a hanger. He went to bed and sat down. "Why are you surprised to see me? It's my house."

He frowned when he saw her wearing a flimsy dress. Reaching out, he pulled her loose collar up. When his fingers touched her delicate neck, he narrowed his eyes and then dragged her collar down to her shoulders...

Damn, he wanted to take her now. It must be because he hadn't seen her for days. When he touched her skin, he couldn't help it anymore...

Savannah started up like a frightened rabbit, "Dylan, what are you doing?"

"Making a baby." He said simply.

What?! Savannah widened her eyes. He had not been here for a few days, so she thought he gave up the thought of having a baby...

He didn't lose his interest in it but was in a great hurry now!

"I thought... I thought you..."

Dylan saw the disappointment in her eyes and frowned. "Did you think I've given up on having a baby?"

She nodded. "Well, you haven't been here for a few days...I thought you finally straightened out your thinking."

He gazed at her, and then his lips twitched into a smile. "A doctor said that frequent sex is also bad for making a baby and advised me to do it every few days. It will be easier to make you pregnant, and the baby would be in better health."

That's why he didn't come for days. To tell the truth, it was driving him crazy that he had to stay away from her.

Savannah was stunned! The man did not give up on having a baby, and -- after deliberately saving his energy for a couple of days, was he going to spend it on her today?

She could almost feel the hard sex coming.

"Take a shower first!" She pushed him away gently.

Again? Dylan shrugged. The little woman wanted to push him into the bathroom to take a shower and then fall asleep just like last time?

"Am I dirty?" His tone was not pleasant.

"Not dirty. We should pay attention to hygiene, so...the health of the baby will be good too..." She didn't know how she could say it out.

Dylan rose slowly and unbuttoned his collar with his long fingers, seeming to agree with her.

Before Savannah breathed a sigh of relief, Dylan leaned over, picked her up, and walked towards the bathroom with her in his arms.

"You're right. Let's wash together." He easily overpowered the little woman, carried her into the bathroom, and kicked the door shut.

Early the next morning, Savannah got up in aches and pains all over. She felt she was overused.

After a few days' rest, Dylan was amazingly stronger and had great stamina. He stayed awake all night. When he was tired, he took a rest and then continued.

Men are animals!

Dylan wasn't awake yet. From her perspective, his motionless profile was calm and charming. He looked like a quiet child, unlike the man who was a wild beast last night.

Today was Sunday, so he didn't have to go to work. She quietly lifted the covers and intended to take a bath and change her clothes before he woke up.

Dylan, in his sleep, sensed her movement and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her back.

"What are you doing... " Savannah struggled slightly. She wondered if he had taken the pill.