

## **Midnight 211**

### **211: I'll Never See Him Again**

Savannah wrapped a strip from the corner of her light-colored dress and jotted a few words on it with the sharp point of the brick:

"SOS! We've been kidnapped! Freighter TQ809, LA--Mexico. Please contact... "

Then she wrote down Dylan's phone number.

She seldom called him, but she didn't know why his number impressed her memory.

Most of the containers in the cabin were marked TQ809, which must be the official number of this freighter.

When she finished, she crumpled up the strip and stuffed it into her pocket.

After a while, the freighter called at a small port.

The middle-aged woman came in with two big and tall men. "...keep your eyes on them! Never leave their side! They're not allowed to say a word to anyone or go to the toilet! In short, keep close to them both, and go back as soon as possible. You have no more than twenty minutes! If they don't obey --" she gave a "kill them" gesture as she said this to the two men.

Savannah broke out a cold sweat, knowing what the woman meant. If she and Donna tried to run away or yell for help, they might be killed immediately.

She looked at the two men again. They were strong and tough, and it was almost impossible to get away from them.

The smooth way was better than the rough.

Savannah and Donna, followed by the two men, got off one after another. Then they were brought to a small clinic near the port.

This was the border of the country, a remote region, and probably a small town.

It was a simple and crude clinic in which there was only one doctor and one nurse.

One man asked the doctor to check Donna while another man followed Savannah closely.

Donna was really frightened these days, and her health condition was not good.

After checking Donna, the doctor said, "in this case, she'd better have an intravenous drip first."

They had only twenty minutes. How could Donna get the drip? The longer they stayed, the more dangerous it became.

"Is her life in danger? She won't die, will she?" One of the men immediately refused.

"No,..." the doctor shook his head.

"That will do! She doesn't need a drip!" The man immediately said.

As long as the woman wouldn't die, she could receive guests when they arrived at the destination.

Savannah knew she would have no more chance if they were brought to the ship again. "Even if she doesn't need a drip, you can at least give her some medicine before we leave. What if my sister bleeds again?" said Savannah quickly.

The two men frowned. This little woman really bothered them. They wanted to force them back immediately but were afraid of causing the doctor's suspicion. "Prescribe some medicine! Hurry up!" They ordered the doctor impatiently.

When the nurse went back with some medicine, Savannah stepped in front of the two men to take them, and she secretly put that SOS strip in the middle of those medical supplies on the tray. "Thank you."

"Is that all? Let's go!" The two men hurriedly led Savannah and Donna away from the clinic and returned to the freighter.

The door was slammed shut after Savannah and Donna were pushed into the cabin!

They staggered back and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Savannah, have you...?" Donna looked expectantly at Savannah.

Savannah gestured OK and whispered, "I put the strip in the nurse's tray."

"Do you think the nurse would see that? Would she throw it away without seeing it? Or maybe she would take it as a prank?" Donna looked hopeful but worried.

Savannah had had a careworn look on her face, too.

Sending out a call for help was only the first step.

Now they just had to trust luck.

But she didn't say anything unpleasant. "We'll be fine," Savannah said, a few words of comfort.

Donna felt much better when Savannah was so calm. "Savannah, you're much braver than me. I'm much older than you, but I feel ashamed of myself for being so useless..."

Savannah forced a smile. Is she brave?

Perhaps, deep in her heart, she felt that someone was bound to save her.

Savannah took a deep breath and looked at the sealed cabin window. Though there was no gleam come from the window, it was full of hope.

Dylan, are you looking for me? Have you found out where I am?

I'm waiting for you.

It was getting late. The freighter left the town and sailed seaward.

Donna was so tired and nervous that she soon fell into a deep sleep.

Still awake, Savannah held her cold knees against the container, a thousand thoughts flashing through her mind...

She heard two boatmen talking when she got on the ship again just now. They said that the freighter would arrive in Mexico tomorrow night at the latest.

Once in Mexico, she and Donna would be immediately brought to the red-light district.

That was to say, whether they could be rescued depended on whether the nurse at the small clinic would inform Dylan in time.

Tonight would be the important night.

If no one rescued them tomorrow, they would be in danger...

Dad, you have to bless me...Let the doctor and the nurse at the clinic find my SOS information, bless me through this...

Savannah put the palms together and began to pray silently. But then the light in her eyes was gone.

Her father passed away, and her mother disappeared long ago. If she was really sold to a foreign country, probably no one would miss her.

She would disappear and left nothing in nobody's mind.

She didn't expect her uncle's family to notice that she'd gone.

How about Dylan? Would he miss her?

She would probably never see Dylan again...

Thinking of this, the sickening fear came to her.

I'll never see him again...

Why did this thought eat her heart out?

No, it must be an illusion.

She felt pain only because she expected him to save her.

Tears that she had kept for two days finally rolled down her cheek.

No longer sleepy, she picked up the brick she had been using to write the message asking for help.

D-Y-L-A-N, five letters appeared askew on the floor.

It was as if courage could be gained by looking at his name.

She tried to dry her tears and slightly raised her lips.

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The stars were cold and chilled over the ocean.

It was midnight. Most of the people were sleeping soundly in the city.

But the port of the city was lit up as bright as day, noisy and fiery.

Police cars gathered alongside the port, and some marine police came too. They were busy checking those large cargo ships which had returned not long before.

After Dylan's order in the morning, most of the cargo ships that had set sail the night before had been called back one after the other. Then the police began to search for the hostages on board.

## **212: He's Coming**

The search, though long continued, proved unsuccessful. There was no trace of Savannah or Donna.

Dylan stood on the shore with his hands behind his back; his face became gloomy, and his lips compressed in front of the fruitless search.

The police chief went to him discreetly and said, hesitatingly, "Mr. Sterling, we've searched all the cargo ships returned, but nobody has been found... "

"Has any freighter hasn't sailed back yet? Keep sending signals to those freighters that haven't returned! If you can't contact some of them, drive yachts to call them back!" He shouted in a voice husky with emotion, and his bloodshot eyes showed his need for sleep.

It was normal that communication signals at sea could not be picked up by all cargo ships, so there must be some cargo ships that had not sailed back...

The police chief almost cried out. There were too many ships and freighters in and out every day. How could they chase after them? It was like fishing for a needle in the ocean! But he dared not refuse him.

Dylan stared at the distant boundary between the sea and the sky. His dark, bloodshot eyes twinkled like the stars in the sky.

Savannah, you always want to leave me, don't you? Now you finally get what you want, will you be happy?

But you can't escape without my permission!

I will turn the world upside down to find you!

Just then, the phone in the pocket of his pants started ringing.

He took it out and slightly frowned. It was a strange number from outside LA.

How could a stranger call his personal number?

He composed himself and answered it.

"Hello?"

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In the morning.

Savannah was woken up by the middle-aged woman who came in with breakfast.

"Eat quickly! Why do you become so thin and bony after only two days? How can you make money for me like this! Listen, we'll arrive at our destination tonight. Don't try to run away, and be good!" said the middle-aged woman violently before she left.

Sure enough, the day was the last day. Savannah felt a tug in her chest. When this day was past, and they were brought to the red-light district, they would die.

Donna started crying again. "Savannah... No one can save us... It's too late... They'll sell us as soon as they get on shore tonight..."

"We still have one day." Savannah's heart pumped hard too, but she still tried to be calm.

Donna knew Savannah was just saying that to make her feel better, and her tears streamed from her eyes.

Savannah looked at Donna, trying to ignore the lump in her throat.

Even if the nurse in the clinic called Dylan and told him, the freighter had left their country long ago, and there was only one day left. How could she expect Dylan to arrive on time?

Now, they could only pray for a miracle to come.

But how could a miracle happen to an ordinary girl like her?

They couldn't eat even a mite of food. Sitting on the cold floor, Savannah clasped her knees with two hands and leaned against a container, staring blankly at the black window.

Time went by so painfully but quickly. When the door was pulled open again, it was already evening!

The radiance of the sunset died away outside the cabin. The middle-aged woman led two hatchet men in.

It's all over. Savannah had a bad feeling.

It was so. The middle-aged woman hugged her arms. "Here we are. Let's get out!" With that, she motioned to the two men. Then they went up to Savannah and Donna with ropes and began to tie them up.

This was their last chance to fight back. Savannah and Donna glanced at each other and fought tooth and nail to get away. "Let us go! Help!"

Donna bit one man's arm hard, which made the man scream in pain and take two steps back.

Seeing this, the middle-aged woman slapped Donna in the face angrily, throwing her to the ground!

"Donna!" Savannah used all her strength to bump against another man and came hurriedly to Donna.

The middle-aged woman picked Savannah up. "You want to make a noise in my place? I've got a lot of ways to deal with women like you who don't obey! Would you like to try them one by one?"

Looking at Donna, who was lying on the ground half-consciously, Savannah was deeply troubled by the fierce glare on the middle-aged woman's face, and fear took hold of her.

She knew that their resistance would only make their fate worse!

The middle-aged woman let her go when she saw her silence.

Savannah fell on the floor heavily, and for a moment, she was stunned. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Tie them up!" The middle-aged women ordered!

The two hatchet men tied Savannah and Donna up again, gagged them with cloth, and carried them out of the cabin.

Savannah refused to accept, gritted her teeth, and was almost pushed forward by the man.

From time to time, in front of them came the middle-aged woman's threatening voice, "I'll kick your ass if you're not obedient!"

She and Donna would be finished as soon as they got off the ship!

Was her life over?

She was overwhelmed with grief, sorrow, despair...

Just then, they heard noises of footsteps and voices outside the cabin.

Many of the crew who had already disembarked seemed to be driven back again.

The middle-aged woman frowned. While the two men kept a close eye at Savannah and Donna, the woman went out to gather information.

When she came back, she looked a bit pale.

"What's the matter? What happened?" The two men asked.

"Dame! A lot of policemen came. They've blocked the ship and seem to search for somebody." The woman said as she asked them to go back to the cabin. Then she threw a glance at Savannah.

Savannah opened her eyes wide, hope arising from despair.

Search for someone?

Is Dylan coming?

She had prayed for miracles all day, and she didn't expect a miracle to happen.

The miracle was him!

"What? They can't be looking for these two women!" The two men startled!

"Anyway, they don't allow people or cargo off the ship. Now you lock them in two secret containers! Wait till they finish searching and go away!"

The two men immediately carried Savannah and Donna into two separate containers in a corner and locked them.

After a dull slam, blackness rushed into Savannah's eyes!

At the same time, she found it difficult to breathe! Oxygen was slowly decreasing!

After a while, she heard that the cabin door was kicked open, and then the middle-aged woman screamed in alarm. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Sterling. Do you want to search here?" It's Garwood's voice.

"Sure." A very familiar, cold, and husky voice said.

Savannah's heart jumped at this single word!

Dylan! It was him!

He's coming! He's really coming!

### **213: You're Here**

Garwood beckoned to the bodyguards behind him. Then they began a search immediately.

The middle-aged woman was dumbfounded. Wait, she heard those people call this handsome man -- Mr. Sterling?

Is this dignified and honorable man in front of her the young master from the Sterling family in LA?

By the way, that younger girl said she's Dylan Sterling's woman.

Now Dylan Sterling took people from LA to Mexico to search for someone in person...

Is that the girl the one they are looking for?

The middle-aged woman turned a little pale. But luckily, the two women were locked in separate containers in the remotest corner, and their mouths were gagged from crying out for help.

So, as long as those searchers didn't open and go through the containers one by one, everything would be fine.

Thinking of this, the middle-aged woman breathed a little sigh of relief.

In the container, Savannah wanted to scream, but her mouth was gagged. All she could do was try hard to raise her hands and feet to kick and beat the wall.

But her arms were tied, and her strength was limited. The wall of the container was thick, and she couldn't make any sound. It seemed that no one outside could hear.

She was so tired after beating and kicking for a while, and the oxygen existing in this enclosed place was running less. Her strength gradually faded away, leaving her groggy.

The searching in this cabin was finished soon.

"Mr. Sterling, nobody's been found. Let's go to the next room?" One bodyguard came over and reported.

No... Dylan... I'm here...

Savannah was afraid that he would really go away. She struggled hard to knock the container, but she found she couldn't even raise a single finger.

Oxygen in the container was almost used up. Savannah had never been so scared in her life.

She heard the sound of footsteps outside receding. The group of people seemed to be leaving for the next cabin.

The middle-aged woman smiled triumphantly.

Tears escaped from the corners of Savannah's eyes silently.

Dylan... Dylan!

She prayed and called out time and again, hoping in tears that he could hear her.

At the same time.

At the door, Dylan's step came to an abrupt halt, his boots making a crisp, cold sound on the ground!

"What's up, sir?" Garwood asked.

Somewhere on the ground, Dylan's stern gaze was fixed. He was first shocked, then angry, and at last pleasantly surprised.

On the floor were five letters carved by a stone:

DYLAN.

He sharply turned around, and with a murderous glint in his eyes, he shouted out in a hoarse voice, "Search the containers!"

The middle-aged woman felt the sweat start forth upon her brow, a weakness coming to her body!

Garwood, following Mr. Sterling's gaze, saw the name on the ground too. He gritted his teeth and ordered other bodyguards to pick the locks of those containers.

Dylan strode forward, picked up a steel knife from a bodyguard, and walked to a container!

"Let's make it for you, sir. Be careful, it might hurt you!" Garwood said quickly.

However, Dylan seemed to be unable to hear his dissuasion. He just stared at the containers in front of him and continued to pick another lock --

In the container --



With little oxygen, Savannah started to lose consciousness...

Maybe she couldn't wait for him to save her...

But it's nice to see him before she died...

A sweet but melancholy smile appeared on her lips. Suddenly everything went bright and fresh air coming in!

"Miss Schultz!" cried Garwood, surprised, and then a group of people rushed over!

She felt as if the earth had suddenly stopped, and time was frozen. The cloth was drawn from her mouth, and she was lifted carefully by a man and held by his powerful arms!

Dylan squeezed her to his chest and buried his head in her hair.

All her tension and fear disappeared, and her mind became peaceful and calm.

"My love..." Dylan's heart wrenched when he saw the little woman curled up in his arms weakly. He held her in a grip that he wanted to rub her into his veins.

Savannah tried to open her eyes. The handsome man, bearded and exhausted, hugged her so hard that it made her breathing difficult. Her dry lips moved and tried to give him a soft smile, but she had no strength.

"You're here..." she murmured.

The weak smile on her face made Dylan heartbroken. He pressed his cheek against her cold little face. "Don't be afraid. I'll take you home."

His words eased Savannah's mind, but she suddenly remembered something, "and Donna..." said Savannah anxiously before she fell into a coma.

Dylan's face was covered with dark clouds. He took off his wind coat, wrapped her tightly in it, lifted her to his arms, and strode out of the cabin.

Simultaneously, two bodyguards rescued Donna, who was half unconscious, from another container and carried her off the ship.

Garwood caught the two hatchet men and knew the whole thing from them. The middle-aged woman was a procuress from the red-light district of Mexico City. She used to go abroad to buy those abducted women and forced them to make money as hookers for her.

Garwood glared at the middle woman who had collapsed onto the ground, went to her, and picked her up. "How dare you buy Mr. Sterling's woman! How dare you! You're dead!"

"I don't know... I don't know she's Mr. Sterling's woman..." The middle-aged woman flopped down and begged for mercy.

She never thought that girl didn't tell a lie but really had a relationship with Dylan Sterling!

If she had known it, she wouldn't have bought this girl! She'd never dare!

Garwood grunted coldly. He asked one bodyguard to tie the woman up and followed Dylan out quickly.

Dylan, holding the little woman, went down from the gangplank. On the shore, the bodyguards and the police who came with them all made way for them.

Garwood stepped forward and pulled open the door of a car on the bank. "Sir, the hospital in Mexico is ready," he said.

Without a word, Dylan bent to put Savannah in, like treating the world's most precious treasure. Then he got in too.

The door slammed shut, and the car rolled on at full speed!

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A city in the northwest of Mexico, a private hospital

It was a white and clean private room.

Savannah was lying on her sick-bed with a blanket over her, her eyes closed and her arms folded across her chest. His beautiful brown hair spilled over the white pillow.

After the storm, she was quiet and nice, like a sleeping beauty.

Beside the bed, Dylan was sitting on a leather sofa, legs crossed, quietly staring at the beautiful figure in the bed.

His eyes fixed on her all the time.

The doctor said she was fine. She fainted away due to Transient Hypoxia, and that she was terribly scared these days.

After being fed intravenously, she would wake up after a good rest.

It was just as well. Otherwise, he wasn't sure how he would punish everyone who had done her harm!

Dylan was interrupted from his thoughts by a gentle knock on the door.

Garwood leaned in, looking at Dylan, and seemed to have something to report.

Dylan raised his arms and went out in order not to wake up Savannah.

Closing the door, he did not leave but walked slowly to the window, still staring at the little woman in the room.

## **214: I'll Take Care Of This**

"Sir, Donna's in the next ward, nothing major. I asked the hospital to arrange nurses for her and told them to take good care of her." Garwood said in a low voice.

Dylan said nothing, and he only had eyes for Savannah.

Donna had nothing to do with him, and he didn't care if she was alive.

He was even angry at Donna. If she hadn't called Savannah out that night, Savannah wouldn't have been kidnapped.

However, Savannah didn't forget to remind him to save Donna before she went into a coma. Since she cared so much about that woman, he didn't want her to blame him when she woke up.

"The middle-aged woman on board is a procuress of a big red-light district in Mexico City," Garwood continued, "she'd been buying and selling women in other countries for years. This time, she bought Miss Schultz and Ms. Donna in LA and planned to transport them back to Mexico City and force them to make money for her as... prostitutes. Luckily, Miss Schultz's so smart that she managed to send the SOS message out so that we could get here in time."

This morning, Mr. Sterling received a telephone call from a nurse of a clinic in the border region. She said that a girl accompanied another woman to see the doctor last night and secretly slipped a piece of SOS cloth to her for help.

TQ809.

This was the freighter that took Savannah away!

With the specific information of the cargo ship, Mr. Sterling immediately flew to Mexico by private plane, accompanied by a group of the Sterling's bodyguards and police, and came to the port where the TQ809 cargo ship would land.

As soon as the cargo ship pulled into the shore, it was immediately blocked by police. No one was allowed to get off the ship.

Fortunately, it's not too late.

Miss Schultz would be sold to the red-light district if they hadn't arrived in time. Garwood was really afraid that Mr. Sterling would make a big fuss in Mexico at that time.

Prostitutes in the red-light district.

Dylan's eyes blazed with anger.

He never thought his elder sister to be so cruel.

How dare she sell his woman to the red-light district!

Garwood had followed Dylan for years and knew he was trying to suppress anger now.

"The procuress said Miss Schultz and Ms. Donna were sold to her by two kidnapers from LA's gangsterdom; one has tattoos on arms, and another one is a gingered-haired man. They took another ship going abroad after they received the money. So now we don't have evidence."

A sardonic smile played on Dylan's lips.

Going abroad? Where could they run?

As long as they were alive, he would find them sooner or later.

Even if they died, he would dig out their ashes!

"Find these two men." Dylan ground out between clenched teeth.

"Yes, sir. I'll send people for an overseas warrant." Garwood answered.

Now his boss, Dylan Sterling from LA, said that he wanted to find two gangsters. Even if he didn't take action personally, several big gangsters at home and abroad would be busy searching for these two people.

After all, who didn't want to be closer to Mr. Sterling?!

At this moment, Dylan saw the little woman on the sick-bed open her eyes. He raised his arm as a signal for Garwood to handle the matter, and then he came back into the ward.

Savannah felt a little weak, and there was nothing else wrong with her. She recalled what happened last night.

Weak as she was, she tried to push herself, rising on her elbow. But she was still too weak to sit up.

Just then, a hand reached out and caught her waist in time!

Looking up, she saw Dylan's dark eyes. They were soft and warm, heated evenly.

Her heartbeat quickened. It's not a dream. It was really him. He really came to save her.

"I'll call the doctor." Dylan didn't expect her to wake up so fast. He sat her up against the bedhead and then got to his feet to leave.

Maybe it was because she had not recovered from the pain in her brain, Savannah grabbed his hand. "Don't go..." she said in a weak voice.

Dylan paused, turned, and looked at her; his gaze was dark obsidian.

Savannah recovered herself and flushed, drawing back her hand.

Dylan sat back on the bed, satisfied with her reaction, and his lips quirked up in a half-smile.

"Well... How's Donna?" she remembered that Donna was locked in another container and began to worry about her again.

"She's all right. In the room next to yours." Dylan said simply.

Savannah breathed with relief; then she remembered something and said, hesitatingly, "It's...Susan who planned the kidnapping. When I was in the van after being kidnapped, I heard the kidnapper talking with Susan on the phone..."

"I know." He had obviously known everything. "I'll take care of this," he said.

He already knew Susan did it...

Savannah was in a trance when he took her chin in his hand and tilted her head up to reach his eyes.

"Anything else?" His voice was low, and he's gazing at her.

Only then did she notice that he had red and bloodshot eyes. It seemed that he had not rested for several days and nights. He lost some weight, and he had no time to razor his face clean of his beard.

During the days after her disappearance, he felt no better than she did. He had been anxiously looking for her.

She had tried hard to free herself these days, meanwhile, he did not give up on her.

Dylan could see himself in her beautiful, childlike eyes, which made his heart frantic. "Nothing to say? Good. It's my turn." he murmured, his arm holding her firmly in place around her waist. He kisses her hard, his tongue invading her mouth.

It seemed that he wanted to make up for the time he had lost her!

Her sweet taste reassured him instantly.

If she weren't so weak, it would have been more than a kiss.

At ordinary times, Savannah would resist, but at this moment, she felt like she was the boat finally arrived at the warm harbor, and she didn't want to leave his strong and warm arms. Pushing her body flush against his, she kissed him back.

When she reacted to what she did, she immediately withdrew her soft tongue.

Dylan was so pleased with her response that he refused to let her go, a low groan in his throat. He pulled back, his eyes hooded, and then he whispered softly in her ear, "Don't be shy, baby... You weren't so ashamed to write my name on the deck of the ship."

She flushed. Did he saw it?

No wonder he stopped and suddenly had the cabin searched! He must have found his name on the ground...

She wanted to explain that she just had nothing to do when she was tied up but found that any explanation seemed so weak.

What else could it mean when she wrote his name in the most dangerous time?

### **215: The Name Carried A Lot Weight**

The only reason was -

That name carried a lot of weight in her mind.

Her face was getting red, as red as a rose. He didn't know what she was thinking, and he had no time to ask. Leaning down, he cradled her head and kissed her again...

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In the evening, Savannah learned that she was in a private hospital in a city in southwestern Mexico.

When Dylan was on his way to Mexico by private jet, he informed the best private hospital here in advance, which was equipped with the best medical equipment and local medical staff.

The private hospital was quite different from a public hospital. While the former that treated ordinary people was always noisy and crowded, the latter one that treated the rich was as splendid as a palace.

From the nurses here, Savannah knew she now lived in the best private hospital in Mexico.

It's even hard for wealthy locals to get in. This hospital, which mostly received Mexican royalty, was considered a royal hospital.

She not only lived in the royal hospital of Mexico but also in a private room of the highest level in the hospital.

Savannah didn't react for a long time.

She knew Dylan was powerful in LA, but she never thought he also had a lot of contacts in Mexico.

She planned to visit Donna when she woke up but was pushed back onto the bed and kissed furiously by Dylan. After that, she jumped out of bed but was again pressed back. He said that she could only go out after she recovered, so she had to lie down obediently, waiting for tomorrow.

"Sir," Garwood knocked at the door and said, "the local consul is here to see you. He asked if you need any help."

Savannah took a breath. The consul came in person? Dylan deserved such honor!

However, Dylan seemed impatient to be interrupted, "no, ask him back." He didn't even look back.

Savannah curled her lips. Anyway, the man coming was a senior diplomat in Mexico. Did Dylan need to be so indifferent? What's more, if he didn't leave, she could only stay in the ward.

"You should at least see him," Savannah said, "I want to have more sleep now."

Dylan thought for a moment and patted her on the head softly. "Well, I'm going out. Have a good rest, don't go around. If you want to see Donna, wait until you feel better."

She looked innocent, twirling the edge of the quilt like a cat and nodding cunningly.

Dylan didn't seem to believe her to be so obedient. He asked Garwood to call a nurse in and told her, "take care of Miss Schultz. Don't let her go out."

"Yes, Mr. Sterling," the nurse immediately replied.

Dylan took a look at the little woman in bed and straightened his collar before leaving with Garwood.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief when she saw him go, and then she turned to the nurse.

Dylan asked the nurse to look at her... How could she get out?

"Miss, I want to sleep. Why don't you go out and take your time?" She raised her beautiful eyebrows.

The nurse still remembered Dylan's order. "It's all right, Miss Schultz. I will watch over you."

"You really don't have to stay with me," Savannah continued, "it's boring to watch me sleep! And I'm not used to having people around me when I sleep."

"Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling told me to stay with you." The nurse insisted.

Savannah pouted and said, "well, but I want you to go now."

"Miss Schultz, please don't embarrass me. I dare not go against Mr. Sterling's command." The nurse was helpless.

Dylan was not the President, why was everyone so afraid of him?

"Why do you treat him so respectfully? Is Dylan so powerful and tough in your country? Why does a royal hospital work for him?" Savannah really wondered.

This remark shocked the nurse, and she was even surprised that Savannah could directly call Mr. Sterling's name.

Half a moment later, she stammered, "not to mention our hospital, even the members of our royal family are very respectful and polite to him. Mr. Sterling's very close to our royalty and senior government. Every time when he comes to Mexico, the royal family members will receive him personally. Mr. Sterling has absolute immunity in our country and enjoys all resources equal to that of the royal family."

Savannah was shocked by her words.

That was to say, Dylan was powerful at home and so influential in Mexico?

What else ability did he have that she yet knew not?

Well, it's not surprising. Dylan's mother was equal to those royal family members in British, and he was almost a member of the royal family himself.

It was natural that the royal family of other countries respected him!

When Savannah came again to herself, she found that the nurse had not left. She rolled her eyes and continued, "Miss, I want to eat chocolate ice cream..."

The nurse hesitated for a moment and said, "Miss Schultz, we don't provide ice cream in the restaurant of our hospital, but we have better snacks..."

"No, I want ice cream. If you can't get one in the hospital restaurant, you can go outside to buy one!" Savannah deliberately picked up ice cream, which was not provided by the hospital.

What's more, there were few snack bars around such a private hospital. The nurse had to spend hours.

"But Mr. Sterling asked me to watch you..."

"And I think Mr. Sterling must have said, 'take good care of Miss Shultz,' so you should satisfy me when I want ice cream, right?" Savannah blinked and said.

The nurse hesitated for a moment and finally said, "well, Miss Schultz, please have a rest. Don't go anywhere."

After the nurse left, Savannah quickly sneaked into Donna's room next door.

Donna, though a little tired, was in good spirit and was relieved to see Savannah.

"I heard that Mr. Sterling came for you in person, Savannah," Donna said gently with a smile, "he cherishes you."

These words seemed irresistible. Savannah flushed.

They chatted for a while, and then Savannah hurried back to her ward lest the nurse returned early.

She opened the ward door carefully and was relieved. Fortunately, the nurse hadn't come back yet.

Before she could breathe again, a man reached for her tiny waist, pulling her into his arms, and hugged her from behind.

"Ah---" Savannah was quite startled by this movement.

Before her scream was finished, her little mouth was covered by a warm palm, and the man whispered in her ears,

"You're disobedient again."

## **216: He Caught Her**

When Dylan's familiar, charming voice came into her ear, Savannah jumped again, her heart thudding and bumping.

He's back!

And he caught her.

"You... Why are you back so early?"

"How else could I know that you sneaked out of the room?" quipped Dylan, "I heard that you asked the nurse to buy you an ice cream? Oh, you have a good appetite."

He came back as soon as he sent the consul away. How long did she expect him to stay out?

"I'm really concerned about Donna," Savannah explained, "I just had a look at her."

"She's in better health than you. The doctor said she didn't need to be hospitalized. I've already arranged a flight for her. Tomorrow she'll be sent back to LA first." He did not want the little woman's time to be engaged by other things.

"Donna will return home first? What about me?" Savannah wondered, "Won't we come back with her?"

"The doctor said you're not suitable for flying now, and you need more rest. There's no hurry. We'll go back in a few days." Dylan said simply.

"Mexico's only a few hours away from LA. It's not a long journey." Savannah looked at him with her head on one side.



"What's the hurry?" he frowned slightly, "you hardly ever go abroad. Why not take it as a trip?"

After returning home, a war with Susan was inevitable.

His bottom line had been completely overturned by Susan. This time, he would not let it go again.

Before that, he wanted to spend a few more quiet and undisturbed days with her in Mexico.

Savannah took a deep breath, knowing what he had in mind. After being saved out from the human trafficker, she needed some relaxation, and he wanted to spend more time alone with her abroad.

She never thought their first trip abroad was actually in this way – playing at the place where she was almost sold.

Finally, she nodded. "Okay."

To be honest, she hadn't been abroad yet. She heard that Mexico was really fun and the food here was very delicious. It would be nice to stay here for a few days.

Dylan saw her eyes sparkling brilliantly, knowing she was also very happy to stay here. His breathing grew somewhat rapid. Resisting his deep desire, he picked her up and went to bed, laying her down. Then he lied down too, reaching out to enfold her in his arms. "It's getting late. Time to go to sleep."

"Dylan..." Savannah struggled slightly.

How could she really sleep in this position? What if he wanted her at midnight...?

Dylan seemed to have guessed her worry, and a faint grin bent the corners of his thin lips. "Don't worry. I won't take you until you're well again."

If he hurt her, he himself would suffer in the end. So even if he wanted her, he had to restrain his impulse.

Savannah's face burned, and she was also relieved. She closed her eyes and fell asleep in his arms.

\*\*\*

Savannah slept her first peaceful sleep after being kidnapped.

When she woke up, it was broad daylight.

The doctor examined her and found nothing wrong. Then she changed clothes and went out with Dylan.

Outside the hospital, a middle-aged man in a suit and tie, with several subordinates after him, was waiting at the door. Not far away, there was a car that seemed to come from the consulate.

This middle-aged man was the U. S consul serving in Mexico.

The consul led his subordinates to meet Dylan when he saw him come out with a young lady.

"Mr. Sterling, are you going out?" His eyes couldn't help falling on the twenty-year-old girl beside Dylan.

Mr. Sterling came to Mexico with all the police and bodyguards out for this cute girl.

The consul came to the hospital last night. He invited Mr. Sterling to dinner and asked him to stay in the senior presidential suite of the consulate.

But Mr. Sterling refused. He said he would stay at the hospital and then went back without any supper.

So, he left to accompany this girl?

For this girl, Mr. Sterling not only came all the way to Mexico to search the port but also preferred to stay in the hospital than a luxury suite!

Unexpectedly, Mr. Sterling, who had always kept himself aloof from women, now pampered a girl to such an amazing extent.

Now they were abroad, and Savannah was not afraid of her relationship with Dylan being exposed. So even if the consul looked her squarely in the eye, she was still calm. She quietly walked down the stairs, hand in hand with Dylan.

"Hmm." Dylan winced slightly when he saw the consul come again.

"Where are you going, Mr. Sterling?" The consul smiled politely.

"Out for a walk," Dylan said simply.

"Oh, why not let me show you around? I can give you some information about places to visit in the area!" The consul said fervently.

"No." Dylan was obviously not interested in his suggestion.

"Sir, I can also provide a guide who knows this city well for you and this beautiful lady..." How could Mr. Sterling play in this city alone? They needed the best service and company!

"You're noisy. Don't you have anything else to do?" There was a definite chill in Dylan's tone.

Come on, Dylan frowned, he doesn't want this man to play gooseberry, okay?

Doesn't he know he's unwanted?

Savannah almost laughed out when she saw Dylan refuse the consul without hesitation. But it was actually a very awkward moment, and the consul stood there embarrassed.

Anyway, he was a distinguished U. S. diplomatic official who came to become the local guide on his own initiative. It's not polite for Dylan to refuse him in such a cold way.

She had never seen a government official before. Maybe a consul was nothing to Dylan, and he didn't think it's necessary to save his face.

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness." Savannah smile at the consul to break the ice, "we're going to enjoy ourselves alone today, and we don't want to bother you."

"Oh, then I won't interfere with you. I wish you a happy day!" The consul smiled gratefully at Savannah, and then he hurriedly left.

Dylan wrinkled his handsome brows. The consul agreed as soon as the little woman opened her mouth? Then he glanced at Savannah. She smiled so brightly to another man in his presence!

Unpleased, he gave her hand a hard squeeze, taking her straight to the car prepared by Garwood.

He snapped the door shut, and the outside world was shut out. It seemed that he got angry without reason.

Savannah felt something strange in the atmosphere.

"What's up?" she asked when she saw him sitting there pouting.

Dylan turned half around to lift her chin, leaning down to her. "Why flirt with another man in my face?"

### **217: She Always Had Good Luck**

What?

"I just help you to break the embarrassment, okay?" Savannah was speechless.

Since Dylan had such a low EQ and made the atmosphere strained, she couldn't stand it anymore.

"Do you need to give that consul the glad eye?" said the jealous man. Dylan felt even more uncomfortable when he thought about that.

"A glad eye? Did I?" She didn't make an eye to any man, but she wanted to roll her eyes at Dylan now!

"After all, don't talk to other men." Dylan squinted, pushing her over, and imprinted a warning kiss on her white forehead. Then he stepped on the accelerator to start the car.

\*\*\*

After four days in Mexico, Savannah and Dylan returned to LA on a private flight.

When the plane landed on the private tarmac, Savannah took a deep breath of air.

Mexico was fun, but the home was still the best.

Standing on the land of the country, Savannah felt much more at ease now!

Not far from the tarmac stopped a silver-gray Mercedes that had come to pick them up.

"Garwood, take Miss Schultz back to Beverly Hills," Dylan ordered simply.

"Yes, sir." Garwood quickly answered.

"Why? Don't you go back with me?" Savannah blurted out.

Dylan quirked up the corners of his mouth with satisfaction.

The little woman, though still stubborn, seemed to become needy in their relationship now.

Especially after this kidnapping.

Savannah noticed the significant smile on his lips and hurriedly added, "I mean you... You just got off the plane. Don't you need a rest?"

Looking toward the horizon between heaven and earth in the distance, Dylan's smile faded by degree.

"There's no time to rest. I'll come back when everything's done." His tone became heavy and cold.

Savannah understood. He was going back to the Sterling's house to handle Susan's case.

"Let me go with you." After all, she's the person concerned.

"No." Dylan narrowed his eyes, reaching out to adjust her hair in the morning breeze. "I'll take care of it," he said.

The little woman had been jolting for days and need time to rest and recover.

Besides, he didn't want her to see Susan again. He didn't want her to be hurt again.

"But..." She raised her face.

Subconsciously... She wanted to share that burden with him.

"Be good. Your present task is to have a good rest." Dylan leaned over, whispering in her ear. In front of Garwood and others, he kisses her hair gently.

Everyone took a deep breath and quickly turned their eyes, pretending they didn't notice.

Mr. Sterling had no regard for their feelings! Was that good to show affection in front of them, who were all single dogs?

Savannah blushed and busily pushed him away with her hands against his chest. "What're you doing!"

Dylan stared at her pink face, which looked like a piece of sweet jelly, on the point of throwing out, "I want to fuck you."

During these days in Mexico, he had to consider her health and restrained himself all the time. God knew how much he wanted her.

Now, the little woman was almost recovered. If it were not for Susan's matter, he would like to go back home and take her at once.

Restraining his unspeakable desire, he gently pinched her plump face and said in a husky voice, "if you don't want me to do something, go back now."

Savannah took a deep breath and entered the car.

\* \* \*

In the Sterling's house.

Susan was walking with old Sterling in the garden with an air of abstraction.

Dylan flew to Mexico in person the day after Savannah's disappearance.

Apparently, Savannah's whereabouts had already been known, and she heard that Savannah had been saved in time.

Damn it, this little bitch was so lucky that she got away with it again!

These days she had been unable to eat or sleep.

Just now, Garwood called back, saying that Dylan had taken Savannah home. After that, Susan's heart was beating faster. She had a bad feeling.

But she told herself consolingly that she would be okay.

The two gangsters she had sent to kidnap Savannah and Donna had already gone abroad with the money she gave them.

Dylan couldn't find any evidence to charge her.

She was fine after Donna was assaulted by a rascal that year, and she would be fine again this time.

She always had good luck!

A sly grin bent the corners of Susan's thin mouth.

Just then, footsteps and the voice of a servant came from the entrance to the garden.

"Mr. Sterling, you're here."

Susan was a little startled. She knew that Dylan might come to her when he returned to LA, but she didn't expect him to come as soon as he got off the plane! With affected calmness, she turned around.

Dylan walked into the garden with quick steps, and Garwood followed closely behind.

His eyes, so fine and cold, traveled over the garden and fell on Susan.

Susan shivered for no reason but still acted as if nothing was wrong. "Dylan, why did you suddenly go abroad and come back so soon? Why not say hello to dad?" She said coldly and managed a frown.

"What happened to Savannah, Dylan?" Old Sterling asked anxiously. He was concerned about that girl.

"All is well."

These three words relaxed the old man's mind, but Susan's expression became tense. She clenched her fist and cursed Savannah inwardly. That bitch's really lucky.

Old Sterling looked behind Dylan and asked, "where's Savannah? She didn't come with you?"

"I asked Garwood to take her back first," Dylan said dryly.

"You come here alone..." Old Sterling knew Dylan wouldn't come here for no reason.

"Susan, please come with me to the police station." Dylan looked at Susan.

Susan broke out in a cold sweat and immediately hid behind her father. "Dad..."

"Dylan, what do you mean? I said, if there's no evidence, don't talk nonsense..." Old Sterling frowned.

"When Savannah was kidnapped, she heard the kidnapper talking with Susan over the phone. She didn't want Henley to leave LA with Donna and planned the kidnapping. Savannah just caught them unluckily, so she was tied up together. Susan let the kidnappers sell the two people to the red-light district in Mexico City. If I hadn't arrived in time..." Dylan snorted as he said.

Old Sterling's face changed. He looked at Susan. "You did it?"

Susan gritted her teeth and mustered up a tear, "Dad, I didn't! Since you restricted my actions, I've been reflecting in the small white building, I wouldn't dare to do that! Savannah said it was me, so it was me? Does she have any proof? Did she see me in person? Just one phone call? How ridiculous! Besides, you know that she harbors a grudge against me, dad. Maybe she's taking the opportunity to frame me!"

## **218: So Evil**

Old Sterling didn't think Savannah would wrong Susan.

However, he was reluctant to believe that his daughter would once again commit such a desperate act -- kidnapping.

Finally, he looked at Dylan and said, hesitatingly, "Dylan, maybe Savannah had misheard that? More investigation?"

Dylan had known that Susan would deny the truth. He said nothing but made a gesture to a bodyguard behind him.

The bodyguard immediately walked up to them with a tablet PC, and then he turned the screen at old Sterling --

On the screen, two men with panicked faces sat in front of the PC camera.

The elder one had tattoos on his arm, while the younger one had ginger hair.

Susan broke out in a cold sweat!

Didn't these two idiots go abroad? How did they get caught?

The tattooed man looked nervously at the camera and confessed, "That day, Miss Sterling came to me and asked me if I would like to make a big deal. She asked me to tie up a woman and sell her to Mexico. She promised to give me a lot of money after that. Of course, I agreed."

The ginger-haired man continued, "when I tied up the woman with my boss, the woman's friend saw us, so we tied up the girl. On our way to the port, Miss Sterling ordered us to sell the girl together..."

Old Sterling stared at Susan in disbelief.

Susan, however, didn't admit it anyway. "No, no -- dad, Dylan just picked two people to frame me up!" She shook her head as she cried.

Dylan smiled sardonically when he saw Susan's stubborn resistance. "These two gangsters were from the Colombo family. They went to Brazil after the kidnapping. I asked the branch of the Colombo family

in Brazil to search these two people for me, and they had just been caught this morning. If you don't believe me, dad, you can ask the head of the Colombo family."

Old Sterling took a breath and understood. Really, it was really Susan who did it.

Many years ago, in order to take a man, Susan sent a gangster to assault an innocent girl.

Today, she committed kidnapping.

Was she still his good daughter?

Susan rushed forward to old Sterling and wanted to explain but was slapped in the face by him. She staggered back several steps, covering her face, shocked, "dad!"

"So, evil! Don't call me, dad!" Old Sterling said between clenched teeth, "the evidence is there. What else do you want to explain? I thought you'd already changed, but you went even further! How dare you to commit kidnapping! Are you going to disgrace the Sterling family?"

When old Sterling flared at her like this, Susan dared not explain anymore. "Dad! I was wrong. It's an impulse..." she knelt down and broke into tears.

"Dad!" she cried while slapping her own face, "dad, will you forgive me this time? This must be the last time! I won't do it again!"

Dylan looked at his elder sister, who was acting, a sarcastic smile playing on his lips.

Did she want to escape the punishment in this way?

"Finished? Let's go." Dylan's cold and unfeeling voice lingered in the garden.

Susan looked for help at old Sterling with her face swollen, shaking her head vigorously. "No... Dad, I don't want to go to the police station..."

"Don't want to go to the police station? You should know you'll have the day when you harmed others!" Dylan sneered and gestured to his bodyguards.

Two bodyguards walked to pick up Susan.

Susan shuddered. Are they going to send her to jail?

She was a rich lady, a woman of noble rank, the daughter of the most famous family in LA. How could she be sent to prison?

What would others think of her?

She was not only abandoned by her husband but would also be sent to prison?

Was there any standing room for her at that time? She'd better die!

Susan began to struggle hard as if exceedingly hurt.

"How dare you! Let me go! I'm the daughter of the Sterling family! How dare you take me to the police station... Asshole, I want you to die! Let go of me --"

Susan was not like a noble lady now. She became a mad dog!

Old Sterling was angry with Susan, but he still could not bear his daughter to be treated like that.  
"Wait!"

His voice raised Susan's hope again. She rushed up to her father, "dad, please help me..."

Dylan looked at old Sterling coldly. "Dad, you won't help her again, will you?"

"Dylan, I know she's done a lot of things wrong, but she's still my daughter, the Sterling family's lady. It's a shame to take her to the police station in this way, and the Sterling family will lose all the reputation!" Although old Sterling wanted to give this daughter a good lesson, too, the family's reputation should be considered first.

"If you continue to pamper her, even indulge her, dad, she will blunder badly again and lose the Sterling family's reputation completely in the future! She has to be punished this time!" Dylan said with an incontrovertible determination.

Old Sterling looked at Dylan, who was determined not to give in, taking a deep breath. He knew that this son had always been tough, once he made up his mind, he would not change it easily.

Just as he hesitated, Dylan signaled the bodyguards, and Susan was half-dragged and half-lifted to the gate again!

She struggled and kicked, flashing old Sterling a despairing glance. At the thought of the police and the media surrounding her, she felt dizzy and finally blacked out.

"Miss Sterling --" Cooper called out, hurried over to look at her, and then he turned to old Sterling and Dylan, "Miss Sterling's badly scared and fainted... "

"Dylan, send your sister to her room first. At least you should wait until she wakes up. Now she's in such a condition, it's useless to send her to the police station!" Old Sterling said anxiously.

Dylan took a look at Susan, who had already lost consciousness, frowning, and finally signaled his bodyguard to go. "Wait until she wakes up."

It would take a few hours at the most. He could afford to wait.

Cooper hurriedly called two maids to take Susan back to the small white building.

\* \* \*

Susan was sent back to her room. After a rest, she slowly woke up.

"Miss Sterling, you're awake. Have a drink of water." A maid came up with a cup of hot water.

Susan knew that when she woke up, she would inevitably be sent to the police station. A haze of despair covered her mood. She knocked the water over and cried out,

"Go! I have no mood to drink water!"

Just then, another maid knocked at the door and came in. "Miss Sterling --"



"Get out! I want you to get out!" Susan shouted in tears.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Yontz, comes to see you. He's waiting downstairs." The maid said carefully.

### **219: Who Dares To Give Me A Lesson?**

Henley? Did he come to see her?

Did he come around finally and regret divorcing her?

That's right... They had been a couple for so many years, and he must still love her!

With her last hope in hopelessness, Susan jumped out of bed and rushed downstairs.

Henley was standing in the living room, looking indifferent-unconcerned.

"Henley, I knew you'd come back to me..." Susan rushed over to grab her ex-husband's hand.

Henley quietly withdrew his hand, and his voice was cold. "You kidnapped Donna and sold her to the red-light district, didn't you?"

Shocked, Susan burst into tears, "I heard that you and she were going to leave LA, and I did it with the impetuosity of my sentiments... Henley, I don't want to divorce you, and I don't want you to leave! You don't really want a divorce, you still want to be with me, do you? Don't leave me, we'll make up and start all over again, okay?"

Henley looked at the woman who was wild enough and obstinate enough to commit any folly. "Start all over again? The marriage between us for more than 20 years is the most disgusting thing I've ever felt! What I regret most is that I was too weak to fight back when you hurt Donna. I didn't expect that after so many years, you are still so vicious and cruel! You hurt Donna again and almost had Savannah in trouble! What's wrong with Savannah? Susan, I came here today to tell you that you should turn yourself in at once. Otherwise, even if old Sterling protects you, I will personally testify against you with Donna. Years ago, you had been at large, this time, I will not let you go!"

With that, he turned and left!

It was the first time Susan had seen Henley be so tough, and she knew it was the last time she saw Henley. She was stunned for half a second before she rushed to hold him like a madman.

"No! Henley, don't leave! Where do you want to go? Back home with that little bitch? You can't! What is she? An ordinary woman with no money and no background! I'm the daughter of the Sterling family. She can't compare with me! Stay with me..."

Henley gritted his teeth and drew her away!

Now his ex-wife was still so rampant and used her identity to bully others!

"Susan, I tell you, it makes me sick to see you. I never loved you, not for a day. Stay? I'd better die! Turn yourself in quickly, or I will testify against you!" Shouted Henley angrily.

Susan was pushed to the ground, watching him striding out the door. His words stabbed her like knives!

Especially the sentence --

I never loved you, not for a day. It makes me sick to see you.

No woman could take it.

Especially Susan, who was always arrogant and praised by others!

Didn't Henley come here to make up with her?

Why did he force her to turn herself in?

Henley's love for her was her last hope.

But now, even this hope was completely destroyed!

It was like the last straw that broke the camel's back. She was crushed with black despair.

Dylan was determined to let her learn a lesson, and Henley wanted to testify against her. Even dad was angry with her and refused to help her...

She felt as if she had fallen into a deep abyss. There was no way out.

"Miss Sterling --" the maid called out when she saw Susan sit on the ground with a wooden expression, a little scared.

Susan didn't get up. She was still in a daze, and her eyes didn't sparkle. Suddenly, she smiled and then abruptly frantic.

"I'm Miss Sterling... Who dares give me a lesson... Who dares... Ha Ha... You bitches! You are powerless little civilians! I can kill you like killing an ant!" She was obviously going a bit dotty.

The two maids broke out into a cold sweat. They tentatively went to hold her, "Miss Sterling, are you okay?"

Susan glared at them and pushed them away violently. "Get out of here! Do you want to seduce my husband? Go away! I will not let him leave with you! Go!"

Then she got up and ran to the gate. "I'm going to find my husband! We're gonna remarry. He loves me the most... You don't deserve to argue with me! He'll never leave with another woman..."

One maid hurried to stop Susan, while another one rushed to the main house to report!

\* \* \*

Susan had gone insane. The news reached Beverly Hills at night.

Judy answered the phone from Cooper and told Savannah in surprise.

Susan couldn't stand being abandoned by Henley and was afraid of losing face in prison. At long last, her nervous system gave away.

She made a noise and cried, sometimes in a daze, and said some strange words.

A few hours ago, she was taken to the hospital by Dylan.

Because old Sterling was in poor health, Dylan took care of everything himself, and he had not returned yet.

After hearing it, Savannah was puzzled for a second.

Susan, who was so arrogant and contemptuous, had gone mad.

Savannah never thought of that.

Judy shook her head and sighed sadly and angrily, "Miss Sterling... Poor soul. But she deserves it!"

As the night deepened, Savannah began to nod on the sofa.

"Savannah, you seemed to be tired out. Go to bed. Mr. Sterling must be busy working in the hospital tonight and probably won't come back. You've just come back from Mexico, and you're recovering. You should have more rest."

"I'm fine, you go to sleep first, Judy. I think I'll sit here a little longer." Savannah smiled.

Judy nodded and had to go back to her room first.

The sitting room became quiet. All that left was the sound of the TV play.

Savannah sat on the sofa, holding her chin in her hands. She couldn't watch TV at all. Staring at the deep dark night outside the window, she wondered what Dylan was doing now. Was he still in the hospital?

So much happened in the Sterling family today. Old Sterling was quite old and in poor health, and it all fell on Dylan.

He just came back from Mexico too, and he must be more tired than her! In order to find her, he didn't sleep for several days.

Savannah slightly brushed at the thought. Why should she care if he was tired or not?

He had so many people around him, and Garwood would remind him to rest. What did she worry about?

Her eyelids grew heavy as she thought, and she gradually fell asleep.

The night was getting deeper.

After midnight.

Outside the villa, the bright lights of a car lit up the night. The car stopped, and Dylan got off.

He walked into the villa and saw a small figure lying on the sofa.

The little woman had been waiting for him all night?

The thought gave him a warm feeling inside. He walked over and shut off the TV.

**220: Say You Love Me**

Savannah curled up on the sofa, like a kitten. Her red, pouty lips were parted slightly, and her shiny, brown hair was a glorious mess.

Dylan's breath was shallow. He picked her up, walking upstairs.

After putting her on the bed, he took a shower and changed into a white robe.

When he came out, the little cat was still in a deep sleep. She unconsciously wrapped herself in his white blanket.

She must be tired after waiting for him for so long.

It seemed that she wouldn't be awakened even by the roar of thunder.

He walked over to tuck her up. His eyes softened, and he ran his thumb across her lip. The touching made his blood sear in his veins. He quickly laid down beside her, and his hands slipped into the blanket, trailing up from her hip to her waist and up to her breast. He gazed down at her, his expression unreadable, and gently cupped her breast.

Deep in her throat, Dylan heard a faint distressed groan.

Savannah felt so warm in her dream, and it seemed that someone was touching her. The heat was familiar, and it was stifling, overpowering. It must be Dylan. She could even feel his erection against her hips.

Was this a spring dream?

Her heart was pounding hard. She flushed scarlet, everywhere, feeling faint.

How? Why? She didn't know she could dream sex. What's more, this dream was too realistic.

It's almost reality.

Although it was in the dream, her body struggled unconsciously to avoid the aggression of his hand.

Then she heard a familiar voice whispering in her ear, "my love, honey, I want you."

His sexy voice made Savannah lost.

She breathed, the response of her body showed that she didn't reject being touched by him. Subconsciously, she was utterly at the mercy of his expert touch.

Since it was a dream, she didn't have to be shy.

"Dylan..." she murmured, biting her lip, and her mouth opened as she groaned.

"Say you love me." He ordered.

"I love you..." Savannah hesitated for just half a second before she said that in a soft but urgent voice as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Anyway, it was a dream.

She even wrapped one of her legs around his strong waist.

Dylan was excited and breathy. He began to trail feather light kisses around her ear and down her neck. He lifted the hem of her nightgown, and his fingers slipped through the fine lace.

"Hmm..." The interrupting cold air woke Savannah all of a sudden. She opened her eyes and breathed!

Dylan's eyes were soft and warm, heated evenly. Oh my. He was so close.

She sat up and blushed, wide awake now.

Holy shit, it was not a spring dream! He did come!

Ah---

She said that three words and she wanted his possession!

So embarrassed!

The last time she responded was because she had taken an aphrodisiac!

But now, could she still find an excuse?

He must feel quite proud.

But she never thought he would come so late!

Dylan had no time to laugh at her when the little woman slipped away and left him wanting. He grabbed her and pulled her back with a dark expression.

Didn't she know she had a concupiscent effect on him?

"Dylan... I just... thought it was a dream..." She pressed her hand against his chest.

"So what? You want me too, even in your dream." He was lost in an erotic torment, and his voice was full of repressed desire.

Before she had time to speak, he peeled off her nightgown, pinning her down, and continued to trail kisses down her body, passionately...

\*\*\*

When Savannah woke, it was almost 10 o'clock in the morning. She stretched herself, and she felt sore.

Dylan was nowhere to be seen.

She scratched her hair and took a deep breath.

Last night Dylan was like a lion starving for a long time, and he took her again and again...

She had been worried that he would be too tired after racing around all day, but it seemed that he was still full of energy!

She changed clothes and went downstairs.

Dylan was reading emails over coffee in a white shirt. He looked his usual calm, collected self. He's not merely good-looking – he's the epitome of male beauty, breathtaking, and he's with her. She blushed at that thought suddenly.

The early morning sun came in through the French Windows and hung a thin layer of gold over his shoulders.

Savannah thought he had gone to the company and didn't expect him to be here. She looked at him, recalling his burning smokey gaze and what they did... She blushed and hesitated if she should step back or forward.

It was the first time they had sex after she was kidnapped and rescued...

He almost exhausted the strength and sweat on her last night, as if she was his regained treasure. He called out her name when he thrust hard into her, for fear of losing her again.

And she, too, seemed to be less shy and less ashamed than before.

Absence made the heart grow fonder.

With that in mind, her hands began to sweat a little, and her heart beat violently.

"What's up?" Dylan looked up and noticed that she had come down the stairs but was in a daze.

Nervously, Savannah tucked her loosened hair behind her ear and walked to sit opposite him. "I thought you've left for the company."

"I'm a little tired, so I take a half-day off. I'll go to the company this afternoon." He said as he sipped from the coffee, and he gave her a significant glance.

A little tired? He hadn't even felt tired when he took her last night several times. Savannah joked in her heart, then remembered something. "By the way, what happened to Susan?"

She hadn't had time to ask him last night.

A serious look passed over Dylan's face. "She was sent to the hospital. The doctor put it down to over-excitement. When I left, she didn't seem sane at all. She sighed and moaned and knew nobody. The doctor said that there's little hope of her recovery. I've contacted one of the best sanatoriums in the country. Later, she'll be sent there."

Savannah took a deep breath, shocked.

Susan really drove herself crazy.