

Midnight 401

Chapter 401: Wasn't He The Big Boss?

Savannah didn't expect she would be so crazy. The way was blocked by the two stars, and there was nowhere to go.

She could only lift her left arm, covering her head and face, and waited for the hot iron to hit her arm.

Just then, the door of the dressing room was kicked open, and a man stroked in quickly.

Donna paused, surprised for a moment. Before she reacted, the coming man caught at her wrist and pulled her hard to one side. She was thrown to hit the wall, and the hot iron fell on her body.

"Ahhh!" She cried out with pain.

Annie was completely stunned by a train of blood bubbles on her companion's arm. Turning around, she gasped.

The coming man's fine features are now covered with clouds. His hard grey eyes fell on them coolly, as if he would swallow them both alive.

This man looked very familiar.

Wasn't he the big boss?

Savannah lowered her arm and looked at the man, her mouth opened as in wonder.

Dylan came...

The next moment, Garwood marched in with two bodyguards. His eyes drifted around the room, and he guessed what happened just now.

It seemed that the two female stars were bullying Miss Schultz. Oh, they would be in trouble.

Sure enough, Dylan said icily, "throw them out. Terminate the contract with them. I don't want to see the two people on TV from today on."

Donna and Annie turned pale and rushed to the man, begging, "Mr. Sterling, we're sorry... We know we're wrong! We shouldn't mess around on such an important occasion... Please forgive us! We won't do that again!"

Garwood shook his head. They even didn't know where they were wrong.

The greatest mistake they made was intending to hurt Mr. Sterling's woman.

Dylan ignored their prayer with a cold face.

Garwood beckoned to the two bodyguards, who immediately understood and took to the two stars out.

At the door, Abby stood there, stunned. She had planned to go in after Savannah was insulted by Annie and Donna, but the whole thing was stopped by Mr. Sterling. The little bitch came off without a scratch, and the two poor stars' prospect was completely wrecked.

The little bitch must be on very familiar terms with Mr. Sterling.

"Miss Schultz, are you all right?" Garwood hurried to Savannah.

She had just fallen to the ground in order to avoid the iron. Now she was trying to raise herself on her elbows but failed several times.

She was terribly scared, by the madness of the two female stars, and by the man who appeared unexpectedly.

Garwood put out his hand, trying to help her up subconsciously, but a cold glitter from the man beside him warned him to draw back. He swallowed in embarrassment and left the dressing room first.

Dylan walked over to her and, stooping slightly, thrust out his hand.

Savannah took a breath but evaded him.

Didn't Jenkins say he wasn't coming today?

Why did he come here?

Though he came in time to save her, she wouldn't have come if she had known he would come.

Seeing that she didn't move, Dylan frowned impatiently, and then leaned down, picked her up in his arms.

Savannah gazed nervously, her heart pounding, and she didn't dare to breathe until she was put down on the couch.

As soon as he let go of his hold of her, she jumped away to keep a distance from him.

"Mr. Sterling. Why did you come?" Her tone indicated that she didn't welcome him, and she was even a little frightened to see him.

He had never come to this sort of activity, but when he heard she would be here tonight, he lay his business down and came.

He heard that she was ironing dresses in the dressing room but did not expect that she was quarreling with two female stars and might have been injured.

"Oh, Mr. Sterling is here!" A cloying woman's voice broke the embarrassment in the air. "I just heard that Donna and Annie offended you and were taken off the cruises? What happened?"

Savannah moved quickly to Abby's back to avoid getting too close to the man. It must be the first time she was glad to see Abby.

Dylan looked at Abby in displeasure. "The party is about to begin. Don't you go up?"

"All right, Mr. Sterling. I'll change and go up soon." Abby smiled and nodded.

Since Abby was about to change here, there was no reason for Dylan to stay. He glanced at Savannah with some unfathomable emotion before he finally left.

Savannah picked up a dress and handed it to Abby.

Abby took the dress and thought for a while, staring at her. "Why don't you change a dress too?"

"Ah?"

"Well, you're one of the consume designers for My Girl, and we're going to meet the press later. It's better for you to change a better dress," Abby said as she selected a silver fishtail dress and put it in Savannah's arms. "Black is too old for you. This one suits you best."

"Thanks, Abby, but no..." Savannah shook her head politely,

Abby looked annoyed. "Remember, your image doesn't present yourself only, but also about the company.

Savannah did not want to offend Abby after quarreling with the two female stars. She still wanted to stay in Abby's dressing room to avoid meeting that man. So she had to take over the dress and turned into the next changing room.

After changing the dress, Savannah looked at herself in the mirror, gasping.

This fishtail dress was too sexy. It was customized according to Abby's size. In order to best display Abby's shape, the front was deliberately made half a size smaller.

Her breasts looked so full as if they would jump out from the front the next moment.

That was too hot

Looking around, she picked a small waistcoat over her shoulder before she went out.

Outside the changing room, Abby's eyes became colder as she saw Savannah coming out.

Chapter 402: I'll Blow Your Brain Out

She had to admit that the little bitch had a really good figure, no worse than a model or an actress.

The waistcoat on her could hardly cover up her exquisite figure.

Andrey would be satisfied.

To flatter Andrey, she even took out one of her favorite sexy dresses for the little bitch.

"Anything wrong?" Savannah asked nervously.

"Nothing," Abby smiled and sighed, "I just didn't know you're really in great shape. I'm not a man, or I'd get nosebleeds now. Andrey's right. Being a designer is such a waste for you with such a good figure. Are you interested in show business? In fact, as long as you talk to Mr. Sterling, you'll surely get more than you have now."

Savannah paused and said, "Thank you, Abby. But I don't have any relationship with Mr. Sterling as you thought..."

"Well, take it easy, I'm only joking. Have a drink, and I'm going to change." Abby gave Savannah a glass of lemonade her assistant had just brought in. Then she went into the changing room.

Savannah was a little thirsty. She finished the lemonade while waiting for Abby. After a while, Abby got changed and came out.

"You look nice." Savannah put down the glass and said.

Abby glanced at the empty glass; a faint sickly smile flickered across her lips.

The lemonade was assisted with some aphrodisiac.

She had expected to spend the night with Andrey, so she prepared the aphrodisiac to add to the fun for herself.

But Savannah took her place.

Abby stood in front of the dressing mirror, looking at herself in the mirror absently. "It's pretty good. But I don't think my headpiece matches it. I have a purple diamond hair clip that looks good on this dress. Would you like to get it for me?"

"Where's the hair clip?"

"It's in the bag at the head of the bed in my suite. It's my personal accessory, so I didn't put it in the dressing room." Abby turned and smiled, "Sorry for troubling you."

"Never mind." Savannah didn't know whether Abby troubled her on purpose or not, but it was getting late, and she didn't bother to argue with her.

She immediately headed for Abby's suite.

Abby clenched her hands as she watched her back retreating out of the door.

Because of Savannah, Mr. Sterling lost his temper at her last time, and now Andrey was attracted by this little bitch too.

Was she her natural enemy?

The little bitch was not as pretty as her, not as popular as her, and she was not good at flirting with men. How did she win Mr. Sterling's favor and tempt Andrey?

Was it because she looked simple, native, and clean?

Oh. After she was fucked by Andrey, would Mr. Sterling value her anymore?

A half-smile played on Abby's lips. She fixed her make-up and left the dressing room.

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Savannah found the suite and pushed the door open. It was dark, but there was a shimmer of moonlight at the window.

She could just make out an LV handbag on the big bed. She hurried in and reached for the bag, but suddenly she was caught at the wrist and pulled into a strange man's arms.

"There you are, baby. I've been expecting you for quite some time." The man breathed at her ear as he said.

Andrey Murray? Why was he here?

Was he waiting for Abby and made a mistake?

Savannah tried to push Andrey to him. "Mr. Murray, you're wrong. I'm not Abby..."

"Of course, I know you're not Abby. You're the little designer assistant. I'm waiting for you..." Instead of letting go of her, Andrey picked her up, threw her on the bed, and then walked over to slam the door!

Savannah wanted to raise herself on the soft bed, but a sudden heat came to her body, burning her everywhere. She was limp as a noodle and had hardly the strength to lift her finger. The more she struggled, the hotter she was. In a moment, her dress was soaked with her sweet sweat.

By the faint moonlight, Andrey, who had locked the door, turned to look at the delicious prey on his bed.

The girl changed into a sexy fishtail dress, and her full breasts were heaving tumultuously under the plunging neckline, inviting his caress.

Andrey, who had been around a bit, immediately knew that she had been drugged. He touched his chin and laughed.

Abby knew him best.

He sat on the bed, pulling his fingers down her cheek, then brushed his thumb over her lower lip.

His touch startled Savannah. She tried with all her strength to avoid his hands, rolling to the other side of the bed.

"Let me out! Rape is a crime! You're breaking the law!" She cried.

However, Andrey had experienced so many kinds of women, including immature or inexperienced girls, and no one could escape his hand at last. He would not take the threatening words from a little assistant seriously, of course.

"Crime? Oh, but I've never been to prison. Baby, make me happy, and I'm sure you'll be even more popular than Abby!" He said as he climbed onto the bed, stretching out.

Savannah bit on her tongue to keep awake.

She remembered the lemonade Abby gave her and understood why she took out her dress for her to change.

Abby sent her to Andrey's bed as a gift to flatter him!

Looking around, Savannah wanted to find a way to escape. But the door was locked, and the only window faced the sea. She moved to the bedhead and picked up a crystal ashtray.

"Don't come, or I'll blow your brain out!"

The dinner party started.

Dylan stood on the deck staring into the dark silent sea absently.

Garwood guessed his mind and said tentatively, "sir, shall I call miss Schultz over?"

Duh! What else did he come here for? Dylan frowned and was about to ask Garwood to take the little woman to him when he saw Abby, accompanied by her assistant, walking out of the dressing room in her usual sexy way.

But the little woman was not with her.

Chapter 403: Where's She?

"Mr. Sterling, the party started. Will you go with me?" Abby's eyes brightened as she saw Dylan. She came up to him and said flirtatiously.

"Where's she?" Dylan asked in an impassive way, looking at her very stiffly.

"You mean Savannah?" Abby offered him another sweet smile, "she left after helping me on with my dress. I don't know where she went."

Dylan seemed disappointed. Did the kitten run away because she saw him coming?

"Mr. Sterling... It's getting late. The emcee's waiting for me. May I go first?" Abby was still smiling but looking a little guilty.

Dylan nodded impatiently.

Abby lowered her head and picked up her dress, walking quickly to the banquet room.

"Sir, maybe Miss Schultz had already left the cruise boat," Garwood whispered.

Dylan didn't speak, but his expression darkened.

She pretended not to know him, avoided meeting him, and set his number on a blacklist. After he saved her and punished the two stars for her, she didn't thank him but busily ran away.

Did she hate him so much?

At this moment, hurried footsteps interrupted Dylan's thoughts.

Garwood looked back and saw a man in a suit looking for something around.

"Who are you? Upstairs in the VIP lounge area. Why did you come up here?" Garwood came to the man in alarm.

"Excuse me, I'm from the Murray family, and I came with my master. He told me that he came to see Abby and let me wait. But I didn't see him back. I'm afraid something happened to him, so I came upstairs to see if he's still in Abby's room. I'm sorry to bother you!" The manservant quickly bowed and apologized.

Dylan scowled. The young master of the Murray family must be Andrey. Abby had left just now, but Andrey was nowhere to see.

What was Andrey doing in Abby's room?

Dylan knew how bad that guy was. His reputation in the upper class in LA was in tatters.

He liked playing the field and was chasing different women every day.

Last year, he was accused of having committed an evil date-rape by several young girls. It was said that the master of the Murray family had had sex with a lot of women by using drugs or other wicked means. Most women dared not to speak out afterward due to the power and wealth of his family. Those cases were also soothed down by them with money, but everyone in the upper class had a worse impression of Andrey.

Andrey was looking for Abby just now, and he must have met Savannah.

Now he disappeared with the small woman at the same time. Could it be so coincidental?

Dylan's frown deepened, and his heart bounded uneasily.

Without saying a word, he suddenly turned and strode toward Abby's suite below the deck.

Inside the suite, Andrey smiled wickedly at Savannah, whose hand was still trembling with the ashtray.

"Fine, I won't go nearer. Put down the ashtray first..." he said cunningly as he moved closer. "You know, I don't like forcing beautiful women like you. Take it easy, baby. Let's have some small talks first, okay?"

Savannah knew that he just wanted her to guard down. Holding the ashtray firmly, she bit her teeth and shouted weakly, "get out! Don't come one step closer!"

She breathed hard, and the heavy ashtray almost slipped out from her hand several times.

"All right... I'm not coming..." Andrey said with a bantering smile, but all of a sudden, he reached out his hand and caught at her wrist. Savannah's grasp relaxed out of pain, and the ashtray fell to the carpet.

In the meanwhile, Andrey twisted himself round quickly and pressed her on the bed, pinning her down.

"Help! Let me go!" Savannah struggled despairingly, hitting and kicking him with her arms and legs crazily, but in vain as their strength was unequally matched. Andrey smirked and lowered his head. He started to kiss on her neck and all the way up to her jaw. He bit and nipped and licked. His hand traveled from her waist to her soft breasts, pressing and stroking her.

Suddenly there came footsteps and a hard knock on the door.

"Help!" Savannah cried and struggled even harder. Andrey reacted instantly and laid a rough palm over her mouth.

At once, the door was kicked open!

A tall figure strode in like a furious beast. Fury swept across his face when he saw the scene on the bed!

Before Andrey could get a clear look at the coming one, the man rushed to him, grabbed him by the collar, threw him against the wall, and swung his fist down.

"Who are you? Stop! Help!" Andrey cried out of pain.

Dylan repeated his kicks and blows on him again and again until blood covered his fists.

"Sir, enough." Garwood came and whispered.

What if Dylan beat Andrey to death? It was not good to offend Andrey's family.

Dylan gave Andrey another hard kick and picked him up, walking to the opened window.

"Sir!" Garwood exclaimed as Dylan threw Andrey out of the window!

Andrey went plummeting into the sea. Choked by the cold water, he woke up, flopping in the sea in horror.

"Help..." But his voice was broken by the rising waves.

"Oh, no. Sir, it's hard to explain to the Murray family if anything happened to their young master..." Garwood said quickly with cold sweat on his head.

"Give him a swim ring. God decides whether or not he can live!" Dylan made no attempt to rescue him. With that, he returned to the suite and closed the door.

Inside the suite, the air seemed more heated than before, despite the faint smell of blood left by Andrey.

The beautiful slim figure was writhing like a snake on the bed. From time to time, there was a moan from her red lips. The conservative black dress on her was gone, instead, she changed into a sexy fishtail dress, which outlined her slim figure. After the struggle with Andrey just now, the tight dress on her became so loose that her white thighs were all naked, her lace underwear exposed too.

Chapter 404: Don't Be Afraid It's Me

There was a charming pink blush on her cheek. Her breasts heaved, seducing him to feel the soft flesh.

Dylan swallowed hard, his eyes darkening. He knew that she must have taken date-rape drugs, which was popular among those Lovelace.

Another moan from the little woman pulled him back. He strode in and lifted her from the big bed.

"No, let me go... Let me go..." She subconsciously tried to push him away, her hot body trembled.

Did she take him as Andrey? Dylan took out a thin blanket and wrapped it around her half-naked body.

The drug she took was supposed to be a kind of aphrodisiac that could arouse the sexual instinct and induced venereal desire. Fortunately, it would not harm the body, and the effect of the drug would last one or two hours at most. She didn't need to go to the hospital.

She would be fine after a one- or two-hour rest.

"Don't be afraid, it's me. Let me take you off the boat first." He whispered softly.

However, Savannah struggled and cried weakly in resistance. "Don't touch me... I don't want to get off... You go... Leave me alone..." As if it was more dangerous for her to get off the boat.

Dylan ignored her resistance, picking her up in his arms. But the little woman kept writhing and twisting, and she even bit him on his arm ruthlessly!

He let go of her out of pain, and she rolled to the other side of the bed immediately, shrinking to a corner.

"You go out first... Go out..." She breathed.

Dylan stared at her. He realized that it was not Andrey she was resisting. She knew it was him. She didn't want him to take her away. She was afraid of him!

A dumb and grumbling anger swelled his bosom. He tried to hold his anger in, stretching out to catch her hand. "Be good. Let's get off the boat, and I'll send you back."

"No... I can go back by myself." She wanted to pull her hand back.

"You want to stay here yourself like this? Still trying to attract other men?" He asked coldly as his eyes searched for her half-naked body. He couldn't restrain his anger at her resistance towards him.

"Anyway, I'll go by myself. I don't need your help. Thank you, Mr. Sterling..." Her voice trembled. After what he had done to her in the car last time, she thought it was more dangerous to be with him alone.

Anger blazed out of Dylan's eyes. She was still pretending not to know him?

Was she so determined to have nothing more to do with him that she refused his help even at this moment?

"You want me to go? Why weren't you so indifferent when you were lying under me three years ago?" He caught her chin, his rage rising.

"I don't know what you're talking about..." She stared at him in horror.

"Tell me what our relationship is, and I'll let you go alone." He didn't believe she really forgot their marriage, their son, and their love.

"I really don't know! I don't remember you. I... I don't remember a lot of things... Please let me go..." She wanted to escape.

She didn't remember him? Ah, how ridiculous!

In his fury, he dragged her to him, tearing her dress apart roughly. He spread the ripped dress wide. The soft moonlight falling in through the window made her skin glimmer as he exposed her naked body!

"If you acknowledge that you know me and tell me our relationship, I'll let you go." He murmured as he cupped her left breast in his hand. She pushed her groan against him as he thumbed the hard nipple. Due to the drug, her body welcomed his caress and touched helplessly.

"I really don't know you... Really... All I know is that you're my ex-boyfriend's uncle... I really don't know anything else... Let me go, please..."

"I'll give you one more chance," Dylan leaned down and drew her right nipple into his mouth, sucking on it.

"I really don't know you... Really... Let me go. Please, don't..." She cried, her voice growing hoarse from the vicious desire building inside her.

Dylan ignored her cry. He rubbed her bare skin and began to work his fingers down over her hips. He tore her lace underwear easily. He ran his fingers through her dark triangle between her thighs, then cupped her mound and pressed the base of his hand against her. She thrust back against his touch.

His middle finger found her wet core and plunged into it.

"Ahhh, no!" Savannah gasped and cried again as he penetrated her.

Dylan was sliding his finger in and out of her, and she struggled and cried as he did it again and again. He palmed her clitoris, and she moaned once more. He pushed inside her harder and harder still. She wanted to stiffen her legs but in vain. Her juices were already flooding out of her.

His husky voice was heard above her,

"Never mind. You don't remember. I'll help you remember."

Dylan was hard as a rock. He straightened up and stripped off the trousers. He grasped both her ankles and spread her legs wide. Then he posed himself between her widespread thighs.

He slammed into her. Making her thin body tremble.

"Aargh!" Savannah cried as he thrust in.

He grasped her head between his hands and kissed her hard, his teeth pulling at her lower lip.

"Remember now?" He buried himself inside her and then eased back with exquisite slowness.

"Tell me, my kitten, do you remember me? Do you remember me now?" He thrust into her again.

With each stroke, he withdrew until he was almost out of her, then plunged forward so that he was sheathed fully once again.

The man on her became exactly the man in her dream.

"No... I don't know you... Please, let me go... I really don't remember anything... Give me a break... Ahhh!" She cried under him, begging for mercy.

Chapter 405: Would She Appreciate Him?

Excruciating pleasure spiked through his blood. Her cry and moan made him more excited. But her heartless reply needled him again. Since she still refused to admit it, he did not mind remembering her by his way. He's furious at this moment and would want to punish this little woman for acting like she didn't know him before.

He shifted her and quickly filled her again from behind. At the same time, his hands moved round to her front, palming her breasts, and as he did this, he trapped her nipples between his fingers and tugged them.

"No, please..." Savannah begged.

"My kitten, do you know how I missed your soft breasts and captivating, sexy ass?" He breathed as his hand traveled back to her backside, he continued his relentless onslaught, again and again, his fingers digging into her hip.

He changed several positions on her in the long night.

Savannah almost fainted by his violent assault. She had no strength to struggle or cry at last.

When he couldn't hold back any longer, he drove into her so that he was lodged as deeply as possible. He exploded his shaft in a spurt of white-hot liquid. He emptied himself inside her, filling her to overflowing.

Finally, he lay on top of her, supporting some of his weight with his elbows so that he wouldn't crush her, panting hard. Then he rolled off her and sprawled beside her.

Utterly spent, Savannah immediately drifted off or passed out into an exhausted sleep.

After the violent and long sex, the suite turned silent.

When Savannah opened her red eyes again, she stared at the black ceiling absently.

She didn't have the strength to lift her arms. The hickey and red marks on her white body and the ripping pain between her thighs all reminded her of what that man had done to her in the last several hours.

Shame and resentment flooded her. She gasped and bit her lower lip so hard that they went white.

She rose, swallowed all her emotions, and quickly put the shattered fishtail dress on her, and then she threw his suit over him and jumped out of bed.

The moment her feet touched the floor, she tumbled and almost fell!

The violent sex drained all her strength.

At the same time, Dylan straightened up quickly when he found the little woman was ready to run away. He seized her by the arm and pulled her back.

By the dim moonlight through the window, he saw the shame and anger on her tearful white face.

He knew that forced sex would make her unhappy, but he did not know that she would be so angry.

"You're a fucking bastard! Asshole!" Savannah raised her hand and slapped him on his face.

A loud and clear slap resounded in the silent suite. Dylan wasn't able to react and just gave her a quiet response.

She did not expect him not to parry her slap at all. Startled, she rushed to the door before he lost his temper, opened the door, and ran out!

Garwood was surprised to see Savannah dashing out of the door with a mess dress and bare feet. He hurriedly went into the suite and turned on the light.

His boss, naked to the hip with a blanket around his waist, was sitting at the bedside. His handsome face seemed to blow up.

"Sir, what happened?" Garwood gasped.

Was he slapped by Miss Schultz?

"Nothing," Dylan said roughly as he spat and wiped his mouth. "She left?"

"Yes... she got off the cruise boat." Garwood hesitated. He never saw Mr. Sterling be slapped by anyone. Only Miss Schultz had this courage!

"Get someone to follow her until she comes home safe." He gritted his teeth and ordered. Then he laughed at himself. She just gave him a slap in the face and scolded him. Why did he still send someone to protect her?

Would she be aware of his concern?

Would she appreciate him?

Now she even insisted on not knowing him!

What a heartless woman! She left him and their child for three years, and when she came back, she pretended not to remember him. She hurt him badly the moment she left him with another man. He wanted to scream but suppress himself from doing it. Anger and resentment filled his heart. The agony and pain was unbearable.

However, it was late at night, and the harbor was not in the downtown area, which was not very safe. At this time, it was estimated that even a taxi could not be seen on the road.

"Protect her secretly," Dylan added coldly, "don't let her know."

"Yes, I'll send two men protecting Miss Schultz," Garwood understood and immediately replied.

Dylan nodded and didn't answer Garwood until the guy left him alone.

Afraid that the man would chase her out, Savannah kept running until she reached the roadside. She gasped for breath and waited for a taxi. However, the harbor was really out of the way, and it was so late that she could not find an empty taxi for a long time.

Maybe she had to walk back.

She looked down at her bare feet. Her nose was sore. She crouched down, hugging her knees. How could that man hurt her? His words keep coming into her mind, "I will make you remember who I am," She could still hear that man's voice repeatedly. She wished to know who really he was, but she couldn't recall those few fragments of her past life. Kevin only told her a few pieces of information, and when she tried to recall her past, it gives her a severe headache.

If she had known what she would encounter these days, she would have followed Kevin's words and stayed at home.

She would not have met this brute if she never looked for a job.

Burying her face in her hands, she wept silently.

Come back, brother Kevin. I was bullied.

Not far away, in the SUV, followed secretly behind Savannah, the bodyguard dialed Dylan's number. "Sir, Miss Schultz's still waiting for a taxi at the curb. There're a few taxis at this hour. Shall I ask her to get in the car and take her back?"

Chapter **406: Why Was He Here?**

Dylan was silent.

According to the little woman's temper, she would rather walk home than get in his car in a rage.

After pondering for a long time, he sighed and said, "contact the taxi company and get a cab to take her home."

Ten minutes later, an empty cab slowly drove up and stopped in front of Savannah.

Savannah rose unsteadily, dried her eyes, and got in the car.

She told the driver her address and then collapsed in the back seat. She couldn't lift a finger, for she was weary and hungry. The pain on her bare feet and the shattered dress reminded her what a terrible night she had gone through.

The car sped through the road and was soon back downtown.

At the intersection, the car stopped at the traffic light. In the back seat, Savannah revived after a rest and sat up straight. Then, as if she suddenly remembered, she turned to the driver and said in a hoarse whisper, "sir, please go to another place first."

"Where?" asked the driver.

Savannah took a deep breath and clenched her fists, "to the nearest police station."

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Savannah grappled with the hem of the business suit on her, walking into the police station.

The officer on night duty was surprised to see a young woman, looking disheveled and sad, coming in her bare feet.

"What can I help you, Miss?" The young police officer, who was professionally sensitive, guessed something at once and asked in a gentle voice.

Savannah calmed down and adjusted her breathing, "sir, I've been raped."

On the cruise boat, the party was over. Some guests went back to their rooms on the boat, and others got off.

It was late at night, and all was quiet.

Dylan changed into a new suit and went out onto the deck, followed by Garwood and two bodyguards.

Abby seemed to have had a wonderful party night. She had just seen a director off and was about to return to her suite when she saw Dylan walking straight to her.

"Mr. Sterling, are you leaving?"

Before the words had all left her mouth, Dylan gave her a good slap in her beautiful face!

Abby stepped back and hit the railing, behind which was the dark blue sea. The wash of the waves against the side of the boat was warning her how dangerous she was!

Her face was stinging, and her ear was ringing. Covered her red and swollen face, Abby balanced herself and looked at Dylan in disbelief. Only then did she notice that the man in front of her looked grave and dismal, his expression darker than the gloomy cloud in the sky.

Abby trembled with fear. Before she could say anything, Dylan stepped forward and grabbed her by the throat, his voice cold and stony, "Get yourself killed!"

He closed his fingers slowly.

Abby was choked, and her face turned purple, her tears gushing from her eyes. She was not anything like an elegant superstar in this miserable appearance.

"Mr. Sterling... I beg you... let me..." Abby coughed and found it difficult to breathe.

Garwood, standing by and watching, of course, understood where Mr. Sterling's rage came from. Miss Schultz was almost sexually assaulted by Andrey, Abby's lover, and it was definitely not a coincidence. Abby must know this and even had a hand in it.

Mr. Sterling didn't give any face to Andrey's family and threw him into the sea. Now he must want to kill Abby too.

At this moment, Garwood's cell phone rang. He stepped aside and answered it. After a few words, his face changed. He hurriedly walked to Mr. Sterling, whispering, "Sir."

Dylan loosened his grasp at Abby's neck and turned his face.

Garwood took a breath and leaned close to his ear.

"Miss Schultz went to the police station."

In the medical room, Savannah lay down on the examining table and was ready to be examined by a female paramedic to take the evidence.

Though humiliated, Savannah knew this was a necessary procedure. She closed her eyes and opened her legs. When finished, she put on a clean dress.

The paramedic gave her a pill and a cup of warm water.

Savannah took them and looked at her questioningly.

"The morning-after pill." The paramedic said softly in a sympathetic tone.

Savannah lowered her head and nodded in a trance. Then she swallowed the pill and took a mouthful of water.

Then she was taken to a room next door. An officer told her that he would arrange an interrogation record later and asked her to wait.

Savannah sat alone in the room, trembled slightly when she recalled what she had gone through the whole night. She wrapped her arms around her shoulders to encourage herself.

Ten minutes passed... Twenty minutes passed...

No police officer came.

She stood up and went out to ask the police officer at the front desk.

The young police officer hesitated, "Oh, it's late in the midnight, and we're rather short-handed at the moment. Please wait..."

Savannah nodded and had to go back to the recording room.

Another ten minutes passed, and she almost nodded off over the desk.

Finally, the door behind her was pushed open, and the footsteps approached.

Relieved, she turned quickly.

"Officer --"

She froze when she saw clearly who had entered the room!

It was not an officer, but Dylan!

Why was he here?

Why did the police let him in?

Dylan looked at the little woman, coldly. She changed into a new dress; her face turned white as she saw him. Her two bare legs trembled.

"I heard you accused me of raping you?"

Savannah came to her senses and understood.

The police kept her waiting for a long time because Dylan already knew she was here, and he put pressure on the police!

As he approached her, what he had done to her became clearer in her mind.

She held back her pounding heart and ran towards the door of the recording room. He reacted quickly and caught her by her wrist.

She was pulled into his arms and began to struggle.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

Chapter 407: The Truth

"Let go of you? So you can sue me again?" He gripped her trembling wrist and grinned like a dangerous beast.

"That's right! I can't report your crime to this police station, but I'll go to another one! I don't believe you can bribe all the police stations in LA! Let me tell you, the evidence is there... You're going to jail!" She shouted in anger and shame. When she found it was impossible to disentangle herself from his grasp, she bit his hand on her wrist like a cruel cat!

He let go of his hold of her out of pain. As a fit of irritation came to him, he lifted his hand subconsciously and wanted to slap her.

Savannah looked up at him with a pale face. Under her restive tearful eyes, he paused and couldn't bring himself to do it.

The little woman slapped him on the boat and then bit him now.

If someone else did it, he or she would have died with no space for burial!

Only she dared to do it. But he could not punish her.

Finally, he banged his fist on the desk!

The desk wobbled as though it would split. Savannah took two steps back, staring at the man in front of her in horror.

His fist on the table was visibly scraped bloody, but he didn't give his hand a momentary glimpse.

"Are you sure you want to sue me?" He stared at her.

"Yes." She gritted her teeth.

Without another word, he picked her up and headed out of the recording room.

Savannah reacted and began to scream, "Help! What do you want? Where are you taking me? Help! Officer help!"

However, the police station in the middle of the night was empty and quiet, and not a soul was in sight. Savannah didn't know whether it was true that there were not enough officers on duty, or everyone ducked them because he came.

She was dragged out of the police station and put in the back seat of his luxury car.

He tied her tightly with the safety belt. Afraid that she would break free or try anything dangerous, such as jumping out of the car halfway, he simply took off his tie and the belt from his trousers!

"What do you want to do?" Savannah stopped, struggled, and looked at him in horror. Was the man crazy?

He had spent two hours on her on the cruise boat! Did he want to do it again in the car?

Holy shit!

She could not control herself just now because of the drug, but now it was different. She swore that if he dared to touch her again, she would fight to the death with him!

Thinking of this, she began to struggle desperately with her free legs again.

He swiftly held her legs hard against his thigh and tied up her wrists with his belt; then, he trussed up her feet with the tie.

He caught her chin and said coldly, "Be good."

She realized that he wasn't trying to force her to another sex. But when he settled into the driver's seat and started the engine, she screamed with frustration again.

"Where are you taking me? Put me down! Do you really think you can do whatever you want? You've not only sexually assaulted me but illegally kidnapped me! I'm warning you to let me go now, or I'll sue you again! I'm sure your reputation will be completely ruined at that time!"

The loud explosions from the car engine drowned her voice.

Ten minutes later, the car stopped in front of Dylan's house in Beverly Hills.

He quickly got out and untied her.

"Where are we? What are you bringing me here for? Let me go!" She gasped.

She seemed to never come here before.

Dylan sneered and didn't explain anything. He lifted the little woman up to his arms, though she was still struggling. Then he strode in and went straight to the bedroom on the second floor, kicked open the door, and threw her on the bed.

Savannah rose instantly, staring at Dylan in alarm.

However, Dylan didn't touch her but took out a piece of paper from the drawer and threw it to her.

"Since you refused to admit our relationship. Well, I'll show it to you." His voice was cold and emotionless.

Savannah lowered her head and looked at the paper in her hand in bewilderment.

This was a marriage certificate.

Her hands trembled as she looked down.

The names on the paper were...Dylan Sterling and Savannah Schultz!

The date was three years ago!

Holy crap!

How was it possible that she married her big boss three years ago?

What had happened between them in her blank memory?

This man was her ex-fiancé's uncle!

But the marriage certificate made it clear that she had an unusual relationship with him.

Her head prickled. She loosened her hold of the paper and cradled her head in pain.

"No. That's impossible! This marriage certificate must be faked by you!"

He seemed to have expected that she would not accept it. With a chilling smile, he put another piece of paper in front of her.

"You can check if the marriage certificate is true or not. But I believe you can at least identify the signature on this paper!"

She picked it up. It was a printed divorce settlement and signed by hand.

It was her signature.

Her own handwriting could never be false.

The pupils of her eyes contracted. All her strength was deprived all of a sudden, and she fell on the bed.

So, the marriage license was real. She was legally married to him three years ago?

He was her husband? How was that possible?

She had been married, and her husband was the uncle of her ex-fiancé!

Her legal husband forced her to have sex with him two hours ago, and she sued him to the police!

"Well, do you still want to tell me you don't know me? If you keep talking nonsense, I don't mind doing a paternity test between you and Kaiden."

"Kaiden?" cried Savannah incredulously.

Kaiden was just three years old.

So, he was her son?

No way. How come she didn't remember anything about having a baby?

All she could recall was the sharp tearing pain in her lower abdomen when she woke up in Balfour Sanatorium three years ago.

Was that because she had just given birth to a baby?

But Kevin and the doctor said that it was just appendicitis.

Chapter **408: How Ridiculous**

Why did Kevin lie to her?

Kaiden...

No wonder the little boy looked eerily familiar to her.

Was he really her son?

She lifted her hands to her head, trying to remember something, but she only had pain and tingling in her head!

Finally, she looked up, still resisting, "No way... I couldn't have given you a child!"

These words enormously stimulated Dylan. He took a step forward to her, reaching out, and stripped the shirt from before her breast! Her underwear was exposed to the air.

Savannah froze, shocked, and blushed as she tried to protect her half-naked upper body. "What are you doing?!"

His hard eyes turned colder at her resistance. He dragged her shirt up as he said sarcastically, "Why are you still pretending to be shy? We have done everything on the cruise boat just now, did you forget that?"

"Shut up! You pervert!" Her face flamed with humiliation and anger.

He didn't take further action on her but picked her to the front of a dressing mirror.

"Open your eyes and look at yourself."

In the mirror, beneath her flat naked belly, there was a shallow scar.

The mark was pale in color, but it stood out because her skin was so white and delicate.

"You didn't have a baby for me? Then what's it?" He sneered behind her.

"This is the scar from the operation for appendicitis." She murmured, but for the first time, she began to doubt herself. The position and size of appendicitis did not match her scar.

Was the operation she had three years ago really an appendicitis operation?

In fact, she had already had the answer in her mind, but she couldn't believe it.

"Appendicitis operation? Savannah, are you a bad liar, or do you think I'm an idiot?" snapped Dylan. Anger blazed out of his eyes.

Appendicitis operation? Ah. How ridiculous!

Yeah, she tried to break away from him by abandoning their son like an inflamed appendix three years ago!

Savannah stared at the scar with disbelief.

Seeing her silence, he continued, with a chilling smile, "What? Nothing to say? Do you believe Kaiden is our son now?"

Savannah covered her ears with her hands, shaking her head in agony.

Dylan was more irritated at her continuing resistance. He leaned down and approached her pale ear, whispering in a chilling voice,

"Remember, our marriage is not over. Three years ago, you left the divorce agreement and ran away with another man, but I didn't sign it. Do you want to sue me? Oh, by law, I'm your legal husband. What we did tonight is just one of your conjugal obligations. What are you suing me for? Rape in marriage?"

Cold shivers ran down Savannah's spine, and she felt as if she should faint. She shook her head crazily to refresh her memory but failed.

"Remember this room? You've lived here for a long time." He didn't plan to let her go.

She glanced up at the room, unable to believe she had ever lived there.

The confusion in her eyes used up his last patience. He could not bear being treated as a stranger by her any longer. He clasped the back of her slender neck, lifted her pale face, and stared into her eyes.

"I'll give you one more chance. Tell me that you know me. You just feigned yourself not to remember me!"

As he moved threateningly forward, she shrank from him, trembling. Finally, she could not endure the sudden amount of information and his imposing manner. She hit the bed behind her and collapsed.

"I don't know you! I really don't remember anything! You are kidding! You are not my husband! No!" With that, she knocked Dylan away, rushing out of the bedroom. She stumbled downstairs and ran out of the villa.

Afraid that he would chase after her, she didn't slow down her pace until she ran out of Beverly Hills. She was breathing hard when there was a loud crash of thunder, and large drops of rain started falling.

Looking around, she found nowhere to shelter from the rain. She was not in the mood and was still distracted by her lost memory. All she wanted now was to go back home to call Kevin.

The man's cold, angry shouts were still ringing in her ears.

Do you believe Kaiden is our son now?

Tell me that you know me. You just feigned yourself not to remember me!

She walked for a whole night in the rain.

At daybreak, the rain stopped, and Savannah almost returned to her apartment.

Her legs felt like jelly, and she was too tired and hungry.

Her wet clothes clung to her skin, and she shivered with cold.

"Savannah!" Downstairs her apartment, a familiar figure was standing there. He cried and ran to her as soon as he saw her.

Savannah looked up and saw clearly the person in front of her.

"Kevin..." Her tired eyes brightened for a moment.

As if she knew she was safe, her frail limbs refused to carry her further. Her eyes hazed over, and she sank down in a dead faint.

"Savannah!" Kevin reached out and caught her in his arms in time.

He touched her head and frowned.

She had a high fever.

He hurriedly carried her into his car and started the engine. The car ran to the hospital at high speed.

The window of the ward grew light.

Savannah was lying quietly on her sick-bed, her eyes closed. Her fever was allayed by the medicine. The color came back to her face slowly while she was having a drip.

Kevin was sitting on a chair beside the bed, taking her cold hand in his.

Dan knocked on the door and came in, whispering, "Mr. Sterling came."

Kevin's calm face changed. He put Savannah's hand into the quilt and then walked out of the room quietly.

On the other side of the hallway, Dylan came trotting along in a great hurry.

"How is she?" he asked.

Last night he felt furious after Savannah left the house. He asked Garwood to see if she had returned home in the morning. Only then did he knew that Kevin had returned and sent her to the hospital.

Kevin didn't say anything. Raising his fist, he gave Dylan a punch in the chest!

Chapter 409: She's Mine

Dylan stepped back by the heavy blow and hit the wall behind him!

Garwood and the bodyguard gasped and rushed over to support him. They knew Dylan was so anxious to see Savannah that he lost his guard.

Dylan straightened up, his right hand clenched on his breast. He motioned to them to step back, walking straight to the ward again.

"Do you still have the nerve to see her? What did you do to her? Why did she walk home in the rain?!" Kevin bellowed in anger, blocking the way to the ward.

What he had been worrying about finally happened.

Savannah eventually met Dylan again.

The day before yesterday, he realized that it was Dylan who sent him away from Savannah on purpose. He must have known that she was back.

With the help of Dan, he knew that Dylan had even coaxed her to work in his company by some trick.

As soon as the plane landed last night, Kevin called Savannah but couldn't get through. He had to wait for her to come back to her apartment downstairs.

But he didn't expect he would have waited for her for the whole night. He was about to go to the police when she finally appeared in his view.

His heart ached when she fainted in front of him.

Needless to say, it was Dylan!

Kevin was angry with himself for making such a stupid mistake. But he was more annoyed at fate.

Why couldn't Dylan let her off? Three years ago, he hurt Savannah and made her suffer a lot. What more did he want?

Kevin's question provoked Dylan. The jealous anger accumulated for three years finally broke out at this moment.

"Who are you to question me? I'm her husband, what are you?"

Kevin's face was ashen, and only with effort, he didn't throw his fists on Dylan's nose again.

But Dylan didn't finish. "I don't know why she refused to confess our past, and she treated me as a stranger. It must be because of you! But who cares – I have my own way to open her mouth!"

"So what did you do to her? You drove her crazy when she didn't remember you? Are you out of your mind?" Kevin was so angry that his eyes flashed red.

"It's none of your business!" Dylan shouted, "Who do you think you are? Kevin, don't put on airs in front of me as if I am the homewrecker! She's mine, my legal wife! She can't end our relationship without my permission! You want to get rid of me? No way! Whatever I did to her, she brought it on herself!"

Kevin clenched his fist and looked at the angry man in front of him.

Dylan hastened to the hospital in the early morning, which meant he was really worried about Savannah.

However, he thought Savannah had abandoned him and their kid, and he hated her for leaving LA with another man. He was justifiably bitter, especially since Savannah didn't remember him and took him as a stranger when they met again.

Kevin didn't expect that Dylan would still be so excited after three years. He thought that this man would forget Savannah and have another woman at his side.

But he was wrong. It turned out that Dylan's feeling for Savannah was so fervent and intense that it could hurt Savannah again when they met.

Finally, Kevin said, "Savannah refused to admit your relationship and considered you a stranger. Do you know it's because she really didn't remember you?"

Dylan frowned, looking at Kevin coldly. His thin lips broke into a sarcastic smile. "Are you in league with her to make up such a ridiculous excuse against me? Can't you find a better one?"

She really didn't remember him?

Did Kevin mean the little woman suffered a loss of memory?

Are they really treating him like an idiot?

Kevin was clearly serious. The sadness in his eyes couldn't be ignored, and his voice was very quiet, "It's true, it's not fiction. Savannah had indeed lost part of her memory. Even if you don't believe it, it's true. I can show you her medical records in Italy over the years."

The impassive expression disappeared on Dylan's face. Maybe Kevin didn't lie to him, and there was no point in fooling him. It was so easy to get caught.

After a short silence, he walked up and seized Kevin by the collar.

"Explain it to me." His tone was skeptical, and his voice seemed to shiver.

Dan rushed over and tried to push Dylan away, but Kevin shook his head at him. He knew he was to blame, too, for what happened to Savannah these days. And he had to make everything clear to this man now.

"Three years ago, you got involved in a relationship with another woman, and you even left Savannah on the eve of your wedding day for that woman. Later, you postponed the wedding indefinitely and didn't give her any explanation. The other day, I heard about it and asked her out, but she fainted on the street and was almost hit by a car! I sent her to the hospital. The doctor said she had a symptom of threatened miscarriage, which had lasted for several days. If you had been a bit more careful, she could have avoided it! Then she had to have a Caesarean."

Dylan's trembling fingers loosen its hold on Kevin's collar.

Kevin was talking about the day she disappeared?

She went to see Kevin and never came back. It wasn't because she ran away with Kevin, but... she had a threatened miscarriage and was sent to the hospital?

He didn't know she had had a threatened miscarriage.

It had lasted many days.

That was to say, she might have had symptoms and silently suffered the pain since he left her to take care of Charlotte.

Damn it!

Why didn't she tell him?

If he had known... he would not have left her to face this danger alone. He would not have made her so sad. He was her husband, he should have been at her side when she needed him!

But... why didn't she tell him she wasn't feeling well?

She didn't trust him... How could she trust him after he left her alone for another woman on their wedding day?

Perhaps she misunderstood the relationship between Charlotte and him? Her pride stopped her from questioning him, and she chose to bear everything alone.

Chapter 410: You Gave Me A Chance

Dylan's fists were clenched so tightly that their nails dug deep into their palms.

"Before she slipped into a coma, she asked me not to say anything to you. I don't know if she was too angry at you or didn't want you to worry about her. Anyway, I would never refuse her request. So I didn't inform you." Kevin looked at Dylan in a provocative way.

Then he continued.

"She didn't want to see you, so I took her and the baby to the Balfour Sanatorium. I was wondering if she could live a better and happier life without you. Since you didn't cherish her, someone else was willing to take care of her in place of you. Later, when she woke up, she was diagnosed to have selective amnesia. She lost some of her memories, she forgot you and your baby. I thought it was a good opportunity to give her a new life. So I took her abroad."

"How did she lose her memory?" Dylan asked through his gritted teeth. Although he knew Kevin wasn't lying, he still couldn't believe it.

"I was no less surprised and incredulous than you are. However, the doctor said it was not the first time that Savannah had a memory loss. She's supposed to have suffered from it due to serious meningitis when she was young, and she wasn't completely recovered. Because of the major hemorrhage during Cesarean Section, she lost part of her memory again."

Dylan looked pale. He gradually calmed down, and his heart sank.

She lost part of her memory, but she still remembered Kevin and even Devin. So, all she forgot were the days they stayed together?

Why? Was it because she hated him for hurting her too deeply?

Kevin stared at Dylan with a complicated look as he continued, "I took her to Italy because I want her to have a new life without pain. However, I didn't expect that she would have gotten involved with you again so soon when we came back. She left the child to you, so why don't you leave her the freedom to live a new life?"

Dylan's fist shot out and caught directly in Kevin's mouth.

"You're so selfish! You just took advantage of her memory loss and took her away for your own will! Did you fucking ask her if she was willing to go abroad, to part with her family?"

Kevin took a few steps back and hit the wall.

Dan exclaimed and rushed up to support Kevin, but Kevin straightened himself and sleeveed the blood from his face, sneered and looked at Dylan again.

"You gave me a chance. Who left Savannah alone before the wedding day? Who accompanied another woman late at night when Savannah suffered a threatened miscarriage? Who made Savannah so sad and caused her massive hemorrhage? You even deliberately made use of my client to send me abroad so that I could leave Savannah! Selfish? No one is more selfish than you!"

Dylan's face darkened! He raised his fist, and they were again at each other's throats.

Garwood and Dan immediately came forward to stop them. If they continued fighting like this, they would have to lie in the hospital together with Savannah!

"Come on, this is the hospital. Miss Schultz's still lying there. Are you two gentlemen trying to wake her up?" Garwood said as he pulled Dylan to one side.

Kevin and Dylan glared at each other with rage. Then they snorted as each of them sat down on a bench far from each other, panting.

Garwood asked a nurse for two clean towels and gave them to each.

"Anyway, now that you know all you want to know. Savannah didn't recognize you or the kid because of memory loss. She can't remember you even if you kill her. I beg you, if you still have a trace of compassion for her, please don't bother her again. You only make her suffer by pressing questions and pestering her."

The atmosphere became rigid. No one uttered a word.

Dylan was silent. His sorrow, grief, indignation, and confusion were imaged in his face.

This was the second time Garwood saw this expression on Mr. Sterling's face.

The first time was the night when Mr. Sterling knew Savannah left their baby for him and went abroad with Kevin three years ago.

He didn't expect that when Savannah showed in front of them again, she lost all her memory about them.

Finally, Dylan got up slowly and walked toward the ward.

Kevin looked alarmed and sprang to his feet.

"What fucking do you want? Why don't you listen to me? Frankly speaking, she's a patient now! Do you understand? She doesn't remember you, she'll be very pained when you mention your past to her! Please don't see her again, and leave her alone!"

Garwood gasped. Just when he thought Kevin would get punched again, Dylan didn't mean to fight but said quietly, "I'll just have a look."

With that, he pushed open the door and walked in.

Kevin glared. He had never seen Dylan so softened, like a thoughtless child who made a big mistake and didn't know how to correct it.

Inside the ward, Dylan stood by the bed, watching Savannah quietly.

Her face, though still a little pale, looked very calm. Her fever was allayed, and her breathing was regular. Her beautiful eyes now closed under her long black lashes. Her lips were still colorless.

She looked exactly the same as she was three years ago, as if she could wake up the next minute, and smiled at him.

The last three years without her had been like a bad dream.

She not only left him but also forgot him...

He always thought she was acting, pretending not to know him. But now it turned out to be a big mistake.

He had done so many stupid things to her and kept forcing her to admit their relationship.

She must have been scared to death when a "stranger" did something like that to her. He was sure she even wanted to kill him after last night. No wonder she went to the police.

But up to yesterday, he thought she was acting.

He should have known he was wrong. The little woman was still with him when he bought Zagreb Film three years ago, and she knew it was a unit of the Sterling group. In order to avoid meeting him, she would not have accepted its offer.

He thought she just forgot about it, but in fact, she forgot everything about him.

Her unconscious mind chose to forget him in order to protect herself.

It was the worst punishment for him.

Dylan leaned over and put his hand out, but before he touched her head, he hesitated, afraid of waking her up.