

Midnight 44

Do You Want To Die?

"Not for that! Stupid! Dad gave the group business to you and Devin over the years because Dylan didn't return home. Now Dylan has come back and taken back the control of the group; if their relationship can be made up, dad would certainly hand over all the power to Dylan. At that time, you and Devin would have few rights in the group! The son-in-law is an outsider anyway, while the son is, at last, the most important! In a word, we can't let Savannah be with Dylan!"

"Then... What do you want?"

"We can't see the relationship between dad and Dylan be repaired!" Susan said resentfully.

Henley swallowed. "What are you going to do?"

Susan rolled her eyes, took out her phone, went through her contacts, and dialed a number.

A few seconds later, there was a soft female voice over the phone: "Hello."

"Abby? This is Susan." Susan said in a soft voice.

"Susan?" Abby was surprised. "It's been a long time. How are you?"

"Good. I haven't heard from you in a long time. I've missed you. You should come to the Sterling Group. Dylan has been back for six months. You're friends, right?"

Abby was silent for a moment, sounding vaguely disappointed: "He doesn't want to see me. Why should I bother him?"

"Abby, I know there was some misunderstanding between you before he went abroad, but don't be discouraged. I'm Dylan's sister, and I know better than that. He is cold on the surface, but in fact, he still keeps you in mind."

"Really?" Abby was a bit surprised.

"Of course, have I ever lied to you? Well, when you're free, let me take you to the Sterling Group to have dinner with Dylan. Don't forget to dress yourself up. Of course, our pretty Abby looks good every time."

Abby nodded shyly over the phone, "Hmm. Okay, thank you, Susan."

After the call, Susan smiled with satisfaction.

"You want Abby to break up, Dylan and Savannah? It won't work. Dylan is not interested in Abby White." Henley asked, puzzled.

The Whites are also a commercial family in LA and were very close to the Sterlings.

Abby is the youngest daughter of the White's family and was about the same age as Dylan.

The Sterling and White families intended to make them a couple and had arranged a blind date for them.

Abby was clearly impressed with Dylan, who was, however, obviously disinterested in this kind of family marriage.

Then they had no contact after Dylan went abroad.

Susan stared at her husband: "Abby is a gentle and pretty girl of a noble family, so how can Savannah be compared to her? With my help, Dylan will certainly be tempted and forget Savannah." Susan's voice was matter-of-fact.

At the same time.

Dylan dragged and pulled Savannah as they left Sterling's villa and was forced to get in the car. She could feel Dylan's anger when he put the seat belt for her in a rude way, so she dared not open her mouth now.

Dylan started the engine to life; with a roar, the Lamborghini rushed into the road and off into the sunlight, leaving the luxurious villa behind.

The car gained speed as it turned into the driveway.

Gradually, with a feeling of flying, Savannah could hear the wind whistling in her ear. She took a glance at the dashboard, which read over 130.

She instinctively raised her hand and held the door armrest. She knew he was in a terrible mood now. She also knew he was rich and powerful and could be bossy, but she did not want to die with him. Finally, she could not help but said: "Can you drive slower?"

Dylan didn't slow down, nor did he speak a word, his expression dark and unspeakable. Then he kicked into a higher gear, not considering getting a ticket; the car traveled faster and faster on the road of the city, overtaking several other cars and rushing forward wildly.

Savannah gripped the door handle, her hair blown up by the wind.

In a moment, Dylan was off the main road of the town, bypassing a few streets and driving up the highway.

As there were few people around them, their car was now traveling like a runaway train.

Straight ahead was the moat!

But the man next to her had not yet stopped!

"Dylan, stop!" cried Savannah in a cold sweat.

The car was still rushing forward –

Dylan seemed to be lost in his thought, his eyes being blinded and full of determination, and he was unaware of the danger in front of them.

"Dylan! Are you crazy? Up ahead is the moat! Do you want to die?" Savannah released the door handle, trying to balance her panting body as she took hold of his hands on the steering wheel.

Was the man possessed by the devil or going crazy?

He should not drive the car so desperately, even for his bad mood!

She didn't want to die---

Abruptly, it was as though her eardrum exploded when the car screeched heavily to a halt before it rushed into the moat!

Savannah looked down at the moat, which was less than two inches from them, gasping for breath that she was finally safe.

The man next to her was staring forward blankly in silence, his hands on the steering wheel and his face dark.

Savannah clenched her fists and banged on his strong arm. "Dylan! Are you crazy? I know you are in a bad mood, but it's not necessary to risk our lives! Even if you want to die, don't involve me! I don't want to die here with you!"

She was really afraid of him usually; however, she almost lost her life this time, and now she really wanted to punch him in the face. Then she did it on his back.

Punched by the little woman, Dylan was still unmoved, staring ahead, like a still mountain.

When he realized his peculiarity, Savannah stopped hesitantly and became nervous as her wrath turned away. She raised one hand and shook it in front of him: "Hey! What's wrong with you?"

Dylan was in terrible silence, his eyes full of ice, and it seemed that his mind was gone.

Savannah pumped his arms vigorously. She was really scared this time; besides, she almost fell down the river. "You're not possessed by the devil, are you? Hey! Wake up! Wait a minute, even if you are the devil, please just back the car up first... "