

Midnight 45

It's My Private Affair

(Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable to read it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

It was some minutes before Dylan could come to himself and realized what he had done on impulse. He took a deep breath and then smiled in relief: "You chicken-livered girl."

When seeing him finally open his mouth, Savannah gave a long sigh of relief, and then she screamed to Dylan with one more punch: "Is that funny?"

Dylan knew that she was frightened, and he offered his back to her until she calmed down. "Enough?"

Savannah had cooled down. She took a breath at his severe gaze and said, "What's the matter with you?"

Dylan straightened up his sleeves and smoothed her messed hair ruffled in the wind, "Nothing."

How could it be nothing?

If she hadn't stopped him in time, the man might have driven the car into the moat!

She couldn't help from blurting out: "What the hell had happened between your father and you?"

She guessed that the reason for his crazy behavior was that some unpleasant memory was recalled by the conversation between them in Sterling's house.

"No, I didn't have any trouble with my dad." Dylan raised his eyebrows, a cool gleam in his eyes. He did not look pleased.

Savannah gritted her teeth: "Don't fool me! Everyone can see that you have issues with your father. You hadn't been on speaking terms with George for years, right? Otherwise, you would not have lived abroad for so many years without going home. And George would have called you directly home for family day, rather than calling me for fear of your rejection! George is your father; everything can be forgiven. So what is the real problem between you?"

Dylan's hand came up, and he grasped her chin to stop her guessing, "It does not mean you are allowed to ask questions as my woman. It's my private affairs."

Savannah was still very curious, and she mustered up the courage and continued: "That's because your dead brother, right?"

"Tell me why you think so." He raised his eyebrows at her, annoyed and a little dismayed.

"You have a brother, old Sterling's eldest son. But I didn't see a photograph of him in your house... That's quite unreasonable, and I can say that your brother should be a taboo subject in your family. And you are in bad with your father for your brother's reason, right?" She was quite sure that the contradiction between George and Dylan was closely related to the death of Dylan's brother!

Dylan said with a trace of sarcasm: "What a strong reasoning ability. You should write a mystery novel rather than be a model."

Regardless of his sarcasm, Savannah continued, "Your father had much to do with your brother's death, right?"

Dylan's face abruptly darkened at "Your brother's death." He violently grasped her chin and shouted, "Shut up!"

Savannah gave an exclamation for the pain on her chin, not knowing that she was talking about a dangerous subject.

"I don't know the circumstances of your eldest brother's death, and I neither know what the misunderstanding is between you, but you are his son, why not just sit down for a chat? Besides, you can't hurt yourself like that... "

Before she finished, Dylan lunged at her, pushing her against the soft leather chair, and his lips were down on hers, forcing his tongue between her lips and into her mouth. Her eyes widened with a scare as she was pinned beneath him!

"Maybe I should teach you what to do and what not to do as my woman." Dylan moaned into her mouth, and he's pinning her to the seat using his hips. He brought one of his hands up to grasp her chin and held her in place, another hand grabbing one of hers and putting her hand on his chest, down to his belly...

At the moment, only in this way could he relieve his anger and prevent her from caring about his private affairs!

Savannah's face turned pale when she finally learned his anger: "okay, okay, I won't care about that anymore!"

She also regretted it. Why did she care if he could make up with George?

It's none of her business!

"Regret it now? It's too late. You should calm my anger yourself!" He breathed, and his hands were on her thighs, pushing up her skirt.

She could feel his erection against her belly, and she struggled beneath him: "I'm wrong, okay? Dylan! We are on the highway, in the car! Don't do it here, please!"

"Well. I haven't tried car sex yet." His hand trailed from her thigh, over her hip, along her belly to her breast. Strange muscles deep in his belly clenched suddenly.

Holy shit!

Shouldn't he be angry? Why did he want her here now!

Anyway, there were no people around in the suburb.

Windows of Lamborghini were all covered with an explosion-proof membrane, which made them invisible from the outside.

The night in the hotel came to his mind.

He missed her sweet taste and yearned for her softness.

His body was getting damned hot, his hand cupping her breast, squeezing, kneading, and pulling enticingly on her nipple. Finally, he had difficulty dealing with his desire, totally sexually aroused by her. He reached out his hand and shredded her skirt, with another hand lowering the chair.

"Dylan – stop it – you are a priapic monster! Stop it... Aaah... "

From being shocked to struggling desperately, Savannah finally gave up the fight. She shouted, cried, and finally moaned and breathed...

In the end, the entire struggle and the crying were lost in his merciless onslaught...

Beside the moat, under the willow trees, inside the carriage, the sexual air was constantly warming and spreading.

The car vibrates slightly with rhythm.

After a while, it began to get dark.

The Lamborghini door was pulled open heavily, and a slender figure staggered out.

Savannah collected herself together quickly, trying to get rid of the man's scent left on her.

This was the second time she had sex with him since the hotel one.

Although she knew that such a thing would happen sooner or later, she had never expected it to happen to her in this way...

The man really thought of her as his pet, and he would fuck her as long as he wanted regardless of the time and place.

She really regretted attending his family day and asking about his brother...

If she knew he would get so angry, she would've kept silent all the way!

Now, well, she calmed his anger down with her body!

What shamed her was that she slowly, unexpectedly began to enjoy the sex...