

Midnight 46

I Can't Run Away

During the whole process, Savannah groaned several times as she felt her entire body respond, coming alive once more for him.

Her moan sounded like a cat, obsessed with love.

Thinking of this, Savannah clenched her fists and flushed. She walked straight away from the Lamborghini.

Her arms were aching, her legs felt uncertain, and she stumbled after two steps.

Shit! She flushed at the memory, and she couldn't even bring herself to think about it; he was so – barbarous.

He spent more than three hours on her!

More than three hours!

Sitting in the driver's seat, Dylan buttoned up his shirt slowly. Obviously, the sex cheered him up. But once again, his face darkened when he saw her get out of the car and left: "Where are you going?"

She stopped, didn't look back, and said angrily, "Don't worry, I can't run away. I'm going back to Beverly Hills."

At the moment, she was indignant and ashamed and did not want to see him, not to mention the car that she had just been in.

"Are you sure you can walk?" quipped Dylan, looking at her limp calves beneath her skirt.

Savannah felt the flush as it quickly spread over her face. "Don't worry! I'll get back myself! You go first!"

With this, Savannah took a deep breath, mended her pace, and continued to walk forward.

Dylan watched her back moving out of sight, her moans, her soft body, and their lovemaking... He closed his eyes as his body hummed at the recollection, and his muscles contracted deliciously deep in his belly.

He knew that she did not want to see him now, maybe because he worked too hard on her with his previous anger?

It was not their first time, but the little woman was as shy as she had been the first time.

Dylan thought for a while, took out his cell phone, and called Garwood.

Then he started the engine and drove away.

Savannah walked down the road for about ten minutes and felt much better.

It's more than six miles to Beverly Hills, and it's impossible for her to walk back.

Before trying to stop a taxi, she remembered something important.

In the car just now, the man did everything on the spur of the moment, without a condom.

She must prevent any pregnancy. She walked quickly for a while and found a drugstore. She went straight to a middle-aged saleswoman: "Excuse me, do you have an... emergency contraception?"

The saleswoman nodded, gave her a box, and said, "You can only take this kind of emergency contraceptive no more than two times a year. Don't take it too frequently."

Savannah was surprised: "What are the side effects?"

"Menstruation may be irregular, or infertility if serious."

Savannah gasped.

She had taken one before, and today would be the second time.

It might happen again... she couldn't take the emergency contraceptive every time.

She asked carefully, "Excuse me, do you have any pills with minimal side effects?"

The shop assistant took out a box of long-acting contraceptives: "You take it regularly according to the instructions; the side effects are small, and the damage to the body is not minimal."

Savannah nodded, thanked her, and bought both. She asked for some hot water from the drugstore, took the emergency contraceptive pill, and then put the long-acting contraceptive pill in her pocket and left.

As she walked down the road, a black car came toward her.

The car pulled up on her by the side of the road, and Garwood got out. "Miss Schultz."

"Why are you here?" asked Savannah with surprise.

Garwood smiled, "Mr. Sterling said that you refused to get in his car, so he asked me to pick you up."

Savannah stared blankly at Garwood. She thought that Dylan didn't care about her, and unexpectedly that he had sent Garwood to pick me up.

Garwood asked again, "By the way, what did Mr. Sterling do? Why didn't you go back to his car? The Lamborghini is much more comfortable than this one. Oh, Mr. Sterling said that you might be too tired to walk, and he asked me to drive full speed to you. Did you eat at old Sterling's home? Why would you get tired?"

Savannah flushed, opened the back door, and sat in, "Nothing. Let's go back."

Garwood saw her flush and understood at once. He felt a little ashamed too.

It was pitch dark when they got back to Beverly Hills.

Savannah got out of the car and went straight to the door. After the lunch, the three-hour car sex, and the long walk for the pill, she was too tired and felt sore everywhere. Now she just wanted to have a bath and go to bed.

Dylan's voice came from the sofa in the living room when she walked in: "There you are."

Surprised, she looked over; Dylan was waiting for her here?

Judy came over and whispered in her ear, "Mr. Sterling is here waiting for you after he got back before you."

"Well... " She flushed, embarrassed to see him, buried her head, and was going upstairs. "I must go back to my room."

Running away from him again? "Come here." He ordered his powerful voice.

Savannah took a breath and cautiously approached him.

Before she could speak, he bent over, lifted her to his chest, and walked upstairs.

Judy blushed and looked down.

Mr. Sterling was always self-controlled and self-disciplined before he knew Miss Schultz, but now...

On the second floor, Savannah responded and struggled in his arms, "Dylan! Let me down! What, do you want to do it again?"

It couldn't be that the man wanted her again after the car sex!

Dylan did not speak, held her tightly in his arms, kicked the door open, carried her into the bedroom, and threw her into the big bed!

"What do you want, monster Dylan? It wasn't enough in the car... Too much sex will kill you!" Savannah climbed up, protected her breast in horror, and hid in the corner of the big bed.

Dylan knitted his brows, knowing that she misunderstood him, but he did not explain. Kneeling on the bed, he moved towards her slowly and then slammed his hands against the wall, pinning her against it. He breathed against her ear and whispered, "Too much sex will kill me? Don't underestimate me, and maybe I should let you re-experience my super stamina."

The little woman's words annoyed him.

Just once; was it too much? He was not so bad!

Savannah bit her lip and couldn't help her sarcasm, "Super stamina? Are you a battery?"

Dylan ignored her, laid her down on the bed, pulled open the bedside table, took out something, and then pushed up her skirt!