

## Midnight 601

### Chapter 601: Can't You Trust Me?

Savannah wanted to leave, but it was impolite to leave without saying goodbye to Harman.

"Miss Schultz, I'm sorry for what I had done to you last time. Forgive me, will you?" Andrey grinned.

"It's been too long. I don't remember it. It's a business dinner, and I don't want to talk about anything else," Savannah said dryly. She hated to stay longer in front of this guy.

"I offer you my apologies. Drink this," said Andrey, taking a glass of wine and pushing it to her front, "and all that past would be forgotten. Never mention that again, okay?"

"Sorry I don't drink." Savannah rebuffed.

"You still won't forgive me, Miss Schultz?" Andrey's face fell.

Savannah looked at Andrey and hesitated.

She was now a member of the Morton Group, and she knew it was better to make more friends than have more enemies in the business world.

Falling out with Andrey was not a good idea.

She would appear narrow-minded if she still refused to drink this glass.

Besides, Andrey seemed sincere.

Last time, he was badly treated by Dylan, and it was said that he had been lying on the bed for several months before he was discharged from the hospital. Maybe he really knew he was wrong after suffering a lot.

At the thought of that man's name, Savannah felt a sense of bitterness. She didn't hesitate but picked up the glass and drank it down.

Andrey smiled with satisfaction.

After a while, Harman still didn't come back. Savannah began to feel a little hot in her body and dizzy in her mind.

She wanted to hang on until Harman came back and left after saying goodbye, but sudden dizziness overpowered her, and she fell over the table.

"Miss Schultz, are you okay?" Savannah's assistant came in a hurry and whispered in her ear.

"What are you doing? Can't you see that Miss Schultz isn't feeling well? Go and ask the waiter for a cup of honey water." Andrey ordered the assistant.

The assistant glanced uncertainly at Savannah, who was lying half asleep on the table and hesitated.

"Now!" Andrey said impatiently.

The assistant had to leave the room.

Andrey's eyes darkened as her assistant left. His mild expression disappeared as his eyes fell on the drunken woman. He walked over, picked Savannah up, and was ready to leave the room with her.

"Sir, what are you going to do?" His subordinate gasped and hurried over.

"This bitch got me beat up, and I couldn't get out of bed for months because of her! I would have drowned in the ocean if I were not lucky enough! My father doesn't even give me pocket money now! Since I met her today, I won't let her go! This is a perfect time to get my revenge against her," Andrey gritted his teeth.

"But you know she's with Mr. Sterling... Aren't you afraid of his revenge?"

"That was before! She's broken up with that man! No one will protect her now!" Andrey snorted coldly.

"Even if Mr. Sterling has nothing to do with her, she's still the granddaughter of the chairman of the Morton Group," his subordinate whispered cautiously.

Andrey took a look at the little woman who was drunk and unconscious in his arms. The perfume from her, the flush on her cheeks, and her soft body instigated him to the deepest sensual desires in him.

"She's the daughter of the Morton family, and I'm also the young master of the Murray family! Our families are matched for marriage. After she becomes my woman, I will go to the Morton family to propose marriage. Maybe Mr. Morton will be happy to see me become his son-in-law, and then the Morton Group will also be mine!"

Without hesitation, he headed for the door with Savannah in his arms.

His subordinate had no choice but to follow him.

Half the way across, Andrey came up with Savannah's assistant returning with honey water.

The assistant, startled, went over to them in a hurry.

"What are you doing, Mr. Murray? Where do you want to take Miss Schultz?"

Andrey didn't expect her to return so fast. He frowned and said impatiently, "Miss Schultz is very drunk. I'll take her to have a rest. You can go back by yourself."

"I'll take Miss Schultz home." The assistant said quickly.

"What do you mean? Can't you trust me?" fumed Andrey.

"No... It's just..." She heard they seemed to have some feud in the past. How could she trust her boss to this man? She senses something wrong with this man.

"But what? Miss Schultz and I are partners and business friends. Why are you worried?"

Andrey's subordinate, receiving his master's look, rushed over and grabbed the assistant's collar, shouting, "Mr. Murray will send your boss home, understand? Get out of the way!"

"Rest assured, when Miss Schultz wakes up, I'll have her call you," Andrey said casually.

Savannah's assistant was just a young woman, and she could not stop two men. She could only watch Andrey walking away with Savannah in his arms.

The media might make it really big if she called the police. Mr. Morton was in Chicago, too far away from here to do any help.

After calming down, the assistant called Green Bay and got Dylan's number from Kaiden, and then she dialed it.

"Who's that?" a deep man's voice asked from the other end of the line.

"Is that Mr. Sterling? I'm sorry to trouble you. I'm the assistant of Miss Schultz. Just now, we were at a dinner with a client, but Miss Schultz was made drunk by another man... oh yes, Mr. Murray! She was just taken away by him... I don't know what to do now. I can only call you..."

The man's breathing quickened.

Then he hung up.

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Andrey didn't take Savannah out of the hotel. He went to the lobby and got on the elevator.

He went directly to his fixed suite, which he used to have fun with his lovers and small models.

## Chapter 602: Fall Into A Trap

This suite came in handy today.

On the soft king-size bed, Savannah curled up lying there, outlining a delicious thigh under the slim blue skirt. Her shirt was open more at the neck to show her fair skin after her unconscious movement.

Andrey's eyes were burning at her sensuality. The desire in his body grew beyond control.

It was a pity that he didn't get this woman last time. Today, he could finally enjoy the delicacy. No one would be going to distract him.

The glass of wine handed to Savannah had been added some drugs, like philter, which was commonly used in nightclubs, and could make girls quickly drunk.

He had planned to torture her to vent his rage. After all, because of her, he suffered a great deal last time! He couldn't forget how Dylan Sterling tortured him.

But how could he have the heart to hit her or make her bleed when she seduced him silently like this! The thought of fucking Dylan Sterling's woman made him more excited.

He would cherish the night with such beauty!

It was impossible for any man to restrain the desire now. Andrey climbed onto the bed and pressed her tightly under him, licked her ears as he whispered in a sulky voice.

"Baby, are you ready?"

He kissed her as his hand moved up her thigh. The strange breathing from the man overwhelmed Savannah, making her sick, and a sudden feeling of nausea came to her. She lifted her head unconsciously and threw up!

"Damn!" Andrey straightened up and took a few steps back, looking down at the vomit on him. He cursed as he went to clean up in the bathroom.

When Andrey came out in his bathrobe, Savannah was sleeping peacefully on the bed. His eyes turned dark again. He moved to the bed and was about to strip her off when the door was kicked open with a bang! A man flounced in with a roar!

Before Andrey knew it, he was lifted by his collar by the furious man!

He raised his head in horror, looking into a pair of angry red eyes.

The man was... Dylan!

A cold sweat came out of Andrey's back. The murderous sight in Dylan's eyes almost frightened him out of his senses! Remembering Dylan's cruel punishment last time, he stammered,

"Mr. S...Sterling..."

Dylan threw Andrey to the wall behind them and grasped him by the throat.

"I didn't know your memory was so bad," Dylan's tone was deadly cold. His fingers tightened, choking the life out of Andrey.

"I, I thought she... has nothing to do... with you now..." Andrey was running out of fresh air.

"Whether I'm with her or not, no one in the world can bully her!" Dylan choked Andrey until he showed the whites of his eyes!

Andrey fainted and collapsed to the floor.

Dylan gave him a kick and heard a slight moan coming from the bed.

He looked over and saw Savannah moving uneasily on the bed as she frowned as if she would wake up soon.

"Drag him out," Dylan ordered in a low voice.

"Yes, sir." Two bodyguards who had come with him stepped in, picked Andrey up, and dragged him out of the suite.

Dylan went over to check on the little woman on the bed. The storm in his eyes subdued when he made sure that she had not suffered any harm. He moved his eyes away and turned to go.

"Dylan, don't go..." The little woman murmured unconsciously.

Dylan paused and looked back.

She didn't see him coming, and she was just talking drunk.

In such a condition, she would only call the one she was looking forward to seeing at the moment.

Dylan shook his head to stop himself from thinking about her. Driven by medicine, he could no longer think clearly or suppress his desire for her. After a moment's hesitation, he hugged her into his arms, caressed her with his big hand on her back, and dropped kisses on her cheek.

Savannah seemed to be in a dream, in which the man she wanted most came to save her and kissed her.

Afraid that she would never see him again when she woke up, she threw her arms around his neck and buried her face in his arms, sobbing,

"Don't go... Don't leave me... please..."

The tenderness in her voice made his heart beat violently. He pressed her body to him, and his hand lifted the hem of her skirt, feeling her silky skin. He kissed her hard as his hand came to her waist and to her buttocks. Her face was flushing red, and the sound of her delicate breathing almost melted him.

"Dylan..."

He could feel she wanted him too. He lost control and was about to unbuckle his jeans when his arm accidentally overturned the ashtray on the bedside cabinet.

"Bang!" The sound of the ashtray falling to the ground woke him up!

He shook his dizzy head and poured a glass of cold water over his head.

The sudden coldness calmed him down a little and helped him escape the effects of the drug. He put her back on the bed and covered her with a blanket, striding out of the suite.

"Sir!" The guard at the door glanced into the room when Dylan walked out. "How is Miss Schultz? Don't we take her away together?"

"Call her assistant and asked her to tell Kevin to pick her up. Warn her not to mention to anyone that I came here today." Dylan closed the door behind him and ordered.

The bodyguard gasped, not very clear what did his boss mean. Did he rush over to save Miss Schultz and left her to another man? But he didn't dare to ask more.

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Kevin arrived at the hotel an hour later.

He planned to pick up Savannah when her business dinner was over. But he didn't get her call after waiting for the whole night. He called her several times but couldn't get through.

### Chapter 603: You Didn't Cheat, Did You?

Kevin was about to go out looking for Savannah when her assistant called, saying that Savannah was drunk and was in Andrey's suite at the hotel.

He rushed into the suite, only to find Savannah sleeping quietly on the bed. No one else was in the room.

Her breath reeked of alcohol, but she looked fine. He sat beside her, relieved and puzzled.

Andrey was a notorious playboy, and no woman could escape after falling into his hands.

Luckily, nothing happened to Savannah this time.

But that was strange. Since Andrey had drunk Savannah, how would he let her off easily? And where was he now?

Staying his anger, Kevin took off his suit and wrapped the little woman in his arms. When he reached the door, he stopped short.

"Who found Savannah, and who told you to call me?" He glanced at Savannah's assistant at the door.

The assistant was relieved to see her boss, alright. Being questioned by Kevin, she thought of Dylan's order and hesitated.

"The front desk clerk told me. Maybe he saw Mr. Murray coming to the guest room with Miss Schultz in a coma, and he was afraid of trouble... I called you as soon as the clerk informed me," whispered the assistant.

Kevin looked at her for a while and didn't ask more.

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He sent Savannah back to Green Bay and carried her to her bedroom. After keeping her company for a while, he closed the bedroom door and went downstairs.

He told Garcia that Savannah just drank too much in a business dinner and asked her to take good care of Savannah before he left.

Just as he drove away from Green Bay, his cell phone rang.

Muffled voices came from the other end of the phone.

"Brother...Where are you? Come and drink with me..."

It was Cecelia. The noises surrounding her showed she was in a noisy bar or dance hall.

His relaxed nerves suddenly tightened again. He hit the brakes, and the car came to a screeching halt on the side of the road.

"Cecelia, what the hell are you doing? Drinking? Where are you now?"

The little girl went out in the middle of the night? And still, drinking?

"Black Cat Bar," Cecelia hiccupped loudly and giggled, clearly drunk and unconscious. "It's fun here. Brother... do you want to come together?"

A drunken girl after a drunken girl. Kevin felt exhausted.

Her drunken tone worked him up so much that he hung up. Starting the engine, he got back on the road.

After half a mile, the car creaked to a halt and turned around, running in another way.

Twenty minutes later, the car was parked in front of the Black Cat Bar.

The colored lights flashed in the bar late at night, attracting lonely women and men.

Kevin walked through the dancing youngsters on the dance floor, looking everywhere for his unruly sister.

There was no sign of Cecelia.

"Hey, guy, let's dance..." A voluptuous woman put her arm around Kevin's shoulder as she pressed herself to him.

"Go away," he growled in a low voice.

The woman shivered, noticing the gloom on the face of the handsome young man, and mumbled away.

Kevin shook off those who were looking for a one-night stand and kept searching the boxes until he heard a familiar voice from one of them.

"Oh, no, what bad luck!"

Kevin looked inside the box. There were several men and women singing and drinking. Cecelia was playing dice with two men with malicious intent.

"You lose again! One more drink!" A man urged as he handed Cecelia a full glass of wine.

"You didn't cheat, did you?" Cecelia screwed up her beautiful lips and mumbled as she took the glass.

She was about to drink it down when her wrist was caught. Looking up, she saw Kevin's cool face.

"I knew you would come..." She paused and then giggled.

"Come with me." Kevin seized her hand, turning to drag her out.

But how could the two men see their prey get away? They advanced to block the way, glaring at Kevin.

"Who are you? Mind your own business! She's mine, and we're enjoying what we're doing,"

"Go away," Kevin shouted coldly.

"Oh! How dare you tell us to go? Who are you?" The two men rolled up their sleeves at once, ready to give this young man a lesson.

But as their last word fell, one of them received a heavy blow to his nose. For a moment, the man froze, and then he felt a sharp pain before violent nosebleeds started. He fell to the ground on his back!

Another man, seeing his friend falling, realized that the young man in front of them was not to be crossed. He swore and rushed up violently.

Before he got close, Kevin threw him to the ground with a nice hook. The man landed with a dull thud, groaning with the pain.

Other girls in the box had gathered around, looking at the handsome young man knocking two punks down in a minute, and could not help exclaiming.

"Wow! Awesome!"

"Who's this handsome man?"

Cecelia looked proud, as if she herself was praised.

The two men disgraced themselves, aching all over. They helped each other to get up and ran away in a hurry.

Kevin was immediately surrounded by those girls.

"You are amazing! Have you studied catch and grapple?"

"Would you like to join us for a drink?"

The young man looked handsome and behaved gracefully, and so strong. He was not a nobody.

One bloomer girl even had her arm around Kevin's shoulder.

"Keep your hands to yourself! Get out of my way!" Cecelia grabbed the offending hand and gave the girl a push.

"It's no business of yours!" The girl was pushed back a few steps, distressed.

Cecelia tiptoed and wrapped her arm around Kevin's neck.

"He's my man. Is that clear?"

Those girls shut up with an envious look in their eyes. They wanted to call the attention of this guy, yet someone claimed him as his woman.

#### Chapter **604: Don't Marry Her**

Kevin, his face livid, grabbed her arm and pulled her away from him.

"All get out," shouted him at those girls.

The girls exchanged glances but didn't move.

"Don't you hear that? My boyfriend told you to get out!" Cecelia said proudly to the group.

Kevin looked even more annoyed.

The girls gritted their teeth and mumbled their way out.

As they all left, Kevin went over and slammed the door.

"Why close the door? Are you in such a hurry?" Cecelia giggled with a red face.

Kevin grabbed her by the collar and lifted her to him. "I won't blame you for your drunken words. But Cecelia, remember who you are and your family. If the media caught you drinking with punks in the bar, do you know how they would talk about you?"

The governor's daughter went to the bar and hung out with men... That would be a scandal and affect the reputation of her father and her whole family.



"Are you concerned about daddy's career and the Smith family's reputation? I never knew you were so nervous about dad and us," Cecelia chuckled.

"No," Kevin blurted out.

"Oh? So you care about me? You're not afraid I would be caught by the press, but fear that I would be taken advantage of by these guys in the bar!" She rolled her eyes and concluded.

"Don't talk nonsense!" A muscle twitched at the corner of Kevin's mouth. "After all, don't come to this kind of place again! Go back with me!"

Cecelia threw him off, stepping back and staring at him.

"What else do you want?" Kevin frowned.

"I'm here to prove to you that I'm not a child! If you still don't believe me, well..." She bit her lip and, with great determination, took off her blouse!

Kevin wondered if she had bought such a dress secretly for sneaking to the bar tonight. She was not allowed to dress in such an adult, sexy style according to the discipline of her family.

Under the ambiguous light, the girl looked completely different from her usual pure and innocent appearance. Her dark blond hair sprang from the scalp instead of being tied to a ponytail. Under the nearly transparent white blouse, she was wearing a strapless lace camisole. It covered her round and prominent bosom but could hardly hide her flat tummy and the graceful waistline. The low-cut jeans shorts looked too tight, showing her full hips nicely.

She was irresistible, beautiful, and sexy!

Her bosom was heaving as she breathed hard with emotion, attracting his eyes, so tempting.

Kevin swallowed.

"Brother, am I still a child?" Cecelia took one step closer to him, and before he reacted, she jumped on him and pressed herself against him, so they were touching.

"I can do anything Savannah can do... I'm not a child... Please, don't marry her. Be with me when I come of age," she mumbled as she moved against him.

Such an intimate gesture made his heart leap, and desire pooled way down low... Hearing Savannah's name, he quickly woke up and pushed her away. He walked to the table, picking up a bottle of icy water, pouring it over her head without pity!

"Are you awake now?" His voice was cold as snow.

Cecelia, drenched and sober, shuddered as she stared at the man whose face had darkened to the utmost.

"Clean yourself and get dressed!" Kevin threw a tissue box to her when she finally became quiet.

The person who seldom lost his temper looked really fierce when he was angry. Cecelia dared not do anything more. Holding back the hot tears that were about to burst forth, she rubbed herself with tissues and then put on her blouse tearfully.

"Where's your original dress?" Kevin looked at her light blouse and frowned again. Every word was hard and stony.

Cecelia shivered and clasped her arms.

"I don't want to ask again!" His voice turned colder.

"In my bag." Cecelia sniffed.

Of course, she didn't dare to change into this nightclub dress at home but changed them in a bathroom after going out.

With that, she silently took out her bag from a corner and pulled out the student costume she had worn.

"Get into the dress of your own. I'll give you three minutes!" Kevin walked to the door and turned away from her.

Cecelia silently changed her clothes and whispered, "okay..."

Kevin turned around. The girl looked much better in her pure school dress.

He pulled her out of the bar with a cloud face and went straight to his car.

Cecelia realized that he was going to drive herself back.

"I can go back on my own..." She murmured.

"I don't want to get another drunk call from you at the next bar," Kevin said roughly.

Cecelia didn't dare say anything more and climbed into the front passenger's seat.

Kevin tromped on the gas and sped off.

The entrance area of the Smith's house was a perfect pandemonium. The guards were coming in and out. Obviously, Cecelia's coming late had caused great confusion.

Robert and his wife were going to send people out to look for her.

"Brother... Don't tell mom and dad about me going to the bar, please..." Cecelia looked nervously at the man in the driver's seat.

She would be scolded for coming so late, and her mom might give her a good beat if she knew she had got rid of the guards to go to the bar!

"Afraid now? I saw you were fearless before." Kevin grinned grimly without looking at her.

Cecelia pursed her lips. If Kevin told her parents... she didn't think she could get away with it today.

Outside the gate, Kevin pulled over and signaled Cecelia to get out.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were surprised to see Kevin driving up. They were more surprised to see their daughter get off his car.

Then Mrs. Smith ran quickly to take her daughter's hand.

"Cecelia, what are you doing with him? Where have you been?" She asked with concern.

#### Chapter **605: Special Intention**

Mrs. Smith glanced cautiously towards Kevin not far away, as if he was a human trader who abducted her daughter.

"Kevin, what happened?" Robert came to Kevin and asked gently.

Cecelia didn't speak, ready to get scolded after Kevin told her parents about her going to the bar tonight.

"I met Cecelia sitting on the road, and she seemed to have twisted her ankle. I took her to the hospital to have a look. She's fine, so I bring her back," Kevin said dryly.

Cecelia looked up in surprise. He didn't tell her parents, and this explanation could keep her parents from blaming her for coming home late. She couldn't believe Kevin would keep her secret and protect her against her parent's rage.

So, he didn't want her to be scolded or punished.

Thinking of this, the corner of her mouth twisted into a sweet smile.

Mrs. Smith was more worried about hearing this. She lowered to check Cecelia's foot, but Cecelia stopped her in a hurry.

"Mom, I'm okay. It's lucky to meet my brother on the road." She responded quickly.

"Why not call back?" Mrs. Smith looked unhappy when Cecelia called Kevin's brother. "Don't bother others. Your father and I were worried! You came home late and didn't even bother to give us a call,"

Cecelia knew her mother never took Kevin as their family, but Kevin didn't say anything.

"My phone has run out. Brother didn't bring his cell phone with him," she explained.

Could it be that way? Mrs. Smith was about to say something again when Robert spoke ahead of time to help his son out.

"Forget it, Madison, take Cecilia in and see if her foot was badly hurt."

Mrs. Smith glanced at Kevin unpleasantly and went in.

Robert waved the guards off and looked at his son, whom he hadn't seen for half a year.

"Kevin, thank you for taking Cecelia home. She's never been back so late. Her guards pick her up every day after school. Her mother was just too worried."

"It was nothing. Adolescent girls have always been a bit of a rebel. You'd better keep an eye on her," Kevin said flatly.

"Kevin, what's going on with Cecelia?" Robert sensed something wrong in Kevin's words.

Kevin paused. What could he say? The girl had special intentions towards her brother?

Robert might think he was crazy or that the girl was crazy.

"Nothing." He shook his head, and before Robert asked more, he said quickly, "It's late. I have to go."

"Wait, Kevin. Stay and keep me company for a while, okay?" Robert didn't want his son to leave so soon.

"I'm afraid it's not convenient for you, Mr. Smith. I don't think your wife will be pleased," Kevin said dryly.

"Never mind, she took Cecelia upstairs. We can have a chat in the sitting room over the tea. Shall we?" Robert became almost a little humble in front of his son, hardly knowing how to please him.

Kevin looked at his father, and now he seemed less hateful and disgusting. His father was going gray at the temples, and he grew older and weaker year by year.

"I'm sorry. I still have something else to do," Kevin said, trying to soften his tone.

Robert was a little disappointed, but it seemed like Kevin didn't deliberately refuse him. It made him feel better.

"Well, is there something wrong with the wedding arrangements? Is there anything I can do for you?" He asked.

"No, it's just that something happened to Savannah tonight, and I'm not at ease. I want to go to her earlier and stay with her," said Kevin absently.

Robert could see Kevin didn't want to talk much about it, so he nodded and watched Kevin get into his car.

When the car disappeared in the dark, he waved to his behind, and a confidential guard stepped forward.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Go and find out what's going on with the young master and Miss Schultz today."

"Yes, sir."

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After a good sleep, Savannah got rid of her hangover and remembered what had happened at the hotel.

At the table, she was drunk by Andrey, and she seemed to be forcibly taken away from the room by him.

Gasping at the thought, she lifted the quilt and checked herself. Fortunately, nothing seemed to be wrong, or else she might not be home now.

What happened after she was taken away? How could the pervert let her go?

Just then, Garcia pushed the door open and came in.

"Savannah, how are you feeling now? Mr. Wills's been watching you all night. He's in the living room now."

"Did Kevin drive me home last night?" Savannah asked.

"Yes, Mr. Wills sent you back from the hotel and said that you were drunk at the dinner. Well, Savannah, don't drink too much next time." Garcia was worried about her.

Savannah nodded with relief. It should be that Kevin arrived just in time to save her from Andrey's hand. She washed and dressed before she went downstairs.

Kevin came to Green Bay after he left Smith's house last night. He had been waiting for her to wake up for the whole night, but his tiredness disappeared as soon as he saw her.

"How are you feeling? Do you still have a headache?" He asked softly.

"No. Kevin, last night... You brought me away from the hotel?"

"Well. Be careful next time when you attend a business dinner. Fortunately, nothing happened last night." His heart was still fluttering with fear.

Savannah nodded. She couldn't imagine what would happen if Kevin hadn't arrived in time.

"Thank you, Kevin," she blurted out.

"We're getting married. Don't mention it." Kevin forced a laugh.

Savannah also realized that saying thank you to him seemed too polite as if they were still common friends.

Kevin sighed inwardly. He knew there was still some distance to their hearts. She wouldn't say thank you if it was Dylan who saved her out.

#### Chapter 606: Kevin Knew The Truth

Kevin recalled the call from Savannah's assistant last night.

He still didn't believe it was the hotel that stopped Andrey and informed him to pick up Savannah. But who else would have saved Savannah from Andrey's hands in time?

A figure flashed into his mind.

If it was really Dylan... Why did he care so much about Savannah but give him credit after he saved her? He can't think of any possible reason as to why Dylan left immediately after doing the good deeds. Obviously, the man still cares for Savannah, but he's gone.

If he still had a love for Savannah, why did he give her up to him?

What was this inscrutable man thinking?

"Kevin, what's on your mind?" Savannah asked, seeing him absent minded.

"Oh, nothing. Just some detailed arrangements for our wedding." Kevin roused himself and smiled.

Savannah's expression slightly changed. Yeah, she would be his bride soon.

Why was she not happy but somewhat disconcerted?

"You didn't eat anything, did you? Let's talk over breakfast." She changed the subject and led Kevin to the table.

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Late at night, Andrey walked out of the bar after having fun with his friend, followed by two bodyguards.

He managed to get away after Dylan took him away from the hotel yesterday.

For fear of Dylan's revenge, he brought two bodyguards with him when he went out tonight.

While the bodyguards went to take the car, Andrey took a long stretch to loosen his muscles and waited for them at the entrance of the parking lot.

He didn't notice several figures moved to him silently.

"Are you Andrey Murray?" A burly man at the head asked coldly.

Andrey shuddered. His first thought was that Dylan had sent someone to pick on him! Dylan almost killed him last time, and he couldn't imagine what he would do after he put a hand on his woman again.

"Somebody! Help!" He took two steps and screamed without hesitation.

The men sneered and pushed two figures out!

Andrey's two bodyguards, gagged and bound, fell to the ground and sobbed at him. Andrey broke out in a cold sweat and cursed in a low voice, "you scum!"

He turned to run, but those people, strong and nimble, seemed to perceive him to be ready to escape. One of them came forward quickly and kicked him down to the ground with a leg-sweep!

"Please spare me! Please! Tell Mr. Sterling that I know I was wrong. I'll apologize to Miss Schultz in person, okay? Mr. Sterling, please forgive me..." Andrey lay on his face, head cradled in his hands, asking for mercy as those people approached him.

The men paused and exchanged glances, and then flung Andrey a scornful look.

"Looks like you guys pissed off a lot of people."

Andrey froze and soon understood what they meant. They weren't Dylan's men.

He took a second look at the men. Well, they seemed not to be general bodyguards but well-trained soldiers.

But he didn't seem to have offended anyone except Dylan lately.

"Who sent you here? What do you want?" Andrey shrank back as he asked in a quivering voice.

The leading man bent down and said gloomily, "How dare you touch Miss Schultz? Even if Mr. Sterling doesn't come after you, someone else won't spare you."

They also came to him because of Savannah!

"You are from the Morton family?" Andrey stared at them in terror.

Did Savannah tell her grandpa, and he sent people to LA to avenge his granddaughter?

"No." The man snorted.

They were neither Dylan's guy, nor from the Morton family, who else could they be?

Why did Savannah have so many people behind her?

Andrey broke out in a cold sweat on his back and began to regret it.

"Anyway, remember, Miss Schultz is the one you can't touch. She is about to become the daughter-in-law of the governor. If you dare to touch a hair of her head, even a hundred Murray groups could not save you! You're in trouble this time." With that, the man waved his hand to his men.

Andrey froze. The governor? Did he mean Robert Smith?

Savannah was going to marry into the Smith family? But he never heard that Mr. Smith had a son.

After leaving Mr. Sterling, Savannah hooked up with the mysterious young master of the Smith family?

If that was true, he was really in trouble this time!

Before he recovered, several plainclothes guards tied him up and gagged him, throwing him into the trunk of a car.

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Two days later, Kevin learned about Andrey from Dan.

It was said that Andrey had been missing for two days, and the Murray family combed the city and finally found him in an abandoned warehouse in the suburbs this morning.

Beaten and bruised, Andrey was left unattended without any medical treatment, without any food or water, waiting for death.

According to Dan, Andrey's abusive injuries looked a lot like the army's way of punishing deserters.

It was not Dylan who did it.

It seemed that someone else fixed Andrey before Dylan could lay his hands on him.

Kevin guessed it was Robert.

That night, Robert detected the anxiety in him, and after he hurried off, he inquired about what happened to Savannah and knew about Andrey.

Just then, the phone rang. It was Savannah.

"Kevin, have you heard about Andrey?" Her voice trembled a little.

He paused and said, "Oh, yes."

"Did you do that?" Savannah asked. Kevin sounded not surprised.

Besides Kevin, she had no idea who else did that. Only Kevin knew she was taken to Andrey's suite and almost offended by him that night at the hotel.

Did Kevin fix Andrey for her?

"Not me. Someone else did it for me..." Kevin whispered.

"Oh? Who did that?" Savannah was surprised.

"Mr. Smith," Kevin didn't want to hide it from her. "He knew we're going to get married, and he learned about what happened at the hotel that night. So he sent his own guards to teach Andrey a lesson for me."

#### Chapter 607: Kaiden Was Worried

Savannah was even more surprised. She knew Mr. Smith was always ready to help Kevin. He even provided a house for them and called Kevin now and then to show his concern when they lived in Italy.

But she didn't expect Mr. Smith would have used such illegal means to punish Andrey for Kevin. As the governor, he should act cautiously in case his political opponent had something on him.

She wondered what their relationship was. Why did Mr. Smith do so much for Kevin? Why did he help them before?

Was it really because they had cooperated once and became good partners?

Before she could ask more, Kevin said softly, "Now that it's over, don't think about it anymore. It's our wedding tomorrow. Keep a good mood, okay? I don't want to see worried about things that are not important,"

Savannah said no more and nodded. Just as she hung up, the phone rang again.

It was Kaiden.

"Mommy! Are you really going to marry uncle Rival?" Kaiden asked in an injured tone. He was so affected upon hearing the news that her Mom would marry someone tomorrow.

A few days ago, he learned that Savannah and Kevin were going to get married.

The boy broke down and made a great to-do for a few days and finally stopped when he knew he couldn't change Savannah's mind.

He had been very depressed in Sterling's house these days, and even his favorite toys failed to make him laugh.

Savannah's eyes shadowed. She felt guilty about Kaiden.

In her relationship with Dylan, Kaiden was the most innocent.

Although he was born in a rich family and had been spoiled by everyone since childhood, he didn't have a complete family.



After a pause, she finally said, "yes."

"Why can't you marry daddy?" Kaiden choked up.

Savannah held back the sadness in her heart, and with a helpless smile on her lips, she said sorrowfully, "I'm awfully sorry, Kaiden..."

"You don't have to say sorry. It's daddy who should say sorry!" Kaiden's voice suddenly became angry.

"Your father has a reason... Don't be angry at him, he's a good father to you, and took care of you, when Mommy's not with you before." Savannah quickly said. Though she hated Dylan, she didn't want Kaiden to hold a grudge against his father, like Dylan and old Sterling.

"I called him yesterday, but he didn't even answer my phone!" Kaiden became angrier as he complained, his puppy-fat face turning red.

"He didn't answer your phone?"

"Well, bad daddy didn't answer my phone, not even grandpa's!" Old Sterling and Kaiden called Dylan several times. They wanted Dylan to get Savannah back, but Dylan never answered the phone.

"Not even grandpa's phone? He may be too busy..."

"No! Even if he's busy, there's time to answer the phone, right? But we couldn't find him since the day before yesterday. Even uncle Garwood didn't tell us where dad is. Grandpa sent someone to the company to look for him. The secretary said he hadn't been to the company for several days!" Kaiden gave a kind of sob as he said the words.

Savannah held the phone tightly with a wry smile.

He knew that old Sterling and Kaiden would be looking for him, so he avoided them deliberately. Or maybe he thought who she was going to marry was none of his business,

Her heart sank within her.

Up to now, she still had illusions about him, hoping he would come to her on the eve of the wedding and told her he had his difficulty. She still couldn't believe he gave her up because of his family's reputation or something like that.

But he never tried to come back to her.

He even disappeared before her wedding without a word.

It was just as well.

At least she wouldn't have any more illusions.

\* \*

On the morning of the wedding, Savannah arrived at the hotel early, accompanied by Joanne and Olivia.

Joanne stayed with her daughter for a while in the dressing room before heading out to receive guests.

Savannah sat in front of the dresser, being prepared by a make-up artist.

Olivia stood behind her, looking at Savannah in the mirror.

Savannah had changed into a white wedding dress and veil, and her make-up was clean and beautiful, perfect as a princess in a fairy tale. She smiled as she talked to the make-up artist, but she didn't look happy at all.

Olivia was shocked when she was told that Savannah was going to marry Kevin.

As long as Savannah was happy.

It was better to marry a man who loved her than stuck in a relationship with Dylan.

There came a knock on the door, and Kevin came in.

Olivia and the make-up artist exchanged a glance and went out.

Kevin wore a trim white tailored suit, looking perfect and smart.

"Kevin..." Savannah got up.

Kevin looked at his bride. She looked beautiful in her wedding gown. Though she was smiling, there was no fervent emotion in her eyes, as if it was not a special day for her.

"You are beautiful today." He touched her hair softly.

Savannah flushed under his hot eyes, twisting the hem of her dress around her fingers.

"Nervous? It's okay. You can share some of your nervousness with me." Kevin took her hand and squeezed it softly.

Savannah took a deep breath and nodded.

Kevin was always so considerate.

Just then, a knock came at the door, and Dan's head protruded in. His eyes fell on their folded hands and teased.

"There's no rush. Wait until the night..."

"What's up?" Kevin loosened his hand on Savannah's and went to the door with a frown.

"Miss Smith's outside the hotel. She wants to see you." Dan lowered his voice.

Savannah heard clearly. Miss Smith? Robert's daughter?

"Let Miss Smith in, Kevin," she said quickly.

"No," Kevin averted Savannah's eyes and said dryly, "I'll go out alone and let her go."

Savannah was puzzled by his attitude. The daughter of the governor came to congratulate them in person. He did not invite her in, but sent her away?

Before she could say more, Kevin had already left the dressing room with Dan.

Chapter **608: Dylan's Genetic Illness**

She had to sit back in the chair.

Kevin's relationship with the Smiths was too complicated.

He seemed to think nothing of the governor's family, while others tried hard to please them.

But she had no mood thinking about others now. She would become Kevin's wife after the ceremony.

Her life was about to come into a new chapter.

Abrupt knocks on the door interrupted her thought.

"Who's that?" She asked with a frown.

"Savannah... It's me!" A woman's worried voice came from outside.

Savannah stared at Fiona.

She went over to open the door. Fiona stood outside the door, looking anxious.

Savannah's face changed.

"What are you doing here?" she asked coldly.

She and Fiona used to be friends. However, Fiona was not invited to the wedding.

"Savannah, will you come with me to see Mr. Sterling?" Fiona reached over and tried to hold Savannah's hand.

Savannah, amused by her words, took two steps back.

"Don't you know it's my wedding day today? Are you crazy to ask me to leave the wedding to see another man, or do you think I'm crazy? Please leave at once."

"Savannah!" Fiona looked much worried.

"Get out, or I will call security." Savannah interrupted her.

"Savannah, Mr. Sterling's situation is very bad! Believe me, come with me, he needs you now!" Fiona grabbed her hand in a panic.

Savannah paused. What happened? But then she laughed at herself. Even if the man had something wrong, it was none of her business.

When she needed him, he pushed her away mercilessly, called off their wedding, and took her as a stranger. What did Fiona mean by saying he needed her now?

"Hey! What are you doing?" Olivia ran over. Knowing who Fiona was, she pushed her away and said sarcastically, "Oh, you're the one who has an affair with Mr. Sterling? I heard that you were Savannah's friend. What a nerve!"

"Savannah, I have nothing to do with Mr. Sterling..." Fiona said hurriedly.

"What's the matter with him?" Savannah interrupted her. She didn't want to know if Fiona had an affair with Dylan.

Fiona seemed to have something difficult to tell. Looking around, she whispered, "Come with me, and you will see. Mr. Sterling didn't come because he couldn't... So I've been here for him. I really don't have anything to do with him..."

"It's none of my business whether you have anything to do with him or not," Savannah sneered. "Since you won't make it clear, please leave and don't interfere with my wedding. If anything happened to the man, it had nothing to do with me."

Before Fiona tried to say more, Olivia stood in front of Savannah and stopped her.

"Aren't you, Dylan's new favorite? Go and look after him yourself. Why come to Savannah? Did he ever think of Savannah when he called off the wedding and gave up on her? Does he regret it when Savannah's marrying someone else? Get out!" Olivia rolled up her sleeves and raised her voice, shouting to the outside, "Security? Take this bitch out of here!"

Two security guards heard the noise and came immediately.

"Wait!" Fiona hesitated for a moment before she whispered quickly, "Mr. Sterling didn't come because he couldn't! Two days ago, he was critically ill and sent to the hospital by Dr. Shamon! He didn't allow us to tell anyone about it. No one knew about his condition, except Garwood, Shamon, and me!" Fiona looked at Savannah, and her eyes were begging her.

Savannah bit her lip as though it cost her an effort. Finally, she pulled down her veil and turned to Olivia, and said, trembling, "Olivia... I'm sorry... Please tell Kevin and my mom that I... I have to go to the hospital first... The wedding can only be postponed..."

With that, she rushed out of the hotel with Fiona.

\* \* \*

Fiona took her to the psychiatric wards of the hospital directly.

Through the small window, Savannah saw Dylan sleeping on the bed.

He wore a strait-jacket.

Savannah had seen Susan dressed like that when she accompanied old Sterling to visit her in the nursing home.

This was the costume for the unmanageable patient.

She was shocked.

He seemed much thinner than the last time she saw him.

His eyes were closed, his forehead furrowed.

A white gauze, stained with blood, was bound around his left arm.

Savannah couldn't imagine that just before she arrived, he had broken the window of the ward manically and cut his own arm, almost bleeding heavily. Luckily, a nurse stopped him in time.

She couldn't help feeling badly stung and filled with anxiety.

"He's just been given an injection and fell asleep. He won't wake up till evening," said Jacob's voice slowly from behind.

"Can you tell me what's going on?" Savannah turned, her heart sinking.

Jacob motioned her to come out. He took her to his office, and they sat down on the sofa.

"Dylan did know he had a genetic, mental illness." Jacob began, wearing a rather solemn expression.

Savannah looked at him, her heart pounding.

"Do you remember when you went to visit Susan and met Devin at the gate of the nursing house last year? Dylan was back from a business trip that day and heard that you had gone to see Susan in the nursing house, so he went to pick you up. Your conversation with Devin was overheard by Dylan. That's the day Dylan learned he had the genetic illness."

Savannah's eyebrows twitched sharply. He had known it that day!

No wonder he had a strange attitude towards her that night when he came back from a business trip.

He spent a crazy night on her as if he couldn't see her anymore.

She thought it was only because he missed her too much after a few days parting.

"So he suddenly gave me the cold shoulder and called off the wedding because he knew he had the genetic disease and was afraid... afraid it'll get me into trouble?" She asked in a trembling voice.

"In fact, he tried not to take the illness seriously at first," Jacob sighed, "but then his intermittent headaches got worse, and he began to forget things, so he came to me for a private examination. Only then did I discover that those were warning signs. That genetic disease didn't spare him."

#### **Chapter 609: Savannah Knew The Truth**

Savannah remembered his symptoms before the wedding.

Intermittent headaches, forgetfulness...

Once, she had a fever when he came to Green Bay to accompany her. He had poured water and prepared the pills for her, but soon he forgot what he had done and went to pour water again. She joked that he was too forgetful at that time. How could she know it was a symptom of that illness?

Savannah clenched her fist, and her nose suddenly stung.

"It starts with headaches, amnesia, and then, in the second phase, it comes to unconsciousness, uncontrollable emotions, and he might even hurt himself and others when it attacks. He knows what's going on with him, and he knows that he may accidentally hurt you and Kaiden, and that's why he called off the wedding." Jacob's voice was quite low.

Savannah suddenly remembered that night six months ago, he didn't forget to use the condom when they made love. He had always wanted her to have another child, and he had never used the condom. At that time, she thought he was just worried about her health because she had just had a miscarriage. But the fact was... he was afraid of having another child with the disease.

Jacob also seemed to know what she was thinking.

"After the occurrence of the disease, he took Kaiden to get a physical examination. Don't worry, Kaiden doesn't have this disease gene. Dylan's also relieved to learn that."

Just then, the door was knocked and then pushed open, and Fiona walked in.

"Savannah, Mr. Sterling transferred me to the head office to be his secretary and displayed over-familiarity with me in front of you, only to make you hate him and leave him... I admit that he has always been my idol, and I'm happy to work with him. But I also know that he is unreachable for me, and I never had any unrealistic fantasy about him," Fiona said in low but earnest tones.

Savannah listened in silence, with her eyes toward the ground.

"We have nothing, except for the performance in front of you. He even seldom talked to me. He just took me as a tool to anger you, let you away from him. He hopes you can live a better life without him. He's always paid attention to you, and he never forgot you. Remember when K&G's design was stolen? It was Mr. Sterling who caught the theft and wrung the truth out of him. He asked the theft to go to your grandfather to surrender himself through both force and bribery. That was why you and K&G could save the day. A few days ago, you were taken away by Andrey from a business dinner, and Mr. Sterling went to the hotel in time to save you. He didn't want you to know, so he just asked your assistant to inform Kevin to pick you up... Believe it or not, Savannah, Mr. Sterling's always loved you... His affection for you has never changed." Fiona's voice choked.

After a pause, she continued, "He was in manic depression after you met every time. He even nearly had a car accident once and didn't notice the pain when he was injured... I didn't know about his condition until three days ago. I was reporting work to him when he suddenly broke down and was sent to the hospital. Your wedding was a subconscious stimulation to him, so his illness was deteriorating these days very quickly. Today, he knew that it's your wedding day. He locked himself in the ward from yesterday and hurt himself after the onset of psychosis this morning... He warned us not to tell you when he was awake, but I still cannot see you marry another man and misunderstand him without knowing anything..."

Savannah sat quite still, her heart beating violently.

He had been silently helping her behind her, and he never betrayed her.

Tears ran down her cheeks. She sniffed and wiped her face with the back of her hand, swallowing the tears and the sadness.

Tears were useless at present.

He didn't like weak people.

"His disease is in the second stage now, isn't it?" she asked, turning to Jacob.

"Yes," Jacob nodded.

"What will happen in the end?" She asked quietly.

"At the second stage, symptoms increase in frequency and severity and interfere with life. He began to be unable to control emotions, become manic, lose consciousness, and attack people during the occurrence. He looks normal when he's awake, but slowly, the waking hours will be less and less, until he's completely in mental disorder..."

At that stage, he would be a complete lunatic, like his mother, who eventually fell downstairs in a fit of madness, or like his brother, who died in a car accident after a quarrel with his father.

Even if he was spared, he would have to spend his days grounded in a ward like Susan...

Savannah gasped at the thought.

Fiona also covered her mouth and sobbed.

"Is there really no way to cure it?" Savannah clenched her hands.

Jacob's eyes clouded.

"The cause of his mental illness is genetic in nature, and genetic disease is a hard nut for the medical world to crack. Both pharmacological treatment and psychological intervention are remedies to this mental illness, but at present, we can only try to reduce the frequency and severity of attacks. I'll just do my best. But there is no way to cure his disease up to now..."

Savannah almost collapsed on the sofa.

She composed herself and looked at Jacob.

"Thank you for taking care of him, Jacob. You must have had a hard time." With that, she stood up and left the office.

In the hallway, Garwood, with despair overcloud his face, greeted her.

"Miss Schultz, old Mr. Sterling, is here."

Old Sterling could not be kept in the dark about his son's illness.

Garwood had just called and told him everything.

Savannah looked up and saw old Sterling standing in front of her, accompanied by Cooper. With red eyes, Savannah ran to him.

Old Sterling saw that Savannah was still wearing her wedding dress, knowing she came from her wedding. He took her hand, but tears choked his words.

Savannah and Cooper helped old Sterling to a bench and sat him down.

"I didn't expect that Dylan couldn't avoid this disease after all." Old Sterling sobbed.

Cooper, standing beside his master, wanted to comfort but didn't know what to do.

## Chapter 610: Kevin Was Defeated Once Again

"It's all right, sir. He's sure to be able to get over it." Savannah patted old Sterling on the back of his hand as she comforted him softly.

Cooper also braced himself up and uttered a few words of comfort.

Savannah accompanied old Sterling to see Dylan through the window of the ward. After that, she persuaded him to go back home with Cooper.

Since she was here to take after Dylan, old Sterling was relieved and left first.

Savannah went back to the ward and looked through the small window at the sleeping man, a storm of emotion surging through her.

Why? Why didn't he tell her he had known everything?

Did he think she could be happy without him like this?

He had always been so dominative and autocratic...

Savannah's tears fell, blurring her vision.

She stood there guarding the sleeping man in the ward silently but didn't notice that behind her, there was a figure quietly watching her.

After a long time, she turned and saw Kevin in the hallway, gazing at her.

He was still in the handsome groom's dress, so brilliant that he could make any woman scream. But his eyes were filled with loneliness and helplessness.

Savannah, in her wedding dress, looked into his eyes.

A bride and a bridegroom, who should have been entertaining their guests at a feast, now looked at each other on such an occasion. It was somewhat amusing and somewhat sad.

"Kevin, I'm sorry..." Savannah broke the silence, feeling guilty.

She knew how useless the apology was after she hurt him again and again, and she could never make up to him.

Kevin seemed to have read her mind. He glanced at the ward behind her and whispered, "He didn't marry you and distance himself from you because he's sick, right?"

Savannah sniffed and nodded.

Indeed as expected, Kevin's eyes gleamed with complicated emotions. He had always wondered why Dylan left Savannah.

The fact was that he just didn't want to be a burden on her.

So, the one who saved Savannah out of Andrey's hands but asked Savannah's assistant to call him without showing up was Dylan.

He had been watching Savannah silently.

After a pause, Kevin asked, "Have you made up your mind?"



He didn't know what was wrong with Dylan, but he knew that he must be in the worst condition to have Savannah leave the wedding behind and come to see him.

He lost to that man again.

Savannah looked at Kevin, trying to ignore the lump in her throat. She could say that Kevin was the one who understood her best in the world.

But the one she loved most was not him.

Thinking of this, she could only steel herself and be ruthless.

"Yes... He's in very bad condition. I'm sorry, Kevin, but I have to take care of him..."

"I see," Kevin interrupted her gently. He knew she was sorry and felt apologetic when she said that, but he just didn't want to see her unhappy. "I'll cope with the wedding, don't worry."

Then he turned and left. His back was so lonely.

"Kevin, wait!" cried Savannah impulsively, and she ran to him.

Kevin paused and turned.

"Beat me or scold me, Kevin." She grabbed his hand, tears streaming down her face. "Take it out on me!"

"My silly girl." Kevin pulled back his hand, and there was no accusation in his eyes.

How could he beat or scold her?

She had been on his mind since his youth.

Savannah, however, couldn't forgive herself. She raised her hand and slapped herself on her delicate cheek.

She owed too much to him.

Kevin grabbed her wrist quickly and lowered it. He gave a soft kiss on the back of her hand and let go of his hold of her. He smiled indulgently and then turned and walked away.

Savannah opened her mouth and wanted to stop him, but she didn't know what she could still say to him.

What he wanted to be not an apology.

Kevin, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry...

\*\*\*

Kevin walked out of the hospital.

Across the road, the door of a black limousine opened. A slender figure jumped down and ran across the road.

"Brother? Where's Miss Schulz? Why didn't you bring her out?"

The bride left the wedding abruptly. Robert called Kevin several times but didn't answer the phone. Cecelia volunteered to inquire and knew what happened. It turned out that Savannah left for the hospital in a hurry to see her ex-boyfriend.

Kevin looked ahead, without even a glance at Cecelia, walking forward.

Cecelia paused and understood something.

"Is Savannah not going to marry you? That's unreasonable! Doesn't she know how much you've done for her? She can't treat you like this! I'll go and tell her --"

Kevin grabbed her wrist when she was about to rush into the hospital.

"Don't go for her," he said in a grim voice.

Before Cecelia could say something more, his voice came gloomily again, "Go back. It's none of your business."

Cecelia shook her head violently. How could she go back now?

His bride ran away on the wedding day! He must be very upset now!

What if he was accidentally hit by a car on the road in this condition?

As Kevin walked away, Cecelia drove away her guards and followed her brother quietly.

"Once again, go back!" Kevin said coldly without turning back.

"This's a public road. Can't I walk on it? I'm not bothering you! Why not just ignore me?" Cecelia pursed her mouth.

Kevin didn't say more. He walked straight ahead without giving her a look.

Cecelia followed a few meters behind him until he stopped at a bar and went into it.

She took a deep breath and followed him in without much hesitation.

It was not a big bar. Looking around, she saw Kevin sitting on the sofa in the corner.

A waiter served an ice bucket full of wines.

He took out the whiskeys, filled his own cup, and took a drink.

So he turned to drink for solace?