

Midnight 61

Dylan Is Coming

Savannah came to herself when Devin put his mouth close to her neck, and abruptly she kneed him in his private parts -- "Oh," Devin emitted a wail with two steps back, which brought out the beast inside him. He grabbed Savannah on her arm, picked her up, and made his way to the next room with long strides. "Bang," he kicked the door left unlocked, walked in, and then closed the door with another kick.

Savannah struggled in horror. "Devin! What do you want? Put me down! You bastard! Let me go!"

The more she struggled, the more excited Devin became! Let her go? Why? She was supposed to be his woman! He hadn't enjoyed her body when she was with him, and Dylan did it before him. He was angry and jealous of that thought!

No, he must make her his woman today. He wanted to enjoy the benefits he had given up --

Throwing her into the bed, he pressed her under his body panting and began to unbutton his shirt.

Savannah gritted her teeth, looking at the red-eyed Devin angrily, "Devin! You're crazy! I am Dylan's woman, and he will kill you if you dare harm a hair on my head!"

These words stopped Devin temporarily. Savannah took the opportunity to push him away, jumped out of bed, and ran to the door in a hurry. Devin reacted before she touched the door. He ran after her, grabbed her on her shoulder, and pulled her over! Savannah's skirt was torn off, and her white skin was exposed before Devin's eyes, making him burn with desire!

No longer thinking about the consequence, Devin pressed her again on the bed! With all her strength, Savannah struggled, hitting and kicking him hard with her arms and legs crazily, but in vain as their strength was unequally matched. Her heart was dominated by fear, tears rushing out, and suddenly a man came into her mind -- Dylan.

"Dylan! Help -- Dylan --" She cried fearfully, though knowing that the man wasn't here. Devin, enraged at this name from her mouth, gave Savannah a good cuff with envy, "Shut up! No other man's name beneath me!"

Savannah almost blacked out by this slap on her face, and there was a bitter taste of blood in her mouth. She called up her last reserves of strength, "Dylan --help --!" Devin was about to tear her dress when the door was kicked open with a bang!

A tall figure strode in like a furious beast. Fury swept across his face when he saw the scene on the bed! "Uncle... " Devin froze. Savannah's nose twitched, and she began to weep when she saw the man finally came to save her. Dylan is coming! Is this a dream? He said he would come to pick her up on the phone. She refused, but he still came.

Dylan stared sullenly at the bruise on her face and her half-tore dress; without further words, he grabbed Devin by the collar, threw him against the wall, and swung his fist down, again and again.

As he had learned Thai boxing and military sports boxing in his university time, Devin could bear no more than thirty seconds of his violent beating.

Devin begged for mercy with his last gasp, "... Uncle, please spare me... I'm sorry; I know I am wrong... " Dylan repeated his kicks and blows on him, like his nephew in front of him was a sandbag for him to take his anger out on –

After a few more minutes, Devin was dying into complete silence, almost falling on the ground if Dylan did not hold him. Savannah climbed out of bed, recovering herself, and came to Dylan with the unbearable physical pain, "Dylan, forget it -- let's go." What if he does kill Devin?

Dylan was about to give Devin another heavy blow when Savannah pulled him; afraid that she might be hurt accidentally, he subconsciously drew back his fist. He turned to glance at the little woman before he released Devin with a good kick. "You haven't got away with this yet. I'll be back to finish you off."

Then he took off his suit and wrapped Savannah up, lifted her to his chest, and went outside. For the first time, Savannah did not struggle at all in his arms. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, and she could not help but bury herself into his arms, where she felt safe. Knowing how frightened she was, Dylan's face grew darker.

He tightened his arms around her and quickened his pace in the corridor. At the same time, Olivia was walking to the gate of the hotel in a hurry. Two minutes ago, she found that Savannah had left her evening bag in the banquet hall, so she hurried to the gate to see if she could catch her and give it back to her.

She stopped as she approached the gate. She saw a tall man with Savannah in his arms coming out of the elevator. Why is this man holding Savannah? Is she forced to do so? Olivia rolled up her sleeves and was about to rush over to them when she clearly saw who the man was. The man – was Dylan Sterling, the CEO of the Sterling group.

Why did he come? And Savannah, with her arms around the man's neck, did not struggle, and she even buried her head in the man's chest. She began to suspect that Savannah and Dylan knew each other since that dinner. And today, Savannah acted unusually when asked if she had a boyfriend...

Is her man Dylan? Is that what Savannah is keeping from her?

So, Savannah is Dylan's undercover lover? As Olivia hesitated, Dylan strode out of the hotel with Savannah. Out of the hotel, the cold wind gave Savannah a pain on her injured face, and she came to her senses, embarrassed, "Let me down, I can walk myself..." Dylan said nothing but looked down at the little woman in his arms.

He was too busy beating Devin in anger in the dark room just now and did not examine the wounds on her face. At that moment, with the bright light of the street lamp, he could see clearly that her white face was swollen red from the slap. There was a bloodstain on her shoulder. He doted his woman all along. How dare Devin hurt her!

Anger blazed out of his eyes as he continued carrying her towards the car. Garwood, waiting in the driver's seat, hurriedly got out, surprised to see Savannah's face and her half-torn dress, "Sir, what happened to Ms. Schultz?"

