

## Midnight 62

### Don't Worry About That

Dylan didn't say anything. He bent over and carried Savannah into the car; then, as he straightened up, he fixed his gloomy eyes upon the hotel. Garwood understood immediately, "Mr. Yontz did this?"

Sir heard that Mr. Yontz had come to the banquet, so he came in-person to pick up Ms. Schultz.

If it weren't for his timely arrival, Ms. Schultz would be...

Mr. Yontz had a nerve that he dared to touch Sir's woman. Well, good luck to him! Dylan whispered some instructions to Garwood, who nodded and left at once. Then Dylan got in the driver's seat and started the engine. Savannah asked, "What are you going to do with Devin?" Dylan gave the car full rein, looking straight ahead. "Don't worry about that."

His voice was low, "Close your eyes and get some rest." From Dylan's gloomy expression, Savannah knew that Devin would have a dismal outcome. She didn't ask any more questions and closed her eyes when all the frailty and fatigue set in.

She was no longer in danger, protected by Dylan, and thinking of this, Savannah fell asleep soundly.

When she woke up, she was not in Beverly Hills, but in a white building with a big glazed window and four black letters, Hoag.

It was one of the greatest hospitals in LA, staffed with domestic and foreign famous doctors. It was equipped with the most advanced medical instruments, but it was also notoriously expensive. It costs you lots of money every day spent here. Ordinary people would never consider this place when they were sick.

She knew that he was going to examine her wounds, but it was just a minor injury, and she could dab it with some ointment when she got home. It's really unnecessary to go to this private hospital... Before she could ask, Dylan unfastened her seat belt, took her out of the car, and walked straight to the hospital.

Though it was getting really late, there were still some doctors, health care workers, and patients walking around. Savannah was embarrassed, with her arms around his neck, she whispered, "Let me down, I can walk myself. My legs don't hurt."

If seen by the doctors, they might think she was the patient instantly needing first aid! "You will know if there are any injuries after the examination." He glanced at her and tightened his arms. A young doctor in a white uniform was standing at the door of an office, which seemed to know that they were coming and had prepared a wheelchair for her.

He greeted Dylan with a half-smile when he saw the little woman in his arms. "This is the patient in need of first aid? You asked me to come to the hospital overnight for her?" Dylan was filled with anxiety on the phone, so he thought there was a critically ill patient. "No laughing." Dylan frowned at his irony, "Hurry up. Give her an examination."

Seeing his impatience, Jacob stopped teasing him and helped Savannah into the wheelchair. After briefly checking her injury, he walked up to Dylan, his smile faded. "What happened to her? Injuries on her seem to be caused by violence." Dylan said something in a low voice; then Jacob turned serious, pushing Savannah into the examination room.

Savannah had a short chat with Jacob during the physical examination, in which she knew the doctor was Jacob Shamon, the brain and mental, a psychological expert in Hoag, and Dylan knew him when they studied in university. No wonder they were acquaintances. Savannah was embarrassed that she saw such a famous doctor for such minor injuries.

When a nurse cleaned and put a bandage over the wound, Jacob checked her again before sending her out. "Dr. Shamon," said Savannah, embarrassed. "Sorry to keep you up until midnight, I'm taking too much of your time." Jacob smiled. "It's nothing. I also wanted to see who makes our Dylan Sterling so anxious." Savannah blushed.

Jacob got more curious when he saw her blush so easily, "You are so emotional, how do you get along with Dylan? That man is ruthless about everything! How long have you been together? I never heard about you before." Savannah shook her head nervously, "Dr. Shamon, don't misunderstand, we... are not... "

She stuttered, not knowing how to explain the relationship between her and Dylan. Her great confusion Jacob instantly perceived, and then he changed the subject, "Don't call me Dr. Shamon, which sounds like an old man. I'm still young." He smiled, "Dylan and I are good friends, just call me Jacob as he does, and I'll call you Savannah, okay?"

Savannah relaxed, as he was so approachable. "Sure." Then she asked offhandedly, "How did you know Dylan?" She had never seen Dylan's friends as she had been with him for so long. It's amazing to know this proud and bossy man had a friend. Before Jacob could answer, footsteps over the corridor interrupted their conversation.

Dylan approached them with a long face when he saw them talking and laughing. How did they become so close after an examination? Jacob and Savannah stopped chatting when they felt the frigid atmosphere. "How are you making out?" Dylan restrained his displeasure and broke the silence. His eyes fell on Savannah's dressed face.

"It's all right." Jacob said, "I've applied some medicine to her wound. But for the scratches on her shoulder, injecting a Tetanus Antitoxin is suggested in order to prevent tetanus. I have arranged a single room for Savannah, you can take her there." "Thank you, Jacob," Savannah said gratefully.

Dylan's straight face turned darker.

Savannah, Jacob? How long had they known each other that they even talk by their first names?

He's still standing by! Dylan soon regretted bringing Savannah here! This guy, Jacob, was a playboy in university, good at flattering women!

Thought of this, Dylan took the hand of Savannah and separated the two men with his body quietly, his voice cold, "Since it's all right, you can go back first." Though his tone was polite, the meaning was obvious, There's no business for you now, stay away from my woman.

Jacob laughed out in front of Dylan's poker face, "I'll go first." Then he waved to Savannah and left.

In the ward, the nurse left as soon as she prepared the intravenous drip for Savannah. It would take about two hours to finish the drip, and it was already very late at night.

Savannah leaned on the bed and looked at Dylan, "Thank you for all the trouble you've taken. You can go home now if you like. "