

Midnight 631

Chapter 631: Dylan Rejected Her

Savannah then realized that someone was in the room.

Dylan!

Why was he here?

Obviously, he was also surprised to see her, but immediately he understood what happened. A helpless irony flashed in his deep eyes.

His father did it!

He got him here with the trick and called the little woman here too. The intention was clear.

He wanted to accelerate the development of their relationship so that they would get married soon.

Savannah, too, recovered and understood.

The so-called client that old Sterling introduced to her turned out to be Dylan.

They both looked elsewhere at once.

"My father's really annoying." Dylan broke the embarrassment in a low, angry voice.

With that, he strode off toward the outer door.

Savannah hurried after him.

Unexpectedly, he wrenched at the door-handle but couldn't wrench the door open. He tried again, but it wouldn't budge.

Dylan's face changed, and a sneer appeared on his lips.

All his father didn't do was drug them and tie him to the bed with the little woman!

Savannah gasped. What old Sterling did this time really shocked her? She took out her phone to call Tina to come to help, but she couldn't get through.

"It won't help." Dylan glanced at her. "My father must have cut off all our options. He won't let us out easily."

Savannah sighed. He was right. Tina was called back by the call from the company just before they entered the hotel. What a coincidence! It should also be the instructions of old Sterling.

When she looked up again, Dylan had turned around and was back in the bedroom, sitting on a leather chair.

Savannah stood for a moment and went over to him.

"What're you doing? Don't you want to get out?"

"My father will surely send someone to open the door tomorrow morning. Don't bother. Sit down."
Dylan crossed his legs coolly as he took out his cell phone and began to deal with some business.

Clearly, he was familiar with old Sterling's trick.

By tomorrow morning at the latest, the hotel staff should come and open the door.

Savannah took a deep breath and sat down on the couch.

After a while, she began to feel bored, and it was also a little awkward to stay with him alone in a quiet environment.

She looked around to see if there was anything to pass the time, but it was clear that old Sterling had left them nothing but a lot of sex toys.

Luckily, there was a wall-mounted TV.

She found the remote and turned it on.

Women's moans and men's harsh breathing came out from the TV at once. On the screen, a man slammed into a naked busty woman again and again.

Savannah was so startled that she almost dropped the remote control.

Dylan, of course, couldn't have missed the scene. His handsome face turned red and then blue.

VIP suites in the five-star hotel of the Sterling group wouldn't offer this type of movie on television.

Needless to say, it was one of the entertaining activities that old Sterling had prepared for him and Savannah.

Savannah responded by turning off the TV.

The heart-beating sound in the room disappeared, but the atmosphere became even more awkward.

After holding her breath for a long time, Savannah finally burst into a laugh, covering her stomach.

"What're you laughing at?" Dylan asked coldly.

"I was thinking... your father must be good at flirting when he was young." Savannah tried to hold her laughter.

Dylan didn't think it was funny, but after all the mental harassment from that movie, he felt so hot and dry that he couldn't focus on his work.

The sweet fragrance in the room made him absent, and the faint scent from the little woman not far away made him obsessed.

He was afraid that he would lose control sooner or later in the room alone with her.

Dylan put down his phone and stood up.

"Go to bed yourself. I'm going to rest outside," he said as he walked towards the door.

There were several large couches in the outside room, large enough for a man to sleep.

Savannah watched as he walked out of the bedroom and saw his sweat-soaked shirt back. Her smile froze, and she understood what he was suffering from.

Perhaps men had it worse than women?

"Dylan," she called him before she could help it.

Dylan stopped and turned, looking at her.

She screwed up her courage.

"Let's make love!"

Dylan's eyes narrowed and went dark.

Savannah bit her lip and continued, "I know you don't remember me. You treat me like a stranger and don't have any feelings for me. But you must have physiological needs. Let's... let's have sex."

"You don't want to marry me, but you're willing to have sex with me. Is that how you treat other men?" Dylan came to her with a clouded face.

Savannah couldn't understand why he was suddenly so angry. Besides, how could she treat other men in this way?

She only wanted to have sex with him!

Before she could speak, he picked her up like a mad lion and threw her onto the big bed covered with rose petals.

His fierce and hot breathing came to her as he pinned her down. She could hardly breathe and nervously grabbed the sheet beside her, waiting for his next assault. She closed her eyes and bit her lips without any resistance or movement.

He stared at the little woman under him with burning red eyes, fire coursing through his body when he saw her wanting face.

She was his woman, and she had invited him.

Even if he had her here, it was a matter of course, and he should have no burden or pressure.

And she was, indeed, too attractive.

Savannah, though upset, waited quietly for his next move.

Every second of waiting was so long.

But he didn't proceed to the next step.

There was a little sigh from him, and then he lifted his huge bulk from her.

She opened her eyes and was surprised to see that he was standing two steps away from the bed, straightening his shirt. The flush on his face had been pressed down.

"Dylan, you --"

Before she could finish, he went out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him without giving her another glance. Then he locked it.

Chapter 632: He Was Disappointed When She Avoided Him

Savannah jumped out of bed and pound on the door.

"Dylan! What are you doing locking me in?"

"I'll let you out when they open the door tomorrow. Good night," he said dryly.

He and she were like strangers now.

He didn't want to take her under the impulse of desire.

But he had to admit that he had really come so close to throwing away his helmet and armor in front of her.

Only by locking her in and isolating her could he suppress the beast in him.

If the little woman seduced him again, there was no guarantee that he would be able to control himself.

Dylan stared at the closed bedroom door, repressing the heat in him.

* * *

The next day, early in the morning.

The Sterling's house

Old Sterling had just watched Louis drive Kaiden to the kindergarten when the Maybach pulled into the carved gates of the mansion.

His face lit up right away as Dylan and Savannah got out of the car.

Savannah, somewhat embarrassed to look at old Sterling, said hello to him with her head drooped and hurried in.

Dylan went up to his father with a gloomy face.

"How was last night, Dylan?" Old Sterling asked, grinning at him.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you. All that you prepared were not used," Dylan replied coldly.

Old Sterling looked a little embarrassed and disappointed.

"Please don't make any further arrangements," Dylan continued, "Go fishing or raise birds, or take care of your flowers if you're bored, will you?"

No one would like his father to have a hand in his affairs!

With that, Dylan stormed into the house.

Butler Cooper came up quietly and asked,

"Sir, what's up? Didn't Mr. Sterling and Miss Schultz have anything last night?"

"Would he still be so angry if something happened?" Old Sterling heaved a great sigh that made the ends of his beard flutter.

Cooper blushed.

"Didn't you make arrangements as I told you? Or are they not popular among young people now?" Old Sterling frowned and started to blame his old butler.

Cooper smiled bitterly, "I... I had asked the manager of the hotel to prepare the VIP suite according to the most booked couple rooms... Generally speaking, young men and women should... should not be able to control themselves..."

Who knew that Mr. Sterling was a man of iron self-control?

Old Sterling sighed again.

He wanted the two to get back together soon, so he came up with this idea.

After all, sex was the best way to bring a relationship closer.

But it didn't seem to work.

He had to do something else.

In the following days, Savannah went to work early and came home late, trying not to see Dylan face to face.

Even when they met in the mansion, she just buried her head and passed by him in a hurry without a word.

She felt so embarrassed after she asked for sex, but he pushed her away again in the hotel that night.

What's more, she was also very disappointed.

Didn't he have a little memory or affection about her?

This night, when Savannah came back and saw Dylan sitting in the dining room with old Sterling and Kaiden, she pretended not to see them and went to the stairs quietly.

"Mommy!" Kaiden, however, with sharp eyes, saw Savannah.

"Savannah, come eat. Wash your hands first," old Sterling called kindly.

Savannah walked into the dining room, reluctantly.

"Sir, I've eaten at the company... You guys can continue, I will go upstairs," She murmured.

"You're so busy that you need to eat more. If you lose weight, your grandfather will call to blame me." Old Sterling knew that she hadn't spoken much to Dylan recently and seemed to avoid him, and of course, he wouldn't let her go easily.

He asked the servant to get another set of tableware and glanced at Dylan.

"Dylan, tell Savannah to sit down."

Dylan took a look at Savannah and said dryly, "Just eat some more. "

Savannah had to sit down, ready to get out of here after she took a few bites.

Dylan's brow furrowed as she chose the seat farthest from him.

These days, the little woman had been avoiding him, completely different from her initiative enthusiasm. He couldn't help but feel a bit uncomfortable and disappointed. He saw how she hesitated when he invited her to have dinner with them.

But what was the matter with him?

He didn't remember her at all, let alone have any feelings. It shouldn't matter to him even if she wanted to leave him.

"Mommy, why are you so far away from daddy?" Kaiden looked unsatisfied.

Savannah just wanted to hurry back to her room. She took a sip of the soup and was almost choked.

"No, I...I didn't notice that..."

Dylan's face darkened. It was clear that she sat deliberately far from him.

At that moment, Savannah's mobile phone rang, saving her from the awkwardness. She put down the spoon, said sorry, and walked away to answer the phone.

Soon she came back.

"Who's that? The company?" "Old Sterling asked casually.

Savannah hesitated and looked at Dylan. "It's my tutor in Italy."

Dylan's eyelids fluttered a moment.

"Oh, what's up with your tutor?" Old Sterling understood immediately that it was Savannah's tutor in the school that she studied design.

"In fact, I should have gone back to take the final exams and thesis defense long ago, but I've been delayed again and again in LA... The school hurried me several times and let me try to go back this month to get the diploma," Savannah said.

Old Sterling looked at Dylan and then at Savannah. "Oh, yes. How long will you be gone?"

"About a month."

"So long?" cried old Sterling and Kaiden, looking at Dylan and waiting for him to say something.

Dylan frowned but kept silent.

Kaiden winked at his grandfather, leaning toward Dylan. "Daddy, I don't want mommy to be away so long."

Savannah held her breath and looked carefully at Dylan, hoping he would show some reluctance on her leaving.

Chapter 633: Can't Sleep?

Finally, Dylan said dryly, "getting the diploma is a big deal. How can you not let your mom go?"

Savannah felt frustrated and disappointed for a moment, but she kept her spirits up and patted Kaiden's head as if nothing happened.

"I will come back as soon as possible after the thesis defense, and I will bring you some gifts."

Then she turned to old Sterling, "Sir, I'm sorry, but I must hurry, I have to make some preparations first."

With that, she went upstairs.

Old Sterling looked at Savannah's back and frowned at Dylan. He was about to say something when Dylan put down the silverware and stood up.

"Enjoy your food," he sounded a little tired. Then he left the table too.

The frown on old Sterling's face was deepening to a scowl. It was clear that his son still had feelings for Savannah, though he didn't remember her at the moment.

Unfortunately, he didn't seem to understand his own mind.

* * *

The luggage was quickly packed, and the visa was ready.

Savannah would fly to Italy on Sunday at the end of the month so that Kaiden would be able to see her off at the airport.

The night before departure, Savannah tossed and turned and couldn't sleep.

It was late at night. In order not to oversleep in the morning, she went downstairs to the kitchen and poured herself a cup of hot milk.

Walking out of the kitchen with the cup in her hand, she saw a tall figure standing against the dim light. She couldn't see his face.

Startled, she tripped and nearly spilled the milk in her hand.

The man in front of her grabbed her wrist in time with one hand and stretched out the other to hold the cup, putting it on the wine cabinet next to them.

She stumbled into his arms and immediately smelled his familiar smell. Looking up, she saw his face clearly under the faint moonlight. Her eyes met his, and she quickly pulled out her hand, taking two steps back.

They hadn't spoken to each other since she decided to go back to Italy to get her diploma.

They just passed by when they met in the house.

She felt indescribably awkward being so close to him on the night before leaving.

She didn't know what to say to him. She wanted to go upstairs, but to tell the truth, she didn't want to part with him.

When the sun rose tomorrow, she would leave and couldn't see him for a month.

"Can't sleep?" Dylan glanced at the milk, then at the little woman in her nightgown.

"Hmm," she lowered her eyes.

After a moment of hesitation, he took the cup of milk in one hand, grabbed her by the wrist, and led her upstairs.

Savannah, surprised at first, followed him nervously into the study on the second floor.

He sat her down on a single large sofa and turned on the stereo. The study was filled with warm and soft music.

"Drink the milk, close your eyes, and have a good rest." Dylan handed her the cup of milk.

"The music..." Savannah was quite subdued.

"When I was in NY for treatment, I sometimes suffered from insomnia due to the side effects of the treatment. Sometimes I kept my eyes open until dawn. Milk alone won't solve the problem. My therapist introduced the music for me, and it's an effective way for insomnia." Dylan explained patiently.

Savannah bit her lip.

Why was he so good to her when she almost gave up?

She pursed her lips and said deliberately, "Actually... It doesn't matter. I'll sleep on the plane..."

At this point, she still wondered if he really didn't mind her leaving for Italy alone for so long.

"It takes more than ten hours to Milan. Sleeping on a plane is not as comfortable as sleeping in a bed at home, and it's hard to get over the jet lag." His eyes darkened a little, and his voice was still cool.

Savannah drooped her head and made no reply. He didn't ask her to stay or offered to escort her to Italy...

He was so gentle to her tonight just to ensure she would leave smoothly tomorrow.

She took the milk and swallowed it down. Then she lay down on the sofa and shut her eyes.

Maybe it was the soft music that really worked, she fell asleep soon.

Dylan was supposed to carry her back to her bedroom, but somehow, he didn't move for a long time. He stared at the sleeping woman quietly.

It was at least a month before he saw her again.

Why?

He should have nothing to do with the little woman's departure, but why had he been restless since she said she was going to be away for a month?

He was irritable and bothered, especially on the eve of her departure.

He gazed at her for a long time, and as the night grew darker and deeper, he finally restrained himself and picked her up gently, carrying her back to her bedroom.

* * *

Early that morning, after Savannah said goodbye to old Sterling, Dylan drove her to the airport with Kaiden.

Kaiden had promised that he would be good and wait for Savannah to come back. But when Savannah was about to board the plane, he began to cry.

"Mommy, take me with you! Don't leave me here..."

Savannah stooped down and hugged Kaiden.

"Be good," she said softly, "you have to go to kindergarten, or your little friends won't play with you. Mommy will call you every day, okay?"

Kaiden had to hold back his tears and nodded.

Savannah straightened up and looked at Dylan. "Please take care of Kaiden. I have to go."

"Bon voyage," Dylan said quietly.

His simple two words, however, made Savannah very uncomfortable, as if he was driving her away. She waved at Kaiden and walked to the gate.

Dylan watched her back, clenching his hands.

Kaiden, who had been held by his father, could feel the sweat and heat in his palms. He looked up at his daddy, a little confused.

Obviously, daddy cut his heart to let mommy leave, but why didn't he ask her to stay or accompany her to Italy?

Milan, Italy

It was morning local time when the plane landed.

Chapter **634: They Met Again**

Bright sunlight welcomed Savannah as she got off the plane.

She had just stepped out of the gate of the airport when a slim figure rushed over and gave her a big hug.

"Hey! Elisa!" Savannah gave her friend a pat on the shoulder excitedly and exchanged a social kiss with her.

The girl at Savannah's age was her good friend in the school, Elisa. They were in a different major but lived in the same dormitory.

Elisa was Savannah's best friend during her three years of study in Italy, a girl of great heart and enthusiasm. Her mother was actually an American-Italian, so she spoke fluent English.

They had been keeping in touch often through their social media. So when Elisa knew Savannah was coming back today, she came to the airport early to meet her.

They hadn't seen each other for more than half a year, and now they were both very excited.

"Savannah, you came back at last! I missed you so much! I have lots of stories to tell you," Elisa took her suitcase over, tossing her silken chestnut hair over her shoulder.

"I know you missed me a lot, so I hurried back," Savannah jokes. Her gloomy mood was dispelled by Elisa.

Elisa was like the gorgeous and bright sunshine of the Mediterranean, always inspiring others. Her friendly personality could make anybody love her.

"Since you left to participate in the local designer competition, you had never come back till now. Is that because you met a charming man who captivated you there?" Elisa teased, grinning playfully at her.

"No man will be more charming than you!" Savannah joked back.

The two girls talked and laughed as they walked to the parking lot.

Elisa stopped at a red beetle car, a gift from her parents for her 18th birthday, and opened the front passenger's door for Savannah.

She drove Savannah to the school directly.

Savannah would be living in the dormitory during this month in Italy.

Elisa, in order to concentrate on the final exams and thesis defense, and to accompany Savannah, also moved from home to the dormitory.

When Savannah opened the door of her dormitory, she found that Elisa had made it as clean as before.

Though Elisa preferred to be casual and indifferent to trivial matters, she was sensitive inside.

In the previous three years when Savannah had been studying design here, she lived in the dormitory and only returned to the town where she and Kevin lived on the weekends.

So, she was familiar with everything here.

The condition of the dormitory was not bad. Although it was not as good as the single apartment outside, it was a proper place for them to prepare for the final exams and thesis defense.

It was late afternoon when Savannah finished sorting her luggage and made up her bed.

Although a little tired, she decided to invite Elisa to have dinner to thank her for picking her up at the airport and celebrate their reunion.

They walked out of the school, arm in arm.

"Wait here for me," Elisa said before she went to get the car.

Savannah nodded at her, and the moment she turned, she seemed to see a passing figure behind a wall nor far from her, as if... someone was watching her in the dark.

And the figure didn't seem to be local.

Italians were strong but generally not tall. What's more, people preferred to dress in a more informal way, and few people would wear a uniform in this season.

The passing figure, however, was tall and vigorous and dressed in a black suit.

"Savannah, what's the matter?" Elisa asked, seeing that she looked strange.

Savannah looked around, but the figure was gone.

"Nothing," she shook her head.

Savannah chose a Thai restaurant and ordered a table of Thai food with Elisa. They chatted over dinner, and when they finished the whole table, it was late at night.

"Oh, let's try Indian food and Chinese food next time! I like Asian food and the way they cooked. I'm fully stuffed today!" Elisa rubbed her stomach and sighed with satisfaction.

"You're a foodie. Can't Italian food satisfy you?" Savannah laughed.

"Please call me a gourmet! You know it's my weakness ever since, so don't bother to mock me," Elisa grinned at her.

The laughter of the two beautiful young girls attracted the attention of two local men who sat at a table behind them.

The two men, apparently elevated from a few drinks, exchanged a malicious look. When the two young women left the restaurant, they got up and followed them out.

Savannah was waiting alone at the roadside when Elisa went to get the car. She heard footsteps approaching from behind and looked back in alarm.

"Hey girl, would you like to go dance with us tonight?" The younger man accosted her with a sly grin in English.

Savannah had met such guys who chatted up with her when she studied in Milan. Italian men were open and active, and they liked to go up directly to ask for a date when they met the girl they liked. But Kevin was always at her side and would stand in front of her so that they would stop pursuing.

But this time, it was different. The two Italian men were clearly drunk.

"I'm sorry I'm not available. I'm waiting for my friend," she refused politely in Italian.

She used the native language to tell the two men that she was no stranger here, and saying that she was waiting for a friend was a warning to them: she was not alone, and they should behave themselves.

But it didn't work for the two drunks.

"I know you are waiting for another girl. You're both very beautiful and charming. I heard that you chatted in English just now. You're not Italian, are you?"

"I've never seen any girl so attractive as you are. We are two people too, so we can have fun together. Come on, don't be shy!" The two men sized her up viciously as they said.

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Chapter 635: What Should We Do With Them?

It was not a simple chat-up.

What they meant was obviously dirty.

One Italian man fixed his eyes on Savannah's breasts and licked his lips indecently. And she actually caught him doing that indecent act.

"That's enough. Get out before I call the police!" Savannah frowned.

The two men seemed to be shocked by her words, but just after a moment, they laughed wickedly.

"The police won't be concerned about such things. We just want to make friends..." They moved closer and closer to her.

Savannah backed away in alarm as she took out the mobile phone, ready to call the police.

Suddenly a figure appeared before her, and with two blows, he knocked the two Italian men down!

She was startled. The man who helped her out looked like a professional bodyguard. He was the figure she had seen at the gate of the school!

Had the man been watching her, protecting her?

The two Italian men scrambled up from the ground.

"Who are you?"

"Go away! Mind your own business!" They positioned themselves to attack as they cried threateningly.

"You got three seconds. Stay the hell away from this lady, or I'll teach you a lesson!" The bodyguard approached them, his lips compressing into a contemptuous line.

The two Italian men had just been knocked down, and they were more or less aware of the man's skill. But maybe it was because they were not prepared just now, and they thought two-on-one should be easier.

They exchanged a look and then made contact with the bodyguard. The bodyguard dodged, and once again, the two fell to the ground!

At the same time, several men in the same black suits appeared from all directions, surrounding the two Italian men.

"What should we do with them?"

"Take them to the police station first." The head of them waved his hand.

The two Italian men stared at those burly men, and then at Savannah, who was protected by them closely, wondering who the young schoolgirl was and why there were so many escorts.

Was she a princess? Why did she get a lot of men protecting her during their sudden attack?

Before they could figure it out, they had been tied up and dragged away.

Savannah looked at the first bodyguard and asked in wonder, "Who are you? Why are you following me? Who sent you?"

In fact, she had guessed who sent them, but not sure.

The man hesitated as if he had been warned not to say something.

"It's Mr. Sterling, right?" Savannah asked tentatively.

Since she had guessed, the man nodded and replied respectfully,

"Yes, Miss Schultz. Mr. Sterling told us to protect you at any time while you're in Italy."

Savannah gasped, not expecting the man to send so many people to protect her. She thought Dylan doesn't care about her, why all of a sudden, he sent people to protect her?

"Savannah --" Elisa drove the beetle back, got out of the car, and trotted over.

"Miss Schultz, I have to go." The man left quickly.

"Savannah, what's the matter? Who's that man?" Elisa ran up to Savannah just as the man disappeared into the night.

Savannah took a breath and told her about the drunk men.

"So, those bodyguards helped you out? Who are they?" Elisa wondered.

Savannah didn't want to say too much about her and Dylan, so she just replied simply, "I... don't know."

"How can that be? The man looked very respectful of you as if you're his master. Oh, I seemed to hear you talk about a name... Mr. Sterling?" Elisa looked at her good friend curiously.

Seeing that Savannah was silent, she continued, "Did you really have an affair in LA with somebody? Did he send those people to protect you? God, he must be very charming and very fond of you! Am I right?"

Savannah was speechless, a faint bitter smile playing on her lips.

He had been really fond of her, but now he didn't even remember her.

Maybe it was just for Kaiden's sake that he sent someone to protect her.

After all, she was the woman who had borne his child.

Elisa knew by her expression that her guess was probably right. She took a deep breath and patted Savannah on the shoulder.

"Tell me now, who is he?" Her big brown eyes glistened with delight and curiosity.

Girls were born to gossip.

Elisa only knew Savannah had a brother when she studied in Italy, and she had never seen another man at her side. Of course, she was curious about this, Mr. Sterling.

Savannah smiled helplessly, knowing that Elisa wouldn't stop questioning if she didn't tell her the story.

"Fine, let's talk about it later."

The first day back to Italy passed dramatically.

On the second day, Savannah noticed that the bodyguards still secretly watched around her to protect her.

Elisa heard about Savannah and Dylan and marveled for days.

It was unbelievable that her friend had had a romantic relationship with the most powerful man in LA and even had a son for him before she came to Italy three years ago.

What shocked her more than the relationship was Dylan's family background.

The Sterling family was powerful in the local business circle, and they were well connected with the political arena because Dylan's mother was from the Cavendish family, a famous ancient family in England.

She had only read such a love story in novels.

But their story really had too many twists. It seemed that there was something wrong with the relationship between Savannah and that man. She didn't even take the initiative to call back after so many days.

Savannah had been away for nearly a week.

The Sterling's house became much quieter than usual.

The servants noticed that their young master had been down in the mouth since his mother left, and Mr. Sterling was noticeably less talkative.

They wondered when Miss Schultz become so important for the whole family.

Without her, their young and old masters were all in low spirits.

Chapter 636: How Could He Not Be Worried?

It was an ordinary evening.

Dylan returned from work and Kaiden from kindergarten to have dinner with old Sterling together.

Old Sterling looked at his son and grandson, who were eating absent-mindedly on the table, and sighed.

He heard that Dylan had sent a group of guards to protect Savannah 24 hours a day. Obviously, he cared about her and didn't want to part from her.

Why not admit it?

"Dylan, I called Savannah this morning. She said she had finished her final exams, and she could get the diploma after the thesis defense. But there are a few graduation parties after that, and she may stay in Italy a little longer... Shall we ask her to give up graduation parties and come back earlier?" Old Sterling thought for a while before he asked.

"No," said Dylan, flatly.

"Are you sure?" Old Sterling frowned. His son was still affected to be indifferent.

"She won't be willing to miss graduation parties. Let her come back when she's had enough fun. I don't want to be a possessive tyrant taking away her freedom," Dylan said dryly.

"Tyrant? You had been more than bossy and possessive before," old Sterling sneered, "You would even be annoyed when she said a few more words to other men. You almost killed the young master from the Murray family when he sexually assaulted her! Why now you talk about freedom?"

Dylan had a little awkward laugh but didn't look up from his plate.

Old Sterling also understood that it was not easier for a man to admit that he cared about a woman, and even harder for his proud and overbearing son.

What's more, he lost his memory of Savannah. It was more difficult to let him admit his concern about a strange woman.

Unable to bear the deadly silence, old Sterling asked a servant to turn on the television in order to make the house more lively.

The servant turned on the TV, and the international news was on the broadcast.

"Several explosions took place in Milan, Italy, at around 12:10 am local time today. According to the police, it was caused by conflicts between the local Mafia and other parties. The number of people hurt has risen to about fifty, with their injuries ranging from minor to serious..."

Dylan banged his fork on the table and stared at the TV.

"Turn it up," he snapped.

The servant scrambled to turn up the TV.

Old Sterling was surprised and listened to the TV with a frown.

One of the explosions occurred near Savannah's school, a street away at most.

"In addition to local residents, there are some overseas students. We are still checking whether there are any American citizens..."

Dylan's face turned even darker at this.

Kaiden noticed that his grandfather and father were looking rather pale. He dropped his spoon with concern.

"Will mommy be all right?" He heard the keywords: Milan, Italy.

Old Sterling calmed down and reassured his grandson, "your mother just called me this morning. She should be fine."

Dylan looked even colder. That was this morning. The explosion happened after they spoke on the phone.

Who could say for sure she was still fine?

Dylan took out his cell phone and called Savannah.

The transoceanic call got through, but no one answered.

Old Sterling and Kaiden knew that he was calling Savannah. The silence kept them in suspense.

Nobody answered. Dylan hung up and called the head of the bodyguards who he assigned to protect her.

Unexpectedly, he couldn't get through.

Dylan held the phone, his face darkening, and then he called Joanne.

Joanne would be sure to contact Savannah as soon as she saw the news.

This time the call came through soon.

"Is that, Dylan?" Joanne's voice said, mixed with anxiety.

Dylan immediately knew that Joanne had heard of the explosions in Italy.

"It's me. Have you got in touch with Savannah?"

"No... I just heard about the accident in Milan and called Savannah, but no one answered. I can't get through her friend or classmate, and I just called Savannah's teacher, but the teacher said that she didn't seem to see Savannah today. She let me wait... I can't wait! I'm so worried..." Joanne could speak no more.

Dylan comforted her for a while and hung up.

"Didn't Savannah's mother get in touch with her?" Old Sterling queried anxiously.

Dylan's dark face said it all. He thought for a moment and called Garwood.

"Get the private plane ready, now."

In the early morning sunlight, a private plane landed on a parking apron in Milan, Italy.

The noble purple fuselage showed an air of unspeakable mystery.

A man in a sharp dark suit and tie walked off the plane, followed by his subordinates.

A stretched Lincoln was parked not far away. An average-looking man with a suitable manner had been waiting for some time. He was a senior manager from the Italian industry of the Sterling group.

He hurried up to Dylan and said respectfully, "Welcome to Milan, Mr. Sterling. You must have a hard trip! The hotel is ready, and I'll take you to breakfast, or you want to have a good rest first..."

"I didn't come here to eat or rest," Dylan snapped.

"Have you found the whereabouts of Miss Schultz?" Garwood asked the man before Dylan could do it.

The senior manager paused and immediately replied, "I called the bodyguard again, but he didn't answer. But don't worry..."

His voice trailed off under Dylan's fierce gaze.

There was a riot, and more than fifty people were injured, and now they couldn't get in touch with the little woman. How could he not be worried?

Dylan said nothing more. He strode to the car and decided to go straight to the local police station. Anxiety filled his heart while the car sped away.

There were some Sterling-owned enterprises in Milan, which had contributed a lot to local economic development. What's more, the Sterling family had maintained a close relationship with the local government, and they would, of course, lend a helping hand if Dylan asked.

Chapter 637: He Didn't Come To Italy For Her, Did He?

Dylan was about to get in when the cell phone rang sharply.

He paused and took it out. The bodyguard who had been sent to protect Savannah called.

"Where's she?" He answered the phone, and his voice was frosty.

Everyone believed that if the bodyguard replied that he had lost Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling would have blown up Milan the next moment.

Over the phone, the bodyguard's nervous voice came, "Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz is at the City Hospital..."

* * *

City Hospital, Milan.

All the main hospitals in the city were crowded with the injured after the riots. City Hospital was no exception.

The doctors and nurses were running in and out, buzzing around. From time to time, the wailing of the injured came from the wards or the emergency rooms.

A tall, gorgeous man stepped into the hospital at so feverish but elegant a pace.

The man radiated a natural dignity and aristocratic bearing but also had an air of restrained fury. His appearance immediately attracted the attention of the people on the scene. Even the wounded looked over and forgot the pain for a moment.

The man was accompanied by a group of serious-looking bodyguards and several Italian policemen in uniform, who cleared the way for him.

A bodyguard walked up and whispered something into his ear. The man, with a sullen look, strode off toward the inpatient department located at the rear.

He almost flew along the corridor and stopped in front of one of the wards. Without ceremony, he banged open the door and burst in.

It was a big multi-bedded ward, and as the number of the injured increased these days suddenly, it was temporarily filled with a lot more beds, some of which was curtained off.

Dylan looked around in the rambling hospital ward, searching for the little woman.

The sick and wounded were lying roughly in the ward, and the nurses kept helping newly injured men in.

There was even a man with half of his ten fingers blown off, so badly mangled that he could see the mutilation in the gauze.

Even in such a noisy environment, Dylan could hear his own fierce heartbeat, cold sweat soaking his back.

There was only one voice roaring in his head—

Why did he allow her to go to such a place alone?

He could not bear to see her lose even a hair!

At last, he saw the familiar outline of a pair of shoes under a curtain in the corner of the ward.

It was a pair of pink, blue sneakers.

They were her shoes. She had worn them a few times! She came to Italy with them!

Dylan stepped across and pulled up the curtain.

It was not Savannah who was wearing the shoes, but a frightened Italian girl.

The little girl, who was only in her early 10, got out of bed to pour water when she saw a tall man angrily pull back the curtain. Startled, she almost broke the glass in her hand!

Dylan, on the verge of breaking down, grabbed the girl's collar and asked in English, "Who are you? Why wear someone else's shoes? Where's the owner of the shoes? Tell me! Where is she?!"

The shoes were not of an internationally popular brand and were hardly seen anywhere. They were originally designed by Savannah herself, and she intended to promote women's shoes in the next season. She often wore them for their low cutter and comfort.

How did Savannah's shoes get on the girl's feet?

The girl, choked red in the face, looked at the strange angry man with panic, unable to speak. She didn't understand English, and she only stammered in Italian.

Garwood came after Dylan and grabbed his arm.

"Take it easy, sir, ask the girl what happened first --"

Dylan, however, was worried-sick and mad and couldn't hear Garwood. He stared at the little girl for a reply as he squeezed his fingers around her neck.

"Ah... Ah..." The girl whined.

"Dylan!"

Suddenly, there came a shocking female voice from behind them!

As if struck by lightning, Dylan let go of the girl.

"Signorina! (Italian, Miss)" The girl ran to Savannah and hid behind her in fear.

Dylan turned around and saw Savannah standing not far away from him with a kettle in her hand. She seemed surprised to see him here.

The bodyguard who protected Savannah also followed. He hurriedly came up to Dylan and explained, "Sir, don't worry, Miss Schultz is fine. She just came to the hospital as a volunteer to take care of the injured..."

Just now, Dylan hung up in a hurry before the bodyguard finished his report.

After a short pause, Dylan strode over and held Savannah in his arms, as if she was his lost treasure.

Savannah was almost out of breath in his arms, but she could feel his worry and anxiety.

He didn't come to Italy for her, did he?

Was it because he saw the riots in Milan and was worried about her?

It took her awhile to realize that Garwood, the little Italian girl, and even the whole ward were staring at her.

"What are you doing here?" She flushed and pushed him away.

Dylan still gazed at her fervently.

Garwood couldn't help from blurting out, "Miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling couldn't get in touch with you after the riots. He was so worried that he came here on a private plane..."

"Shut up," Dylan interrupted Garwood in an embarrassed whisper.

Was Garwood trying to disgrace him in front of this little woman?

Savannah laughed at his awkward appearance.

After sitting down and talking for a while, Dylan learned that there had been several explosions over the past few days. One of the explosions was near Savannah's school, and several of her schoolmates were injured, so Savannah and her friend Elisa came to the hospital to visit their classmates.

Seeing that there were too many injured people, and they couldn't be well-taken care of due to the nurse shortage of the hospital, Savannah and Elisa stayed as volunteers, caring for the injured. Their phone batteries were dead, and they were too busy to inform the school and their family.

The Italian girl was one of the injured in a slum, and she was an orphan, so Savannah took extra care of her.

Chapter 638: Completely Relieve Now?

The girl's shoes were badly broken in the explosion, and she had no money to buy a new pair. She was barefoot in the hospital every day, and her feet were badly worn. Savannah pitied her, so she put on her sneakers for the girl, and she herself put on the slippers borrowed from the hospital.

Yesterday, the bodyguard who protected Savannah hurried out to look for her when he found that she was missing. Finally, he found the hospital, but because the signal was bad, he could not be contacted by Dylan.

Despite the false alarm, Dylan was still terrified.

Although she was not injured in the riots, one of the explosions was near her school and also injured her classmates. This time she was just lucky.

After hearing the whole story, Dylan stood up gravely and took her hand in his, walking through the crowd to the door.

"Hey, wait... I've got a lot of work to do..." cried Savannah.

Dylan knew what she was talking about.

"I'm leaving some bodyguards to take care of the wounded, okay?" He said without looking back.

"But... Elisa went back to school to get something, and her phone ran out of battery. She will be worried if she can't see me when she comes back," Savannah hesitated.

"I'll ask the bodyguard to tell her," he replied coldly as he led her out of the hospital.

Not far away from the entrance of the hospital, a car was parked to the curb, waiting for them. Two Milan policemen who accompanied Dylan were relieved to see that he had found the woman he wanted.

How important the young lady was to him was implicit in his anxiety to find her.

Fortunately, she was all right now. If anything happened to the young lady in the riots, there was no doubt that they would have trouble.

"Sir, shall I take you and this lady back to the hotel?" They greeted Dylan and Savannah humbly and respectfully in English.

Savannah had been in Italy for three years, and she knew those Italian policemen always gave themselves airs and looked down their nose at plain citizens, especially foreigners. In her first year in Italy, she had lost her wallet when she was shopping with her classmates, and they called the police, but the police just ignored her and said they were too busy to care for such a trifle.

But at the moment, the two brawny policemen were treating Dylan with special respect as if he were their boss.

She knew that the Sterling family was powerful in the domestic business circle but didn't expect that their force had also extended to southern Europe.

"No. You go ahead," Dylan said simply.

The two policemen exchanged a look and hesitated, "Sir, the chief asked us to work for you. He will scold us if we don't serve you well."

Dylan glanced at Savannah and then at the hospital gate.

"Do me a favor if you have nothing to do." He narrowed his eyes.

"Sure, sir."

"Send more people to the hospital to take care of the residents who were injured in the explosions, especially those from slums. Take more food and clothes for them. Be sure to take good care of those injured foreigners, too." Dylan ordered, his voice serious.

The two policemen paused and then quickly nodded.

"Yes, sir." With that, they hurriedly went into the hospital.

Savannah stared at the two policemen who had been sent away, and her eyes fell on Dylan in shock.

The number of injured was increasing, but the manpower was limited. She and her classmates had gone to the police station for help, but the police had never responded.

Now, the Italian police immediately agreed as soon as the man gave his order.

"Completely relieved now? Let's go." He looked at the little woman.

"Are you taking me back to your hotel?" Savannah wondered.

"Why, where do you want to go? Riots might break out again these days." He frowned slightly, approaching her.

Since he had flown in himself, she was, of course, safest with him.

Savannah wanted to ask him whether he had come out of fear for her safety, but she swallowed the question.

She was afraid that he would again say he just didn't want her accident on the social news to disgrace the Sterling family.

With that in mind, Savannah shook her head.

"I'd better go back to school. The school security is very good, and the dormitory is safe. No matter how violent the riot is, it's impossible for the mob to enter the school. Besides, I have two exams this week, so it's more convenient to live on campus."

Dylan fell silent when she was so determined, his face darkening.

The bodyguard, who was in charge of protecting Savannah, came and said to ease the situation, "Sir, I will accompany Miss Schultz back to school and take care of her."

Dylan thought for a while and finally nodded.

When Savannah was back in the dormitory, Elisa was packing some food and warm clothes for the poor and injured people.

"Savannah, why are you back?" She looked up in surprise.

"Well, you don't have to go, either. The police will send someone to look after the injured and deliver the food and clothes." Savannah didn't mention Dylan.

"What?" Elisa was surprised. "Didn't they just say there were not enough people to help? What made them change today?" Elisa wondered.

"Errr..." Savannah didn't know what to say for a moment.

"I know!" Elisa's brain flashed, and she suddenly grinned.

"Ah, what do you know?" Did the girl know Dylan was coming?

"The bodyguards who protected you must have said something to the police, didn't they? You said that the Sterling family is a very powerful family, and they have many industries in Italy too. The police would consider this situation." Elisa made a wild guess.

"Yeah. Anyway, the police are better than us. You don't have to worry about it." Savannah smiled acquiescence.

Elisa nodded and said no more.

After two days' hard work in the hospital, they were both tired. They took a shower and fell asleep.

When Savannah woke up, it was late at night. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and saw that Elisa's bed was empty.

She must have gone to the bathroom.

A moment later, the bathroom door opened.

Chapter **639: Don't Yell, It's Me**

Elisa came out but didn't go back to bed.

"Savannah, get up," her voice trembled.

"What's the matter?" Savannah got up and turned on the lamp.

"I was just going to the bathroom when I saw a figure standing outside the window, facing our dormitory, not moving," Elisa whispered.

"Are you sure? Could it be the shadow of a tree or something?" Savannah broke into a cold sweat.

"No way. I have good eyesight. I looked for a long time, and it should be a man, tall and strong, but I cannot see his face. Is he a thief? Do you think we should call the school police?" Elisa was obviously scared.

Savannah frowned. The school was always safe, and there were security guards patrolling around the dormitory.

How could there be a thief?

Could it be...?

Savannah told Elisa to wait. Then she picked up a baseball bat and headed for the door.

"Savannah, what do you want to do? You'll be in danger if it's really a bad guy. I think we shall call the school police!" Elisa was worried.

"It's okay. I've got the stick, and if something goes wrong, I'll scream. It's so quiet, and the guard will hear me. I'll just see what's going on." Savannah comforted her and then pushed the door open with the baseball bat. She walked out of the dormitory toward the opposite path.

Lines of lush trees stood silently, a bit gloomy in the weak moonlight.

Savannah, holding her breath, stepped quietly along the trees, searching for that suspicious figure mentioned by Elisa. Finally, a cold luster from a pair of black leather shoes caught her attention. She quietly raised the baseball bat.

The figure seemed to detect her coming and moved towards her.

Without thinking, she swung the stick, and as expected, the figure grasped it, drew it out effortlessly, and threw it away.

Before she could utter a cry of surprise, she leaned forward uncontrollably and flung herself into his arms.

The figure clasped her waist, pressing her tightly in his arms, so she could feel the length of his body against hers.

The public security order was poor in some places in Milan, so there were frequent incidents on the streets, such as the bombings. But she never thought she would run into a rascal in the school.

Savannah's eyes widened with fear. She was about to cry out when the man laid a rough palm over her mouth.

"Don't yell, it's me." A familiar voice whispered in her ears.

She froze, struggled out, and looked at the man in front of her.

It was Dylan.

He was wearing a loose black windbreaker, which was even darker under cover of darkness, so she couldn't see him at all.

"Why did you come to my school?" Savannah felt her heart beating fast.

He stared at the little woman in her nightgown without saying a word. Then he took her slender arms, pulling her into his arms gently.

She stopped breathing. On the day in the hospital, his hug was full of worry and anxiety.

But this time, he held her with tenderness and affection, reluctant to let go.

"I can't sleep." He put his hand on the back of her head and whispered in her ear.

He'd been on edge ever since he got back to the hotel, and he kept fidgeting.

Knowing that she was safe at school and protected by bodyguards, he was still tossing and turning.

He could no longer hide his true feelings.

He shouldn't have let her go to a foreign country alone.

When he heard about the riot in Italy, he was, as Garwood said, unable to calm down. He seemed to be roasting on fire before he saw that she was really safe.

After the experience of almost losing her, he realized that he couldn't ignore his feelings for her, even though he didn't have many memories of their past.

Savannah felt a warm current came up in her heart.

She had wanted to ask him today if he really came to Italy for her, but now, his actions spoke for everything.

She stood on tiptoe to pull his collar up and complained, "You little fool. Why not give me a call and let me out? It's cold here at night."

He pressed her into his arms.

"Just hold me tight if you don't want me to be cold." His deep voice sounded husky and wanting.

He hauled her against his body, squeezing her tightly. One hand remained on her waist, the other traveled down her spine to her behind. His hand flexed over her backside and squeezed gently.

"We're in the school, what if a teacher or guard sees us..." She raised her hand to push him away as she whispered.

But she also knew he didn't care.

Maybe he could come in because the school gave him special permission.

After all, even the local police in Italy had respect for him.

"No. They won't pass here." He breathed, his voice low and husky.

He stroked her back, feeling her beautiful skin. Her soft body blew his mind.

He hadn't seen her for over a week, but it felt like months.

God knew how much effort he used to push her away when she tried to seduce him in the hotel that day!

He lowered his head to kiss her, pushing his tongue into her mouth. She was soon lost in his kiss. He cradled her head, his tongue exploring her mouth. He lost his mastered self control, mind and heart crave for her.

She felt him against the length of her body. He wanted her, and this did strange, delicious things to her insides. It was the first time he expressed his desire for her after his memory loss.

He wished he could have her here. It was dark, and everyone was asleep.

"Savannah-- I want ---"

A low exclamation came as Dylan's hand reach around and cupped her breast.

Savannah was about to give in when she heard footsteps coming, startled, blushing, and quickly pushed him away from her.

Following the sound, she saw Elisa come out also with a baseball bat in her hand. She must have been worried when she had not come back for a long time, so she came out for her.

Elisa stared at them, shocked and slightly embarrassed, and she seemed to understand something.

Savannah, struck with embarrassment, glanced at Dylan and whispered, "We will talk some other time, you go first..."

Dylan saw the little woman's awkwardness. Hesitantly, he let go of her. He straightened his collar, took a deep look at her before he turned toward the gate.

Chapter **640: Your Man Came To Italy**

Elisa ran over and drew in her breath.

"Savannah, the man is... Mr. Sterling, your man in LA, isn't he?" Elisa, excited and surprised, exclaimed. Her voice was particularly loud in the middle of the night.

Savannah put her hand over her mouth and nodded helplessly.

Elisa paused, and her jaw dropped as though she had realized something.

"So your man came to Italy! I wondered why the police would suddenly be willing to help the injured! Mr. Sterling asked for that, didn't he?" She guessed.

"Yup." Savannah had to nod again.

Elisa looked in the direction Dylan left as she approached Savannah.

"You said you two gave each other the silent treatment these days... Did you mean that? If I hadn't just popped up, he would have got you laid here, I guess," Elisa said bluntly.

"We won't!" Savannah blurted out, blushing.

"He looked quite skilled. It's not the first time you played in the open air, is it? Wow..." Elisa winked, looking interested.

Savannah laughed in spite of herself.

"Well, is it really fun to have outdoor sex? The man should be physically strong, or he won't last long --" Elisa didn't let her go.

"Elisa! You seem to be very interested in this. Honestly, have you done it many times outside?" Savannah changed the subject.

Elisa's face tightened, and she looked shy.

Savannah guessed something, bursting out laughing. She covered her stomach as she leaned close to Elisa's ear.

"Elisa, don't tell me you're still a virgin." She said with a grin.

"I just have never met the right man!" Elisa blushed and nudged her with her elbow.

Savannah was just flying a kite. She wasn't sure about her guess but didn't expect Elisa to admit it.

Nowadays, most adolescents begin to engage in sexual activity at an early age. Most girls had sexual experience around the age of 16 to 19, and some youngsters who first participated in sexual intercourse were younger than 15.

Elisa was 22 years old, always very outgoing and open, and she had many male friends. From her bright appearance, Savannah believed she should have had a lot of boyfriends.

She had never asked Elisa about her relationships or feelings when she studied in Milan. She thought Elisa might have a boyfriend outside the school and didn't want to tell her. But now, it seems to be not that case.

"You never have experienced any affections? Not even once?" She asked in surprise.

"It's nonsense!" Elisa turned even redder this time.

Savannah laughed in her sleeve.

"Okay, show me a picture of you and your boyfriend," she said deliberately.

"I...I broke up with him long ago," Elisa stammered, and a deep pain came to cross her heart.

Savannah raised her lips silently and decided not to expose her.

"Well, since you've parted, let's stop here. There will be better men waiting for you. Let's go in, it's getting windy." She patted Elisa on the shoulder and grinned.

Elisa pursed her lips and said nothing more.

When the two went back to the dormitory, Savannah went to bed and fell asleep soon. Elisa, however, tossed and turned, not sleepy any longer.

Actually, she wasn't lying.

She had been really in love, but it was unrequited love.

The man was not an Italian but an American, and she didn't even know his name.

This was why she had always been interested in Savannah's story. She wanted to reencounter the man after she knew more about that country.

However, it was almost impossible to meet him again in the big world.

With a sigh, Elisa wrapped herself in the quilt and lay down.

* * *

Savannah took two exams in the next couple of days.

She could finish her studies after the last thesis defense and received the graduation certificate.

Dylan added more bodyguards to secretly protect her and didn't come to her school after that night.

Savannah was relieved that he still had some sense of knowing not to bother her at exam time.

She really didn't know how to explain if he ran to the school in the middle of the night again and was seen by a classmate or a teacher.

The day before the thesis defense, Savannah and Elisa made an appointment to go to the library to study.

The two of them, as usual, to prevent themselves from chatting with each other, didn't sit together.

Savannah went to the washroom after she put her bag and books on the desk, and when she returned, she found an Italian girl in her seat.

Her bag and books were all thrown on the floor.

The Italian girl's name was Chiara, and they were in the same grade level.

Savannah had heard about her. It was said that her boyfriend was the head of a local Mafia in Milan. Due to the protection and the indulgence of her boyfriend, she always rode roughshod over others in the school. She was bossy and overbearing, good at playing the tyrant. When she was in a bad mood, she swore everything and everyone who was disagreeable in her eyes. Even the teacher couldn't handle her.

What's more, she hated foreign students and was fond of bullying them.

Savannah didn't expect to meet this school tyrant just before graduation.

During her three years here, she was lucky enough to be in a different class from Chiara, and she always kept a low profile and never show off. So Chiara never paid attention to her.

But it didn't mean she could be bullied.

Savannah went over to Chiara.

"Excuse me, this is my seat." She picked up her bag and books and said coldly.

The students around them all looked up from their books in surprise, as if admiring Savannah for daring to challenge Chiara.

No one would have objections if Chiara took their place. No one ever dared to question Chiara.

Chiara also lifted her face from the book, and then she sneered.

"American girl? Be off! It's your honor to give your seat to me."