

Midnight 641

Chapter 641: Can I Go Now?

The majority of Italians were friendly to foreigners, and the school would always be more tolerant towards international students.

But some Europeans hated Asians for the cultural difference or hated Americans for the behavior difference, and some students opposed everything foreign indiscriminately.

Savannah had nothing but contempt for Chiara's bullying manner and her discrimination against students of other races. Now that Chiara attacked her outright, she wouldn't just put up with the insults.

Savannah glanced coldly at her with a cool smile.

"You're the one who should go away. If you're blind and can't see that they're my bag and books on the desk, I'll forgive you. But if you turned a blind eye on purpose, I advise you to stop reading and to learn how to be a decent person first!"

As the words ended, everybody around them was breathless with anxiety. They couldn't believe this girl had the nerve to retort.

"How dare you!" Chiara glared fiercely at Savannah as she growled in a low voice.

She didn't seem to have expected that the plain girl would dare to talk back. She got up and slammed the book she had in hand, gnashing her teeth.

"How dare you talk to me like that? Do you know who I am, you b --"

Before the word "bitch" was out of Chiara's mouth, Savannah picked up the drink Chiara had placed on the desk and poured it over her head, and quickly stepped back!

Chiara stared at Savannah in disbelief, her fair hair sticky and damped with the drink.

When she reacted, she screamed loudly, running furiously to Savannah.

At this time, Elisa noticed the noise and ran over, pulling Savannah to her side, and looked at Chiara in alarm.

"Chiara! Don't go too far! We're in the library!"

"Asshole! Get out of my way, or I won't let you go!" Chiara yelled at Elisa as she rolled up her sleeves, approaching them.

She raised her hand on Savannah angrily, but before she could slap her in the face, something came straight ahead toward her. With a bang, a thick stick crushed Chiara's head, and she felt a surge of pain. Then she fell to the ground with a moan!

Everyone in the library froze!

As Chiara rubbed her head in tears, several strong men filed into the library, came to Savannah's side and protected her in a half-circle.

"Miss Schultz, you all right?"

"Fine..." Savannah sighed.

Elisa was relieved to see those bodyguards come in time.

The students watched Savannah being closely guarded by a group of strong bodyguards just like a princess, gasping again.

Chiara, who was usually insolent, was now collapsing on the ground in pain and still couldn't get up.

The students couldn't help staring and muttering.

"Oh my god, who's that American girl?"

"Schultz, a student majored in design."

"Is she a princess? Look at the bodyguards around her. They looked all the better than the army. She can't be an ordinary student."

"No matter who she is, Chiara's really snookered this time."

Chiara turned purple with anger as she listened to her classmates' murmuring. She was always the boss in the school, and no one ever dared to treat her like this.

She gnashed her teeth at the group of bodyguards.

"Who are you? How dare you break into the school and hit me like that --"

"It seems that you're the very person to raise your hand at Miss Schultz. So why can't we? I don't mind you reporting to the police at any time." The chief bodyguard glanced at Chiara in a cool impertinent way.

Chiara shuttered under the bodyguard's dark eyes. She was very clear they were not easily pushed around. The average person couldn't step into the school, and it was impossible for strangers to enter the library without a student card. They must have a special background, and their actions were even allowed by default in school.

But how could she swallow the insult?

"Do you know who my boyfriend is?" She spoke with desperate menace.

Those bodyguards looked at each other and chuckled as if they just heard a joke.

"We don't care who your boyfriend is. We only know that if you dare to bother Miss Schultz again, you will die a most painful death."

Chiara gasped, knowing the man in front of her was serious. She got up in a hurry and decided to inflict vengeance later.

"We'll see." She protected her head and ran for the door.

One of the bodyguards playfully put his foot out and tripped Chiara up.

Chiara lost her balance and fell forward onto her face!

"You want to go?" The bodyguard sneered.

With a sudden burst of cold sweat, Chiara turned to the students next to her and ordered in a shrill voice, "Go call the campus police for me! Tell them someone is beating a student here!"

However, the students looked at each other, and no one moved.

For one thing, they dared not to go against those bodyguards.

For another, Chiara bullied others all the time, and that was what she deserved.

Two Asian students who had been bullied by Chiara even ran to close the door in silence, fearing that Chiara's cries might attract the teachers or the campus police.

"What do you want?" Chiara shuddered terribly as the bodyguards approached her.

"Get down on your knees to Miss Schultz, apologies for your mistake, and swear never to offend her again." The chief bodyguard said coldly.

Chiara clenched her hands. She'd rather get a good beating than apologies.

But she also knew those men wouldn't let her go if she didn't do what they asked.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and knelt down in front of Savannah.

"I'm sorry, Schultz. I shouldn't have taken your seat and bullied you. I won't offend you again. Please forgive me." Then she turned to the bodyguards, "Can I go now?"

"Miss Schultz, is that all right?" The chief bodyguard looked respectfully at Savannah.

Savannah shook her head at Chiara.

"You should apologize not only to me but also to the people whom you'd ever bullied."

"I apologize. I will never bully anyone again." Chiara whispered, clenching her teeth.

Chapter 642: Why Didn't You Just Ask Him?

Whispers passed along, and the students around were staring at Chiara and then at Savannah as if the latter was a savior.

"All right, just let her go," Savannah said to the bodyguards.

The bodyguards picked up Chiara and headed out, leaving Savannah to review her lessons.

The library was quiet again, and the students all went back to their seats and went on studying.

"Savannah, you're awesome! You brought that female rascal under control! Did you notice? Those guys now worship every hair on your head. They must be guessing who you are, and how can you have so many bodyguards!" Elisa leaned in and whispered.

Savannah smiled helplessly.

She also noticed the curious and respectful looks from her classmates.

She had never been in the spotlight like she was today during her last three years studying here. It was a little strange to become the focus of everyone's attention.

After all, she had no tendency to seek the limelight.

But even if Savannah wanted to keep a low profile, what happened at the library spread throughout the school in less than two hours.

In the end, many students knew that an American girl in the design department had several bodyguards followed her, and she beat Chiara. They even came to the library to sneak a peek at Savannah.

Later, several students who had been badly bullied by Chiara came to Savannah to thank her. A girl even bought her a cake as a gift, which made Savannah surprised and amused. In the late afternoon, more and more students gathered around Savannah, and she had to leave with Elisa.

Just as she walked out of the library, her cell phone rang.

"Finished?" There came a familiar low and attractive voice.

Elisa made a face at Savannah, indicating that she would wait for her ahead so that she could take her time and talk to Mr. Sterling.

Savannah paused and realized that Dylan had waited for her to finish her study. For fear of disturbing her, he didn't call her until she left the library.

"Thank you for making me a star," Savannah smiled helplessly. "After all the admiring looks and visits, I didn't finish a page. I'm going back to the dormitory with Elisa, and then I'll continue with my books."

Dylan had listened to the bodyguard to report what happened in the library today. Since the bodyguards had solved the matter and the little woman wasn't bullied, he didn't mention it.

"It's time for dinner. Why not come to eat with me first?" He asked casually.

Savannah, however, knew that it would be hard to come back tonight if she agreed to go out with him for dinner... He had shown his impatience and desire for her when he came that night. If not for Elisa's sudden appearance, the man would have had her in the open air! What's more, he hadn't seen her for two days, and she didn't think he would let her go easily tonight after he came to Italy, especially for her...

"Well," She blushed at some thought and immediately refused his invitation. "I have my last thesis defense tomorrow, so let's eat together later."

She didn't want to attend the defenses tomorrow morning with an aching body or not being able to get up...

"Okay, then I'll ask the hotel to prepare your supper and send someone to deliver it to you," Dylan sounded disappointed.

"All right, but..."

"What?" He frowned. The little woman wasn't going to refuse him again, was she?

"Can I have one more? I want to share it with Elisa." Savannah said.

"Sure," Dylan smiled. "I'll have one more delivered."

Seeing that Savannah hung up, Elisa came over and winked.

"How come you hung up after just a few words? He asked you out to dinner, didn't he?"

"I'm not going out. He'll send someone to deliver us dinner later." Savannah laughed.

Elisa's face lit up as she heard there was a delicious free dinner.

"Why didn't you go out to have dinner with him? Didn't you two get back together? Why are you striking a pose after he came to Italy for you?" Elisa joked and said, "Oh, I see. You must be afraid that you'll be eaten by him after eating with him, right? Don't worry, I'll leave the door unlocked for you no matter how late you get back. In case you two lose track of time after playing all night, I'll call you two hours before the oral defense tomorrow morning. I won't let you be late."

Savannah squeezed Elisa's arm playfully. Though Elisa had little experience in love, she was good at guessing people's minds.

"Not only for that..." Savannah whispered.

"Do you have any concerns about that, Mr. Sterling? I can see that you have some reservations about him after he came to Italy, even though you are touched." Elisa rubbed her chin meditatively.

Savannah didn't expect her mind to be so delicate.

"Well," she spoke her mind to Elisa, "I told you that he had taken a new drug because of his illness and lost his memory. He forgot many people and things, and he still doesn't remember me."

"So? What does it matter? He's very nice to you and doting on you now, isn't that enough?" Elisa raised her brows.

"Will you fall in love with someone you just met? And even want to marry him? At least I can't. So I'm a little worried..." Savannah lowered her eyes.

"I see, you're afraid that he's nice to you not for true love, but out of responsibility?" Elisa understood.

Savannah nodded.

"Hmm. In fact, he proposed to me not long before. At that time, he said, since I was his woman and had given birth to a child for him, it's only a matter of time before we get married. I refused because I don't want such a marriage. He proposed not because of love but because of our past relationship. That's not what I want. Even though he came to Italy for me, I'm still not sure if he really loves me, cares about me, and wants to marry me, or he just did that under pressure or responsibility, or just on impulse."

Elisa nodded, understanding her concern.

"Why didn't you just ask him? Ask him for an answer. Maybe he fell in love with you again after he knew you again. When someone truly loves, even if he lost his memories, the feelings he has for that person will always be there. It's impossible to fade away. Perhaps that's Mr. Sterling's situation?"

Chapter **643: Test Dylan's Love**

"I dare not ask..." Savannah said with difficulty.

Elisa's expectation was good, but the fact was more likely to be the opposite:

Dylan was just trying to make sure his son had a mom, and he did everything out of responsibility.

Elisa understood her fear. Savannah loved the man so much that she was swayed by considerations of gain and loss. If Mr. Sterling had made it clear that he was caring for Savannah for the sake of responsibility and that he didn't really love her, Savannah wouldn't be able to bear it.

Afraid that the answer was not what she wanted, Savannah just went through days without asking anything, meanwhile, she dared not get too close to that man.

She loved his heart and soul, so she also wanted true love from him.

Just then, Savannah's phone rang again.

"Hello?" She thought it was someone who came to deliver their dinner.

"How are you doing, Savannah?" There came the smiling voice of a young man. His voice sounded familiar, but his name slipped Savannah's memory.

"Who's that?"

"Andrew Caffrey. I'm too sad you forgot me," he said, but sounded not sad at all.

Andrew? Savannah remembered.

Andrew, the young CEO of Knight Group, was the young master of the Caffrey family, which had been thick with the Morton family for generations.

During the days that she worked in the Morton Group in Chicago, in order to help her out of a disappointing love affair, her grandpa had arranged several blind dates for her.

Her grandpa introduced a lot of successful young men to her, and one of them was Andrew Caffrey.

Of course, she had no intention of going into a new relationship, and every blind date ended fruitlessly.

The blind date with Andrew was the same. Before dinner was finished, she cleared her mind and told him that she was not ready to have a romantic relationship.

She and Andrew never saw each other again after that.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" Savannah came to her senses.

"I came to Milan on business, and I heard from your grandfather that you are also in Milan to get your diploma. Come out and have dinner with me, will you?" Andrew asked in a mild voice.

Savannah was surprised to hear from him, and since he had invited her to dinner, she could not refuse directly for the sake of the relationship of their families. However, she had been on a blind date with him before, and it was a bit embarrassing to meet him again, so she could only reply vaguely.

"Well, I've got stuff to do... I'll see if I can put it off."

"Who is it?" Elisa wondered when Savannah hung up.

Savannah told her, and Elisa laughed.

"Savannah, you got some luck in love!"

"I have nothing with this man. Ah, I shall text him and turn it down..."

"Don't! Accept his invitation! Go to dinner with him!" Elisa said busily.

"Why?" Savannah asked, surprised.

"Aren't you at a loss as to whether Mr. Sterling is sincere with you? Isn't this a chance? You've got a suitor on your side who might inspire Mr. Sterling to declare his love to you!" Elisa spoke as if she were a love expert.

"Is that really good? But I don't want to take advantage of Caffrey's kindness..." Savannah hesitated.

"No, no, no. Caffrey, right? He asked you out with a purpose, too. If he doesn't want anything from you, he wouldn't have invited you to dinner, and you can't even have a chance to use him. And it's just a meal. He won't lose anything! When you and Mr. Sterling are truly in love, Caffrey's merit will get its reward in the future!"

Savannah was finally moved by her smooth talker friend. She called Andrew back and accepted his invitation.

Andrew would pick her up at the school in ten minutes. Savannah said goodbye to Elisa and then headed towards the front gate of the school directly.

It was getting dark.

At the school gate, a gorgeous sports car stopped, attracting attention from the students in and out.

A handsome man in a white shirt got down and came up to Savannah.

"Hi, Savannah," he greeted as he handed Savannah a beautiful red rose.

The man, dressing in casual elegance, was about twenty-seven. He was tall and thin. His eyes were sensuous and radiant like pure diamonds, which captured every nerve of the woman who dared look into them.

"Long time no see, Mr. Caffrey." Savannah smiled, "Thank you for the rose. It's beautiful."

"Just call me Andrew," Andrew's lips quirked up in a half-smile.

Savannah paused and smiled politely, "Caffrey."

Andrew, seeing that she still kept her distance from him, laughed and didn't force her. He pulled the car door open in a gentle way and asked Savannah to get in.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped at a fancy and expensive restaurant.

It was one of the most exclusive restaurants in Milan, and only the most wealthy, respectable people would come here.

Knight Group had a strong position in the domestic business circle and had been doing business overseas in recent years. It was not surprising that Andrew could take a reservation here.

A blonde manager had been waiting at the door. She came up and said respectfully in standard English, "Mr. Caffrey, Miss Schultz. Please."

Savannah followed Andrew into the restaurant, only to find that the whole restaurant was almost empty. Apparently, Andrew had made a block booking.

She couldn't help looking at Andrew, a little nervous. She thought it was just an ordinary dinner, but she didn't expect it to be so grand.

Andrew knew what she was thinking. A man booked the best local restaurant to have dinner with a woman, and he must have an intention.

His lips twitched up in a half-smile, and without any explanation, he pulled back a chair for Savannah to sit down. Then he raised his hand, motioning a violinist nearby to start playing.

The stream-like melody started with a truly poetic slow movement, making the quiet restaurant more romantic, but Savannah got even more uneasy.

She didn't mean to flatter herself. But since Andrew arranged a dinner in this way, what if he suddenly gave her a love confession or something like that? How should she deal with it?

She almost wished she'd stayed at the dormitory. She shouldn't have made trouble for herself...

Andrew looked at the nervous little woman in front of him and finally broke into a silent smile.

Chapter 644: A Blind Date

"What are you laughing at?" Savannah was even more nervous at his smile.

"I'm amused by your nervous look," Andrew shook his head with a smile. "You look at me as if you're looking at a beast, a wild beast that has been hungry for a long time."

"Sorry, I'm just..." Savannah blushed.

"You're afraid I have an attempt on you, or I will even tell you that I love you now, right?" Andrew took her place and said.

Savannah's face was burning, and she said nothing.

"Don't worry, I invite you to dinner for a purpose, but definitely not because I have an attempt on you. I've heard something about you and the young master of the Sterling family. I won't covet people or things from others." Andrew shrugged his shoulders in a breezy way.

In fact, he didn't know in advance when their families arranged a blind date between them, and he was also reluctant.

So, he didn't think much when Savannah said at the time that she was not ready for a relationship, and he was also relieved.

Savannah felt a little embarrassed.

"You made the dinner, so grand, which I feel was more than I was entitled to...so I misunderstood you," she said. "I'm sorry..."

Andrew leaned forward on the table, his taper fingers interlaced, and his dazzling eyes are sparkling like stars.

"Oh? Is this grand? I think this is just a standard meal for the future successor of the Morton group. I can't treat you to a food stall, can I? And, as I said, I invite you here for a purpose. As for clearing up the place, actually, I just don't want others to hear us, so we can talk freely in a quiet environment."

"What did you want to see me about?" She wondered.

"You have a friend whose name is Elisa Romano, right?" Andrew's expression changed to seriousness.

"You mean Elisa? Yeah..." Savannah nodded in surprise. "How did you know Elisa? You see me about Elisa? What do you want me to do for you?"

Andrew leaned forward and explained slowly.

* * *

The night deepened.

In the luxurious and refined CEO suite, Dylan was sitting on the leather sofa with a clouded face.

After listening to the report from Garwood, he didn't say anything for a long time.

"The bodyguard didn't make a mistake, did he?" He asked grimly.

"Yes... He said he saw Miss Schultz get into Andrew Caffrey's car, and they went to a high-end restaurant for dinner downtown. It looks like Caffrey booked the whole restaurant in advance..." Garwood, sensing the murderous intention from his boss, added carefully, "Oh yes, Caffrey was once on a blind date with Miss Schultz in the days when she returned to Chicago. But of course, they are not with each other."

Dylan's face grew more somber. His fingers curled up and pinched faintly.

He asked the little woman out to dinner, but she refused, full of excuses.

Her blind date came to Milan, and as soon as he invited her, she agreed!

Savannah had not come back yet.

Elisa looked at the time. It was almost eleven o'clock.

Maybe Savannah had a good time with her date and decided to give him a chance for further development?

If so, she would be sorry for Mr. Sterling! After all, she had encouraged Savannah to go to dinner with that man!

Just then, Elisa's cell phone rang.

"Elisa," Savannah's voice came.

"Savannah, haven't you finished your dinner yet? When will you be back? That man didn't do anything unhappy to you, did he?" Elisa asked with concern.

"Um, nothing. I'm fine. Andrew's not a bad guy. Here we are at the school gate. Can you come out to pick me up? It's so dark that I'm a little scared to go to school alone. It's not convenient for Andrew to come in."

Andrew? Her tone was true, affectionate.

Elisa didn't think much. She said okay, hung up, and went out.

When she got to the school gate, she saw a gorgeous sports car parking not far away. Savannah was standing at the side of the car, and standing next to her was a tall man. He should be Andrew, Savannah's blind date.

The two were standing very close to each other. Their shadows, silhouetted by the light from the full moon and the street lamp, intertwined each other in a very intimate way.

Elisa went over and was about to call Savannah's name when her eyes fell on the man.

She gasped as she observed his sharp jaw, chin, and cheekbones. On either side of his straight nose were two blazing hazel eyes. His thin lips always twisted into a half-smile.

Andrew Caffrey was him?

It was impossible! How could it be so coincidental?

For a moment she couldn't believe what she saw. Her ears were buzzing, and her heart was beating.

She approached them and looked carefully.

It was him.

She could never forget his appearance.

He was the man she had met only once but laid to her heart. He was the man she loved at first sight and had never forgotten.

Was he Savannah's date?

Elisa stared at him.

Under the pale yellow street lamp, Andrew leaned over and spoke to Savannah with a smile. Elisa couldn't hear anything, but his smile was so gentle.

It was the way he looked at someone he liked, right?

She even saw him tuck one of the escaped tendrils of Savannah's hair behind her ear. The tenderness of his manner made Elisa's heart beat even harder, and the shock left her with an unspeakable bitter taste.

She didn't expect him to become her good friend's suitor when she saw him again.

Although Savannah said that he was just her blind date arranged by their families, and they met only once...

He must like Savannah very much, otherwise, he would not have come to meet her and invited her to dinner as soon as he came to Italy.

And no man wouldn't be attracted to a girl like Savannah, who was so beautiful, optimistic, positive, and sunny.

Elisa was suddenly depressed.

"Elisa!" Just then, Savannah noticed Elisa and waved to her.

Chapter **645: I Don't Know Him Well**

Elisa paused and cheered herself up, walking to them.

"Savannah," she forced a smile. "You're back."

Savannah nodded and then turned to Andrew.

"This is my best friend at school, Elisa. Her grandmother is a pure American, and she looks just like her grandmother."

Elisa held her breath, hoping against hope that he would recognize her when the man in front of her opened his mouth.

"Hi, I'm Andrew."

He didn't recognize her. Elisa was filled with great loss, but it was no surprise. How could she expect him to remember her? How could she wish this man would still have a bit of affection towards her.

It had been four years... Who could remember someone you met once four years ago?

"It was nice meeting you." She tried to smile as if nothing was wrong.

Andrew nodded at the mixed-race girl in front of him, his eyes twinkling slightly, but his expression didn't change.

"Well, it's getting late. Go ahead and go to bed early," he said to Savannah gently.

Elisa looked a bit more dejected when she saw how he cared about Savannah.

"Well, you too. Be careful on the road." Savannah took Elisa's arm and waved him bye.

Andrew got into the car and drove away.

Elisa stood riveted to the spot and gazed at the car as it disappeared out of sight.

"Elisa?" Savannah raised her hand and moved it in front of her face. "Are you okay?"

"Oh, nothing." Elisa quickly withdrew her eyes.

"I saw you staring at Andrew. You don't know each other, do you?"

"No!" Elisa quickly denied, her heart racing. "I'm just trying to tell if Andrew is a bad guy."

Savannah pinched Elisa's face gently and laughed.

"Don't worry, Andrew is the young master of the Caffrey family. Our families have known each other well. He's not likely to have any evil intentions for me. He started to manage a company at the age of sixteen while he was still in high school. He's not a dandy."

"Savannah, he seemed to impress you favorably. You... Didn't you say you're not interested in him?" Elisa asked tentatively.

"Andrew's a nice guy, actually," Savannah said softly. "I didn't have much contact with him before, so I didn't know him well. When we had dinner tonight, I felt he was very talkative and interesting."

"You... Didn't you just want to use Andrew to inspire Mr. Sterling to express his affection to you? You won't choose Andrew at last, will you?" Elisa was startled.

"Don't worry. Andrew and I aren't there yet. But I don't mind making another friend, and by the way, he invited me out again tomorrow... Tell me, shall I dress up before I go? I seem a little too casual today..." Savannah looked down at her dress.

Elisa's heart sank with Savannah's words. For a moment, she was almost suffocated with depression.

Savannah seemed to be considering further development with Andrew.

Well, it was she who suggested Savannah go to dinner with Andrew... It felt like she pushed the person she liked to someone else herself.

Regret crept up on her mind.

No. She shouldn't think that way. Savannah was her best friend. She should be happy to see her happy. How could she be jealous?

"Elisa?" Savannah, seeing that Elisa remained silent, pushed her gently.

Elisa took a deep breath, trying not to think too much. She put her arm around Savannah and forced a smile. "You look great in everything! Let's go in first."

When they got back to the dormitory, Savannah took a shower and went to bed.

Elisa turned off the light and left herself in the dark, unable to sleep.

Although she told herself that she should bless them if Savannah decided to be together with Andrew, she still felt sick at heart.

She remembered the first time she met Andrew four years ago.

It was her first trip to America.

On that summer vacation, her father, an archaeologist, was going to remote mountains in Minnesota for archaeological work. She was so excited that she worried about her father bringing her together.

Archaeological work was dangerous and exhausting. One day, when her father went deep into the mountains to try excavations with his colleagues, she secretly slipped into the beautiful forests.

She found all beauties of nature in the mountains. The breathtaking scenery and rugged landscapes attracted her to go further and further into the forest until she accidentally slipped into a natural chasm.

Fortunately, Elisa was adventurous and had some basic ability to survive in the wild, and calmed down quickly. She tried to scramble up, but the rough stone wall was too sheer for her to climb. She screamed for help, but she went too far, and no one was around.

Helpless and exhausted, Elisa had to sit on a stone to save her strength and wait for help.

Her father would come to look for her when he found she was missing.

But she underestimated the vast area of the mountains. As the sun was beginning to set, there was still not any trace of a passerby.

It was getting dark.

She was cold and hungry, and at last, she began to feel frightened and sleepy.

When she was too weak to keep awake, she heard footsteps above her head. She thought that her father had come to look for her, and with the last of her strength, she cried out in Italian.

"Papa, I'm here! Help!"

But as the footstep stopped, she looked up and saw the face of a young man in his early twenties.

From that moment on, the face never disappeared from her memory.

The man was Andrew.

Andrew was dressed in a climbing suit, with a staff in his hand and a heavy backpack on his back. It seemed that he was attracted by her cry for help. He bent down and saw the girl in the chasm.

She gazed at the man under the stars.

The man was so good-looking, just like the Prince Charming she had dreamed of since childhood.

Chapter **646: I'll Leave You Alone**

Like a god from heaven, he appeared at a critical moment when she needed help most.

It even made her forget that she was in danger.

"If you want to enjoy the moon there, I'll leave you alone." Andrew's funny, playful voice came.

He spoke Italian. He must hear her cry just now.

She was surprised, and her heartbeat quickened. After all, Italian was not a very popular international language, unlike English, which was becoming universal.

The man spoke very fluently, and judging by his appearance and temperament, it was clear that he had received a very good education and that his family background was by no means ordinary.

Recovering herself, she cried, "Help me up, please! I'm not in the mood to enjoy the moon!"

Andrew laughed, put down the backpack, took out the emergency rope, and lowered it down.

She was so hungry, so tired, and so weak that she slipped down the rope several times during the climbing.

When she was too worried to know what to do, Andrew took out quickdraws and slings and then looped the rope around a tree before he slid down. He tied her to the rope with a harness and tried to ride her up.

Her soft heart throbbed terribly. Especially when he was holding her up, his body against hers, her heart palpitated with excitement that she had never felt before. Her cold body became as hot as his.

"What about you? How can I help you up when I get up?" She asked in a trembling voice.

"No need to worry about me." His lips quirked up into a half-smile.

She blushed, knowing she had given him so much trouble, and said no more.

As she was hoisted up, she heard his faint breathing below.

"Damn it. How'd she get to be so heavy...."

Her face was aflame with embarrassment.

Was her weight too much?

Maybe she needed to lose some weight after going back home?

But she had never thought about losing weight before.

She never cared about her image in front of men. But now, she felt she was not perfect everywhere and even considered to reduce weight because of his casual remark.

After being hoisted up to the flatland, she took a few breaths, leaning over, and asked him how to help him up.

He asked her to step back, and then he tied the rope around his waist, took a running jump, and climbed up the chasm.

He moved quickly like a cheetah, and his action pieced together without a break.

She was dumbfounded, and her heart was beating harder. She realized that her supposed ability to survive in the wild was nothing in front of this man.

Andrew obviously did a lot of outdoor rock climbing, and that was why he was so graceful and fast in his movements.

If he had fallen into the chasm, he would have come out easily.

She stared at the man in front of her, stupefied, her heart popping. A magical feeling she had never experienced came from somewhere deeper, and she didn't know what was going on.

She seemed to lose the ability to speak when she looked at him. Her mind went blank.

After a while, she recovered and was about to ask him what his name was and thanked him when they heard footsteps approaching and people shouting something like "young master".

Andrew's face changed. He quickly packed his climbing gear and put on his backpack, turning to leave.

Looking at his back, she felt empty and could not help crying out.

"Hey—"

He paused and looked back.

Her dancing heart was ready to jump from her body.

"I haven't thanked you..." She clenched her hand and got up her courage, and decided to ask for his contact information right away.

But he simply said, "if someone asks you, don't tell them you met me. That's how you thank me."

With that, he left in a hurry, his figure disappearing in the dark of the mountains.

Then she walked back and met her father on the way.

When her father asked, she obeyed Andrew's wishes and didn't tell him that she had met an American man.

From then on, this brief encounter in the remote mountains of a foreign country became her secret, a sweet and beautiful secret that made her blush.

Every time she remembered the night in the chasm when he tied a rescue rope to her and held her in his arms, she enjoyed in retrospect for a long time.

Her face was suffused with enchanting blushes because of the sweet memory.

Then she closed her eyes and gradually sank into sleep.

At midnight, Savannah woke up and went to the bathroom.

When she finished and walked back, she saw a shadowy figure standing opposite the window of the dormitory.

The outline of the figure was strangely familiar.

She shivered. Was that, Dylan?

Why did he come in the middle of the night again?

She rubbed her eyes, not quite sure. But since he had done it before, she decided to go out to have a look.

Out of the dorm, she walked to the opposite path and saw Dylan standing there with a gloomy face. He stared at her as she approached.

"What are you doing here?" Even in the dim light, she could see the frost and repressed anger on his face.

Dylan walked up to her and grabbed her arm, pulling her into his arms.

She didn't know how long he had been standing there, but she felt the coolness from his clothes and sensed his displeasure.

"What's up?" She pushed him away as she looked up.

Without a word, he clutched her face, and his mouth found hers. He kissed her long, hard, and passionately. His tongue was in her mouth, claiming and possessing her.

"Stop, Dylan... What's going on..." Savannah struggled to push him away in his arms.

Then he let her go, panting and calming down.

"Where did you go this evening?"

Savannah finally understood why he had come in the middle of the night.

Chapter 647: Did He Remember Me?

He knew about her going out with Andrew.

"I went to dinner with a friend from Chicago," she said after a short pause.

"A friend from Chicago? Or your blind date?" His eyes darkened.

"If you've known so much, why bother to ask me? What's it now, Mr. Sterling? Are you here to question me?" Savannah looked up at him.

He held her chin, tipping back her head, and said in a low voice, "Well. Am I not qualified to question you? Remember, you're my woman, who bore me a child! Did you forget your identity, you're mine! You got the nerve to date other man behind my back?"

"I know. You want to warn me to watch my manners and keep my distance from other men so as not to influence your family's good name, right?" Savannah stared at him, eager to hear that he came not for the sake of the family's honor or something like that, but because he was jealous and he didn't want her to get too close to other men.

Wasn't that why she agreed to go out to dinner with Andrew tonight? She just wanted to goad him into telling her his true feelings.

However, he didn't say what she wanted to hear but remained silent for a long time.

Savannah looked straight at him.

"Yes, I've had a child with you, but I'm not your wife, even not your girlfriend. I had no real relationship with you," her pent-up anger was released in a torrent of words. "I don't need to report to you even if I date or sleep with other men..."

As the words fell from her lips, Dylan cupped her chin suddenly, leaning down, and kissed her fervently.

No man could stand that.

This time he kissed her harder, his tongue invading her mouth, and it was more like punishment.

She struggled to release herself from his grasp, but he held her tighter.

Frowning at his rudeness, she sank her teeth into his tongue, and immediately she tasted blood.

She took two steps back and shouted, "Asshole!"

Then she ran back to the dormitory as fast as she could.

Dylan gasped, watching her back disappear, standing there for a long time before he realized the pain in his lip.

He wiped the corner of his mouth with a sigh.

Damn it. He seemed to have really offended her.

But shouldn't he be angry?

He came for the purpose of teaching her a lesson.

He couldn't understand why the little woman was angrier than he was.

* * *

The next day, Savannah finished her final thesis defense absent-mindedly and walked out of the classroom.

She was still distracted by her meeting with Dylan last night.

Damn that man!

She bit her lip and prayed she had successfully defended her thesis.

At the same time, Elisa stood outside the classroom building, waiting for Savannah to come out.

She had finished all her exams and defense ahead of Savannah. It was almost noon, so she came to wait for Savannah to have lunch together.

Just then, she heard amazing voices from some girls passing by.

"Wow, is that man a student in our school? Which department is he in? He's so hot!"

"He can't be in our school. I've never seen such an attractive American man in our school before!"

"My God, he's getting closer. He looks perfect, and he's in great shape. He must have regular exercises!"

"Hey, he seems to be walking in our direction..."

Elisa's heart gave a great thud against her chest. She looked over and saw Andrew walking to her.

He looked more handsome than last night. His cheeks were chiseled like a finely-carved Michelangelo statue. His nose was perfectly symmetrical. The rays of the sun highlighted the dimples in his cheeks and chin.

What the hell was he doing here looking all tousled-hair and outdoorsy in his cream shirt, jeans, and walking boots? He looked like a catwalk model who captured the eyes of all the girls.

Elisa quietly squeezed her thigh to calm down.

"You came for Savannah?" She asked with a dry smile.

Andrew nodded and stopped at her side.

"I'll take her to lunch later."

Her feelings of lightness quickly gave way to dismay. Oh, yeah, as Savannah said yesterday, Andrew asked her to go out today.

"Savannah should be coming out soon. Now that you've made an appointment, I got to go..." She let out a sigh.

Andrew, seeing her trying to run away, whispered, "just a minute."

Elisa paused and looked back.

"What's up?"

"Haven't we met somewhere before?" Andrew's eyes fell on her.

His words touched a raw nerve in Elisa again.

Did he remember her?

Perhaps the light was too dim for him to see her clearly last night!

"You... You know me?" She held her heart in the air.

"Did we meet at a bar in Milan?" Andrew narrowed his eyes.

"I guess you're mistaken." Elisa frowned, and again disappointment swept through her chest.

He still didn't remember her.

"Really? Didn't you go to a bar in Milan on Christmas Eve two years ago?" Andrew didn't seem convinced.

"No. I've never been to a bar," Elisa replied dryly.

Andrew, with a subtle irony and darkness in his eyes, approached her, grabbed her wrist, and asked in a low voice, "Why don't you think about it a little more?"

Elisa stared, wondering why he was so excited.

"I really haven't been to a bar," she repeated, struggling slightly. "I never met you in a bar!"

Their movements attracted the attention and whispers of several students around them.

Realizing his gaffe, Andrew released her hand, stepped back, and regained his composure.

"Maybe I was mistaken," he said calmly.

Elisa opened her mouth and tried to say something, but she swallowed.

She would like to say they had known each other for a long time, but not in a bar. Their first meeting was on a mountain in the US...

He saved her that day. Why didn't he remember?

Was she so insignificant in his life?

But what could she say when he didn't remember her at all?

Besides, he and Savannah were dating now...

"Elisa -" Just then, Savannah came out. She saw Andrew and smiled, "Hi, Andrew, you are here."

Elisa hung her head.

"Well, enjoy your lunch. I'm going back to my dorm." With that, she hurried away.

Savannah walked over to Andrew, looked at him, and sighed.

"Andrew. What on earth are you trying to do? Is that really interesting to have my act with you in front of Elisa?"

Andrew was silent.

"Did you say something that upset her? I can see that she's in a bad mood. No, I should tell her now, that I have nothing to do with you, that you remember her, that you always remember meeting her in the mountain, and that this time you came to me just to test her mind!" Savannah said and turned, anxious to catch Elisa.

Chapter **648: There's Nothing To Talk About**

"Don't chase." Andrew stopped Savannah.

Savannah looked puzzled at Andrew.

That night, Andrew invited Savannah to dinner for Elisa's sake.

Savannah was surprised to learn that he and Elisa had met four years earlier.

Elisa followed her father to a mountain in the US. She accidentally fell into a natural chasm and was rescued by Andrew, who was hiking up the mountain to search for rare minerals.

In order to help the family brand to attract attention in an international jewelry fair, he took the risk of going to the mountains where gemstones might be found. He kept the matter from his family. After all, he was the only son of his family. After rescuing Elisa, he heard that his family was calling his name, knowing that they had gone into the mountain to look for him. So he left in a hurry without leaving any contact information to Elisa.

Later, he began to search for the American-Italian girl he had come across the mountain.

But there was little information. He couldn't find her anywhere in the country.

Maybe she just went to the US for a summer holiday.

Savannah didn't understand. Andrew didn't forget Elisa and even couldn't get her out of his mind. In this case, when he came to Italy and found Elisa, why didn't he meet her and have a talk with her frankly? Why didn't he pursue her directly? Why go around and deliberately approach her to test Elisa?

Andrew didn't look like the kind of guy who was shy about chasing girls.

"Actually, I came to Milan two years ago to look for her, and just before Christmas, I found her." Andrew, knowing Savannah was confused, explained in a low mood.

Savannah opened her eyes wide, even more confused.

"I found her at an all-night bar on Christmas Eve. She was in the arms of a local Italian man on a drinking spree. Later, she tongue-kissed with that man and even undressed in public..." Andrew almost gritted his teeth.

"No way, Elisa's a very simple girl, not like that... In all the years I've been with her, she's never been to a bar or been too close to a man..." Savannah shook her head in disbelief.

"You are just classmates," Andrew interrupted her, "and you don't spend 24 hours together. Do you really have a full understanding of her private life and nature?"

"She really isn't that kind of person! As far as I know, she probably hasn't even been in love! Despite her careless appearance and quick tongue, she's actually a bookworm!" Savannah said firmly.

Andrew seemed to have heard the funniest joke of all.

Has she never been in love? On Christmas Eve, she kissed a man passionately in public, and from her over intimate body touch with that man, he could see she had had more than one boyfriend. How could such a girl have never been in love?

A harder and colder look came into his eyes.

"You may know her face but not her mind. How do you know she's not someone else when she leaves school? There are so many such people," said Andrew with a sinister laugh.

"Could you be wrong? Or is the person just a girl who looks like her?" Savannah defended Elisa.

"No. Her half-blood appearance is so peculiar that it's hard to find one just like her." Elisa was, indeed, wonderfully good-looking, and her clear-cut face and brown eyes were impressive.

Savannah sighed, agreed, and then frowned.

"Could it be that she was drunk that night? Didn't you say it was Christmas eve, and probably she had been drinking and didn't know what she was doing?"

"She wasn't drinking." Andrew said coolly, "I saw her and went over to say hello to her. She looked very conscious when she noticed me."

That night, he saw Elisa running wild with a man and tried to stop her.

Elisa saw him and her eyes lit up. He thought she recognized him, but she just grabbed him by the collar and said he was hot in a frivolous way. She invited him to her Christmas Eve party later...

He knew exactly what she meant by a party, which was the most popular promiscuous party for young men and women during the holiday season. He was even more annoyed and tried to pull her away, but she threw off his hand and ridiculed him, causing her male companion to fight with him on the spot.

After the fight, he was so angry that he left immediately and returned to his country the next day.

"Since you've been confirmed she's a butterfly, why did you let me pretend to be intimate to you in front of her this time? Is it interesting?" Savannah said disapprovingly.

Andrew was silent for a moment, the coolness in his brow deepening.

He still couldn't get her out of mind completely after seeing how promiscuous she was. He always remembered the first time they met, and her clear eyes told him they should have a story.

When he came to Italy for business this time, he found out where Elisa was studying and that Savannah happened to be a good friend of hers.

He called Savannah out and deliberately played intimacy with Savannah in front of her. She should be annoyed and came to talk to him, he thought.

If she really couldn't remember her, he should just let it go and never think about her again.

This time, however, she seemed to recognize him. He saw a completed emotion in her eyes.

But when he asked about their second meeting in a bar on Christmas Eve, she denied it.

Did she behave to be simple and pure in the daytime and return brazen in the wild night?

Savannah asked tentatively when he remained silent, "In fact, I think you should sit down and have a talk with her face to face. Maybe there's some misunderstanding. Even if it was Elisa... It doesn't mean anything, does it? Why don't I go find Elisa and explain our relationship to her, and then you can have a talk..."

"No." Andrew interrupted. "There's nothing to talk about. If she wanted to be honest with me, she should have told me what happened when we met this time. She clearly remembered me but deliberately pretended not to know me. Maybe she felt very ashamed and embarrassed after she was

caught by me in a bar two years ago! In short, since she didn't want to be honest, I didn't want to press her. I'm sorry, but I have some business to attend to. I can't go out with you today."

Chapter 649: It's A Crime

In such a bad mood, he had no appetite to eat.

Savannah looked at Andrew as he left and sighed.

Holding her bag, she made her way back to the dormitory, deliberating whether to talk with Elisa about Andrew.

Elisa obviously had a feeling for Andrew. She must be upset when she saw Andrew come to pick her up today. But Andrew would rather get himself into a temper than make everything clear with Elisa.

Did he realize that he had created a dilemma for her?

Savannah sighed again.

Just then, her cell phone rang.

"Hello?" She answered absently, still thinking about Andrew and Elisa.

"Have you finished your final defense?" At the familiar deep and husky voice, Savannah gave a little pause and pulled herself back.

"None of your business," she grumbled, still a little annoyed when she remembered that he had forcibly kissed her outside the dormitory last night.

Dylan could see from her voice that she was still pissed at him.

"Last night," he whispered, "I was wrong. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

He calmed down and thought for a while after he left her school last night.

He shouldn't have quarreled with her. That man wouldn't be unthankful for their silent treatment.

Savannah was a little surprised to receive his apology, but a greater loss came to her heart.

He would rather lower himself to apologize than express his true feelings to her or say that he really loved her.

She would not be so entangled in an I-love-you confession, but now, he didn't remember her, so his true feeling was very important to her.

"No, thank you, Mr. Sterling, for your concern," she replied coldly.

As expected, she was still mad at him.

"I will come at once," he said, "and take you out to lunch as a token of my apology."

"There's no need to make amends, but I would appreciate it if Mr. Sterling would not break into our school again and again in the middle of the night," answered Savannah, coolly.

He frowned.

"You mean to say that you're going to stay at school? The last defense is over. Shouldn't you go home with me?" There was obvious disapproval in his voice

"You may go home if you are in a hurry. I have something else to do, so I'll go back later, maybe next month." Savannah thought for a moment and said.

How could she leave at ease when Elisa and Andrew were still in this situation? She wanted to wait until the dust settled for them.

"Next month? So long? What the hell is going on? Graduation parties? But you said the graduation party would only take one day." Dylan was obviously unsatisfied with her reply.

"It's not a graduation party. There's something else... Anyway, the riots have stopped in Milan, and public order was restored. If you're busy, just go back. That'd be fine." Savannah could not explain to him what had happened between Andrew and Elisa.

Dylan's face fell. He was sure she was keeping a secret from him.

Did she stay because of her blind date?

His expression became darker and colder.

Savannah couldn't see his expression on the phone, and she thought he gave consent. As she was anxious to talk with Elisa, she hung up without saying anything more and then hurried back to the dormitory.

Back in her dormitory, Savannah opened the door and found it empty.

She turned her head and saw a girl in the next dorm passing by. She grabbed her and asked, "Hey, Nancy, did you see Elisa?"

"Oh, I've just seen her. She went out, saying she was going to the back garden. She seemed to be in a bad mood," said the girl.

Savannah nodded with relief. Elisa would go for a walk in the back garden in the school whenever she didn't do well in the exams, or she was in a bad mood.

She'd liked to find her, but then she changed her mind.

She should leave Elisa alone to let her quieten herself down first.

With that, Savannah went back to her dormitory and began to collect her books, papers, and stationery, and clear the desk.

After that, she felt a little hungry and remembered she had not had a meal yet.

She was about to get something to eat in the canteen when she heard footsteps outside.

Thinking that Elisa had come back, she was delighted and went to open the door.

"Elisa --"

Immediately she froze, wide-eyed.

It wasn't Elisa, it was Dylan.

It seemed that Dylan rushed over to her school just after the call.

He scowled at her. His jaw was clenched, and his eyes were tight and cool.

"Mr. S --" Before she could utter a complete sentence, he had burst in and closed the dormitory door and locked it, and then he picked her up and threw her on her single bed!

Although the bed was covered with a soft mattress, and it didn't hurt, his sudden move and the anger in his countenance still scared her!

"Dylan, what are you trying to do --" she struggled to get up, but he climbed on her bed immediately. He caught her wrists and bound them together with his tie, knotting it firmly. His eyes were blazed with wild anger. He raised her hands above her head and pinned her down.

"You guessed what I want, didn't you?" He whispered against her neck, "Fuck you! It would be the best reason for you to marry me when we back home,"

"Are you crazy? Get out of here --" Savannah blushed and would have jumped up to bite him had it not been for the great disparity between their strength.

She knew why he lost his temper.

It must be their last call. She said she wanted to stay, which annoyed him.

Perhaps he guessed that she was lingering in Italy for the sake of another man?

But she didn't want to explain.

And there was no chance to explain.

He was already heated by the fire of jealousy and controlled by rage. He tied the other end of the tie to one of the spokes of her iron headboard. He removed her shoes and peeled off her shirt and pants, and then his fingers slipped into her panties.

She blushed and exclaimed, "asshole!"

"I'll show you something worse later..." He smiled evilly.

With one finger, he pulled down her bra cups in turn, her breasts pushed up, exposed, and vulnerable. Leaning down, he kissed and tugged at each of her nipples in turn with cool, cold lips.

At the same time, he pushed one finger inside her slowly.

She groaned uncontrollably as her body reacted beneath his expert fingers. They moved rhythmically inside her, his thumb circling and pressing.

"Dylan, you pervert! It's a crime..." Holding back the strong reaction he aroused in her, she stared at him, biting her lip.

Chapter **650: Their Intimate Moment**

Not to say that they were not husband and wife, even if they got married, it would still be a crime of rape within the marriage!

"Crime? Why would it be a crime when I only claim my right as your man? Did you forget when you offered to have sex with me in the hotel last time? You said that it didn't matter if I didn't remember you, and you just wanted to satisfy my physical needs, didn't you? Why now you become a virgin?" He breathed malevolently against her red ear, breaking her last resistance by embarrassing her.

"That was the last time, but not this time. Let me go now! Or I'll sue you and send you to jail!" She threatened him, and her face flamed with shame.

Not this time? Was it because he had another man?

Did she hook up with someone else under his nose?

Her words became the last straw that broke the camel's back.

He grabbed her suddenly and flipped her over. Then he pushed both her knees up to the bed, so her behind was in the air. Before she could react, he undid his pants and plunged inside her!

She grinded her jaws together, falling apart beneath him as he slammed fervently into her.

The narrow single bed couldn't bear such fervent movements and made a constant creaking sound.

He pounded on, picking up speed in a merciless and relentless rhythm.

She could only bite her lower lip to stop herself from crying out.

They were having sex in the student dormitory in broad daylight! If anyone heard them and burst in, she'd rather die!

After the fierce sex, Savannah lay panting and spent on the bed, eyes closed as Dylan slowly pulled out of her. He got up, freeing her wrists.

Looking at the mess on the sheet under her body, his breathing became harsher again. He leaned over to touch her waist, trying to help her up, but she was clearly frightened by his movement, thinking he wanted to start another assault. She got up in a hurry, moving back to the corner.

"What do you still want to do? If you touch me again, I'll... I'll..."

Not knowing how to make him leave quickly, she blurted out, "I'll kill myself!"

"Could you bear to leave Kaiden? Could you bear seeing your man marrying another woman to give him a stepmom? Childish!" He teased her and a wide grin broke in his handsome face.

"You! Pervert!" A short exclaim escapes from her mouth.

Dylan, of course, knew that she wouldn't commit suicide, and she was just mad at him for taking her by force, but wasn't he angry with her?

The little woman had a private conversation with her blind date without any explanation. Now she chose to stay for that man instead of going back home with him! He had been able to control his temper with too much self-control!

Dylan got so worked up about what she might have done with another man that he swallowed the sort of apology that arose to his lips. With a deep look at her, he adjusted his clothes and left without a word.

The door was closed with a bang.

Savannah was relieved to hear his footsteps receding, and as she got up, she let out another gasp.

Holy crap!

The man almost took her apart!

She pulled herself up, gritting her teeth, and put on her clothes. Then she made her bed and adjusted her hair.

Just then, the door opened, and Elisa came back.

Savannah, a little guilty, went up and pretending nothing happened.

"Elisa, you came back."

Elisa's eyes fell on her neck and the open neckline, frowning.

Savannah covered her neck in alarm. No, the man must have left quite a few marks on her body.

Elisa understood immediately, and her face blushed with embarrassment. Then she glanced at Savannah's single bed, which had just been made, and was still a little messy.

It was clear what had just happened on this bed.

"You took that man to the dormitory?" Elisa's lips framed a few words.

"Don't get me wrong," Savannah blurted out, "it wasn't Andrew who came to the dormitory just now! Andrew's busy. He left early."

Elisa breathed a sigh of relief but frowned again.

"That's... Mr. Sterling?"

Savannah had to nod.

Elisa, however, didn't look happy. She bit her lip and said, "Savannah, it isn't for me to judge you and your conduct, but I have to say... If you have a crush on Andrew and want to develop a relationship with him, don't get involved with Mr. Sterling again. If you still like Mr. Sterling, don't give Andrew any hope. It will only hurt you both."

Savannah looked at Elisa and suddenly began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at? I'm serious!" Elisa, embarrassed by her laugh, stamped her feet.

"I'm laughing because you're so brave to defend the man you like, but why don't you have the courage to tell him your feelings directly?" Savannah shook her head.

"What?" Elisa was completely taken back.

"Since you like Andrew so much and are so afraid that he will be hurt, why don't you tell him that you remember him and like him?" Savannah continued.

Elisa froze.

"I know all about you and Andrew," Savannah said.

Elisa stared. How could Savannah know about herself and Andrew?

Andrew told her? Didn't Andrew forget her?

"Yes, Andrew has not forgotten you. He's been looking for you since you met in the US, and he finally found you two years ago."

"Found me? But I don't know!" Elisa was surprised.

"He said he found you in a bar in Milan on Christmas Eve two years ago, and you were... very close to a man, kissing and dancing with him in public, behaving in a very...wild way. He said hello to you, but you didn't seem to remember him. Then, in a fit of piquancy, he left Italy. But he still couldn't let go of you. When he came to Italy for business this time, he accidentally knew we're friends, so he invited me out and asked me to help him to test your mind by displaying affection to me in front of you." Savannah whispered.

A bar? Elisa remembered this morning when Andrew asked if he had seen her in a bar.

"I... I never met him in a bar, let alone kissing another guy in front of him..." She looked puzzled.