

Midnight 651

Chapter 651: We Meet Again

Elisa was also relieved to know that Savannah had nothing with Andrew.

"That's what I told him," Savannah shrugged her shoulders, "I said you didn't even have a boyfriend, how would you kiss a man in public? But he insisted that the woman was you. You looked exactly alike."

Exactly alike...

As if Elisa suddenly remembered, she looked at Savannah and slightly opened her mouth.

"You didn't go to a bar on Christmas eve two years ago, did you?" Savannah knew there must be some misunderstanding between them.

"Well," Elisa murmured, "If Andrew met a girl who looked exactly like me..."

There was only one possibility.

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Andrew was picking up his luggage when he heard a loud knock on the door. He went over, pulled the door open, and saw Savannah, panting, standing in front of him.

"Come out with me," she said, her breath catching in her throat.

Andrew frowned. "Sorry, I'm not interested in meeting her right now. By the way, I'm flying home tomorrow afternoon, and I'll never come to Italy again. I'm sorry to trouble you these days..."

Savannah was too tired to explain to him. She grabbed his arm, pulling him outward.

Andrew, as he followed her steps, said helplessly, "what are you doing? You have a crush on me and want to elope with me?"

"Shut up! No nonsense, or I'll let my grandfather tell your father that you're doing drugs and promiscuity in Italy!"

"You can't be so cruel!" Andrew gasped.

His father would shut him in the house for at least half a month if he believed Savannah's words!

He couldn't bear to be confined at home for two days!

Savannah pulled Andrew out of the hotel and into a rented taxi.

The taxi sped away from the hotel, and within ten minutes, they stopped at a bar.

It was a night bar, and there were few guests now, but it would become a noisy, wild world at night.

Andrew's face changed slightly when he got out of the car and saw the bar.

This was where, on Christmas Eve, two years ago, he found Elisa.

He was about to leave when Savannah grabbed him and said, "Here we are. Why don't you come in with me first?"

"She chose to meet me here?" Did she mean to piss him off? At the sight of the bar, he could not help but think of the scene when Elisa was kissing and hugging an Italian fat man, and they had sex after he left!

"Anyway, you'll see when you get in." Savannah pulled him to the door.

"I won't go. I can't see her. I feel sick when I get here." Andrew threw off Savannah's hand, turning to leave.

"Andrew!" Savannah cried suddenly, "I've been fighting with my man because of you and Elisa, and you're still here hesitating with everything. If you don't go in today, are you worthy of my effort? If my man ran away because of you, will you give me compensation?"

She lifted her voice so that the whole street could hear her.

The passersby all gaped, staring at the furious little woman.

Andrew paused and turned at Savannah, who had been trying to take him apart.

"Fine, okay! I'll only give you five minutes!" He sighed, walking to the bar.

Savannah followed him into the bar with relief.

The bar was quiet and dark because it wasn't open yet.

The dance floor was empty and silent.

Andrew felt uncomfortable as soon as he came in.

"Come on," Savannah shouted at a corner table.

A slender figure stood up and came towards Savannah and Andrew.

Andrew then noticed that there was a girl over there. He didn't see her because of the backlit.

The girl walked closer, chewing gum, one hand in her pocket.

Andrew's pupils constricted.

It was Elisa.

Yes. It was her.

But today's "Elisa" was not what she looked like in school. She was the same as what he had seen on Christmas eve two years before.

She came to them on a pair of 8cm lambskin high-heel shoes. She was wearing a leopard-print camisole and hot pants, sexy and lazy. Her chestnut waves down her shoulders were a glorious mess. Her enameled nails matched her bright red lips.

She was charming and fashionable.

Her natural beauty, as well as the freaking hot dress, could make every man crazy.

What did that mean?

Andrew didn't understand why she had to appear in front of him in such a way, but he felt his anger rising. If Savannah had not been beside him, he would have turned away immediately. He restrained his temper, frowning without a word.

"Hi. We meet again." "Elisa," smiled him lazily.

"What are you up to?" Andrew looked at her coldly.

"Elisa" was not embarrassed or annoyed by his indifference. She gave Savannah a half-smile and a shrug.

"Is this the western man who chased my sister from the US to Italy? Oh, he isn't quite a gentleman, is he? Luckily, he's not my cup of tea. If I compete with Elisa, my poor sister will be no match for me." The girl giggled.

"Sister? What do you mean?" Andrew stood there, dumbfounded.

"This lady is Angelica Romano." Savannah looked at Andrew.

"You can call me Ann." The girl gave a gentle laugh.

The girl was not only identical to Elisa, but also Romano...

"You and Elisa are twins?" Andrew gasped.

Ann nodded.

"I heard about you and Elisa from Miss Schultz. Two years ago, on Christmas Eve, you saw me in this bar. Oh, I still remember you. You ran over and pulled me out of my boyfriend's arms, let me go with you, and scolded me for being a woman of pleasure. I just didn't think you were thinking of me as my sister."

Andrew froze.

"That's impossible. I've investigated her. She grew up with her father, an archaeologist, and she had no sister."

Ann shrugged.

"Have you ever checked why Elisa was brought up by only a father? My parents divorced when Elisa was only a baby. I was taken away by our mother, and Elisa followed our father. Later, my mother left Italy and remarried. Elisa and I had never met each other since our childhood. I just got back to Italy years ago."

Chapter 652: Why Was He So Stupid?

Andrew realized something.

Yes, he didn't know Elisa's story very well, not to mention that she had a twin sister who had been separated from her since childhood.

When he looked Ann over carefully, he found that there were some differences between Ann and Elisa.

Although their appearance, height, and figure were almost identical, besides their dress and makeup, their temperament was also quite different.

Ann was a wild rose that was difficult to tame.

Elisa was a lily, simple but stubborn, and immaculate in his eyes.

Why?

It was easy to tell the two sisters apart. Why was he so stupid?

Savannah, seeing that he was guilty and contrite, whispered, "Don't blame yourself. Ann and Elisa looked so alike that I also took Ann as Elisa when I first saw her. You only saw Elisa once, and it was normal for you to mistake them."

It was also because Andrew had been too nervous about Elisa, worried that someone else might have taken advantage of her.

"Well, well, don't regret it here. Elisa's waiting for you in the school." Ann gave a fatalistic shrug as if saying why her future brother-in-law was so slow in reacting.

Andrew said no more. He looked at Savannah and got a positive look in her eyes, and with no more hesitation, he turned and ran out of the bar.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. A heavy stone had been lifted from her heart.

Ann looked at Andrew's back, shaking her head.

"I really can't understand them. They fell in love at first sight when they met but wasted so many years before they got together. She should learn from me. I'll only be with a man who can make me happy. I've always tried to avoid emotional entanglements. Love hurts."

Savannah looked at Ann.

The two sisters were twins, but one was brought up by their old father, while another one followed their fashion mother. Growing up in different families and different worlds, their characters were completely different from each other.

Elisa had been living with her father, who was an archaeologist, so she was more likely to have conservative personalities. She tended to be stubborn in her feelings, and she never forgot the man she loved at first sight.

However, Ann was more like a European girl, bright and full of passion. She enjoyed her life freely while she could and never lived or died by other people's opinions.

The two sisters had completely different attitudes towards their feelings, but there was no right or wrong.

We had got to follow our path. No one could choose it for us. We couldn't regret the choice we had made in our lives, and sometimes we had no choice at all.

Savannah prayed inwardly for Elisa and Andrew and left the bar with Ann.

"Shall I give you a ride?" Ann got into a red car. Her new boyfriend, a young handsome Italian man, sat beside her.

"No, thanks." Savannah laughed and shook her head.

Ann waved to her and left with her boyfriend.

Savannah took a deep breath. Since Elisa and Andrew reconciled, it was time to explain to that overbearing man who had been in a sulk for days.

She was standing by the road waiting for a taxi when a minivan crunched to a stop in front of her.

The car door clattered open. Two local strongmen jumped out of the van, staring at Savannah and approaching.

Savannah stepped back in alarm. The security in southern Europe was not good, especially since the riots just broke out days before.

After making sure the young American woman in front of them was the target, the two strong men rushed to her quickly and grabbed her arms!

"Who are you? What do you want? Somebody! Help!" Savannah cried out, lustily for help.

They quickly gagged her and covered her eyes with a black strip, hoisting her into the van.

Savannah smelled a strong smell of ether as soon as the cloth was forced into her mouth. She felt dizzy and fainted the moment the van was moving.

The abandoned warehouse was ablaze with light tonight.

It was empty except for a few broken containers, with graffiti painted all over the walls. The warehouse had become a secret gathering place for the jobless or gangsters in Milan.

The severity of the piercing cold in the air indicated it was a dark world different from the outside.

In the middle of the warehouse was an old sofa, on which sat an Italian man with a scar on his cheek. He was tall, athletic, straight, and muscular.

Around him, several men were standing with their hands behind them, waiting for orders.

Not far away, in a closed room, there was a muffled hum from a young woman.

Dressed in a sexy outfit, different from the one she wore at school, Chiara sat on the scarred man's lap as she cradled the man's neck, glaring triumphantly at the locked room door with a smile.

"Thanks for my revenge, dear. But I want to teach her myself, may I?" She asked in a sweet voice.

The scarred man was Nicolo, Chiara's boyfriend.

Nicolo was a leader of the branch of Italy's largest Mafia in Milan. He was ruthless and did everything from selling drugs to smuggling arms and even killing people. The police were unable to convict him because of his excellent team of lawyers and the support of the country's largest gang.

With Nicolo as her strong support, Chiara had always been presumptuous and unlawful on campus.

A few days ago, Chiara complained tearfully to Nicolo that she was bullied at school. Nicolo couldn't believe it. Everyone in Chiara's school knew she was his woman. How could anyone dare to bully her?

Chiara told him it was an American girl who had several professional bodyguards followed to protect her.

But Nicolo had been domineering in Milan. He didn't even bother to care who was behind that American girl. Since she bullied his woman, he could by no means tolerate it.

Two days ago, he sent his men to follow that girl and found that there were always at least two bodyguards around her, and it was indeed very tough.

Chapter 653: Didn't You See Death Bearing Down On You?

Hearing her coquettish voice, Nicolo frowned and asked casually,

"What do you want to do with her?"

According to the disposition of his girlfriend, that American woman could have a very miserable end if he let Chiara in.

"She must give me back the shame of that day! I'll make her kneel and kowtow! And then," a shadow came to Chiara's beautiful blue-green eyes as she grabbed a dagger out of her boyfriend's waist pocket. "Then I'll cut her fox-like face, blind her eyes, and cut off her tongue to see if she could be so arrogant!"

Nicolo's brow tightened, and he seemed troubled. If he allowed his woman to beat the American woman to death like that, he was afraid...

"What's up, honey? Can't you take it out on me?" Chiara was upset when her boyfriend was hesitating.

"Honey, it's not a good idea..." It was not that he didn't want to, it was just...

"What do you mean?" Chiara ground out, puzzled and exasperated. "Do you want me to spare my enemy when she's in front of me? What's wrong with you, babe? Why didn't you let me deal with her when you brought her here for me? You are not fascinated by her face, are you?"

"Oh, come on, only you can make me mad! Another woman's face won't give me a thought!" Men were born to be honey lipped, even the man was such a murderous gang leader.

Instead of being coaxed into feeling better, Chiara was even more annoyed.

"So why stop me from giving her a good lesson? Do you know how humiliated I was that day at school? Is this how you put your woman down?" She began to sob.

The adopted hurt expression in her big eyes made Nicolo frowning again.

He hesitated for a moment and finally ordered, "Open the door. Let Chiara in!" Then he pinched his girlfriend's face in a pampering way.

"Go ahead. But don't overdo it."

Chiara was a little confused. Nicolo had never been overcautious when she asked for something. He wouldn't bat an eyelid if she killed anyone on the spot. Was the background of Schultz so strong?

But she didn't think much. Even if Schultz had a powerful background in the US, she was still nobody in Italy. Milan was Nicolo's place.

Chiara smiled through her tears and gave Nicolo a big kiss before she went into the room.

The room was dark without windows, full of damp.

Savannah was struggling on a chair when she heard someone come in. Her eyes and mouth were covered with cloth, and her feet and legs were tied with ropes.

Chiara went over and pulled the cloth off Savannah's eyes and mouth.

Savannah opened her eyes and gradually adapted to the light from outside. She looked around, and her eyes fell on Chiara.

"Chiara... It's you."

She had been thinking about how she could be kidnapped for no reason since she had no enemies in Italy. At most, she made a quarrel with Chiara not long ago...

Sure enough, Chiara's Mafia boyfriend tied her up to get back at her for his girlfriend.

"It's me. Well, are you scared?" Playing with the dagger in her hand, Chiara slowly approached Savannah. She raised the dagger and placed the blade on Savannah's face, moving in a torturous manner.

Savannah broke out in a cold sweat on her back.

"Chiara! Let me go at once, and I can pretend that nothing happened!" She tried to stay calm.

"Let you go? Are you kidding? Didn't you see death bearing down on you? Ha, well, I will let you go when you're out of breath." Chiara laughed.

"There's someone behind me, you know. If I lose hair, you and your boyfriend will not have a good end!" Savannah threatened between gritted teeth.

"Don't worry. I've been watching Nicolo do with the bodies since I was sixteen. After I torture you to death, I'll have Nicolo dismember your body, and throw it into the bonfire, and then throw your bone ash into the ocean! I don't care who's behind you, because he'll never know where you went! You will die a silent death!" Chiara didn't take her words seriously at all.

The color on Savannah's face faded. She had known Chiara was not an ordinary bossy student, but the woman of a Mafia boss, and she must be ruthless, but Savannah didn't expect her to be so heartless and cruel.

"So finally, you're afraid, Miss Schultz? Well, kneel before me and kowtow to me three times, and lick up my shoes, now. If I'm in a better mood, I might make your death a little easier, what do you say?" Chiara chuckled to herself over Savannah's pale face.

Savannah stared at her and said nothing.

Annoyed by her cold, contemptuous gaze, Chiara suddenly seized her by her head, pressing her head down and holding it there, screaming, "lick my shoes, clean it up, now!"

Savannah, with all her strength, managed to pull herself out and then bit Chiara on the back of her hand!

"Ahhh!" With an awful scream, Chiara winced out of the gnawing pain, stepping back with a twisted face. Her hand was pierced by her teeth, sticky with blood.

New and old hatred welled up in Chiara's heart. She spat out the curse from between her teeth as she thrust with the dagger toward Savannah's face!

Savannah ducked as quickly as she could to avoid the dagger but still felt a pain in her cheek. A faint smell of blood came to her nose, and she knew she must have been nicked up by the dagger. Then she dropped to the ground heavily because of her loss of balance.

"Bitch! How dare you bite me! I'll kill you!" Chiara snapped as she stabbed Savannah in the stomach!

At the critical moment, the door was suddenly opened, and someone rushed in to stop Chiara.

"Miss, wait a minute!"

Chiara, red in the face, struggled to stab Savannah again.

"Let go of me, let me kill this bitch! How dare you bite me?"

"Boss told you not to kill her. Please come out with me!"

Barely able to contain her anger, Chiara spat out the curse from between her teeth as she left with Nicolo's people.

Back in the middle of the warehouse, she saw two new faces.

Nicolo was talking to the younger man and even gave up the sofa he had just sat on.

Chapter 654: Help Me Catch That Woman

Chiara had never seen her boyfriend be so humble and polite to anyone.

What was even more surprising to Chiara was that the person Nicolo admired was an American boy who looked 13 or 14 years old at most!

The boy was very thin, with short silver hair, bright grey eyes, and fair skin. He had an extraordinary elegant appearance. His eyes sparkled as bright as diamonds, but you could see no innocence or enthusiasm which a boy should have in the expression of his eyes. There was only coolness and mercilessness.

He was very young, but his temperament was strangely cool, as if he had tasted everything under the sun. He looked clever and mature, and you could hardly read his mind from his cold eyes.

His skin was subtle, white, and crystal clear, even more delicate than Chiara's. Below his white slender back neck, a dark eagle tattoo vaguely displayed.

The eagle's wings spread out, and a subtle outline emerged from the collar of his white shirt.

The grimness of the eagle tattoo mysteriously bound up the pure and clear qualities in him. The paradox of the combination was unspeakably perfect.

Beside the boy stood a tall young man, seven or eight years older than the boy. The poker-face man should be a servant and bodyguard. He stood silently at the boy's side staring intently at the boy, like a well-trained soldier. All his attention was fastened upon the boy.

He was equipped with multiple sensors permanently connected to its surroundings and would respond quickly if there was any danger the boy might meet. He had prominent cheekbones and a well-defined chin, and a straight nose. Yes, without a doubt, he was a handsome man.

Now, the boy was listening to Nicolo's explanation without speaking, raising his eyebrows with a cool impatience, which turned to disgust when he saw Chiara come out.

Chiara shuddered under the boy's eyes.

"Go see her," the boy commanded coldly.

The poker-face bodyguard immediately strode into the room. Several seconds later, he came out, looked at Chiara, and whispered to the boy, "not dead. She suffered minor injuries only."

The boy's severity relaxed imperceptibly.

"Have you forgotten what I said?" He said, looking at Nicolo again. There was a touch of disapproval in his voice.

Nicolo, who looked like a cat in front of the boy, made rather a pert bow and then turned to Chiara, growling, "I told you not to touch her! Why didn't you listen to me? You're so bold!"

Aggrieved, Chiara bit her lip, "Nicolo, she insulted me so much that I could have killed her! What are you trying to stop me from? I haven't brought the fair back yet..."

"Enough!" Nicolo noticed the dissatisfaction on the boy's face, rushing to his girlfriend in a rage, and slapped her in the face to shut her up!

In shock, Chiara covered her swollen cheek, looking at Nicolo in disbelief. It was the first time he hit her, and for the sake of a foreign woman who had humiliated her!

"Why? Why don't you let me kill her?" cried Chiara, weeping bitterly.

"I'm the one who asked your boyfriend not to touch that woman," said the boy coldly. "If she loses a hair, I'll cut you fresh off."

Chiara turned her anger onto the boy, gritting her teeth, and started violently toward him.

"Who are you? Kid actor! It's not your turn telling me what to do --"

Before she could approach the boy, the poker-face bodyguard strode forward to restrain her. He caught hold of her hands and bent her arms until she screamed in pain.

"Ahhh!"

The bodyguard didn't let go of her but still held her arms in an incredible position across her back to prevent her from accidentally hurting the boy.

Chiara screamed with pain, and her white face turned even paler.

Nicolo came to his senses and whispered appealingly, "I'm sorry, she was just acting on impulse. She didn't mean to offend you..."

Chiara was even more frightened. She couldn't figure out who the boy was, but she knew he was the one she could not afford to offend.

"I was wrong... Please... forgive me..."

The boy seemed impatient to waste time on Chiara. He gave a glance at his bodyguard.

The poker-face bodyguard let go of his hand and returned to the boy without a word, becoming a silent guardian again.

Chiara staggered up and hid behind Nicolo in alarm and dared not speak again.

Nicolo looked at the boy and reassured him, "don't worry, we won't touch that woman again."

The boy glanced at the door room without a show of feeling. Then he rose and left the warehouse with his bodyguard.

Nicolo breathed a sigh of relief as he watched the boy, and his bodyguard disappeared.

Chiara recovered herself and burst out.

"Nicolo! What are you doing? Why were you so respectful toward the boy? What's going on?"

Nicolo covered Chiara's mouth in fear that the boy might hear her shouting. After a while, he let go and sighed.

"He helped me catch that woman," he said.

After Chiara was bullied in her school, Nicolo sent people to catch that woman, but they never got the chance.

Today, they finally had the opportunity when the boy helped them get rid of the bodyguards behind that woman. Then Nicolo's people tied up Savannah and got her here.

After Nicolo caught that woman, the boy told Nicolo to watch her but not to hurt her.

Nicolo was also very confused, but he dared not ask much.

That was why Nicolo hesitated when Chiara wanted to kill Savannah.

"Why do you listen to that boy? Who is he? You do everything he said. It looks like you're scared of him!"

A serious look passed over Nicolo's face.

"The boy's father was the son of one of the founders of the Mafia HQ. We call him godfather. He's supreme in rank, power, and authority. I've been in the gang for so many years that I'm not even in a position to see him."

Chiara gasped and finally understood why Nicolo, who was usually so aggressive, had changed from a wild beast to a tame cat in front of the boy.

Chapter **655: Savannah Will Be Alright**

"Is the godfather an American?" Chiara wondered, "I don't think there are any Americans in the Mafia? But the boy is not Italian!"

"The child was adopted by the godfather," Nicolo explained, "the godfather was unmarried all his life and had no children of his own. The boy was said to be brought back by the godfather when he went to the US more than ten years ago. Although he was not his son, the godfather brought him up like his own kid and chose the best teachers and bodyguards to teach him and protect him. The boy is also very respected in the gang. No one dares to offend him."

Chiara nodded and then shuddered at the thought of the young man's cool, emotionless eyes and the eagle tattoo on the back of his thin neck.

"Since he warned us not to touch that American woman's hair, you must not go against him. Today you're just lucky. Do not annoy him again, or don't blame me for not being able to protect you." Nicolo warned her.

Chiara nodded reluctantly and then asked, "But I don't quite understand. Why would that kid help you tie up that bitch?"

Nicolo shook his head. "I don't know. He didn't want to talk about it, so I didn't dare ask."

"What does he want now? He helped you tie Schultz up but not let me vent my anger on her? What is he waiting for?" Chiara looked perplexed.

"He's waiting for someone." Nicolo squinted.

* * *

A five-star hotel, Milan.

Dylan had just showered. Now he was wearing a white bathrobe with the collar slightly open, reading business emails through his laptop on the sofa.

His secretary and the senior management would send important business matters to him every evening, but he could not focus his attention on work now.

He went over endlessly in his thought of the sex in her dormitory, her soft skin, her tears, her delicious body. The heat inside him had not completely subsided.

This was the first time they had sex after his return from NY.

He still couldn't remember their past, so it was the same as their first sex for him. It was so exciting that he could hardly prevent himself from thinking about it.

Although he forced her out of anger today, he found fault with her somewhat deliberately.

He had to admit that he had been thinking about having the little woman.

It was just a chance to kindle his sexual spark.

He had an impulse to tie the little woman back to the hotel even if she would cry or struggle hard.

In the end, however, he restrained himself from annoying her in this way.

The little woman was probably still angry.

He'd better wait for her to cool off all night and look for her tomorrow.

Suddenly, the cell rang, and its jangle seemed to hold a note of urgency.

"Sir, Miss Schultz disappeared!" It was the little woman's bodyguard.

"What?" Dylan started to his feet.

"Miss Schultz left the school in a hurry this afternoon. When my colleague and I followed her across the road, a car shot out of a side road and nearly hit us. Then we lost her. We couldn't find out where she went, and she's not returned to the school yet..."

"Is Milan too large for you? Get more people and keep looking!" Dylan shouted through gritted teeth.

"Yes, Sir!" The bodyguard replied with cold sweat.

After hanging up the phone, Dylan frowned and called Savannah, but nobody answered. He moved about restively and tried to persuade himself that the little woman had just gone out for fun with her friend and would go back later.

Just then, the doorbell rang sharply.

He opened the door and saw a young woman and a young man standing at the door.

The woman was Savannah's roommate and classmate, Elisa, who he had met outside Savannah's dorm that night.

And this young man... Dylan's eyes suddenly darkened. It was Andrew, the man that Savannah had been in contact within recent days.

How did Andrew and Savannah's roommate get here in the middle of the night?

And the relationship between them ...

Dylan noticed that Andrew's hand was holding Elisa's hand tightly, but he didn't have time to ask more questions. Remembering the bodyguard's call, he looked at Elisa and asked before she opened her mouth, "is Savannah still at school? Why aren't you together?"

There was no doubt that Elisa came for Savannah. She shook her head and said hastily, "No, Savannah hasn't gone back to school until now. I called her but couldn't get through to her. Normally, she will let me know if she's late for some reason, but she's disappeared for hours. However, the police will issue the missing person report only after 24 hours have elapsed. I don't know whom to turn to, and I can only come to you!"

Sensing her anxiety and fear, Andrew held her hand and pulled her closer to him, whispering, "It's okay. Savannah will be alright."

Elisa nodded with tears, much calmed at the heat of the man's palm.

This afternoon, she waited in the school with an exciting heart for Andrew's arrival.

She contacted her sister Ann, and Savannah took Ann to meet Andrew at the pub where she worked.

Andrew would know he had got the wrong person when he saw her elder sister.

Finally, Andrew came.

They spent the whole afternoon recalling their first meeting in the mountain, and Andrew laughed at himself for having the wrong person at the bar on Christmas eve two years ago.

After sitting on the steps outside the library until it was almost dark, Elisa parted with Andrew, full of sweetness and excitement, back to the dormitory.

She wanted to thank Savannah and shared her joy and excitement with her. Andrew also suggested inviting Savannah to have dinner with them tomorrow, and they planned to travel to the US this summer.

However, she didn't see Savannah. Another two hours passed, and Savannah had not returned. So, she called Andrew for help.

Andrew found out where Dylan was and drove her to the hotel directly.

Chapter 656: Don't Be Shy

"I know I may have misunderstood us these days," Andrew smiled apologetically as he explained, "Savannah and I are just friends. I have a crush on someone else, and she went out to dinner with me because I asked her to help me approach that girl."

Dylan figured out what was going on, but he didn't have much time to care about others. He looked at Elisa, frowning.

"Could she have just gone out for fun," he asked. "Her phone battery was dead, so she didn't contact you."

He just annoyed her terribly in her dorm today. The little woman was probably just so angry that she went out and forgot about the time?

"No, Savannah never stays out at night. She'd rather spend time in the library than in a bar, but the library closed early. We've agreed to tell each other in advance if any of us will be back very late at night, so as not to make each other worried. Even if the phone is out of power, it's not difficult to borrow a

phone, is it?" Elisa was more and more excited while speaking. Andrew held her hand and touched her back softly.

Without more hesitation, Dylan changed and went out in a hurry.

"Where're you going?" Elisa asked busily.

"Police station," he replied in a low voice with a gloomy face.

After all, they were not in LA. He came to Milan this time with limited hands, and it would not be easy to find Savannah by his strength, so it was better to turn to the police.

The police in southern Europe had been slow to act. The case about an adult-like Savannah, who had been missing for less than 24 hours, was unlikely to be able to file a case, so he had to go in person.

Elisa and Andrew followed quickly.

As they walked out of the hotel, Dylan pulled open the door of his car and got into it, rushing out into the night.

Elisa tried to get Andrew to follow her, but Andrew grabbed her and said reassuringly, "leave it to Mr. Sterling. Don't worry. Savannah will be fine. We'd just go back and wait for his news."

Elisa paused.

Savannah's man was not only powerful in LA, but the police in Milan also respected him a lot.

Savannah must be fine if Mr. Sterling went in person.

She would only cause trouble if she rushed to the police.

Finally, Elisa pressed the suspended heart back to its place and nodded.

Andrew took her by the hand and led her to his car.

After making up with Andrew and looking for Savannah for a whole night, Elisa was tired. She relaxed in Andrew's car and began to feel heaviness in her eyelids. Gradually she fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes again, she realized it was not the way back to school.

"Didn't you take me back to school?" Elisa, startled, sat up straight.

Andrew's pretty, thin lips curved into a half-smile.

"My suite's more comfortable than the hard bed in your dorm. There are a bathtub, hot water, and a soft bed," he said in a husky voice.

Elisa stared at him, suddenly blushed. To his hotel?

Although they didn't meet for the first time, she could say it was the first day they started to know each other. Was it proper for her to go to the hotel with him for the night?

The car stopped at the entrance of a well-equipped hotel.

A waiter came up and opened the door, politely welcoming the distinguished guest back in standard and fluent English, "Sir, welcome back."

Andrew led Elisa out of the car and dropped the key to the waiter.

The night breeze was a little cool. After a few steps, Andrew stopped, took off his coat, and threw it over Elisa's shoulders.

Elisa grasped his coat, blushing slightly. But before she could say anything, Andrew had held her into the hotel.

They took the lift to the top floor.

Andrew swiped his access card and led Elisa into the deluxe suite.

The suite was large and luxuriously-furnished. Through the French window wall, you could have a view of the entire night scene of the city.

"Uuuuhhhh," Elisa was filled with wonder at the calm, beautiful scene. Andrew gently hugged her from behind and laid his head on her shoulder.

"Andrew..." She blushed and dared not move.

"Elisa, I've been expecting you for four years." His voice was low and gentle, melting her heart.

Four years ago, he was led away by a brisk cry of help from below a chasm, and he saw her.

The moment he stooped down and met the eyes of the girl, he was doomed to lose himself.

The girl's eyes were as beautiful as the clearest spring water he had ever seen.

Unfortunately, he even didn't have time to have more words with her.

He came to the mountain for the raw gemstones alone, and he knew his family would send people looking for him. After all, he was the only son of his parents, and they always took him as a little boy.

So, when he heard the familiar voice of the servants and bodyguards, he had to leave in a hurry, not even asking her for her name and contact information.

He thought it was fate.

Elisa's face seemed to light up as he hugged her.

The happiest time for her was when she was around the person she liked.

And the luckiest thing was that the one she'd been waiting for was also waiting for her.

However, she was still worried about Savannah and was not in the mood to talk more. She turned around and said, "Time for bed..."

"Oh, you seem to be anxious to sleep with me," Andrew teased.

"I didn't mean that." Elisa blushed. She was never embarrassed when she talked about the things between men and women with Savannah, but she was too shy in front of Andrew.

After all, she never had had any romantic or sexual experiences before.

Andrew, sensing her embarrassment, smiled and pinched her nose gently.

"Well," he said. "Don't be shy, or you'll be shy when you live in my house in the summer vacation."

"In your house? No...It's not convenient to live in your home..." Elisa stammered, "Your parents won't agree."

Chapter 657: Owned By A Local Mafia

"I'll tell my parents you're my girlfriend." Andrew smiled and ruffled her hair.

Elisa's heart beat hard.

"But Savannah said that your parents are very strict about your relationships. Your girlfriend must be a rich lady who has a good family ground, just like Savannah. But I... I'm just an ordinary girl. Your family might look down on me. They might not approve of me as your girlfriend," her voice trailed off into silence.

"I'm sure my family will like you," Andrew pulled up a wisp of her silken chestnut hair and laid a kiss on it before he continued, "come on, you're not bad. Your father's a famous archaeologist in Milan, and you're a graduate of a good college. Be a little more confident, okay?"

Elisa took a deep breath and nodded.

"Well, then, let's go to bed." He took her hand and led her into one of the two bedrooms.

"Good night," he said softly and turned to leave.

"Andrew..." Elisa blurted out as she grasped his cuff. She wanted to hug him and give him a goodnight kiss. She wanted to feel his mouth on her. But she hesitated with bashfulness.

She teased herself inwardly. The man whom she had dreamed of for four years was standing in front of her. Why didn't she dare to kiss him?

Andrew noticed the complicated expression on her charming face and guessed what she was thinking. After a moment of silence, he chuckled and held her tightly against his chest, clasping her to him, while the fingers of his other hand softly traced her face, gently probing, examining her. His thumb brushed her lower lip, and to her surprise, he bent and planted a gentle kiss on her lips.

Elisa didn't push him away. At first, it was only a light and gentle kiss, but slowly, she gave his tongue an opening, and he deepened the kiss.

Her tongue tentatively stroked his and joined his in a slow erotic dance that was all about touch and sensation.

His breathing was harsh, and she'd stopped breathing.

He finally let go of her.

He was afraid he would lose control if he continued.

Elisa was paralyzed with a strange, unfamiliar feeling, completely captivated by him. Adrenaline had spiked through her body, leaving her wired and soft.

Andrew looked down at her, his gaze hooded, his eyes darkening.

He wanted to have her now, but he knew it was a little too fast for the shy girl, and he didn't want to force her.

Anyway, there would be a time for that.

The police station, Milan.

Dylan was sitting on the couch in the deputy police chief's office with a dark face. He stared stonily at the door, tightly wringing the hands. The hard-line of his handsome face betrayed his agitation.

An hour ago, the deputy police chief, knowing that he came late at night looking for someone, came in person to handle the urgent case.

Unfortunately, there were no surveillance cameras everywhere on the streets, or he could find out her whereabouts quickly.

Now he only knew Savannah left the school and took a taxi away and took Andrew to a bar, but there was no monitoring at the bar where Ann worked.

The police had to check it by sending more people.

Finally, the footsteps came, and a middle-aged man with blond hair and a bulging belly, dressed in an Italian police uniform, pushed the door in.

The badge on his shoulder showed he was the deputy police chief, the owner of this office.

The deputy chief, after keeping himself busy all night, said respectfully to the man on the sofa without catching his breath, "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Get to the point." Dylan frowned.

The deputy chief's face slightly darkened. The man in front of him was from a powerful family in the US and had invested a lot in Europe. The city government had asked them to show hospitality to him, otherwise, he would not have to be so humble as the deputy chief.

He held his temper and reported to the man, "We haven't located Miss Schultz yet. She had met someone in a bar before she disappeared, and we guess she was taken away at the entrance of the bar..."

"Is that all you've found out after investigating all night? Is that what your Italian police can do? Why should I go to you if that's all you have?" Dylan said coldly, ignoring the deputy chief's face as if he were reprimanding a subordinate.

"Don't worry, Mr. Sterling," said the deputy chief, forcing an ingratiating smile. "I have people investigated near the bar..."

Just then, a young policeman knocked at the door and broke the ice. He came in a hurry, whispering something in the deputy chief's ear.

The deputy police chief's face changed slightly.

"Tell me what did you find out," Dylan said, with cold composure.

"We got some clues... According to a peddler, a black van had been parking outside the bar. However, the van disappeared after Miss Schultz disappeared. We suspect that the man in the van took Miss Schultz away," the policeman said.

"Go ahead and find the owner of the van!" Dylan's voice was quiet but rougher.

"It's been checked...We suspect that..."

"What is it?" Dylan frowned.

"It's owned by the local Mafia."

Dylan's face sank. Was Savannah taken away by the Mafia?

How could she get in trouble with the Mafia?

The Mafia was the biggest gang in Italy, but they would not prey on ordinary people for no apparent reason. But he had scarce time to think.

"What's the use of looking at me when you know who took her away? Go find her!" Dylan snapped.

"There're so many alleged members of the Mafia in the city that it's impossible to know who has taken her away, and we couldn't find out where they keep Miss Schultz so soon. What if we rush to their gathering spot and they don't admit it?" The deputy chief said with a sad face.

After a long silence, Dylan said tonelessly,

"Give me the contact information of the local Mafia bosses."

Chapter 658: You Are Not Qualified To Worry About Me

A dark private mansion in baroque style was secluded in the surrounding mountains and lakes and hidden in the night.

It was late at night, but the light on the second floor was still on.

A slim figure was sitting on a rattan rocking chair, quietly looking out of the window, as if waiting for something.

There came a gentle tap on the door.

"Come in," the boy on the chair said lazily.

The poker-face bodyguard, Brent, came in.

He strode over to the boy and made a bow.

"Nicolo called and said Mr. Sterling just called him," he reported.

The boy nodded, drumming his fingers on the arm on the chair.

After waiting all night, it finally came.

Dylan Sterling must, on no account, be taken lightly.

He found that Nicolo had tied up Savannah so quickly.

Good, only a strong opponent deserved to play with him.

"Go on." The boy clenched his delicate fingers, and a cool light touched his beautiful eyes.

"Nicolo, at your command, told Mr. Sterling that if he wanted to see Schultz, he should go to the warehouse alone. Our people will pick him up in the morning. If he tells the police or brings someone over, Schultz will die, and Mr. Sterling agreed." Brent continued.

"Good," the boy was tired and decided to clean up before he went to bed.

After all, he was going to see that man tomorrow.

He had to conserve his strength.

The moment he stood up from the chair, he doubled up with pain, as if he inadvertently touched a wound on him.

Brent noticed his pale face and took a step up, "are you all right?"

"Nothing. You go ahead." The boy fought the pain and straightened up, and his face became quiet and somber.

"Your wound is painful? Let me apply some ointment for you..." Brent's eyes fell on him with concern.

He knew the boy had wounds on his back, and it was not convenient for him to do it himself. Someone had to help.

The boy gritted his teeth, "I said, no."

"Greta..." He blurted out the boy's name.

"Enough! Remember your own identity, you are only my bodyguard!" The boy's voice, which was in a period of change, sounded gravelly and domineering, extremely inconsistent with his age.

Brent, sensing the unapproachable air of the boy, lowered his head and whispered, "Young Master, you came to Milan to do some private business without permission from the godfather. He would beat you again when he knows. Please come back with me right after meeting Dylan Sterling. If the godfather finds out, please let me help you to explain."

The boy shuddered at the thought of the stern look on his adoptive father's face and the cane in his hand, but he still shook his head with restive eyes.

"You are not qualified to worry about me. I know what to do."

Brent said no more and turned to leave. When he reached the door, he stopped and said in a low voice, "don't touch the water until the wound is healed, or it will get worse."

With the door closed, the boy's tight face relaxed, and he went into the bathroom.

He removed the clothes slowly.

A slender, then body appeared in the mirror.

The thin neck was so pale white that you could almost see the blood vessels beneath the skin.

As he removed the strips of white cloth wrapped around the chest, the swell of his breasts could be seen instead of tight chest muscles.

No, not he, but she.

She was a pubescent girl, not a boy.

The girl looked at herself in the mirror and then turned around, looking at her back in the mirror.

His white skin was covered with wounds and bruises.

Some of the wounds were severe and bloody.

It looked like she had been hit on the back by a stick.

The new wounds overlapped the old marks, and they intertwined with each other, screaming out from her delicate white skin.

The sight made the girl more sensible to the pain. She gasped and tried to calm down, picked up the medicinal oil, and applied it on the wounds with a cotton swab dip. She had to twist an arm with difficulty and be careful not to hurt herself.

Finally, it was done.

She used a wet towel to wipe her body and then re-wrapped her breasts with several layers of white cloth. She put on clean clothes, walking out of the bathroom.

It would be daylight in two or three hours.

The girl climbed into bed, surprised to find it covered with a very soft flannel blanket.

Brent must have slipped in while she was in the bathroom and made the bed so that the wound on her back would not hurt too much when she slept.

The girl squinted, a tender look coming into her eyes but disappeared soon.

Maybe it was because she could see her enemy the next day, or the wound still hurt, she couldn't get to sleep.

She sat up and took out a necklace from the bedside cabinet, stroking it gently. Her expression softened. She took off the arms in front of others, returning to a little girl.

The necklace was with a seashell pendant.

She opened the seashell pendant, and there was a picture in it.

It was a picture of a young man and a young woman.

They were in their best years, and they looked like students.

The young man looked elegant in a white shirt. He should be a gentleman from a superior family.

The young woman had bright eyes, and her hair was falling around her shoulder. She was wearing a white dress, simple but beautiful.

They snuggled together, smiling.

They must be very happy, but they never knew that their beauty would always stay in the photo at that moment, for people to remember.

"Dad, mom. Tomorrow, I will avenge you." The girl murmured, staring at the picture, and slowly she closed her eyes with a childlike silly smile. Holding the necklace, as if holding her parents, who were no longer in the world, she gradually fell asleep.

* * *

When Dylan got back from the police station, it was after midnight, but he had no intention of sleeping.

Garwood knew that after dawn, Mr. Sterling would have to negotiate with the Mafia alone. He felt very worried, but he couldn't find a better way.

Finally, he could not help but say, "Sir, it's too dangerous for you to go alone. The Mafia are all heartless and cruel, and we don't know what the hell they want. Let me and the bodyguards follow you through so that we can protect you if anything happens..."

Chapter 659: He Came To Save Savannah

"As I said, I'll go alone. You mustn't follow me or inform the police." Dylan said firmly.

Just because the Mafia was ruthless, if they found out he was not alone, they might hurt the little woman or even kill her.

He couldn't bet.

"But I can't see you run the risk of going alone..." Garwood was not at all reassured.

If anything happened to Mr. Sterling in the foreign land, old Sterling would kill him.

"Well, don't talk nonsense." Dylan puckered up his brows.

Garwood knew he could not change Dylan's mind. He sighed and then frowned.

"But why did the Mafia kidnap Miss Schultz? Did you ask them on the phone just now? Is it for money or?"

Dylan thought for a moment and said, "I tried. It didn't sound like they wanted the money. It seems that someone is behind Nicolo Barzini."

"What do they want if not money?" Garwood got puzzled.

Dylan didn't know what the hell they wanted to do, but if it wasn't for the money, it would be a lot tougher.

Garwood, uneasy and alarmed, tried to sound breezy, "Miss Schultz's social relationship in Italy is very simple. She's just an ordinary student, and she has nothing to do with the Mafia. The Sterling family never offended them. Maybe there's a misunderstanding..."

Dylan didn't answer.

Everything would be clear in the morning.

A black car sped down the path, raising clouds of choking dust, and screeched to a halt at the discarded warehouse.

The door opened, and Dylan got out, looking around.

The guards at the door stared at the coming man, overwhelmed by his imposing manner.

The American man dressed in a customary white linen shirt, black jeans, black tie, and black jacket. He was tall with wide shoulders, messy hair, and cool eyes. He was overbearing, full of charm. When he fixed on them with the very searching eyes, they all shuddered and turned their eyes away.

The guards immediately knew he was that famous Mr. Sterling, from a noble and powerful family in LA.

After the initial shock, two guards came forward. One went to the car to search, looking around to make sure he didn't bring anyone together with him.

The other one looked Dylan up and down and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but according to our boss's instruction, we have to frisk you before we let you in."

Dylan didn't resist, knowing they were afraid he carried a tracker or a phone or something. He just held up his hand in a casual way for the man to check.

They searched him at once, and after a while, they nodded, "You can go in."

Dylan strode into the warehouse. In the middle of the vast empty house, he saw a burly looking man sitting on a sofa surrounded by several musclemen. It must be Nicolo who had talked to him on the phone, and it was he who tied Savannah away.

It was the first time Nicolo saw the big shot in the business circle, and he had also heard of his powerful family background. Impressed by the imposing manner of the man, he laughed.

"Mr. Sterling, it's nice to put a face to the name."

Dylan was not in mind to beat about the bush.

"I don't care what grudge you have against me, let go of my woman right now. After that, we'll talk about it slowly," he said dryly.

Nicolo looked surprised and then laughed again.

"Mr. Sterling, you're as arrogant as what people said about you. You asked me to let your woman go? But did you forget that you're not in LA, but Italy? Here's not your place." He was not one of those Italian cops. He didn't have to show any respect to him.

"Who told you to kidnap my woman, and who asked you to ask me out?" Dylan asked icily. "Ask him to come and see me. I don't want to waste my time."

Nicolo was a little embarrassed, not expecting that the businessman was so sensitive that he had seen there was someone else behind the kidnapping. But he was quite annoyed when Dylan talked to him in a perfunctory tone as if he was a nobody. He repressed the anger and looked the other way.

Following Nicolo's gaze, Dylan saw a slender, short-haired teenager walking slowly toward him, accompanied by a poker-face young man.

As soon as the boy appeared, Nicolo, who had been so defiant just now, stepped aside immediately and gave up the sofa.

The pretty boy, thirteen or fourteen years old, had a place in the Mafia. He was the one who had instructed Nicolo to kidnap Savannah.

Dylan was a little surprised. He fixed his eyes on the boy and had a strange feeling.

There was something familiar about this boy. It seemed that he had seen him somewhere.

"Mr. Sterling." The boy stopped in front of Dylan and spoke in standard English.

"Let her go," Dylan said in an imperative tone.

"Mr. Sterling is indeed different from others. You didn't ask who I am or why I kidnapped Miss Schultz. You just asked me to let her go." The boy raised his eyebrows.

"It doesn't make any sense to me who you are and why you kidnapped her." He came here today only to save Savannah.

The smile on the boy's lips widened.

"Good. Very good. It seems that you would like to see Miss Schultz. Well, Let's show Mr. Sterling first."

As his last word fell, all the lights in the warehouse went out.

At the same time, a huge projection screen appeared in the middle of the warehouse.

On the screen, Savannah's hands and feet were tied, and her long hair hung down, hiding half her face.

"Miss Schultz, your man, has come to see you. Don't you want to say hello to him?" The boy raised his lips, teasing.

There was a monitoring camera in the room where Savannah was being tied.

Savannah heard the boy's voice and looked up in alarm. She saw the camera in the upper corner of the room pointing at her.

At the same time, Dylan could see her tired, frightened eyes and a cut on her cheek.

His face sank with deadly frost, and it was only by gripping his fingers that his anger could be suppressed.

Chapter **660: Not For Money But For Revenge**

Dylan concealed his anger well, but it was still captured by the boy.

The boy sat down on the vacated sofa in a comfortable position, grinning at Dylan as he tapped on the arm with his slender fingers.

"Well, Mr. Sterling, Miss Schultz is still alive for the moment, see?"

After a pause, he twisted up his lip again. "But it's hard to tell if she's still alive later."

Dylan turned his dark eyes to the boy and asked gloomily, "What do you want? Money, or something?"

"I just want to enjoy the look on your face when you're worried about your woman." The boy smiled as if he was in a good mood.

Dylan clenched his fists, and his face took on a ghastly expression. A kidnapper who wanted nothing was more terrible because he could throw everything away.

The boy arranged everything, not for money, but for --

Revenge.

And he was his enemy.

Savannah was kidnapped only because she was his woman.

But how could he offend a boy of about fourteen?

Did something happen between them before he lost his memory?

He couldn't remember it at all.

He calmed down, and a half-smile of contempt curved on his lips.

"Just a wimpy kid," he said with elaborate nonchalance.

A light of extreme displeasure flashed into the boy's eyes.

Dylan looked at the boy quietly as he said, "I don't know why you hate me so much, but if you want to threaten me with her, you made a mistake. You only found out that she was my woman, that she had given me a son, and that we were very close. But I'm afraid you have missed one thing."

The boy stared at Dylan with a frown.

"I had a bad illness last year and went to another city for treatment. Although I recovered from my illness, I had a serious hangover from the treatment. I forgot about a lot of people and things. She's one of the people I forgot. I keep her by my side, not because of affection but because of responsibility. I could not get rid of a woman who had borne a child for me. Besides, she was also the granddaughter of the chairman of the Morton group and the future heir of the group. But don't expect me to give up anything to save her. So boy, you got the wrong person. Do you think I'd give up everything I have to save a stranger?" Dylan smiled disdainfully.

On the projector screen, Savannah was staring blankly at the camera with a pale face.

She couldn't see Dylan in the room, but she could hear everything in the warehouse.

Every word that Dylan had just said went through her like knives.

In the warehouse, the atmosphere suddenly became quiet and strained.

Brent looked at the boy. They did find out that Dylan had had an illness but didn't know that he had lost his memory after the treatment.

If Mr. Sterling didn't remember this woman, it meant that the boy had caught Savannah for nothing.

In this case, as Mr. Sterling said, no one would sacrifice himself to save a stranger.

The expression on the boy's face froze, but slowly an interesting smile appeared on his face.

Then he gave a gentle laugh.

In the quiet warehouse, the delicate and childlike laughter was particularly harsh and alarming.

"Interesting," the boy said, "Mr. Sterling, you did everything you could to save Miss Schultz. Do you think you can trick me into letting her go by pretending to be detached and unfeeling to her now?"

"I didn't lie to you. I don't remember her. It's not difficult to confirm what I said. Although it's not known to outsiders, the servants of my family, my doctors at home and in NY, all know all about it," Dylan replied coolly.

"Ah, since you said you don't remember her and have no feelings with her, why did you come here today alone and risk yourself for her? Your actions are the exact opposite of what you have just said, Mr. Sterling." The boy was still grinning.

"Didn't I just explain that? I still have a responsibility to her. I would not tolerate it even if a dog around me was bullied by someone. Besides, she was my woman and gave birth to a child for me. I came because she was in danger. As her man, I have to save her. But it doesn't mean anything else."

On the projector screen, Savannah turned paler, shaking like a leaf.

The boy stared at Dylan as if trying to work out whether his statement was true or false.

Dylan continued quietly, "so you don't need to threaten me with her safety. I'll stay here and talk to you. Let her go first."

After a long silence, the boy began to laugh again, more broadened.

"Mr. Sterling," he suppressed his mirth said softly, "your acting's not bad. Unfortunately, what you just did gave you away. You leaned over to the projector screen and shifted your eyes a lot when you said you had no feelings for that woman. Besides, you're too impatient. If you're indifferent to her, why did you keep urging me to let her go first?"

Brent glanced at his young master.

The godfather was always strict with the boy and never neglected his education.

The boy had learned a variety of subjects, including language, sports, art, self-defense, etc., all of which were basic subjects.

He also skimmed through some books about psychology, reverse tracking, and criminal investigation.

It was hard to fool him.

Nicolo and his people looked at the boy with more shock and admiration.

Dylan looked at the boy coolly, as though the boy was a beast born to kill. His palms were sweaty.

"You kept saying you don't remember Miss Schultz, and you don't have any feelings for her... Well, let me see." The boy smiled innocently and ordered something to a hatchet-man in a low voice.

At the boy's command, the hatchet man entered the room in which Savannah was locked and appeared on the screen.

Dylan didn't know what he was going to do. Cold shivers ran down his spine. He stared at the screen with clenched hands.

The hatchet man took out a dagger and lifted Savannah's head with another hand.

Everyone, except the boy and Brent, caught their breath as the thin sharp blade flashed a dangerous light against Savannah's cheek.

The man drew the dagger down her tender cheek as though he would slice off her face at any moment.

Slowly, the dagger slid onto her slender neck.

If the arteries in the neck were accidentally cut, it would be much more than disfigurement.

Before Dylan could react, a long strand of Savannah's hair was cut off by the dagger and fell to the ground.