

## Midnight 70

### What's On His Mind?

"How did you get so drunk? Savannah walked over to him, taking his arm. He's much taller than her, so she couldn't hold him. Bracing him with one arm, she was trying hard to support him. Just then, he struggled slightly, "What are you doing? Don't try to seduce me... go...go away!"

His incoherent words overwhelmed Savannah. It seemed that he drank too much. Was it because of another matter? She comforted him softly, "I'm not trying to seduce you... Can I help you to your room first?"

"Get out! I have a woman -- don't try to seduce me -- " Dylan collapsed in Savannah's arms. She was overcome with a nice warm feeling inside of her. She tried to restrain it, and comforted him softly, "Let's go back to the room first."

Dylan was too drunk to follow her, and his two long legs seemed to be rooted to the ground. Savannah sighed helplessly, and she had no choice but could only help him onto her bed and lie him down. His cheek flamed with liquor with his eyes closed, and his shirt was saturated with sweat.

She read an expression of suffering on his face. Taking a deep breath, she wiped the sweat from his brow. How could this man be drunk like this? It's not like a business matter. He stayed awake and didn't lose consciousness the last time he drank a lot with the clients in a business dinner.

What's going on tonight? Did anything upset him? People in a bad mood always drank too much. What's on his mind? Dylan was murmuring something. Savannah bent her ear close to his curved lips curiously, and heard only a whisper,

"Brother --"

Brother? Was the man calling his late brother? But his voice was full of agony and pain. "Brother! Help -- help!" A roar of anger rose from his throat. It seemed that he was struggling painfully in his own dream, which was the most terrible memory deep in his mind, and the sweat burst out upon his brow.

His brother needed help? Was it possible that his brother died accidentally? And Dylan witnessed it? If so, his mind would be seriously affected... Dylan was struggling with agony in his dream, his strong body shaken, but could not come to life. Savannah leaned over and hugged him, calming him softly, "... That's alright... It's over..."

It's behind you now... " Finally, Dylan quieted down after Savannah's lengthy soothing, and his face looked much calmer. Savannah heaved a sigh, slipped out of bed, and was going to the kitchen to make a hangover-cure soup. Downstairs, Garwood and Judy were talking.

Garwood was still concerned about Dylan after he sent him back, so he had not gone yet. He hurried over to Savannah as she walked down and asked, "Ms. Schultz, is Mr. Sterling alright?" "It's okay. He has fallen asleep. By the way, how did he get so drunk?"

Garwood hesitated a moment, and then said to her how Dylan argued with old Sterling in the Sterling's house tonight. Valerie is pregnant? And she will marry Devin? Savannah was distracted there. She had lost touch with her uncle and aunt for a long time.

Devin and Valerie were perfect strangers to her now.

She didn't care about their marriage. And old Sterling-- She knew old Sterling was crazy for a great-grandson. Now that Valerie was pregnant, it's understandable that old Sterling wanted to get Devin back to the group.

He just never thought that Dylan was very determined not to allow Devin's return, and that's why they had a dispute. "Mr. Sterling was in a bad mood after the quarrel with old Sterling," Garwood continued. "When we left the house, he went to a bar that he used to go to. If I had not to stop him just now, he would have continued to drink more."

Savannah made no comments, and she knew it must be some bad memories that awoke in Dylan that made him so upset. "It's okay, Judy, and I will take care of him. You must be tired, and you'd better go back now." Garwood nodded and left Beverly Hills.

Savannah asked Judy to return to her room for a rest. She made a soup in the kitchen and carried it upstairs. In the bedroom, Dylan was lying in her bed, breathing normally. She sat on the bed and slowly helped him take the soup with a spoon.

When seeing the red flush on his face slowly fade away, she breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that he should be alright now. She got up and was going to sleep on the sofa when he held her wrist and pulled her into the bed. Before she could scream out a word, she was already held tightly against him in his arms.

"Dylan?" She struggled a little, but only his slow breath answered. It seemed to be an involuntary movement in his dream. Well, it was somewhat for her that he kicked Devin out of the company and quarreled with old Sterling... Just as a recompense for his bad mood. She thought in his arms.

She closed her eyes and didn't move again. His arms were so warm and powerful that she felt sleepy and dropped off at last. It was late in the night when she awakened. To her surprise, the arms around her were missing, and the man beside her disappeared too.

She promptly sat straight on the bed and looked around. Did Dylan return to his room after he woke up in the middle of the night? No, the man would not be so considerate.

She felt a gloomy foreboding that something was going to go wrong. She put her slipper and went to the master bedroom, and sure enough, there was no one in the room.

She paused and ran down to the garage, and his car was still there, indicating that he had not left. So where did he go? She looked around and then looked up sharply, finding a familiar figure standing on the roof of the villa. Dylan –

She could see the top of his chest through the open buttons of his white shirt; his skin looked pale under the cold white moonlight and his dazing eyes aiming at nowhere. He looked like the world's most beautiful vampire.

Though the house was only three stories high, the man could be either dead or badly injured if he fell off the roof! Is this man crazy? What is he doing in the middle of the night? Savannah went blank and then cried to the man as she hurriedly ran up the roof.

"Dylan, what are you doing? Come down!"

Dylan seemed to shut up in his own thoughts and still stared silently into the distance.