

## Midnight 111

### 111: She Couldn't Accept It

(Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable to read it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

"But you are so charming that even my father likes you. I think he would prefer a baby from you and me. Besides, you are my woman now. Why should I bother with another woman?" Dylan cocked his head to one side with a salacious smile across his face.

Savannah gnashed her teeth. "Don't touch me! You are dirty!"

She would have let it go in normal times...

But he had just slept with Abby at the resort last night.

Now he wanted to sleep with her again? She couldn't accept it.

She could even smell Abby's perfume on him...

She felt sick at the thought of the scene between Abby and him...maybe he showed much more gentleness and mildness to Abby. She then wanted to kick him off the bed!

Not to mention making love with him.

He was not many degrees removed from the brute; he was so energetic and ---so dirty!

Dylan, in a fit of anger, was not aware she talked about his affair with Abby by saying "dirty."

"I am dirty? Tell me, who is clean? Your childhood sweetheart Kevin? Don't forget, the 'dirty' man in front of you has fucked you several times, and I will be your baby's biological father!"

He was so thick-skinned! She bit her lower lip with shame, her wrists firmly grasped by him, and she could only kick her feet, but it was no use even after she knocked herself out.

Her delicate composition was nothing in front of his power. She unexpectedly kicked the lower part of his belly, as if she kicked a hard rock, and it was too late when she responded and wanted to take back her feet!

The desire in Dylan's eyes burned more fiercely. He snatched off two ties from his coat hanger and bound her wrists to the bedposts, respectively, with his ties, knotting them firmly. Then he tore off the last clothing on her...

He gazed down at her as he unzipped his pants, and in a moment, he was filling her and thrusting into her deeply...

Savannah cried out.

He started to move. This was not making love, this was fucking. She struggled in the beginning, but gradually, she reveled in his possession as he twisted his hips from side to side. She moaned and accepted him, her whole body was moving to his rhythm.

Savannah cried out a helpless, passionate plea, "Dylan...No...Let me go, please. Aargh..." She closed her eyes, ashamed when she found her body enjoying every thrust, every push that filled her.

"Good girl, relax." He grabbed her chin and kissed her roughly, and then he picked up the pace, thrusting faster... harder...

At last, Savannah finally fainted under his assault. The moment before she lost her consciousness, she mumbled, "No, Dylan... I don't want to give you a baby... I don't..."

She did not know how long she was asleep. When she opened her eyes, outside the window, it was pitch dark.

She was alone in the big bed, Dylan was not in the room. Maybe he had left.

The smell of sex filled the bedroom, mixed with a strange smell of fresh mint.

She pulled herself up, wincing from her sore body. It was about ten o'clock at night. She removed the bedclothes and found where the smell of fresh mint came from.

He applied some medicine to her private part before he left.

It was swollen. She wouldn't even be able to walk now if he had not applied for the medicine.

His motion must've been so gentle that she did not even aware of his action in her sleep.

Gentle?

She shook her head. It was funny, how could he be gentle? He had been so rude to her.

All of a sudden, it hit her that she had forgotten something. She wrapped herself in a coat and ran back to her room with her feet bare.

Her satchel, sent to her room by Dylan's bodyguard, was now lying alone on the couch.

She opened her satchel in a hurry, and to her surprise and horror that the green gum box for the pills was gone.

It should have been confiscated by him.

The pill could not be stopped for a day, otherwise, it wouldn't work.

Did she really have no other choice but to wait to get pregnant? The thought sent cold shivers down her back.

These days, she had been taking the pills; this time, she should be able to avoid the trouble.

But if he had her again tonight, it was quite likely that she would get pregnant unless she took the pill on time.

Savannah turned and prepared to go downstairs when she saw Judy go upstairs.

"Savannah, where are you going?"

"I... I..... "

Judy heaved a deep sigh.

"Savannah, if you want to go out to buy the pill... I advise you to forget it. Mr. Sterling told me to take the contraceptives away from your bag and left a bodyguard to protect you. The bodyguard will stop you if you go to the drugstore, and you will get in trouble when Mr. Sterling finds out..."

Judy did not think too much when a few days ago, Mr. Sterling asked her to strengthen Savannah's health by cooking nutritious food. But today, when she took out the contraceptive pills from Savannah's bag and threw the box away as Mr. Sterling ordered, she finally learned that Mr. Sterling wanted Savannah to have a baby, but Savannah had been secretly taking the pill.

Savannah sighed helplessly and had to put away the idea.

"Savannah, would you like to have dinner? You haven't eaten anything all day, and...you must be exhausted..." Judy said with concern.

Judy was out shopping for food in the daytime. When she came back, two bodyguards, with burned ears, stopped Judy and told her not to go in for the time being.

Judy immediately guessed what Mr. Sterling and Savannah were doing in the house... So, she stayed in the workman's room next to the villa for a day without disturbing them.

Savannah blushed at the word exhausted. "Okay. Thank you, Judy." She lowered her head and whispered in a low voice.

Downstairs, hunger gnawed at Savannah's empty stomach when she saw four dishes, including her favorite steak and a bowl of mushroom soup on the table. She quickly sat down and began to eat.

The sex drained her strength away. She put so much meat in her mouth that she choked on her food accidentally.

"Eat slowly! Oh, Mr. Sterling was really unkind this time..." Judy said as she patted Savannah on the back gently.

Savannah put her fork down when she heard his name. She completely lost her appetite now.

Judy brought out a sigh and said hesitatingly. "Savannah, I know Mr. Sterling's nature. He will never change his mind no matter what happens when he has made a decision. Now that he asked you to give him a child, he would not give up the idea easily. Don't worry, Mr. Sterling will take responsibility for you. Would you like to think about it? If you continue to work against him like this, you will bring suffering for yourself."

### **112: She Misunderstood Him**

Savannah laughed bitterly.

He asked you to give him a child. How can they talk about giving a child so frankly...? It would affect her whole life!

Well, Dylan was so powerful and so overbearing that he did not allow anyone to violate his command.

She knew that Judy told her this out of kindness. After all, the social difference between Dylan and her seemed so great that she would suffer a lot if Dylan were outraged. Judy wanted to keep her from harm.

She appreciated Judy's kindness, but... "Judy, don't worry. Someone would like to give him a baby. He is a good looking man, and many women wanted to be his woman," Savannah pursed her lips.

"Oh, who?" Judy queried.

"Abby White." She answered quickly to her.

Judy laughed, "How could that be possible? Abby White likes Mr. Sterling, but Mr. Sterling has no interest in her." She knew the daughter of the White family, of course, as she had worked with the Sterling for so many years.

"That was a long time ago. People change. They went to the resort together yesterday and spent the night there. Maybe Abby is now pregnant with the future mistress of the Sterling. Then I will have no business here."

"Wait a minute..." Judy frowned and interrupted Savannah. "Mr. Sterling and Abby spent the night at the resort last night?"

"Yes."

"No, Mr. Sterling went back at about ten o'clock last night. How could he impregnate Abby?"

Dylan came back at ten o'clock last night?

Savannah was stunned. He didn't spend the night at the resort with Abby?

Who cares?

Even if they did not spend the night together, it didn't mean that nothing happened.

Maybe they left after some good sex.

After all, the resort staff said they had booked a romantic suite.

"It could be that Dylan left the resort after he slept with Abby," Savannah said calmly.

She didn't believe Dylan could resist the temptation of a beautiful young lady.

Abby, the daughter of a wealthy family, liked Dylan so much that she was chasing Dylan all the time. She wanted to give Dylan children, so she must have gone into Dylan's bed last night.

No man would say no to a seductive woman who vamped him by using her love and sensuality.

Judy shook her head firmly. "It's impossible. Last night, when Mr. Sterling returned, he was still wearing the same clothes he had on this morning, including the underwear and the socks. Mr. Sterling is a clean freak, and he can't stand any dirt or sweat. If he had slept with Abby White, he would have taken a bath

after that, and at least he would change his clothes. Savannah, I don't know his nature, but I know his habit. You have really misunderstood Mr. Sterling!"

Savannah rolled her eyes.

Yes, he was, indeed, in the same coat he was wearing at the resort when he found her in the hospital this morning.

So, he really didn't spend the night with Abby.

Dylan went back to Beverly Hills at ten o'clock in the evening, that was to say, he left the resort almost as soon as she left in a taxi.

"Savannah, Mr. Sterling did not spend the night with Abby, what's more, when he came back and didn't see you home, he was terribly worried. Your phone was switched off, so he thought you might be in danger. He immediately ordered Garwood to search for you everywhere, and he also took the bodyguards out looking for you personally. He didn't sleep all night."

Savannah laced her fingers together.

Judy took another look at the dishes on the table, "Besides, Mr. Sterling actually made these dishes. Just now, he got up before you, and I was still in the workman's room next door when he went downstairs. He did not call me but cooked some food himself so that you could eat when you wake up. You were soundly asleep, and he still had some business to do with the company, so he left first."

Savannah's heart leaped as she looked at the dishes on the table.

He did all of these?

They were so delicious that she thought Judy made it.

Oh, well, he told her that he raised himself on his own in Britain for a long time.

He had also cooked spaghetti for her before, which was very nice.

Abruptly, somewhere in her heart, an inexplicable warm feeling stirred.

The bossy and assertive man, after they had sex, applied ointment on her and even cooked for her like a househusband.

What kind of man was he?

She took a deep breath and clenched her fist.

Savannah, don't be softhearted.

Just because he didn't spend the night with Abby, applied the ointment on you, and cooked you four dishes and a bowl of soup, now you are thinking about giving birth to a baby for him?

No, you can't. Stick to your principles!

After a sound sleep and a big breakfast, her energy was restored.

She checked her bank account with her phone. Well, her salary for the advertising shoot in the resort had just been paid.

She could withdraw the money for uncle Alban.

As she knew, Alban's mother was in the hospital for surgery these days.

Thinking of this, she said to Judy, "Judy, I will go to the hospital to visit my father's former subordinate."

Judy nodded and silently pointed to a substantial figure outside.

Savannah knew that the bodyguard would follow her wherever she went, but she had no choice.

Walking out of the villa with a backpack, Savannah was not surprised to see the bodyguard coming to her.

"Morning, Miss Schultz. Are you going out?"

"Yes."

"I'll take you. As Mr. Sterling ordered, I must follow you when you go out."

Savannah nodded. "Okay. I won't make any trouble for you, but I also have one request."

"What is it?"

"You can follow me, but you must be at least fifteen feet away from me. That is, you cannot be seen as my bodyguard."

### **113: A Honey Trap**

The bodyguard immediately shook his head. "No, Ms. Schultz, Mr. Sterling, asked me to follow you closely."

Savannah frowned. She guessed that Dylan expected the bodyguard to stay with her until she became pregnant.

He wouldn't give her any access to any birth control pills.

She could not take a tough stance. Dylan would probably not allow her to go out if he was aroused.

It seemed that the only way was—a honey trap!

She put her palms together, giving the most miserable performance, and said to the bodyguard, "Sir, please...I won't make it difficult for you, I just beg you to stay away from me. I don't want anyone to know where I live or who I'm with. You're so tall and so handsome. If you're too close to me, everyone would know the story! Mr. Sterling only asked you to follow me, and he didn't say how close to me, did he? You are still following me when you are twenty feet behind me!"

Savannah's cheeks were delicately flushed, and her eyes bright and sparkling. She looked pitiable but appealing when she gazed at the bodyguard with her limpid eyes.

The young bodyguard's heartbeat accelerated. No wonder Mr. Sterling chose this girl from so many women, keeps her in Beverly Hills, and cares so much for her.

This Miss Schultz is looking luscious and attractive in this way.

However, as a professional, the bodyguard at least could resist the allure of the pretty woman. "Sorry, Ms. Schultz, I cannot promise you. Mr. Sterling would not be pleased to hear that."

Savannah raised her eyebrows, and her lips quirked up in a half-smile. She took two steps forward and said, "What if I am not pleased? That's terrible too! Do you really want that?"

"Ah...?" The bodyguard was stunned.

Savannah cocked her head to one side and said innocently, "If you don't agree, I'll tell Mr. Sterling that you took advantage of me when you followed me!"

"Ms. Schultz, how dare I take advantage of you? You can't set me up!"

"That depends on what you decide." Savannah shrugged and quipped.

The bodyguard took a deep breath. That's a threat!

Everybody could see that Ms. Schultz was now Mr. Sterling's woman, beloved, and cared for by Mr. Sterling.

Otherwise, last night, Mr. Sterling wouldn't have been in such a hurry and took him and another bodyguard to search for her everywhere.

Never before had Mr. Sterling been so attentive to a woman.

If Mr. Sterling thought that he had taken advantage of Savannah, wouldn't he break his hand?

A woman's pillow-talk could not be disregarded.

Sterling Group's welfare was so good that he did not want to be driven away from the Sterlings!

"Well... Ms. Schultz, but remember, never try to play tricks or do anything that will upset Mr. Sterling, or I won't be able to help you, and you will be punished too." The bodyguard finally gave in.

Savannah nodded relieved.

After the two reached an agreement, Savannah went out of the door first. The bodyguard drove slowly behind and followed her at a certain distance.

Savannah went to the nearest ATM to withdraw her salary, and then took a taxi and headed for the Hospital.

At the Hospital.

When Savannah cautiously entered Alban's mother's room, she saw a middle-aged man sitting by the bed, feeding an old woman.

She had been to the hospital once before, and on that day, Alban was pale and kept sighing deeply, worried about being unemployed and his mother's illness.

But today, Alban seemed to be a different person with a better spirit, talking and laughing with his old mother.

Savannah went over and greeted, "uncle Alban."

Seeing her, Alban put down the food and stood up. "Savannah is here."

Savannah drew him aside to the front porch, took out the money from her backpack, and put it into his hand. "Uncle Alban, I know your mother is going to have an operation, and it involves a lot of expenses. You should take this money first."

Alban quickly returned the money. "No, how can I take money from you again? You have already asked Lee to give me a sum of money before. I can't take your money anymore."

"Uncle Alban, take it. You're out of work now. How can you afford the expensive operation fee without money?"

Alban's face glowed with pleasure. "Savannah, don't worry, I haven't had a chance to tell you. This morning, the doctor said my mother's operation would be done free of charge. What's more, after the operation, she could live in the Hospital until she has completely recovered, with no hospitalization expenses, nor nursing expenses!"

Savannah couldn't believe it. "That's impossible! The Hospital is not a charitable organization; how could it provide you free treatment?"

"The director of the hospital came to us on his own this morning." Alban said jubilantly, "He said that the Hospital planned to use my mother's operation as a case study to complete an academic paper. I don't know what that is, but we're lucky!"

Savannah had heard of such cases, but she still doubted if Alban was so lucky to be chosen by the Hospital.

Alban continued, "Just before you got here, a half an hour ago, I received a phone call. A factory decided to hire me as a workshop director, and the treatment is similar to the Schultz's factory. By the way, the factory needs more workers, so I recommended Baker and Chuck, and they will go to work with me after a while. Savannah, you don't need to give us more money. We've gotten through it!"

"Really?" Savannah looked at Alban in disbelief. There was no such thing as a free lunch, not to mention so many good things happening at a time.

Could it be?

Walking out of the Hospital, Savannah stood by the side of the road, took out her cell phone, and dialed Dylan's number.

He did not answer the call. She guessed he was in a meeting, or too busy right now.

After a moment's hesitation, Savannah waved to stop a taxi, "Sterling Group, please."

**114: Why Was She Coming Here?**



At the Sterling Group.

Miller's face slightly changed when she saw a beautiful figure coming out from the elevator.

It's Savannah.

Didn't she quarrel with Mr. Sterling? Why was she coming here?

Savannah went to Miller and said, "Please tell Dylan, I'm here to see him."

Dylan? So personal...

Did she still regard herself as the closest person to Mr. Sterling?

Did she forget how Dylan drove her out of the office so quickly?

Anyway, Abby had been very close to Mr. Sterling these days, and she would knock this little model out sooner or later!

Thinking of this, Miller did not pretend to be polite like before, she frowned and replied impatiently, "Ms. Schultz, you had worked as a secretary for a few days, and as you know, Mr. Sterling does not like to be interrupted at work." Her voice was stern.

"I just want to ask him a few questions, and I will leave in a few minutes."

"Mr. Sterling's time is precious. A few minutes? Even a second is worth hundreds of millions!" snorted Miller.

Savannah's lips twitched. Oh, she was given the cold shoulder and even driven away from Dylan's office by him last time, so Miller completely changed her attitude to her now.

Miller was a real social snob.

She said nothing more and crept to the sofa in the corner and sat down.

Okay, she would wait.

Miller looked at Savannah, waiting on the sofa with a sickly smile.

Savannah used to be cared for and protected by Mr. Sterling, but now, Mr. Sterling did not take her seriously anymore.

"Ms. Schultz, this is the executive office area of the company, and it's only for big, important clients. It's unsuitable for you to sit here. Please leave at once." Miller came to Savannah with her very high-heeled shoes, pointing to the elevator with an arrogant gesture.

She vented out all the humiliation she had suffered that day in Beverly Hills on Savannah now. She wanted to take her revenge against her, and she thought this would be a perfect time.

"I'm just sitting here waiting for Mr. Sterling. How is that unsuitable?"

"Ms. Schultz, you mean you don't want to go? Good." Miller went back and dialed a number.

In less than a minute, a fat security guard stepped out of the elevator and hurried over. "Ms. Miller, what can I do for you?"

Miller squinted at Savannah. "Ms. Schultz has no appointment, but she insists on waiting for Mr. Sterling here. She interfered with my work; please lead her out."

The security guard turned to Savannah fiercely, "Get out of here!"

"I'm here waiting for Mr. Sterling to come out. What entitles you to ask me to leave?" Savannah was still sitting on the sofa, not moving an inch.

The security guard rolled up his sleeves and said threateningly, "Ms. Miller is the chief secretary of our group! I should obey her instructions. If you don't get up now, don't blame me for being rude!"

"I'd like to see how rude you can be!" Savannah blurted out.

The security guard was surprised to see no fear in the little woman.

Miller gritted her teeth. "Don't stand there, gawking!"

Then the security guard responded and stepped forward. He raised his hairy arms and was about to pick up Savannah when the most luxurious door opened at the end of the corridor.

Dylan, in a black business suit, watched the scene outside the door coldly, his gaze falling on the security guard's arm in the air.

His gaze was calm but dignified. It came through the air on the security guard like a sharp arrow, making the man in front of Savannah tremble in fear. The security guard lowered his arm, instinctively, "M... Mr. Sterling..."

Miller stepped towards Dylan and complained first, "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry to bother you, Ms. Schultz came without an appointment but cried to see you. I said, you are very busy now, but she made a scene in the office area. I didn't want to be like this, but she disturbed the office routine. I had to call security..."

"Yes, Mr. Sterling," the security guard agreed, "this young lady was so hard on me when I politely asked her to leave just now. She was very rude and even cursed Ms. Miller. I'm pulling her out of here now, Mr. Sterling..."

Savannah laughed angrily. When did she make a scene and curse Miller?

Their blisters were all directed against her, and she had no time to explain.

Dylan, however, did not seem to hear the two people complaining. He turned to Savannah. "Is that true?"

Savannah paused, then said, word for word, "I didn't make a scene. I asked Miller to help me to tell you that I want to see you, but she refused. I was going to wait for you here, but Miller asked the security guard to drive me away, saying that this is a place for big customers."

Dylan listened quietly and walked to an office desk, expressionless. He pressed a number.

"Come to my office now."

In no time, a security manager who appeared to be superior in rank came. "Mr. Sterling, is there anything I can do for you?"

"This guy is fired." Dylan raised his long arm and pointed to the security guard who had been almost rude to Savannah.

The security manager was stunned for a moment before he went to his subordinate and pulled him away.

Miller felt a cold sweat running down her back. Mr. Sterling and Savannah had quarreled not long ago, and Mr. Sterling even spent the night with Abby the day before yesterday.

But at the moment, Mr. Sterling fired the security guard because he almost offended Savannah.

She felt terrible all over, holding her breath.

Dylan took a glance at Miller before he turned to Savannah, hand in pocket. His tall figure was reflected on the marble floor.

"I'll give you one more chance to decide, should I fire her or not."

Last time, the little woman chose to forgive Miller.

This time he wanted to see if the little woman was still softhearted.

### **115: She Sincerely Mean It**

Miller's face went white. Did Mr. Sterling ask Savannah to decide her fate?

She never thought that Savannah had such a prominent place in Mr. Sterling's mind. A single quarrel could not shake Savannah's position at all!

Miller looked guiltily at Savannah, full of regrets. If she had known this beforehand, she would not have been so provocative to spite Savannah!

"The secretary represents the company's image," Savannah said dryly. "and the chief secretary is more of a spokesman for her boss. I don't think she should stay in the group any longer. She will only damage your reputation." Did he expect her to plead for Miller again?

Miller clenched her fists and turned purple.

"The reason is sound. Did you hear that?" Dylan looked at Miller.

"Mr. Sterling, I'm not convinced! I'm just in business! You cannot fire me for this; the public will know I have been wronged!" Miller gritted her teeth. It was so distasteful.

"Then, I add another reason. You told Abby the time of my trip without permission so that she can come to the company to find me. You accepted bribes from Abby. Do you still feel vindicated?" Dylan said coldly.

Miller gasped, not expecting Mr. Sterling to find out her helping Abby secretly.

"Do you want to be taken out like that security guard?" The temperature of his voice had dropped several degrees.

Miller's look became stormy. She knew it was really beyond redemption this time because Savannah demanded.

She asked Mr. Sterling to fire her.

Miller felt she was heading for her doom herself. With a woeful look, she had to go back to her seat and began to pick up her things.

Savannah said nothing when seeing the look of confusion and pain on Miller's face. She might have felt pitiful for her the first time, but now she felt no sympathy at all.

But...

Dylan fired two people for her, one of them the chief secretary?

"What are you staring at? Didn't you come to see me?" Dylan looked at the stunned Savannah and walked into his office.

Savannah quickly followed him into the room.

The door was closed. The environment was much quieter, so she became nervous.

"What did you want to see me about?" He sat on the leather sofa with his legs crossed.

Savannah pursed her lips. After the mess, she almost forgot what she had come for. "I wanted to ask you...all the arrangements...free hospitalization and free operation for Alban's mother...and the unexpected new jobs for uncle Alban, Baker and Chuck...are these all arranged by you?"

She didn't think their sudden change of luck would be so coincidental.

"Don't you always call me brute and bastard? I'm flattered that you learned this so soon." Dylan laughed with his hands crossed on his knees.

All these were arranged by him.

Savannah's heart gave a leap, "Didn't you say you were going to punish me with them...why..."

She couldn't believe Dylan would do good.

He wasn't gonna give her another significant move, was he?

Well, she'd better not be happy so soon.

Dylan threw a meaningful look at Savannah,

"Because my little pet is really disobedient."

He racked his brain to free her from hard work.

Since the three old workers lost their jobs, he was afraid the little woman would take any role to earn more money.

So, he asked Garwood to contact a good factory and arranged suitable jobs for the three.

He called the director of the hospital where Alban's mother lived and paid the entire medical and hospitalization expenses, asking the hospital to treat Alban's mother "for free."

Savannah blushed, although the "pet" in his remark referred to her, she did not feel uncomfortable this time. Inside her, there was no feeling of aversion, but a feeling of warmth. She twisted her fingers, "I don't understand, why didn't you let them go back to the Schultz's factory?"

"The Schultz's factory is now managed by your uncle. I believe you know it's the operating situation. Your uncle is much less competent than your father, and the factory would have been closed down if it were not for the good foundation and contacts left by your father. The welfare and the pay, I guess, is not too good. I'm sure you'd like your uncles to have a better life. Their present work is much better than the previous one. Of course, if you want those three older workers back to the Schultz's factory, that's fine." He said softly, rubbing his chin as if he was thinking about this idea.

"Don't bother... just as you said." Savannah didn't expect him to be so thoughtful and so considerate.

He not only got her three uncles back to work but also found a better place for them.

His arrangement wasn't just perfunctory. He really knew what was on her mind.

"I know, in the factory, several workers were your father's loyal subordinates, such as your uncle, Lee. If they don't want to work in the Schultz's factory anymore, you can ask them at the factory where Alban stays. Garwood had notified the boss of the factory in advance, and it's no problem to arrange more people."

She hummed, and after a moment, a whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips, "Thank you. Besides, lunch today, it's delicious."

Dylan's eyes flared momentarily in surprise. It was the first time the little woman thanked him in such a soft voice. She sincerely meant it.

Savannah's face burned. She could not meet his eyes and almost regretted it at once.

It was okay for her to thank him for Alban, but why thank him for cooking?

It reminded him of what they did yesterday.

With her head down, Savannah was about to leave the office when behind her came a low and husky voice, "Wait."

"Anything else?" Savannah turned and looked at him.

Dylan stood up, walking naturally, long-legged, and gracefully to her side and bent his face down close to hers. He whispered,

"You just say 'thank you' and leave?"

Her breathing accelerated as her heart skipped a beat.

"What do you want?" Her heart was thumping.

### **116: Had She Always Regarded Him?**

"Shouldn't I obtain a return?" He asked quietly close to her ear, then he pulled her into an embrace, her back to his front, and kissed her hair.

A return? What does he want this time?

Was he thinking about retaking her? Wasn't it enough yesterday?

Her waist was still aching! This devil really made her felt annoyed by the way he treated her.

Was he a perpetual motion machine? He did that almost every day... And they were now in his office!

As Dylan pressed Savannah closer into his arms, Savannah subconsciously raised her knee up and kneed him in his vital part!

"Oh..." Dylan felt a surge of pain before he could say something!

Fuck! Was this woman going to kill her man? Does she really hated him so much and wanted to hurt him this way?

He doubled up with the pain and sat back on the sofa.

Savannah stayed for a moment and hurried forward, "Are you okay? Sorry...I didn't mean to... I thought..."

"You thought I was going to have you in the office? I am not that beast to do something inside my office in broad daylight," Dylan said roughly.

Shit, the strength was great in her leg! He almost fainted now.

She nodded embarrassedly. "Hmm."

"I just want you to treat me to dinner, yet you quickly move to hurt my vital part," He laughed in his exasperation,

"A meal?" Savannah was stunned. She was so ashamed when she misunderstood him and did hurt him.

The return he said, referred to a meal?

Then he suffered the pain for nothing.

"What would you like to eat?" She bit her lip, embarrassed, and quickly added, "By the way, my money was all given to Alban and the other two uncles. I don't have much money, and I can't afford it if you want a big meal..."

He was speechless and felt funny, and his eyes softened.

Did she really promise to invite him to dinner and plan to pay for it herself? Dylan wanted to laugh hysterically while absorbing what she said. "How can a man like him who earned a million dollars a day would allow a woman to pay for his meal?"

This little woman was too straightforward.

Didn't she know she was Sterling's woman? As his woman, she never spent his money but was prepared to pay the bill herself?

Had she always disregarded him?

"I want you to cook me a home-cooked meal. Don't ask Judy for help. Tonight, when I get home, you must already prepare a good dinner for us," Dylan said softly.

A home-cooked meal? Savannah froze for a moment.

To be honest, cooking dinner at home might be more difficult for her than inviting him out to dinner. She wanted to refuse him because she never used to cook.

When she lived in her uncle's house, Norah always asked her to work and cook. She had learned how to cook, but with a little cooking talent, the food she prepared was so terrible that even Norah gave up the idea.

Later, when her uncle and aunt did not allow her to study, she began to work as an advertising model and seldom returned home. She preferred snacks and take-out.

She was indeed a layman when it came to cooking.

Dylan, seeing her hesitate, frowned, "Why, not? Are you going to refuse me? look, it's just a simple reward that I've asked from you,"

"Well. Alright." Savannah quickly agreed lest the man should come up with another bad idea.

After receiving the assignment, she sighed with relief and was about to leave. "Wait," Dylan stopped her and asked doubtfully, "where is the bodyguard? I asked him to follow you."

"Well..." Savannah's heart flew to her mouth again, "I wanted to talk to you alone, so I asked him to wait for me downstairs lest he should disturb us."

Her words were so sickening that she made herself flesh crawl, but Dylan seemed to be pleased. He narrowed her eyes and said nothing. Dylan quickly pulled her, and she landed on his lap. His arms quickly snaked around her waist, "I want another reward. This one!"

His lips claimed her mouth that was slightly opened, and before she could push him, Dylan's strongly trapped her hands while his lips deepened his kiss. They both gasping for air when Dylan released her.

"You! I really hate you!" she screamed.

Dylan just gave her a teasing smile and said, "Whatever! You forget that you're my woman and we have an agreement,"

She glared at him and quickly stood up and left his office. Dylan was satisfied with his little woman's childish behavior. He returned to his table, and his mood was changed. He didn't expect her to visit him suddenly.

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Before Savannah left the company, she passed the lobby and saw Miller, who had just finished packing and had been fired.

Miller, followed by two security guards, was holding a big box, walking out of the building with a dull look. Her eyes shone with hope when she saw Savannah. She paused and then frantically escaped from security, coming to Savannah, "Ms. Schultz, I was wrong! It's all my fault! Please, help me to ask Mr. Sterling for a favor, I want to stay! I won't make any more mistakes, and I dare not fight against you!"

Sterling Group was the most influential company in LA, and it was pretty much a dead-end if she left here. Sterling fired her. No one would dare to hire her.

Savannah looked quietly at Miller, who was pitiful and hateful. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sterling decided to fire you. It's no use pleading to me."

"Why? You're Mr. Sterling's..." Miller swallowed her words when she remembered that Mr. Sterling did not allow her to speak of their relationship. She grasped Savannah's arm anxiously, "Anyway, Mr. Sterling will agree if you can plead for me!"

"Why should I plead for you? I remember I had given you a chance, but you didn't take it seriously." Savannah frowned and threw off Miller's hand.

Miller stumbled and fell to the ground, her box in her arms spread all over the floor. Her eyes became red with anger when she saw Savannah would not help her.

### **117: I Can Do It Myself**

"Savannah! You bitch! I have been working hard and well in the group, and it's you who made Mr. Sterling hate me since you came! It's you who asked Mr. Sterling to fire me! I wish you to die!"

Miller was indeed a hypocrite, and she changed her face so quickly. Why did she pass the buck instead of reflecting on her own mistakes?

Savannah didn't regret asking Dylan to fire her. At that moment, two security guards came by; one of them was the security manager, knowing that her relationship with Mr. Sterling was not straightforward. He hurriedly came over to Savannah, "Miss Schultz, are you okay? Did she hurt you?"

Savannah shook her head. "I'm fine. Please get this lady out of the company as soon as possible."

"Savannah, you bi --"

Before Miller finished the word "bitch," she was picked up by the security manager and dragged away. All those in the lobby watched Miller, who was a very popular chief secretary, being dragged out with surprise.



Savannah breathed a sigh of relief when Miller was taken away and disappeared from her eyes.

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After leaving the group, Savannah went to the market for groceries.

The man told her that she must do everything herself, from pre-preparation to cooking the food.

What a nitpicker!

She might as well treat him to a meal outside if she had known all the trouble.

Nevertheless, Savannah still started to select the food ingredients carefully.

She used to go to the produce market with Norah when she lived in her uncle's house, but it was Norah who selected the vegetables and meat, and she was just like a little maid there to pick up the basket.

This was the first time she selected the food herself. She bought some vegetables, potatoes, ribs, and chicken thighs. She didn't leave until well after sunset.

When Savannah returned to Beverly Hills, she found the whole villa empty except herself. Judy was not in the house, either.

Did Judy take the day off? She did not mention it in advance.

Savannah didn't think much. It was getting late when she went into the kitchen, ready to cook.

Watching the food piled up on the counter, she felt troubled and anxious. Still, no matter how difficult it was, she would just roll up her sleeves and do it!

She opened Google on her phone, searched several recipes, and followed them to start cooking.

After a time, the door creaked open on the porch. When Dylan came in, he found the sound and smell of cooking coming from the kitchen.

Was this woman going to burn his house down?

He laughed, took off his coat, and headed for the kitchen. He saw the little woman struggling with the fryer and food amid the smoke.

Savannah was making fried chicken. Probably because she put the chicken thighs, which were not entirely defrosted into the oil directly, the whine of a chicken-roaster was heard, and hot oil splatter in all directions.

"Ah!" She covered her face, dropped the spatula, and then subconsciously jumped behind. Dylan came forward and quickly turned off the fire, pulling her to his back!

She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Dylan, and then turned aside to hide her blushes for her unseemly manner being seen by him.

"I asked you to cook, not set the house on fire," Dylan said as he smiled a dazzling, crooked smile.

She swallowed, unwilling to be laughed at by him, "In fact, I did a good job before, it was you who came and affected my performance!" She said, pointing to the dishes that had been prepared and not yet served on the counter.

Blamed him for it? Dylan's lip quirked up, thinking it was funny.

"Oh, did Judy take the day off today? I didn't see her when I came back." Savannah broke the silence in a natural, conversational tone.

"Well, I let Judy off, in case you asked her to cook for you." Dylan raised his eyebrows.

Savannah curled her lips. "Just a few dishes. I can do it myself."

"Well, I can't see how you can do it." Dylan sneered.

Savannah turned away, unwilling to speak to him.

The chicken dish failed, but fortunately, there were other dishes. They carried them out to the dining room together.

"Come on." Savannah was a little nervous.

After all, it was the first time she cooked for him. He was so strict and critical that she didn't know if she could satisfy him.

Dylan jabbed his fork into the potato and put it into his mouth.

Was this what she called "good job"?

Was the fucking potato wrapped in sugar?

"How does it taste?" Savannah looked at him.

"... Too sweet."

Sweet? Oh, no! She didn't accidentally mix salt instead of sugar, did she?

Then he stabbed a piece of meat from the plate with his fork. This time, he just took a little meat. But again, his face twisted. It was...too salty.

Even the bacon was not as salty as the meat!

Savannah broke down in a cold sweat. Was it really that bad? "Better?"

"A little salty."

Salty? She was dumbfounded. Oh, when she fried the meat, she received the call from Olivia. After she hung up, she probably forgot that she had already sprinkled some salt on it, so she added salt again.

Her face clearly expressed the frustration of the baffled. Dylan's eyes fell on the salad.

It was just a salad, Dylan thought, it could not be wrong. Anyway, it should be much better than the two dishes.

He tried the salad carefully, but the next moment he began to cough.

"Are you okay?" Savannah tapped him on the back.

Dylan wiped his mouth with a piece of napkin, his face flushed. "Are you trying to poison me? This salad -- how much pepper did you add?"

He didn't want to discourage the little woman, so he forced himself to try the dishes one by one, but determined that he couldn't survive if he continued.

The dark cuisine!

Savannah patted her head. "My! I may have accidentally added too much white pepper! I wanted to spice it up, but I didn't expect the pepper to be so spicy!"

The dinner was a complete failure. Savannah stood up helplessly, ready to make a phone call. "I'll order you a pizza...or shall we go out now?"

"Don't bother," Dylan said as he went straight into the kitchen. Savannah was stunned and followed him, "What are you doing? Do you want to cook again? Can I help you?"

### **118: I Will Never Force You Again**

"Help me? Keep your seat, please." Dylan gave her a glance with a slight smile on his lips.

Savannah blushed. Damn, he can cook, what's up with that?

However, it was really a shame that she couldn't even equal this versatile chief executive in cooking skills.

Twenty minutes later, Dylan came out with two plates of pineapple fried rice, which looked attractive and delicious.

There was only one pineapple and some rice leftover.

Dylan simply cut the pineapple and cooked a fruit meal with the fruit and rice.

Savannah tasted a spoonful of rice and loved it immediately. She looked up at him in disbelief.

This man could be a Michelin chef instead of the CEO of a company!

Simple, unadulterated dishes, such as the spaghetti last time and the fried rice today, best exemplified a chef's cooking skill.

By contrast, what the hell was it that she cooked on that table!

Though ashamed, Savannah dug into the rice heartily. She even made away with the last piece of pineapple on the plate.

Dylan daintily ate the food, and as usual, he didn't eat much. He felt satisfied to see the little woman eating with an appetite, so his eyes rested on her with tenderness.

After they finished, Savannah took the initiative to undertake the duty of cleaning the dishes. She put the plates in the dishwasher, washed her hands, and then came out. In the living room, Dylan was sitting on the sofa, watching TV with his long legs crossed.

Under the quietness and warmth of the lamp, Dylan looked calm and enigmatic.

Just one day ago, they were in a cold war.

Out of wrath, he punished her, but after that, he tried to make up with her step by step.

So, had they reconciled with each other?

Savannah was distraught and unaware of his approach.

"What are you thinking?" He grasped her hair tie, pulled it free, and gasped as her hair cascaded down around her shoulders.

After the housework, Savannah was still in an apron, her pure face was inexplicable and straightforward. She looked like a virtuous wife and a fine mother.

She was perfectly fit to be his baby's mother.

Thinking of this, his eyes flared. He put his arms around her and hauled her against his body, squeezing her tightly.

"Don't do that... we'll be seen..." Savannah moaned as he leaned down and kissed her.

"Be seen by whom? Judy is not here." His voice was husky and demanding.

Oh, she forgot... He had sent Judy away. It must've been on purpose when he gave Judy the day off.

"You haven't answered my question yet." He sounded a little displeased.

"Oh?" Stunned, she bit her lip and said, "Nothing... I was just wondering... if we have made up yet?"

Have they made up? It sounded like they had been fighting like kids.

Dylan laughed. "Isn't making up good? Would you prefer it if I were still angry and going to punish you again?"

The word "punish" had a deep meaning.

Her face inexplicably burned, but she still plucked up courage and whispered, "Now, even if we have made up with each other, I am afraid you will get annoyed again if the most important problem is not solved..."

In this case, she and he could not reach an agreement at all, so they might still quarrel in the future.

Tonight, she wanted to make it clear to him.

She really could not have a baby for him.

Dylan turned pale, of course, he knew what she was talking about.

She was saying that he had been pressing her for a baby.

He did not respond.

The atmosphere in the room shifted abruptly, becoming tense.

Savannah's heart had picked up a beat. She stared down at her fingers, waiting for his anger to gain. She guessed he might force her as what he did yesterday.

She was even ripe for running.

Fortunately, after a long silence, Dylan wasn't annoyed. He just took her by the hand and led her to the sofa.

Sitting nervously opposite him, Savannah did not know what he was going to do. Dylan let out a sigh, and finally, his hand moved. He took a familiar gum box and pushed it across the coffee table to her.

She gazed at the gum box with staring eyes.

The gum box in which she put the pills?

"This is the box I asked Judy to find in your bag. I know that you hid your pills in it. Now, take it back." Said Dylan quietly, sitting on the opposite sofa.

"What...what do you mean?"

"If you don't want to have a baby now, you won't. I will never force you again."

Savannah couldn't believe her ears. Did he change his mind?

She must be imagining things!

"You...you really mean it?" She stammered.

Dylan nodded slightly. "Yes, I wanted a child to fight for power, but after thinking it over, I realized I don't need a child to prove my position with my father. I know my ability. Besides, I know nothing forcibly done is going to be agreeable. Dylan Sterling's son must be the most excellent one. You have been unwilling to get pregnant, and under such pressure, the baby you have will be of bad quality. It is better not to have it."

Bad quality? Well, whatever. Savannah gave a long sigh of relief.

She was almost crying for joy.

At last, he thought it through!

She reached out to take the box of pills.

"But I have one request, too." Dylan interrupted her.

Savannah's heart instantly sank. Did he go back on his word?

Dylan continued, "The current contraceptives on the market are all in a mess, and most of them are bad for your health. After you finish this box of pills, ask Jacob to get more. After all, he's a doctor, he knows the drugs, and he'll give you the pill that has little negative effects on female physiology."

Savannah, of course, knew the side-effects of the pill. It would cause menstrual disorder, gynecological diseases, or even infertility.

She could ask for nothing better than if such a great professor like Jacob could help her with that.

But...

Why was the man so good that he not only allowed her to take the pill but also helped her choose the pill?

"Why..." She murmured.

Dylan guessed her doubts and said, "How can you serve me when you're sick?"

Shit, after all, it was for himself! She pursed her lips and asked no more questions.

Dylan looked at the clock and arose from the sofa, ready to leave for business.

Savannah felt relieved and sent him to the porch.

Dylan frowned at her happy face, "You seem quite delighted to know I am not staying tonight?"

### **119: Be His Secretary Again**

"Oh, I'm just sleepy. I want to sleep." Savannah yawned.

"Well, have a good rest. Anyway, you have to get up early and go to work at the Sterling Group tomorrow."

Savannah immediately swallowed her yawn back. "What do you mean? Go to work? Me?"

"Who else except you?"

"I... Why would I work at the Sterling group? What am I going to do?" Wasn't it enough to make her a secretary for a week? What's wrong with the man again?

"Did you forget that Miller was just fired? I don't have anyone around to fill in, and it's hard to find someone suitable for the time being. You haven't taken any modeling jobs lately, so you are available to take her place as the chief secretary."

What the hell! His secretary again? This time his chief secretary?

Savannah did not respond for a long time. Then she came back to herself and refused, "I'm not capable of this job. I will only negatively affect your normal work!"

"Don't be modest. You've been a secretary for a week and have already had an experience." Dylan said simply.

"There are so many smart and beautiful young assistants around Miller, you can promote one from them, first." Savannah insisted, her face anguished

Dylan was annoyed, so he cupped her chin, forcing her face up to meet his gaze. "Who did I fire Miller for? Do you want to burn the bridge after crossing it?"

Savannah finally gave in. "How long will it take?"

"I will let you go when HR finds a suitable candidate as the chief secretary."

Damn it, this time, it seemed that she would take the work for eternity!

Dylan turned and left. Savannah looked at him in an agony of frustration.

The car was running along the road.

Dylan raised the front windows to feel the night wind blowing.

He was elevated at the thought that he could see the little woman in the company every day from tomorrow.

Instead of heading to the Sterling Group, the car made several turns and stopped at the gate of Hoag.

He got out of the car and went straight to Jacob's office.

Jacob seemed to be waiting for him. He held his arms. "Dylan, what do you want this time?"

This afternoon, Dylan came and asked him to replace the birth control pills in a gum box with similar-looking vitamins.

Dylan sat down on the sofa and crossed his legs. "Anyway, when Savannah asks you for the pill next time, just give her the same vitamins."

Reverse psychology would make Savannah find another way to adopt contraceptives if he forced her to have a baby.

Even if he let his bodyguard and Judy follow her all day, it was not enough.

The bodyguard and Judy could not keep an eye on her in the bathroom, could they?

She would meet and be in contact with other people, wouldn't she?

She can find other ways to get the pill.

Instead of monitoring her every day, he offered her the pill.

But it was not the pill, but normal vitamins.

Of course, this plan required Jacob's help.

First, Jacob was a doctor. Second, Savannah seemed to trust him very much.

Jacob had already guessed what Dylan planned. He laughed, "You are going to deceive Savannah into taking vitamins instead of contraceptives? That's too much. And now you want me to be your accomplice? Savannah will scold me and hate me if she finds out. No way!"

"Jacob, are you my friend or Savannah's?" Dylan lowered his voice.

Jacob's face contorted with thought. Then he said, "I think that I may have a better relationship with Savannah..."

A round cushion was thrown over to Jacob before he finished his last word.

How dare Jacob have a better relationship with his woman?

Jacob quickly picked up the cushion and laughed. "I'm kidding! Anyway... This kind of thing is so immoral. Isn't it lying to Savannah? God will blame me. I can't help you!"

"You are afraid that God will blame you? Really?" Dylan sneered and continued, "A few years ago, in London, you met a little girl and made her crazy about you, but when she claimed that she wanted to marry you, you secretly hid away from her. She searched the length and breadth of the city but failed to find you. You broke her heart. Why weren't you afraid of being blamed by God at that time? Oh, by the way, it's easy for me to find out where the girl is. Would you like me to give her your current contact information?"

Jacob's face changed, "Hey, you don't have to be like that!"

"Don't talk nonsense. You decide for yourself!" Dylan grinned lazily.

"Is that a threat!?" Jacob said vehemently.

Dylan shrugged. "I can't help it. I just have the evidence of your love affairs in my hands."

Jacob struggled for a long time. Finally, his face twisted, and he bit his teeth. "Alright. You won!"

Dylan stood up contentedly, shook his collar, and went away.

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When Savannah got up the next morning and went downstairs, Judy was already there. She had just placed the breakfast on the table.

"Savannah, you'd better have breakfast quickly and get to work after that." Judy smiled.

Savannah had just stretched but was frustrated again at the thought of going to the Sterling group as Dylan's chief secretary.

After breakfast, she took a taxi to the Sterling group.

This time, she was much calmer than the first time.

At least, she knew the daily work of the secretary and what she should do every day.

As she walked out of the elevator, she heard two young assistants talking in the corner.

They were Miller's former assistants.

"Why was Miller suddenly fired?" One of them asked curiously.

"Ms. Schultz was there on the day that Miller was fired. I heard from the front desk lady in the lobby that Miller quarreled with Schultz before she was dragged away by the security." Another assistant whispered.



"You mean, Mr. Sterling really fired Miller because of Schultz?"

"What else? We have long suspected that the little young model had a very unusual relationship with Mr. Sterling, otherwise, how could our boss make the little young model his secretary for a week last time? I think Miller got fired because she had offended Schultz."

"Say! I didn't expect Mr. Sterling to fire his most important subordinate for that little young model! Oh, it's lucky that Schultz does not work as a secretary in the company now, or we will have to worry about offending her every day!"

### **120: It's Too Urgent**

When they laughed and spoke, they looked up and was surprised to see a slim and beautiful figure coming around a corner towards them. The two assistants shut up immediately.

Schultz, who they just talked about, appeared in front of them!

Why did she come here early in the morning?

Oh, no. Did she hear that? The two assistants turned pale at the thought of Miller's fate. They had beads of sweat on their foreheads.

"Allow me to correct what you said." Savannah opened her mouth quietly, "First, Miller was fired—not because of me. She had only herself to blame. As the chief secretary, she was arrogant towards visitors and leaked Mr. Sterling's personal itinerary to an outsider. Second, I will stand in for Miller from today. That is to say, I am your immediate superior these days. Don't be afraid to offend me, I would appreciate your advice any time."

With that, she held out her hand in a friendly way.

She was polite to Miller when she worked as a secretary before, but it didn't mean she was easily bullied. At that time, it was just a week, and she didn't want to make trouble for anyone.

But now, she took Miller's place for the time being, and there were so many people looking at her, waiting for her to make a spectacle of herself. She could not be looked down on.

The two assistants froze there, and they did not reply for a long time. It seemed that they were outpaced by the young woman in front of them.

Savannah, who appeared to be quiet and low-key last time, seemed to be different when she came back this time.

"Why, don't you think this chief secretary is the right one?" said a severe voice from close behind them.

Dylan was coming along with a stroll, his manner distinguished and elegant. His eyes were fine and cold.

The two assistants immediately responded, "Yes, yes, of course, she is!"

Then they hurriedly took Savannah's outstretched hand, "Ms. Schultz, nice to meet you. We'll work hard in the future."

"That's great," Savannah smiled, "but I don't like my staff gossiping about other people's affairs in the office. Do you agree with me?"

The two assistants nodded hurriedly. "Of course, we agree. We will never discuss other people's private affairs in the office."

"Well, you can go to work now."

The two assistants breathed a sigh of relief and hurried off to their seats.

When Savannah and Dylan were left alone, Savannah lowered her head and said, "Mr. Sterling, I'll be back in my seat. Call me if you need my help." Her voice was much softer.

"What's the hurry? It's three minutes to work." Dylan curled his lips and glanced up at his watch.

She had to stay where she was, waiting for him to let her go.

"It was quite impressive when you lectured them, but why do you look depressed now?" Dylan teased.

"It was not a lecture... I just don't want to see a second or a third Miller in the company." If he fired the assistants, she would do everything by herself. She would work herself to death!

"In a word, you have to be tough in front of others in the company. Remember, you don't have to be afraid of anyone here except me. Don't lose my face."

Savannah blushed. "Yes, sir."

Dylan's eyes were burning with some unfathomable emotion. He was going to call her into the office to give her some "tasks" when a department manager came to report work.

Savannah bowed her head and left.

She went to Miller's former seat, the chief secretary's seat, which was close to the CEO's office and at a distance from the other assistants. It was half an open office, exquisite and nicely arranged.

Apparently, Dylan had already sent someone to clear the place.

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Up to now, Savannah's secretarial work had been quite smooth.

Maybe it was because she had admonished the assistants on the first day she came back, she did not hear any comments about herself these days.

Just as Dylan said, she should be tough. People bullied the weak and feared the strong.

This morning, Savannah came out of the elevator and saw the door of the conference room closed.

Dylan didn't go to Beverly Hills these days. He seemed to spend all day in his office or having meetings with senior executives at the company, so she hardly ever saw him.

As she knew, the Sterling Group was currently negotiating a cooperation project with an official partner. Dylan was prepared to sign the agreement, so he stayed very busy.

Well, Savannah did not feel bad. The man had no time to get her in trouble if he had so much work to do. At least, he wouldn't call her into his office to give her some strange tasks.

"Morning, Ms. Schultz." One of the little assistants came up and greeted her in a flattering way.

"So early today?" Savannah looked at the pile of documents in the assistant's arms.

"Yeah, the company is sending someone to Chicago today to sign up for the project."

Savannah nodded and returned to her seat. Just then, the door of the conference room opened, and Dylan came out, followed by some senior executives.

After they entered the elevator, Dylan walked toward Savannah and stopped at her seat. He drummed his fingers on the desk and said, "Go downstairs and wait for me in the garage. You will go to the airport with me, and then we will fly to Chicago."

"Ah?" Savannah was surprised and looked up at Dylan, "I'm... going to Chicago with you? Now?"

This time he went to Chicago to finish a contract personally? And he would take her too?

Oh yes... She was his secretary now, and it's very normal for the chief secretary to accompany her boss on business trips!

However, how could he make the decision without telling her in advance?

"Yes. Hurry up."

"It's too urgent. Should I go back and get some clothes and supplies first?" Savannah hesitated. The business trip would take at least two or three days, and she should pack her bag first.

"No, I'll prepare everything when we get there. Get ready. I'll see you in the garage in five minutes." After that, Dylan turned and walked to the elevator first.