

Midnight 29

I Dare Not

Her faint scent reached him, of coal soap and mint shampoo, and her beautiful lips were as attractive as rose petals. Dylan narrowed his eyes, "Have you realized your mistake?"

"I have." She said, bowing her head.

"You won't see other men behind my back?"

It sounded like she was an adulterer. She took a deep breath and whispered, "I dare not."

A satisfied smile touched his beautifully sculptured lips, "Go downstairs, dinner is ready."

With that, he walked towards the door.

She was stunned for a moment. Did he mean to let her go? She breathed a sigh of relief.

Savannah went back to her room and got changed into a dress before she went downstairs. There was a table full of steaming hot pieces of bread and cakes with jars of butters, creams, and jams with knives levied into them.

At the kitchen table, Dylan was working through his emails on his tablet. He heard her noisy stomach, looked up, and glanced at her.

Savannah blushed, thankful that, at that moment, Judy rushed in, making a loud fuss.

"Miss Schultz, come on, your fever has just gone, you are still very weak and need more energy."

It was the first time Savannah had eaten with him since she arrived in his villa. She usually ate alone or in her room, and now she was sat opposite Dylan, munching a delicious cookie. By contrast, Dylan hardly ate a thing. Sipping his wine, he looked at the girl, glutting herself with food.

Judy liked having someone to serve who wasn't so picky about her food. When she came to clear away the table, she was surprised to find that Savannah had almost finished all the dishes. Judy said with a smile, "It's good to be young. Sir, you see, the girl has a good appetite and will eat anything, easy to feed!"

Dylan raised his eyebrows. What did that mean? Was Judy saying he's old? His brow creased, "Judy, you're talking too much today."

Judy stopped for a moment but then left obediently. Too much? Mr. Sterling had never complained about her before. On the opposite side, Savannah pursed her lips when she saw his displeasure.

What a proud man! She thought. He hated being said old! He was an uncle! Well, uncle!

Just then, her pocket vibrated. A message came.

She took out her mobile phone on her leg, looked down at it, and saw Kevin's text message. Just a few words, "Savannah, I want to see you again." Her heart was pounding. She looked up and glanced at the

man on the opposite side of the table, afraid of being found out by him. She had just been punished for meeting Kevin in private, and she didn't want to go through it again.

"Whose message?" Apparently, Dylan noticed her movement. He swirled the wine gently in the glass, his features set off by the noble liquid.

"Just an advertisement." She hastily packed up her cell phone, hoping he would not ask her to hand it over to him.

Fortunately, he continued his meal without pursuing it further.

After dinner, when Dylan went back to his study, Savannah went upstairs to her own room. She closed the door, took out her phone, and turned to Kevin's text message. Taking a deep breath, she replied, "Kevin, I'm okay, don't worry about me. I've been busy recently, and let's meet later."

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The Sterling Group.

CEO's office.

The phone rang. Dylan picked it up, and the sweet voice of the secretary came, "Sir, Kevin Wills is here to see you, but he didn't make an appointment. Should I turn him away?"

Kevin came in before he could answer. Dylan rolled his eyes. He didn't expect the man to come to him.

A tall and young figure walked in. Kevin looked at the man sitting behind a modern dark-wood desk while Dylan looked back straight with a polite but cold smile. Sterling looked glorious in a sharp black suit. Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows behind him was the most expensive area in LA. Though he was sitting, his exceptional emperor-like qualities were obvious. Dylan Sterling of the Sterling Group deserved his reputation.

Kevin kept straight, "Mr. Sterling, since you are willing to see me, you must know who I am."

"I knew the boss of JK Games was young. Juniors are to be respected. Nice to see you." Dylan's tone was polite and professional, but apparently disdainful. Even if Kevin was young and promising, Dylan, a business emperor, would not take him seriously.

"I'm here today as Savannah's friend, not JK's boss. I know that Savannah asked for your help because of my business some days ago, and you might have reached some agreement with her. And I now find that Savannah is living in your house." Kevin's expression darkened as he continued, and he tried to manage his emotions, "Savannah is still a little girl, please don't embarrass her."

The atmosphere in the room shifted abruptly, tensing.

With one long, cold look at Kevin, Dylan teased, "Savannah? You mean, the little pet I had recently?"

Kevin's face darkened momentarily. The man in front of him was provocative, and he didn't mind telling everyone that Savannah was his. Had Savannah really done something with the Sterling to save him?

Kevin could not help it, "If she had promised you anything, it should be on me, and I would pay back everything for her. Please let her go at once!"

Dylan gave Kevin a cold stare, "Payback? What can you do for her to pay back? As JK's boss, or the bastard of the Smiths?"

Kevin narrowed his eyes. Dylan had already secretly investigated him!

"She's mine, and trust me, and she likes it that way. No other man is allowed to ask my woman from me." With that, Dylan stood up and called for the secretary, "Mr. Wills is leaving."

The secretary hurried in and went to Kevin, "Mr. Wills, please --"

Kevin stared at Dylan, "It's house arrest. I don't believe that Savannah really wants to be with you!"

Dylan stood with his hands on his back in a domineering way,

"I don't want to talk with you. Let Mr. Smith come."

Kevin clenched his fist. Dylan clearly got his Achilles' heel.

Dylan knew very well that he hated his biological father and had been running away from him since he was old enough to leave home. After leaving the orphanage, he looked for his family everywhere. But ever since he knew that he was the illegitimate son of the governor, Robert Smith, his family background and his mother's miserable sufferings had become his disgrace.