

Midnight 30

I Can Do It Myself

He vowed that he would never have any relationship with the Smiths, let alone ask Mr. Smith for help. Therefore, he had always rejected his father's goodwill, and he believed that he could create his own world without relying on his backstabbing family.

In fact, he did.

"Mr. Wills, if you don't leave, I'll call security." The secretary said with an emphatic pronunciation.

Kevin loosened his fingers and, finally, turned away.

The office door shut, Dylan stood with his hands in his trousers, his expression rather cold. It seemed that the relationship between Savannah and Kevin was better than he thought. His mouth pressed into a hard line, he thought for a while and called in Garwood.

Garwood immediately came in, "Sir."

Dylan narrowed his eyes, "JK always wants the investment from the F&H Group, right?"

Dylan remembered Mr. Wilson, the president of F&H Group, had mentioned it when they played golf together last month.

Though JK had technology and innovation, it was a start-up company and required a well-funded company to cooperate and help them in new game promotion in the market.

And the F&H Group had always been JK's target partner.

"Yes," Garwood replied. "But it is said that Mr. Wilson is not interested in the game market. He thinks the upfront investment is too high that they have not reached an agreement yet."

"Tell Mr. Wilson to take a stake in JK. The sooner, the better. All the money, no matter how much, is on me." Dylan ordered as he walked to the window, looking into the distance.

Garwood was a little surprised. He had been with Dylan long enough to know he was shrewd and couldn't help but wonder what benefit there was in it this time..

Confused but saying nothing, Garwood nodded and left.

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Three days later.

In the evening, Garwood sent a rectangular box to Beverly Hills. It was an ice-blue V-neck dress and a pair of stiletto heels in the same color. Savannah was stunned at them. The suit was for the princess in a girls' dream. When her father was alive, she had been dressed up like that by her father when attending some business parties.

She didn't know how long it had been since she had worn such nice clothes.

"Garwood, is this... for me? She wondered why he was giving her such an expensive evening suit.

Garwood nodded. "Mr. Sterling is going to attend a business dinner for a launch ceremony tomorrow evening. You will accompany him as his female partner."

Savannah tensed, "A banquet? Will there be a lot of people? Is there any media?"

"Of course." Garwood laughed. The Sterling Group was rather influential in business. "Please go upstairs to try on clothes. If they don't fit, tell Judy right away, and I'll get another size for you."

Savannah went upstairs to her room with the box in her arms and silently closed the door. Staring at the box, she didn't move. No, she didn't want to go to the business dinner with him! If she went, then everyone would know that they were together. And even if she were free one day, she would be branded as the mistress of Mr. Sterling- could she have a life of her own after that? She was thinking about the damned dinner when the phone started ringing.

She was a little startled and answered the phone immediately without seeing the caller, "hello."

"Savannah, it's me." Kevin?

Kevin had called her many times these days, but she didn't answer it on purpose because she really didn't know what to say. Too late, she sat on the bed uneasily. "Hi, Kevin."

"Savannah, I already know that you made a deal with Dylan to save me. You live with Dylan now, right?"

Savannah was stunned and felt extremely ashamed. Did Kevin know everything?

Receiving no reply, Kevin continued, "Savannah, no matter what you've done with Dylan, tell me where you are. I'll pick you up right now! I would rather be charged by the Yontzs than let you do anything wrong for me!"

"Kevin, don't --" Savannah bit her lip and finally said, "I promised I'd stay with him... If I go back on my word, I'll have to give him my father's stake in the Schultz's factory..."

Kevin's voice was trembling, "Stay with him? Do you know what you're doing? Are you crazy? Savannah, whatever you owe him, I'll pay for you. I have the ability to help you. Don't be afraid of him. Leave him now!"

Savannah smiled wryly.

Kevin must be thinking wrong. How could he help her pay for everything as a little engineer in a games company? How could he help her leave that demonic man?

At that moment, familiar footsteps came from the hallway downstairs, and Judy's voice, "Sir, you are back."

"Don't worry about me, Kevin," said Savannah hurriedly. "That's it. Bye." She hung up the phone and turned it to silent mode, pretending nothing ever happened. At that moment, the sound of footsteps approached, and the door was pushed open.

Dylan glanced at the intact box on the bed and raised his eyebrows. "You haven't tried it on?"

Savannah swallowed, "I think it'd be inappropriate for me to go. Isn't it? I have no experience with these things - I might make an idiot of myself."

As the words fell from her mouth, his tall figure approached. Dylan put his arms around her waist and pulled her close into his arms.

He lowered his head and stared at her coldly, "Are you afraid of losing my face or losing your face? Is it really such a shameful thing to be a Sterling woman?"

"No... "

"Then, get changed. Don't make me punish you again for your disobedience." He said in an authoritative tone.

Savannah bit her lip. This pervert! He enjoys tormenting me! However, the punishment a few days before was still engraved on her mind, and she did not want to offend him again. Another night in a cold bathroom might make her go mad.

But she really didn't want to be with him in public.

When he saw her hesitating, he lowered his head and leaned to her, his voice low and husky, "If you don't want to change, I don't mind dressing you myself."

His hands glided slowly on her back, skimming her and moving to find and undo the buttons of her dress.

She almost jumped up and away. "I can do it myself." She exclaimed, clashing her arms around herself. She hurried to the bathroom with the box in her arms. A satisfied smile touched Dylan's lips. A moment later, Savannah came out in the evening dress, nervously.

She looked quite grand in the evening dress. It left her arms and neck and part of her chest bare. The ice blue colored bud silk suited her. He could see her figure inside the frock as if that were wrapped tightly around her. The firmness and the softness of her upright body could almost be felt as he looked at her.