

Midnight 31

It Must Be Very Expensive

He noticed how her breasts swelled beneath the hugging fabric of the dress as if waiting for his caress. Though she had a sweet and round face, he was constantly surprised to be reminded her mature, her body was.

He stared at her so viciously that she felt a little ashamed. She wanted to cover her breasts with her hands, but she dared not.

He got up and walked over, moved his hands up to her head and pulled up her hair, and where his fingers touched her skin, she felt a tingle of the head, and she instinctively shrank back but found he only pulled out a necklace and put it on her neck.

"How can you wear an evening dress without jewelry?" He put back her hair after that.

The necklace glimmered with a blue gem on the pendant.

Savannah hesitated, "This necklace... It must be very expensive."

She hated taking anything from him and feeling like she owed her more than she already did. It was more leverage he had over her.

"I'm nothing compared to the price I've paid for you." He lifted her face, gazing at her as if she was his Barbie doll.

She took a deep breath and bit her lip. Okay, as he likes, it's not her money anyway.

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The next evening Savannah arrived at the biggest five-star hotel in LA, with Dylan confidently leading the way..

She was going to get out of the car in front of the hotel when she saw a gaggle of journalists waiting on the steps with cameras flashing as they arrived, and then she paused. Dylan also caught a glimpse of the crowd at the entrance of the hotel. He caught Savannah's gaze with his and then took off his suit and put it on her, covering her tightly.

Savannah was surprised and wondered why he now cared how she felt after insisting that she come with him.

Dylan led her out, holding her arm, and walked up the steps along the red carpet.

"Mr. Sterling is coming!" Journalists gathered about to take photos, "Who is the lady beside you, sir? Is she your girlfriend?" She shied at their attention, and their questioning only made her more anxious. Clenching her sweaty hands, she tried her best to lower her head, almost buried her face into Dylan's arms, not willing to be photographed.

Dylan could feel that she was trying to hide in his arms, a satisfied smile on his face. He pulled her into his embrace, wrapping his arms around her tightly.

They entered the banquet hall, clinging together to help Savannah escape from the camera flashlights. A receptionist then came and took them to the VIP table in front of the banquet hall.

Savannah sat down and saw the LED screen on the stage, saying "Ceremony for Cooperation Between F&H Group and JK."

JK...Savannah frowned, wasn't it Kevin's company? There must be something wrong.

Why was Dylan present at the ceremony between F&H Group and JK? What's the connection? And it happened to be JK... Just a coincidence? She gasped, looking at the man next to her, a bad feeling in her heart.

Just then, with the lights dimming down, Mr. Wilson, the president of F&H Group, walked onto the stage, "Ladies and gentlemen, good evening. It gives me great pleasure to be here today for the launch of an initiative for the future cooperation between F&H Group and JK, Mr. Wills, and I. The day before yesterday, I signed a contract with JK to invest in them."

Mr. Wills?

Savannah had a sort of vague premonition, but she could not believe it. Then, as is to cement the fact in her head, a similar slender figure walked onto the stage. The young man was wearing a sharp black suit, calm and experienced, not his age, his eyes brilliant and straight. He looked immaculate.

Kevin! The boss of JK was Kevin! No wonder he said he was able to help her... She was sure enough that what was going on tonight was Dylan's plan. She subconsciously looked at the men next to her. He just sat idly, looking at the stage quietly, his sculptured and sensual lips curled in an unspeakable way as if he was waiting for a good play. What the hell was he doing!

On stage, Kevin was shaking hands with Mr. Wilson, while off the stage, JK's staff began to applaud. "Thank you very much, Mr. Wilson, thanks for choosing to join JK. I believe we will have a long and healthy relationship." Mr. Wilson smiled, but then he introduced a jarring not, "I have one more thing."

Kevin's eyes narrowed slightly.

Mr. Wilson looked over here and focused on Dylan, "I will sell the shares of F&H in JK to the Sterling Group with immediate effect." His words brought on a storm. Everybody looked at each other. What's going on here? Had Mr. Wilson had just taken a stake in JK, and then he sold JK's shares to the Sterling Group?

"Mr. Wilson, what the bloody hell are you on about?? Why didn't you tell us in advance?" Dan growled.

A scowl flitted across Kevin's face. He raised his hand, asking Dan to keep silent. Kevin knew it was already too late; he'd fallen into a trap. It was Dylan who deliberately asked Mr. Wilson took a stake in JK, and then sold it to himself, so that he could acquire an equity stake in JK. Dylan was never interested in the game industry, and now it was obviously for one person.

Savannah.

He was trying to control Savannah even with JK's shares.

If he still insisted on taking Savannah away, he would destroy JK with the shares.

In the VIP seat, Savannah had already frozen.

"Your childhood sweetheart is the President of JK, a rising star in the domestic game industry, don't you know? It seems that he doesn't value you so much - he hid his identity to you after all you have done to help him." Dylan bent over and whispered in her ear.

Savannah turned her head away, ignoring his provocation.

Dylan stood up and walked onto the stage, a gloating smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He reached out to Kevin, " I am a shareholder of JK now. To a long and healthy future relationship." Dylan looked like an emperor cast under a spotlight and grinning to the pall of camera flashes.

Savannah quickly figured out his thinking. He wanted to use his shares with JK to leverage control over both him and her. All that painstaking work Kevin put into JK's success, he must be hurting right now. Dylan's viciousness was beyond the pale.

On the stage, one was a ruthless and decisive business king, and the other was a low-key and mysterious up-and-coming youngster. And, she wasn't sure if she imagined it, but there seemed to be the strong smell of gunpowder between the two men.