

Midnight 33

Such A Surprise

Kevin winced as a montage of images flashed across his vision, Dylan, hands rested on the back of her head, forcing her mouth down on him, choking her, Her beneath him, her nails raking his back, as he thrusts deep inside of her, Savannah bent over a table, hands balled as he held her by the hips and thrusts, hard and fast into her, cumming across her back. As Dylan said, Savannah was his pet...

Savannah, fearing Kevin's outburst, forced an easy smile, "Kevin, it's getting late. I think we should leave." She said, tugging at Dylan's arm. "Let's go, baby. The party is over." Dylan, holding her hand, nodded, and they walked straight towards the door.

Savannah was taken by Dylan to the hotel entrance. Dylan waved over a valet and gave him a ticket, and they waited for the car to arrive. She took the opportunity to withdraw her hand from his, stepped back and frowned at him. "Is it necessary to do these kinds of things?"

"You bet." He said.

She took a deep breath, "Please, don't ruin Kevin's company. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth like you were." She learned to show weakness appropriately, to navigate him to where she wanted.

Dylan, meanwhile, puzzled. It seemed that she didn't know that Kevin was a Smith, the son of the governor in LA. Well, they were barely on talking terms, and he hadn't told anyone, as far as Dylan could figure, about his family. His father, on the other hand, pressed a lot of palms for his son...

Dylan suddenly realized the fear in her eyes. The girl who had just trembled in his arms and took his hand on hers, now looked at him in fear as if he were the devil. He sneered, pulling her waist to bring her close to him, "He'll be fine if you're obedient."

Her eyes brightened, "You can be assured. I will follow our agreement."

They were so close together that her perfume came to him, making his eyes soft. Looking down, he noticed how her breasts swelled inside her V neck dress and how her shoulder curved wonderfully at the top of her arm. His grey eyes heated. With instinct, he tightened his arms, and his hand trailed up from her hip to her waist, and up to her breast, and gently cupped them.

Savannah was at once flustered and embarrassed. She wanted to run away but was afraid of offending him, and only nudged him, "Not here...Journalists are at the gate... "

He glanced at the journalists wandering the gate. Several journalists had come out early and seen them and grabbed a bunch of shots. Her face turned red as she imagined pictures of herself being splashed across tomorrow's front-pages. She didn't want to be notorious in LA!

Dylan noticed her biting her lip nervously and trying not to cry. He smiled, and then, without turning back, he waved to a journalist.

The journalist was stunned and realized that Dylan was calling him. He ran over to Dylan with the camera. "What is it, buddy?"

"Give me the camera," Dylan said, hand outstretched.

The journalist hesitated, took off the camera, and respectfully handed it over. "Now listen here, if you dare even leave a smudge on that camera- "

Before he could finish, Dylan hurled the camera to the ground and clattered across the ground, bits of glass and plastic flying away.

"You arrogant cunt." Said the journalist.

The rest, still by the gate, continued in a flurry of pictures, banking on a dramatic standoff.

"Tell your colleagues that I don't want to see her photos in any newspapers and magazines tomorrow. If I do, I will make sure every one of you is out of business by the end of the week." Hissed Dylan. "And you will get a cheque for damages from my assistant over there," he said, with a tilt of the head. "Now, go."

"Alright then," he sniffed. "I guess I can do that." Dylan and Savannah watched as he walked back over to the gate and relayed the message. There was a moment when the men mumbled to each other, and then they soon left in their vans. Savannah was stunned by his actions, but she had to admit that she was relieved now. She couldn't imagine how she would've dealt with it if everyone knew she was Dylan's mistress. Her father would be spinning in his grave. Indeed, it seemed as if Dylan was in a similar state of mind. Maybe she wasn't good enough for that.

As he said, she was just his pet, not his girlfriend.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

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The next day, when Savannah went down to breakfast, she asked Judy to pick up today's newspaper.

And, sure enough, slapped across the front page was the news that Dylan had brought stakes in JK, sending stocks shooting up across the wider gaming industry. She scanned the article for any mention of her and only found a brief mention, a single clause in a sentence near the end. And not a single picture.

Relieved, Savannah drank a half carton of milk. Judy, holding an iPad, read the news in amusement and said, "Miss Schultz, there's a very heated discussion about Mr. Sterling's female companion."

Savannah had barely chugged a third of the milk before hastily taking over the tablet from Judy. It was a piece of entertainment news in one of LA's largest glossy magazine websites, just released in the morning, and had been made a top post in just a few hours!

It said that Dylan attended a business dinner with a woman who was protected from being photographed in Dylan's suit from beginning to end, which showed that the woman was extremely favored by Dylan.

But I couldn't avoid being discussed on the Internet. She thought ruefully. The comments under the news were angry things.

"Dylan has a girlfriend? Such a surprise!"

"I don't think she's a real girlfriend. Maybe it's just for fun, rich people, you know."

"You mean that girl is Dylan's mistress? It can't be... I don't think my dream guy would keep a mistress!"

"I don't believe it either. Men like Dylan must be popular with women. Even if he has a mistress, it must be the woman who seduced him!"

"What does that bitch look like? Seducing my dreamy? Don't they have pictures? A picture, please!"

"No, it's probably that Dylan didn't want to let the pictures go public, and the Sterlings are so powerful that the media daren't say no."

"Well, she must be a bitch."

"Wow, you must be jealous of that bitch!"

"Fuck, you are jealous! Anyway, that woman is certainly not a nice one. Just sit back and wait for her to be dumped by Dylan."