

Midnight 34

Why Are You So Nervous?

Holy shit. People called this guy Mr. McDreamy? Why the hell did so many girls had a crush on him, she thought.

These netizens were more interested in Dylan than in the "fresh meat" of the moment (her). Waiting for her to be dumped? Well, she would like to thank her cyber friends very much if that were ever to come true!

She didn't care, not really. If anything, she felt bad for his fans. He was really not the man they made him out to be. What would they do if they know their McDreamy was a pervert? Then, an idea-

Savannah thought for a while and then entered the registration page.

Um... Her nickname of the account would be...

She rolled her eyes, and three words appeared under her slender fingers on the iPad, Super Pervert Sterling.

Then, she commented after the news. "The woman is innocent! It's easy to know a man's face, but not his heart. How can you be sure that Dylan Sterling is as good as you think? Let me tell you, and he is a pervert!" After, Savannah felt much better. She forked an egg up and started to eat it delectably. At that moment, footsteps on the stairs approached.

She'd gobbled half the egg when Dylan came downstairs and went to the table, looking questioningly at her.

Savannah almost dropped the egg in her mouth. After all, she just scolded him online. Had he already read it?

She was wondering how Dylan could find it when he raised his hand and stretched out for her lips. She did not dare to breathe until he wiped the yolk from her mouth.

"Savannah, can you keep your face a little cleaner?" He frowned, cleaned his hands with a tissue, and then sat opposite at the table. As a clean freak, he disliked anything dirty around him.

She flushed as the temperature from his finger was still on her lips. Why, what's wrong with her mouth?

She glanced nervously over at Dylan, who was watching her intently, "By the way, why haven't you left for work yet?" She said.

"What bad things have you done with such a guilty expression?" He asked.

Were his eyes radars? Savannah put on an aggrieved look and insisted, "What? Can I do nothing without being accused of something?"

"I was just talking. Why are you so nervous?" He raised his eyebrows.

"I don't know. Maybe in case, you decide to punish me again." She scolded.

Judy, sensing a situation brewing, came in with a tray of fresh scones to help defuse it. Looking at Savannah, she explained, "Mr. Sterling worked late last night. He usually has a little lie-in after a late night."

Savannah said nothing and continued her breakfast. Dylan also picked up his knife and fork and ate his breakfast up gracefully. He seemed to have a good appetite today. When the last slice of bread was gone, Savannah's cell phone rang, and it was her uncle Dalton.

She paused a moment and automatically got uptight and nervous again.

She hadn't been back to the Schultz's house for several days, and they hadn't contacted her. Now her uncle called her...for what?

The phone kept ringing.

Dylan saw her not picking up the phone, put down his fork, and asked, "Who's that?"

"My uncle..."

"Why not answer the phone? Are you afraid of them?" He asked, bored.

She shook her head, took a deep breath, and finally picked up the phone, "Hello, uncle."

"Where are you, Savannah?" Dalton asked carefully.

Maybe because there was too much going on, Dalton's voice made Savannah quite sentimental. Her voice caught in her throat, and she stuttered, "I...I'm living in a friend's house. Don't worry, uncle."

Dalton did not question more, "Savannah, come back today. You haven't been home for a long time. Your aunt and I miss you." Savannah was more than a little moved; they still remembered her? Dalton received no reply, thinking that she was still angry at being scolded before, and he continued, "Savannah, your aunt scolded you that day on impulse because she never thought you would have messed up old Sterling's party. Forget about it. She's really worried about you these days, afraid that you might end up in trouble. We won't force you to stay with Devin if you don't want, and it's all up to you. Savannah, I feel really sick these days, could you just come back to see us?"

Savannah's eyes welled up with tears. Anyway, uncle and aunt were her only family now. Maybe they finally got the right idea. As Dalton coughed again on the phone, Savannah said quickly, "Okay, I will go back to see you soon."

Dalton sounded surprised, "That's good! Good girl! We will wait for you here. Hurry!"

When Savannah hung up the phone, she saw Dylan staring at her imperiously. She explained, "It's my uncle. I'm just going back to see him. I'll be back in soon."

"He was just acting. You didn't see that?" Dylan folded his arms.

"What do you mean?"

"Has your uncle ever called you since you moved here? They called for a reason. Do you really think your uncle really cares about you? Don't kid yourself." He said, dismissing the call with a brush of his hand.

Savannah sensed his irony, unconvinced, and murmured, "It's your problem if you have darkness in your heart. Don't think so little of everyone."

"Darkness?" He frowned.

Savannah couldn't help scolding him, "Yes. Not all families are the same as you and old Sterling."

Dylan's eyes darkened, and the room grew silent.

Savannah clenched her body tight, in fear that he became angry. Fortunately, he did not say anything. He put down the knife and fork, smoothed his suit, and went out. Savannah felt relieved to see him leave for work finally.

It was noon when Savannah returned to the Schultz's house.

When she opened the door, she saw Norah standing in front of her with red eyes. "Savannah, you're finally back! My Darling girl, you've made me a nervous wreck. Look at me!" She sobbed, showing herself to Savannah. "I'm a mess. You mustn't worry me like that ever again!" She said, gathering Savannah in a spine-crushing hug.

Dalton stood up from the sofa in the living room and shuffled forward to her when she entered the door. "My beautiful niece! Come sit down." He sat her down in the armchair by the television, and Norah fetched her a plate of raisin cookies, which were like eating cardboard, and a cup of tea that was a dishwater brown and tasted sour. She grimaced as she forced them both down, all the while both of them quizzed her on her time away and if she was OK after everything that had happened.

She had to pause and think about that for a moment. Was she okay? She thought of everything Dylan had forced her to do, of the punishments that had been served, of Kevin and, in the now very distant past, Devin, her once-to-be husband. It had all become very distant, and she only now felt okay, with the feeling that her family really did love her, and she lulled in the concern and the praise they heaped on her. It had been all she'd ever want from them.

"Look, Savannah has lost some weight. Norah, go cook." Said Dalton anxiously, pinching a fold of skin at Savannah's flank.

"Well, I'll prepare some food for you." Norah smiled and went to the kitchen. She winked at her husband before she left.

The living room grew quiet. Dalton looked at Savannah. "Do you live in Mr. Sterling's house now?" He asked, resting a hand on hers.