

Midnight 36

Why Help Me?

Dylan stood over her, a protective hand resting on her back. "Why are you still crying? I can give them more money to hit themselves if you want." He chuckled.

She shrank away from him. He cut a lonely figure in the world, at once in but apart from it. His own family was tortured enough. How could he understand that she was crying because, at that moment, her only family in the world was gone?

And that made her think of her father and mother, who she missed very much, making her cry even more.

Dylan lowered himself to her high and fixed her gaze with his. "Enough." His voice was low, not pleasant - commanding, but softer. Savannah looked at him tearfully, still could not control herself.

Dylan knitted his brows impatiently, leaned down, and kissed her lips gently, and then he sucked at her lower lip.

She froze and stared, and a few seconds later, she woke up and shoved him away, "You... What are you doing..."

"Still crying?" He lifted his hand and rubbed his mouth, wiping away the crystal saliva left by her.

Her tears had been frightened back by his kisses, and she dared not cry. "You don't have to give them money. I have no money to pay you back." She bit her lip.

Dylan smiled, "Fifty-thousand to keep them away from you? It's worth it." He shrugged.

"Why help me?" She murmured.

He stared at her, his voice quiet and serious, "Because you are mine. My girl can be a bully but cannot be bullied. Don't disgrace me."

Then he took her hand, whether she was willing to or not, and head for the carriage.

She stumbled towards him, almost hit him. His body smelt strong and clean, so Dylan. Savannah smiled and followed him.

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After her awful encounter with her aunt and uncle, Savannah shut herself away in her room for days, coming out only to eat. Dylan left her alone, so she spent most of her time gazing out her balcony, watching the sky turn pastel pink as the sun dipped below the saw-toothed stencil of buildings. Then, on the third day, her solitude was disrupted when Judy knocked on the door, "Miss Schultz, you are wanted on the phone."

Surprised, she followed Judy down to the hallway, where a phone rested next to the receiver. She picked it up, and a familiar, gravelly voice greeted her, "Savannah." She arched her brow, unsure of what

to say. It was Dylan's father, George 'Old' Sterling. George Sterling continued, his voice soft, "You're living with Dylan, aren't you?"

Afraid of being ambushed (Why was he calling her?), she mumbled lamely, not wanting to give anything away. She had been supposed to marry his grandson but somehow had ended up fucking his son instead. Easy mistake to make, she told herself. It wasn't.

When she didn't answer, George let out a long sigh. "Savannah, we're having a family party this weekend, can you and Dylan make it." Less of a question, more of a statement.

She knew that the sterling family ate together every weekend - Devin had gone all the time. It was George's rule. Everyone obeyed George. Apart from Dylan. He was too busy peacocking and being an arrogant asshole to speak to his family.

"Thank you for inviting me, but I don't think it would be appropriate for me to attend, given my history and current situation."

"Fuck what's appropriate!" He washed. She could hear him wheeze with effort as he settled his phone back next to his ear. "I'll make sure that you'll be comfortable. Don't worry about that."

"Sir, Dylan's very busy, and I don't know if he'll be available. Let me tell him first."

"Well, ask him." He said bluntly. "I'll wait for your call. This number." He said, and then started coughing.

Savannah said goodbye and hung up the phone and instantly regretted, not saying no. Then, at that moment, Judy's voice chimed from the top of the stairs. "Sir, you're back!"

She spun around to see Dylan stood just inside the door, his collar and tie undone and sweat soaking through his jacket.

He, in turn, was surprised to see her out of her room. She'd been sulking like a child since she decided to see her family. He'd told her not to go - warned her, but she didn't listen. And now she was angry with him? He liked her, he really did, but her innocent naiveness infuriated him as often as it aroused him.

Judy hurried down to greet him and took his jacket, and slung it on a hook. "Old Sterling called Miss Schultz just now." She said as she did so.

He blew out his cheeks and unbuttoned his shirt. "Really?" His left brow cocking. "What did my dad want with you?"

"He invited us to go to this week's family meal. I said you were busy and that I'd ask but he-"

"Tell him we'll be there." Said Dylan, flinging his sodden shirt to the floor and flexing his arms outwards.

"Are you sure?" She asked, surprised that he'd agreed.

"Of course, I'm sure. Now, be a good girl and call him back." He said as he climbed the stairs.

Judy followed him. "Old Sterling will be happy to see you back this week." She said.

Savannah waited until she heard the shower going before calling back. George laughed when she told him they'd be going.

"Good girl!" He crooned. "Good girl! I knew he couldn't say no to you. I can still make a sterling effort!" He cheered, and she felt her stomach lurch.

Savannah woke early the next morning. The sky was baby blue with cottonwood clouds blocking out the sun. Outside, Garwood had just pulled up in his car, ready to take her away. Dylan had told her she was to go to the Mall and buy some appropriate clothes - though she didn't know what was so inappropriate with the clothing that she had (well, most of them. There was that one; the one he'd insisted fucking her in). It's not my money, she thought, so went along with it.

Garwood sped down to central LA to a busy shopping street. He pulled up outside what she knew the most expensive and exclusive designed shops - HIMO- (thanks, Valerie).

"Here?" She said, looking through the window at a fifteen-thousand dollar dress. "

"Here." Said Garwood. "It's owned by Mr. Sterling, after all."

Her jaw dropped.