

Midnight 40

You Have Not Realized The Problem

Abruptly his gaze darkened. He reached up and grasped her chin, holding her small face looking up at him, "You have not realized the problem."

It was her duty to please him, and it's impossible for her to get away with it easily.

Her chin pained as he applied greater pressure. Now she sensed his sulkiness, with an immobile smile upon her face, afraid of being punished again.

"Then what do you want from me..." No sooner had the words come out than she regretted her indiscretion in speaking them.

He quirked up the corners of his mouth and said, "You know how to reduce fatigue for a man, don't you?"

She clenched her fists, looking at him warily.

Dylan wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her tightly against him, and his dark eyes were watching her intently. He grinned wickedly, "you don't know? Let me teach you." With those words, he tore her dress abruptly, which was so light that it could be split easily. Her dress now was barely covering her naked shoulder. Dylan caressed her shoulder, trailing his palm across her skin and over her underwear...

She was startled, hurriedly stood up from his lap, which seemed to annoy him, and then she was held again by him swiftly, shifted, and pulled into the sofa.

"Still, no?" He kissed her very softly beside her ear, his body against hers, tightly, making her feel his desire.

"I know, I know --" She blurted out in a hurry.

She pushed him away when he released her, pulling up the messy dress, and panted, "sit still." Then she walked around behind him.

He frowned. Her little hands moved on his shoulders, kneading his muscles.

"I'm very good at massages, and I've learned many massage methods, such as Finger Pressure Massage, Shoulder Relax Massage, and Swedish Massage. "You just sit well, and it can eliminate your exhaustion the whole day."

Dylan's mouth tightened into a hard line. Well, he had to admit that the girl's massage was really good, and he felt really refreshed after several movements under her hands.

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief at his silence.

She didn't stop until he winked at her when Garwood came in with her packages. She walked away slowly in dejection and was about to go upstairs when he stopped her, "wait a moment," and then he took off his suit jacket and threw it to her with a long face, "Put it on."

She caught it, looked down at the naked skin of her shoulder, glanced at Garwood, and then understood what he meant. She put on his suit and wandered up the stairs.

In Devin's apartment.

Valerie had been crying for almost two hours.

Devin, sitting on the sofa next to her, knew what she had encountered in HIMO today, his expression clouded.

"Devin, your uncle gave me such a hard time by buying out all the shoes for Savannah in front of everyone, canceling my membership, and sending me away from HIMO. He embarrassed me, and made you look small as well! How can you just forget about it?"

Devin frowned, "what do you want me to do, to quarrel with my uncle? He would never take back what he had said. Why can't you just go to another department store? Anyway, there is more than one mall owned by the Group."

Valerie choked down her anger. She knew that it was Dylan who made the decisions in the Sterling Group now, and Devin had to rely on his uncle and not dare to fight against him.

Then she rolled her eyes, threw her arms around Devin's neck, and her fingers twisted in his hair. Pushing her body against his, she kissed him,

"Devin, my parents said that Savannah is now living in your uncle's villa, and your relationship with her is completely over. Could you now think about me? Before, we had been having a secret affair because you had to marry Savannah due to the engagement; but now, without Savannah, nor the engagement, you are going to plan our future, won't you?"

The shadows again settled upon Devin's face when he heard that Savannah was now living in his uncle's house. She refused him every time he wanted to go further when she was with him, let alone living together.

Though he had sent her to his uncle himself, it's really awful to know that his ex-fiancée might be sleeping with another man and was being caressed by another man.

He asked absently, "Plan? What do you want?"

Valerie said prettily, "you are single and free now. When will you have a public relationship with me?"

Devin came back to himself. Public relationship with Valerie?

To tell the truth, he was with Valerie mostly for the excitement of having a secret affair with his fiancée's sister.

Although he enjoyed Valerie's obedience and her sexual ability, he never thought about making her his girlfriend.

After all, the Schultz's family was not worthy of him. It was easy for him, old Sterlings' grandson, to find a girl from a great, noble family.

His silence made Valerie anxious. She nuzzled his neck, tracing her tongue from the base of his ear to his mouth, and hummed softly, "by the way, you have a family party this weekend, bring me there to visit your family, okay?"

Visit my family? Her ambition was...

On second thought, he remembered his mom had said that Dylan would take Savannah back this weekend; maybe it's not a bad idea to take Valerie with him. He wanted to let Savannah know that he enjoyed life without her. So, he blurted out, "Well, you can come with me."