

## Midnight 48

### The Scene Keep Coming Into His Mind

It flashed through Savannah's mind that Judy, as Sterling's old servant, must know a lot of things.

Although Judy glossed it over last time, she was still so curious that she asked: "Judy, how did Mr. Sterling's elder brother die?"

Judy was serving a bowl of swallow nests for Savannah as the dessert and almost spilled the prized soup when she heard that.

After a while, she calmed down: "Why that all of a sudden?"

"I went to the Sterling's house yesterday." Savannah replied, "I found that there was no photograph of Dylan's brother, and no one dared to mention this matter to the outside world. So, I guessed there must be something unspeakable about the death of Dylan's elder brother."

Judy hesitated for a moment and sighed: "Savannah, don't ask any more about this, especially in front of Mr. Sterling, or he will lose his temper."

Savannah rolled her eyes; there must be secrets in Dylan's brother's death.

No wonder when she brought it up yesterday, Dylan flew into a rage and did... that to her in the car.

Well, Judy's warning was a little late.

In this way, the contradiction between Dylan and George may actually have something to do with the death of Dylan's brother.

Now that all the Sterlings closely guarded the secret, she wouldn't mention it again.

Savannah just finished breakfast when her phone rang, and "Olivia" was on the screen. She had added all her previous contacts since she got the new phone.

Olivia, also a model, was her colleague, and they had a good relationship.

She hadn't taken in model work for a long time due to recent events, and she hadn't seen Olivia in a long time.

"Hi, Olivia," Savannah answered the phone.

"Long time, Savannah, where have you been these days? Are you making a fortune?" Her curiosity oozed through the phone, her voice casual.

Olivia was a tough girl who got along with everyone.

Savannah smiled, and all her unhappiness and bad mood disappeared. "I'm living on the street," she said, "fortune? Only daydreams of fortune!"

"I haven't seen you take modeling work for a long time. Are you going to get married and enjoy your happy life?" Olivia knew that Savannah had a fiancé who was said to be rich.

Savannah managed a smile and said, "I broke up with him".

"Broke up? Why... " Olivia stopped, realizing that she was blundering. Savannah must be heartbroken and didn't like being questioned. Olivia thought, no wonder she hasn't shown up these days; it's probably because she was disappointed in a love affair and was now healing the wounds.

She talked soothingly to Savannah: "You'll be fine and find someone new. Breaking up with you is his loss, and your Mr. Right will appear soon!"

Savannah smiled bitterly. Olivia was right, and the next one did appear very quickly, not Mr. Right, but Mr. Devil.

"Thank you, Olivia." She was still thankful.

"Hey, you shouldn't stay at home to get over your lost love. I'm calling to tell you that there will be a luxury auto show at the exhibition center in a few days, which is looking for some models. I'm on good terms with the interviewer. Come with me, okay? You need a distraction."

Luxury auto show? It's a rare opportunity.

Staying home for so long, Savannah felt rather blue these days. She couldn't keep up this life forever. That's tiresome.

Though Dylan gave her lots of pocket money, she hadn't spent it yet, and she didn't want to use his money. It seemed that she would concede her position as his lover if she did anything with the money.

It's good to make more money herself.

Anyway, Dylan agreed that he would not interfere with her work.

Thinking of this, she nodded, "That's great."

They met at a coffee shop on the pedestrian street downtown, and then they would go to the interview for the auto show.

Seeing Savannah coming, Olivia hugged and kissed her, "Let me have a good look at you," she said, "You look more beautiful."

Savannah was used to her enthusiasm that she allowed her to run wild.

Olivia let go of her, looking her up and down. Then she widened her eyes.

"What are you looking at so intently?" Savannah tittered, "I've got gold on me?"

"Better than gold! Savannah, if I'm not mistaken, is your dress the latest Chanel; and your shoes, the newest released this summer? They're worth at least ten thousand! Oh, my god, be honest, have you got a job with good pay?"

Savannah's smile turned frozen.

Holy shit. Dylan had prepared a wardrobe of clothes and shoes for her since she lived in Beverly Hills. She picked up a dress and shoes and put them on before she went out today.

She had carefully chosen a simple dress and never expected it to be an international brand.

Understandably, with his high taste and financial resources, he would have bought all expensive ones.

Olivia liked to read luxury magazines and was quite familiar with all the luxury brands.

"It's fake," Savannah blurted out.

"Impossible! It's a good fake if you are serious." Olivia examined her dress carefully and didn't believe it.

Savannah smiled and patted her hand. "Are you trying to come on to me? Now the fake one is almost the same as the real one... I just bought them for the interview today. Okay, let's leave for the interview so that we won't be late."

Olivia asked no more questions. She took Savannah's arm and went to the auto company.

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It's almost noon.

In the Sterling Group's CEO's office, Dylan rubbed his nose after being busy with his work all morning.

During his work in the morning, the scene in the Lamborghini yesterday came to his mind periodically...

The little woman struggled with shame at the beginning, pinned beneath him, helpless; then she started to respond to his movement, her breath out of control with her long hair loose; at last, she followed him, and came for him...

And when she came to herself, she ran out of the car, embarrassed with a red face.

All these scenes, hotter than XXX videos, distracted him from his work.

He almost made a mistake when the secretary came in and asked him to sign a business contract.

For all these years, he had been abstinent and always self-disciplined and desired for no woman.

But yesterday he even had car sex--scorned by him in the past--with this little woman.