

Midnight 49

Damn That Man

Thinking of this, he tried to slow down his unstable breathing, and then he dialed the number of his house in Beverly Hills.

He spent a few hours on the little woman yesterday and now wonders if she had recovered after the ointment he applied on her and the food he asked Judy to prepare.

The phone was soon picked up, and it was Judy.

He asked impatiently, "Is she up?"

Judy replied: "Mr. Sterling, Ms. Schultz got up early and went out after breakfast."

Dylan raised his eyebrows: "Out? Where did she go?"

"She didn't say that, but she took a phone call from her model colleague before she left. It seemed that the two girls went out together."

Dylan didn't say anything and hung up the phone. He was about to call Savannah when the secretary knocked at the door and came in. "Mr. Sterling, Mrs. Yontz, is here."

Susan seldom came to the company. What was she coming for?

Dylan's eyes narrowed, "Ask her in."

A minute later, Susan came in and said, "Dylan, have you had your lunch?"

"You don't ask me about lunch, do you?"

Susan smiled, "I'm your sister. What's the problem with caring about my brother's lunch? Now that you have finished your work, come and have a meal with me. I have made reservations at the famous French restaurant upstairs."

Dylan, of course, saw that it wasn't a simple meal. He rolled his eyes, "Just the two of us?"

Susan smiled "and Miss White." Her brother was really hard to fool, she thought.

Miss White? Dylan frowned and knew her intention immediately. Susan again wanted to play matchmaker between him and the girl from the White's family.

"No. I still have a lot of work." His tone was filled with dissatisfaction with Susan's self-assertion.

Susan knew he would refuse; she took a deep breath and took a few steps closer: "what's more important than Sterling's business? There are always cooperation projects between the Sterlings and the Whites in business, and it's not good if you blow Ms. White off. I've already told Abby that you're going to have dinner with her this afternoon. If you don't go now, Abby will be upset, and the Whites will be upset. Dylan, just has a meal with her for the Sterlings, okay? I believe that even dad will let you do that."

Dylan knew that since Susan had arranged everything, she would not come for anything, and she must have thought of the pretext. He shrugged and nodded.

Alright, it's just a meal.

Then Savannah was in his mind, and a thought came to him.

The interview went well.

The automaker was quite satisfied with Savannah's purity and Olivia's sexiness, as well as their previous experience as still models, so the automaker immediately decided to employ them as the car models of the auto show.

The show would take place in two days, and the daily salary was more than five hundred dollars.

And there was an additional reward after the show if they performed well.

The manufacturer was so generous that they even gave them the advance payment.

Savannah and Olivia couldn't control their joy when they got outside of the company. They laughed and danced like crazy, regardless of what the passerby's eyes saw.

"Come on," Olivia said happily, "it's still early, let's find a good restaurant to celebrate!"

Savannah smiled and was about to agree when her phone rang in her pocket. She took it out and found Dylan's name on the screen.

Her smile faded away, and she turned around and stepped aside. "Hello?" She whispered on the phone.

"Where are you?" Dylan asked in a low voice.

"I... I am in..." Savannah mumbled nervously.

Dylan was impatient to wait for her reply, "No matter where you are right now, take a taxi and come to the French restaurant upstairs from my company."

"Ah? But now I have something..."

"Have you forgotten our agreement?" His voice darkened.

Savannah took a breath. Well, she should always prepare. "Okay. But what's the matter? What do you want me to do?"

"Come first, and you will know. You have 15 minutes."

"15 minutes? Here's more than 15 minutes' drive to your company! I have to spend some time waiting for the bus, and there might be traffic jams all the way..."

"That's your concern. Why don't you stay at home? Then it would only be a ten-minute ride for the driver. Anyway, I must see you in fifteen minutes if you are late..." His tone was harsher and lower.

"Then what?" She whispered, horrified. Did the man come up with anything terrible and strange to punish her again?

"I will want you three times tonight if you are three minutes late." With that, he hung up.

Holy crap! This sex maniac!

Her face flushed, and her heart leaped.

The sharp pain left on her in the car yesterday had not gone away completely.

Again today?

She wanted to curse him, but she knew he would do what he said.

After hanging up the phone, she went back to Olivia.

"What happened? Who's that?" Olivia saw her face has changed, and it seemed that there was a devil on the phone.

"Nothing... I have something else to do, and I can't celebrate with you, Olivia. I'm sorry; I'll see you at the show. Bye--" said Savannah apologetically, and then she hurried to stop a taxi.

Damn that man!

Fifteen minutes!

To not be tormented by him, she must hurry up!

In the French restaurant.

Dylan and Abby sat face to face by the window.

As he expected, Susan brought him over and left with an excuse.

Abby stared at the handsome square-jawed face in front of her, her heart pounding.

Dylan was still beyond handsome after all these years, and he was very smart and witty.

Since he came back and became the CEO of the Sterling group, he was now wealthier, becoming the man of every woman's dream in LA.

This time, in any case, she must seize the opportunity.

She would do her best to win his heart this time, even if she had to have the face to please him.

"Dylan, it's been a long time." Abby opened her mouth and tried to soften her voice.

Dylan replied in a polite tone: "I'm still used to being called Mr. Sterling by strangers. I don't mind if you want to call me, sir."