

Midnight 50

You Are Qualified To Judge

Abby knew that he was always sternly cool, but she was still hurt by his indifference.

She bit her lip and adopted a sweet look, "Our families always have had a good relationship, I played with you when I was a child. Am I still a stranger...?"

"Others, except my family and my woman, are all strangers," Dylan said as he took a sip of the red wine.

Abby screwed up her courage, flushing, and knew she should not throw the chance: "I'd like to be your family, and I prefer being your... "

Before the two words, "Your woman" was blurted out, a waiter came over: "Mr. Sterling, Ms. White, may I serve you now?"

Looking at his diamond watch, Dylan said: "Hold on a second, I don't think everyone's arrived yet."

"Anyone else? Who's that?" asked Abby in some unpleasant surprise.

Susan told her that the lunch was for her and Dylan only.

Dylan said nothing but cast his eyes towards the doorway.

If the little woman was really late, he must act on what he said.

He would not let her off easily!

Thinking of this, he felt all the muscles clench deep in his belly again, and he almost forgot that Abby was still sitting in front of him.

At that moment, a sound of rapid footsteps came from the doorway.

Savannah stopped breathlessly at the door. She had arrived at the restaurant in fifteen minutes!

She could finally get away from the "punishment" tonight!

She spoke to the waiter and was led in. The waiter stopped at a table, where Savannah saw Dylan sitting with a young woman.

The young woman, fair-skinned with long curly blonde hair, was dressed in a Dior blue skirt and wore a diamond necklace in a luxury brand around her neck. Obviously, she was a rich beauty. And she was staring at Savannah in amazement.

"Here you are, baby. Come and sit down." Dylan broke the silence, reached out to hold her hand.

Abby's face changed, and her fingers clenched.

Savannah immediately understood!

Dylan... he wanted her to help him get rid of this woman?

Dylan frowned at her hesitation.

Savannah held his hand and was then pulled by force onto his lap; she threw her arms around his neck instinctively.

Savannah gave a little exclamation and tried to stand up, but with her waist wrapped by his arm, she was forced to sit on his lap again.

"Later, Baby," Dylan whispered in her ear, in a low voice, which was loud enough for Abby to hear.

Sure enough, Abby's face turned pale and blue.

What's the relationship between Dylan and this girl in her early twenties...

No, she didn't hear that Dylan had a real girlfriend.

Then Dylan must be just having fun.

Since it was just for fun, she still had a chance, and she couldn't let it go!

Savannah was embarrassed and tried to stand up a few times, but was held firmly by his arm in the dark and couldn't get up at all.

Dylan completely ignored Abby, holding Savannah on his lap, and continued to flirt with her: "You must be tired coming here."

"No... I'm not tired..." Savannah felt terribly embarrassed.

Even for putting on a show, it's no need to be quite so dramatic!

It's more dramatic to follow. Dylan leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Not tired? But I heard your harsh breathing, just like what you did last night."

Abby's face twisted up with anger, and her well-manicured fingernails were biting into her palms.

Savannah's face turned red with embarrassment, and she could feel Abby's eyes falling on her. She pinched his narrow waist, trying to silence him.

Dylan raised his eyebrows slightly and loosened his hands.

Savannah gently pushed him away and sat down.

Dylan looked at Abby: "Miss White, would you like to be served?"

Abby bit her lip, forced a smile, and nodded.

Savannah was somewhat surprised. Normally, the average woman should have given up and left under these conditions.

Ms. White did not intend to go. Obviously, she was determined to get Dylan.

Dylan frowned and beckoned to the waiter.

Then they began lunch after the waiter served the meal.

"Honey, have more beef. You were exhausted last night."

During the lunch, Dylan kept helping her to the food and occasionally dabbed at her mouth with a tissue.

Savannah had to bear the angry glance from Abby while eating.

Finally, she stood up and winked at Dylan: "Excuse me, I've got to go somewhere."

Then she walked down the corridor behind the restaurant.

Dylan knew she had something to say, shrugged, and was about to stand up when Abby called out, "Dylan, who's that girl?"

"Didn't you see it? Everybody is an adult; do I have to explain to you?"

Abby didn't hide the disappointment in her voice, "The girl seemed to be a commoner. Who is her family? Is she... worthy of the Sterling?"

Dylan frowned, "Why should she be worthy of the Sterling? She is my woman, and I like her, that's enough."

Abby said anxiously: "But you are the young master of the Sterlings, how can you choose a woman so casually? Who's that girl? She is supposed to be a grassroots woman, isn't she? Why do you like that girl?"

"Enough." Dylan's voice sounded like a voice from the dead. "You're not qualified to judge my woman."

Abby shivered at his anger.

"You can continue to enjoy your lunch if you like. If you don't want to eat anymore, you can leave now." With that, Dylan strode down the corridor, where the little woman was still waiting for him.

In the corridor.

Savannah complained with anger when she saw Dylan come up to her:

"Dylan! Did you call me here to help you get rid of that woman? Why didn't you tell me in advance?"

She was so embarrassed.

"What if I told you in advance? Could you say no?" He asked negligently.

Well, she couldn't say no. But at least she would have prepared for it. "Who is that woman?" Savannah asked, "your ex-girlfriend?"

Dylan smiled ironically: "Ex-girlfriend? She is not qualified yet. Abby is the young lady of the Whites. Her father has always wanted to unite our two families with marriage. She kept bothering me a few years ago, and I don't think that she has given up yet."

It explained that matter...

Savannah breathed a sigh of relief but felt a faint tingle of disappointment too, "In fact, Ms. White was not bad. She has a good family, beautiful and gentle. I think she is very suitable for you, and you don't need to treat her like that. Actually, it would be best if you tried to date her... "

Before she finished the words, she was pulled into his arms forcibly.