

Midnight 51

Stop Dreaming

"It seems that you're trying to push me into another woman's arms. You think I would let you go when I have a girlfriend?" Dylan's cold voice came over her ears, "Stop dreaming."

An involuntary shudder passed over Savannah when she saw that he guessed what she thought. She felt his erratic breathing against her ear and tried to push him away; the next second, he wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her tightly against him.

She began to regret calling him alone in the corridor.

"What do you want, Dylan? Alright, I'll help you get rid of that, Miss White, okay?" She got her hands pressed firmly against his chest.

"Abby is coming." Dylan said in a low voice, glancing at the other side of the corridor, "It looks like she's unwilling to give up. Let me see how you can help me get rid of her." Dylan muttered.

Savannah looked over the other side of the corridor, where there was a flash of a blue dress behind the wall.

Abby was behind the wall. She came to see what they were doing.

Savannah decided all at once to stand on tiptoe to throw her hands around Dylan's neck and kissed him hard, in the presence of Abby.

Dylan's eyes narrowed, and he kissed back passionately with his big hand running down her body, caressing and fondling her.

She just wanted to show it to Abby, hoping that Abby would know the limit and stop pursuing, so she kissed perfunctorily, keeping a distance from him.

Dylan, however, stood forward, grabbed her around her waist, and pulled her against him, holding her firmly in place. He kisses her possessively, his tongue invading her mouth and twisting with her tongue.

Savannah panted, "Babe... go easy..."

Knowing that her "Babe" was deliberately said to Abby, Dylan still felt so sweet. He breathed with his tongue in her mouth, "Oh, baby, every time I see you, I just can't help myself..."

Savannah tried again to challenge Abby's patience, deliberately softening her voice, "... Just stop here, okay? Miss White is still waiting for us at the table. Let's go back... "

"Let her wait. She eats her food. I eat mine." He said dismissively.

"I eat mine" also had a double meaning...

Savannah blushed, could this man be less barefaced?

Anyway, Abby might immediately leave after watching this scene...

The whole corridor was ignited by the passion and ardor between the two of them.

Behind the wall, Abby's face twisted as she stared at them, her fists clenched.

She thought they just went to the bathroom and didn't expect that it was an excuse for them to be kissing and caressing each other here.

Was their relationship so good that they could not live without each other for a minute?

Abby could have told herself that she was still competitive when she saw Savannah.

But now, seeing that they were so lovey-dovey, she completely lost her confidence and fight.

Seeing the tall man and the little girl was almost crazy about each other, Abby bit her lip and could not stand it anymore. She turned around and ran away, not returning to the restaurant.

Savannah heard Abby stepping away, then pushed Dylan aside, "She's gone." Her lips were a little swollen.

Dylan sighed and released her unwillingly and then straightened his shirt collar.

They walked back to the restaurant, and there were only two of them now. Savannah could finally get away from him and sat down in Abby's place.

After drinking two cups of cold water, she finally calmed down. "You don't need to ask me to come next time," She murmured, "why not just call a female secretary?"

Dylan raised his eyebrows, "Next time? Don't worry, and it's not very common."

She curled her lip, "How could it be 'not very common'? Your admirers could line up as far as the airport from the restaurant."

That's right.

There were too many women who coveted his money and power.

But he would always form a cordon to prevent those women from getting close.

"Very few women could come close to me." Dylan shook the glass of wine slightly, and the crystal liquid made him more dignified and attractive.

"Oh, then how did Miss White come close to you? You even ate together just now! If you don't like her, why don't you just say no?"

"Abby was personally brought in by Susan. The Sterlings and the Whites have been friends for generations, and we also have connections with each other in business. What's more, George has a good relationship with Abby's father. Lunch is purely for the sake of the ways of the world. You think I want it?" Dylan gave her an unpleasant glance.

Savannah rolled her eyes.

She once thought that this strong and bossy man would think nothing of difficulty, but in fact, he also had to care about Sterling's company and the family's face.

"You have such a bad relationship with George, but you are still concerned about his face. It seems that you are not so heartless, and you care about your father, don't you?"

Dylan's face abruptly darkened. "You've forgotten what I said?"

She pursed up her mouth, "I know, I know, it's none of my business. I won't mention it anymore."

The relationship with old Sterling and the death of his brother was his forbidden subjects, which would set him off immediately.

She must not forget the pain from his "punishment" yesterday in the car when the wound had healed.

Dylan's face had softened in an instant, but he still looked sternly at her, "You've finished all you want to ask. Now it's my turn."

"Ah? What do you want to ask?"

"Where did you go with your model colleague this morning?"

Savannah could only explain flatly to him, "I went to interview a modeling job and will start the work in two days. You said you wouldn't interfere with my work. You must keep your word."

"What's the model work for?"

"A famous car company is going to have an auto show, in which I'll be a car model."

"Car model? No." Dylan made a long face.

"Why?" Savannah was somewhat anxious.

"It's all men at those auto shows. Do you like to stand scantily-clad next to the car and be admired by men?"

Savannah explained with resignation, "Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry, I have to correct you. First of all, the car model I interviewed is very serious, and the dress is very healthy and will not be exposed. Secondly, the job of the model is to be appreciated and displayed. If no one likes it, what's the use of a model?"