

Midnight 55

May I Have Your Name?

Savannah felt like she was going to faint as she smiled bitterly, Olivia's was for joy but hers for fear.

Dylan was tapping his fingers while his gaze swept through these young models and finally fell upon Savannah.

The little woman was dressed in something he had never seen before.

She said that she had completed her car model work. This was actually a dinner today, and she dressed this way.

Savannah stood there, too terrified to breathe, fearing that the man would growl to her and carry her away in the next moment.

Fortunately, Dylan has sense enough not to do so, and in a minute, he broke the silence of the air and pointed to Savannah,

"I want this lady to sit next to me to introduce your new products. Other models, please get out first."

James immediately nodded, "okay, no problem!"

He did it on purpose! Savannah bit her lip, walked to them, and sat on a chair beside Dylan.

"Maybe you can sit closer so that I can hear you better," Dylan said with a sarcastic expression.

Savannah took a deep breath. What the hell did this man want?

James winked at her again, "Sit closer."

She had no choice but to move the chair nearer to Dylan and could almost inhale his overbearing and bossy scent.

Those models, though unconvinced when seeing the handsome man, seemed to be interested in Savannah and why he chose her only, left the banquet hall unwillingly.

Olivia felt a little worried about Savannah. She wanted to say something but was pulled away by the other models.

When the crowd left, Savannah, sitting opposite James and by Dylan's side, felt more nervous, her heart beating violently.

"May I have your name?" Dylan's teasing voice came to her ear, deliberately.

Savannah ignored his mocking vision, "Savannah Schultz."

"Oh, Ms. Schultz, the model of the IU Motor was sure pretty enough, and-- sexy." Dylan's eyes fell upon her full breast in the low-cut dress as he took a sip of the red wine.

A cold superstitious fear swept her at his compliment. Dylan must be furious to see her dressed like this.

After all, she now belonged to him, and her body could only be bemused by him.

She shuddered under his unspeakable gaze and wanted to ask directly what he wanted.

Just tell her if he thought of any way to punish her again. Come on, and it's painful!

But James was sitting right there, and she didn't want to mess up the job. She was now the model of the IU Motor, so she must be professional.

"Thank you, Mr. Sterling. Would you like to allow me to give you a full presentation about our new models right now?"

"What's the hurry? Come on, finish this one first." Dylan ordered as he pushed a glass of wine in his hand to her.

Savannah started, "... Drinking?"

A cupful wine, filled to the brim. People who are bad at drinking would immediately be drunk after drinking it down.

She was already certain that the man was furious and wanted to have her guts for garters!

"No?" Dylan raised his eyebrows.

James said rapidly to Savannah, "Now that Mr. Sterling has the interest, why not have a drink with him."

Dylan glared at her stiffly, with a chill on his lips.

If the little woman admitted her mistake, begged for mercy, and went back with him now, he would let bygones be bygones and forgive her for deceiving him by attending the dinner.

But Savannah took a deep breath, did what she was told, and drank the entire glass of wine.

The shadows again settled upon Dylan's face.

The crisp liquid gurgled down her throat, making her a little dizzy.

"It seems that Ms. Schultz is not a small drinker." Dylan smiled with some appearance of scorn and again poured wine into her glass.

Savannah hesitated and wanted to give up. But when she looked up and saw James' eyes, she could not utter a word and had to drink the glass of wine.

"Ms. Schultz is really cool and unrestrained." Dylan's voice got even colder, so he handed her another glass of wine.

It worked her up into a sort of desperation. She just took all he gave and drank, until a whole bottle of French red wine was killed. With a professional smile, she dabbed her mouth with a tissue and said politely, "I've finished. Mr. Sterling, can you listen to my product introduction now?"

Dylan made no reply with his face overclouded.

Then before the alcohol crept up into her head, she began to introduce the new products.

After that, she looked at Dylan and waited for his response.

"Mr. Sterling, our new model is very suitable for elite Americans." James said politely, "If we can get the investment from you and work with your company, the prospects for sales of this model will be quite good. What do you think of it?"

Dylan moaned for a moment, rubbed his nose, did not look at James, but glanced at Savannah, "I'm sorry, I feel a little uncomfortable after too much drink." He said languidly, "We'll talk about it later."

Oh, how could he put on manners now? It must be deliberate! Savannah bit her teeth.

James hastily rose to his feet. "Well, Mr. Sterling, please move to the VIP lounge next door to have a rest. We'll talk about that later."

Dylan, accompanied by the waiter, left the banquet hall.

James watched as Dylan walked away and turned to Savannah, "Ms. Schultz, please go to the lounge and wait on Mr. Sterling."

"What?" Savannah stood there, surprised for a moment.

James could see that Mr. Sterling was very interested in this little woman, and he thought that Savannah played a very important role if he wanted to win this big client.

Thinking of this, James walked to Savannah and patted her on the shoulder, his tone soft, "Ms. Schultz, if you can convince Mr. Sterling to work with us, we will employ you as our magazine model for our new products."

Savannah changed her expression. Being an advertising model for IU Motors must be all the models' dream...

It's almost impossible for her as a cyber model.

This temptation was too much for her.

She could not refuse and finally nodded, "I'll... Just try."

Savannah knocked on the door of the VIP lounge, and then she heard Dylan's low, tipsy voice, "Come in."

She pushed open the door and walked in with apprehension. Dylan sat on a leather sofa with his legs stretched out, his arms folded, and his eyes closed. The waiter who just helped him stood next to him.

Perhaps it was to let him have a suitable rest, the waiter drew the curtain and turned a small wall light. Savannah was relieved that there was still a waiter, thinking Dylan would not scold her on this occasion...

"Mr. Sterling," she said, "James asked me to take care of you. Do you need water or a towel or something? May I buy some alcohol for you?"