

Midnight 56

She Was Startled

"Come here," Dylan ordered as he saw Savannah. Savannah walked over to him and stopped at the sofa. Dylan moved abruptly, clasped her arm in a firm grip, violently pulled her into his arms, and then she was swept by the smell of alcohol mixed with his anger.

She was startled!

The waiter next to them gasped at the same time.

"Get out!" Dylan shouted angrily, taking out a wad of money from his pants pocket and throwing it onto the carpet as the tip. This, of course, was not to Savannah.

The waiter froze for half a second before he could react and picked up the tip, left the room, and closed the door!

Savannah was struggling in his arms, trying to get up from his arms, but due to the whole bottle of wine, she felt too weak to pull him away. He grabbed her tightly around her waist, avoiding her resistance.

She was wearing a sleeveless low-cut dress, and the shoulder straps slipped as she struggled and squirmed, freeing her swell breasts in front of his burning eyes.

She was so ashamed that she hurriedly lifted the straps, pushed him away with all her might, and staggered off to the door. Then a sarcastic voice came behind her.

"Didn't James ask you to wait for me? Where are you going? You were very professional in the banquet hall, right? Um, Ms. Schultz?"

She paused, remembering the purpose of her coming here, and turned with a breath, "I did not mean to deceive you. I thought it was just an ordinary meal, and you were so busy that I didn't tell you..."

"Oh, how considerate of you!" Dylan sneered, and his eyes looked very cold: "An ordinary meal? You'd drink up a bottle of wine with a man and wait on a man in an ordinary meal?" In fact, he had already learned yesterday morning that James from the IU Motor was coming to LA and wanted to work with him.

He should have asked the business manager to handle this affair but was told by Garwood that Savannah was also scheduled to attend the business dinner tonight. Then he decided to come to the dinner in person.

Last night he asked Savannah, but she dared to conceal the dinner from him!

He came to dinner today to expose her face to face and teach her a lesson! Savannah knew his tone, clenching her fists, and said nothing. Anything you say would be useless when a tyrannical emperor is scolding you. Why not just shut up?

"Tell me, if your big client was another man today, would you come in and wait on him?" Dylan was more annoyed at the thought. Was he almost betrayed?

Savannah took a breath and shook her head. "No." It's not a lie...

If it were a stranger, she wouldn't come in. Perhaps, she would've even refused the drinks just now.

Dylan glanced up at her, and his long face relaxed at her words. He saw that her cheeks flamed with liquor, knowing she drank too much and must be uncomfortable. "Change clothes right now and go back with me!" He commanded coldly.

Savannah took a breath and didn't move.

"What? Not enough, drink?"

"I'm working... And it's not finished yet." She remembered James' words and caught herself with one hand against the wall. "What do you want?" His face turned blue.

"You haven't signed the contract yet... IU Motors is sincere about working with you. I told you about the advantages of the new cars just now, so you can think about it..."

Dylan sneered with rage, "You really care about this job!"

"I am now a model for IU, and I should do my duty as I got a salary from them." She promised James that she would do her best.

Dylan got up and walked up to her, his voice low and charming, "What if I don't want you to work with IU?" "You can refuse, but I will try my best to persuade you." Savannah felt that she was getting tongue-tied, and her brain was in a fuddle, but she tried to keep herself sober.

He leaned over her and grasped her chin at her steadfast gaze. "If you really like money, you should please me rather than work hard. "He gave her pocket money every month that equaled dozens of payments from modeling work.

But the little woman would rather painstakingly take the modeling work outside than ask him for money. Garwood and Judy told him that she had not yet spent even one cent of his bank card.

She tried to shrug away his hand and slurred at him, "... Not everyone does everything for money as a businessman like you do..."

"Not for money, for what?" He asked. Savannah was puzzled for a second, not expecting that he would ask this question, her eyes twinkling as if she were thinking. Dylan frowned. Subconsciously, he felt that she was not just for the money when she worked as a model. "Tell me." He softened his voice.

Savannah's lips moved, and she appeared to be talking to herself, "I want to be famous one day so that mom can see me and come back to me... I want her to see that she has a promising daughter and won't leave me again..." She murmured as tears pricked the corner of her eyes.

Though her mother and father had abandoned her, she never forgot her mother. Dylan's eyes softened. He never thought that the little woman worked as a model for her mother.

Just a few minutes ago, he was really annoyed at her dishonesty and intended to force her back to Beverly Hills, and then he wouldn't allow her to take any model work again.

But at this moment, he was cooled down and lost all interest in punishing her. He raised his fingers and wiped away the tears from her eyes. She was stunned that this bossy man, who was in such a high position, could be so gentle to her. Her cheeks turned even rosy.

Dylan looked at the perceptible flush on her cheeks, pulling her into his arms, "It's very easy to convince me to work with IU." Savannah understood what he meant, her heart beating painfully, and he held her tightly against his chest. Dylan looked down at her, and his eyes darkened.

He's breathing harder than usual. Savannah could feel the heat of his body and his strong muscle, and his impressive length against hers, which she had already experienced. Her blood was pumping through her body. She wanted to push him away but was hauled against his body, being squeezed tightly.

"James made you come in to serve me, and asked you to persuade me to sign the contract, right? Don't you want to fulfill the task?" His voice was menacingly soft. Not in this way...Savannah's brain was beginning to fog.

She blushed, kicked harder in his arms. Then she felt extremely dizzy, her body was no longer able to tolerate the alcohol, and she blacked out in his arms!