

Midnight 58

She Was More Like A Good Wife

It felt like she was in a dream. There was still a position vacant for the advertising model in IU Motor, and Savannah recommended Olivia. Olivia was her best friend, so she inquired about a possible opportunity for her this time.

When Savannah called Olivia out and told her the good news, Olivia started jumping for joy, "Oh my god, advertising model for IU in Automobile? Sweetheart, do they really want me? Are you kidding, or am I dreaming?"

"I'm not kidding, and you are not dreaming." Savannah laughed, and she understood Olivia's excitement. In fact, she was even more excited than Olivia when she got the job. After elating, Olivia gazed at Savannah with a serious look; "Please don't mind if I make you unhappy, Savannah, I just wonder... how did you get this advertising work from IU Motor?"

I remember that their former magazine models were either top models or the famous stars... After all, you were a cyber model, not a celebrity." With a weary little smile, Savannah said, "I told you. James promised me at the last meal that he would give me the work opportunity as IU's magazine model for their new cars if I could persuade Mr. Sterling to work with them."

Olivia was more worried when she heard this, and she said, hesitantly, "How did you convince Mr. Sterling to work with IU? It is said that Dylan Sterling is very hard to please and is ruthless in business. Otherwise, James would not fly here to negotiate with him in person... But you finished this task readily... Savannah, I know I shall not interfere with your personal life, but..."

Olivia took a deep breath and continued, "Nothing really happened between you and that Mr. Sterling?" Olivia didn't want to question her friend, but... She was forced to disbelieve her.

After all, Mr. Sterling was so interested in Savannah that he asked all the other models to leave that day, and there was only Savannah in his eyes.

As Olivia was several years older than Savannah and have been in the model circle longer, she had seen a lot of models become mistresses to rich businessmen for money or for being famous; these models seemed to have great days in the beginning, but in the end, they were always abandoned by the rich, or even worse...

For this reason, she was afraid that Savannah might go the wrong way. Savannah was a little ashamed to know Olivia's concerns. Olivia wondered if she had slept with Dylan for interests; however, it's probably worse than that. She's even living in Dylan's private house...

However, how could she say this to her only friend? "Olivia, I really have nothing to do with him, nor would I ever like to have. The one that stands by men like Dylan should be the daughter of the rich, not a small model like me."

She said these words to reassure Olivia on the one hand; on the other hand, to warn herself. Yes, she should always remind herself that the relationship between Dylan and her was like a bubble, which might burst tomorrow, and it won't last long.

His lifelong companion should be a rich princess-like, Ms. White, not her. Olivia didn't ask any more questions, "Savannah, anyway, thank you for introducing me to such a good job." Savannah smiled, "You don't have to thank your best friend."

Having lost her parents at a young age and growing up in her uncle's home without love, Savannah valued her friends a lot. Especially in the messy model circle, it's hard to get a sincere friend like Olivia. They chatted while going window-shopping before they broke up in the evening, and then Olivia's boyfriend Matt came to pick her up.

Matt was a photographer and considered to be well known in the model circle. He hooked up with Olivia in a studio, and they had gone together for more than three years. "Is your shopping done? Get in, and I will drive you home." Matt waved his hand to them from the driver's seat.

"No, thanks," Savannah said. "I'll get back by myself, so you don't have to make a detour. Matt, you just get Olivia home." Olivia giggled as she pushed Savannah into the car, "Well, never mind. Are you saving fuel and money for him? Even I won't!"

Savannah had no choice but to climb into the car with Olivia. "Savannah, where do you live?" Matt asked. "I don't know where you live now." Olivia added, "You said you had left your uncle's home. You rent a house yourself?" Savannah hesitated. If she said she lived in Beverly Hills, the secret might be revealed.

Beverly Hills is one of the biggest luxurious housing estates in America. How could she afford to live there herself? She gave Matt and Olivia the name of a common neighborhood with four or five stops to Beverly Hills. After getting out of the car, she watched them leaving with relief, and took a taxi.

Due to the traffic, it was terribly late when she arrived in Beverly Hills. Savannah went in the hallway in great haste, her heart giving a great throb when she saw a lone figure sitting on the sofa in the living room. Damn! He came today.

She was really unlucky that she was caught coming back so late today. "Do you know how late it is?" Dylan's voice was low and unpleasant. "I had an appointment with Olivia, and we talked about the advertising work. Then I wandered around for a while. Sorry that I come back so late."

After spending so much time with this man, she had realized how to get along with him.

Soften your attitude, and sometimes he could be persuaded. Dylan frowned. He knew that she had a model friend named Olivia, but he was still a little annoyed that she came back so late. He even felt somewhat jealous that she went out with her best friend and left him alone...

He accused himself of allowing her to take the modeling work. She'd better stay at home, promising to be good and obedient. Savannah looked at his dark face, and before he flipped his wig, she smiled most blandly and said in a soft voice, "Have you had your supper? Never mind, you must not have eaten the midnight snack."

Let me make a popular dessert for you, okay?" Before he could say anything, she had dropped her satchel and slid into the kitchen. Dylan felt amused and vexed that she tried to get away from the punishment in that way.

Following her into the kitchen, he was going to get the little woman out but then stopped at the door with his eyes falling on Savannah's back. Savannah put on an apron, her hair in a ponytail, busying herself in the kitchen. The little woman looked quite different in the apron. She was more like a good wife and loving mother, her pure beauty becoming so alluring to him.