

## Midnight 59

### Feed Me

Though not hungry, Dylan felt somewhere under his belly dissatisfied when he saw Savannah busy in the kitchen... He had an impulse of putting her on the kitchen table and fucking her right now.

Savannah turned around and saw Dylan standing at the door with some impatience. "I'll make you a soft-boiled egg. You can sit in the living room and wait for me."

Then she turned and stared at the fire on the stove before she became aware of the footsteps behind her. Dylan came to her and put his arms around her waist and hauled her against his body, squeezing her tightly. She was startled, and the sugar spoon in her hand almost fell into the little milk pan. She struggled slightly, flushing. "Ah, don't. I'm busy now. We might get burned."

"I'm already burning up." He breathed as he nuzzled her neck, inhaling her wonderful scent, and circling her wrists with one hand. Savannah was speechless when he felt his erection against her. Very quietly, she pushed him away before he went further: "Let me finish your midnight snack first."

He looked at the bubbling water and then reluctantly released his hands.

"You go out first..." She pushed him to the door. After sending him out, Savannah finished the soft-boiled egg, carried it out, and placed it on the coffee table in front of Dylan, "Please try it. I have to go upstairs first." The moment she turned around, she was caught on her wrist and pulled over by Dylan.

Pulled into his lap unexpectedly, Savannah heard his voice breathing in her ear, "You want to make up for the mistake of your coming late with a bowl of the soft-boiled egg?" Savannah sighed. "What do you want?" "Feed me." He said slowly.

Was this man a three-year-old? Savannah bit her lip, took a spoonful, blew it, and delivered it to his mouth. "Not this way." She took a moment to understand what he meant. He wanted her to feed him... with her mouth? Pervert! "Why, no?" Dylan's hands clasped her hips, half warning, and half teasing.

Forget it! She could not annoy him again since she had been late already. Savannah gently took a sip of the sugar water, raised her head to find his curved mouth, covered his lips, and put the sugar water in. The sweet of the water mixed with the man's intoxicating scent, making her merely absentminded.

She moaned, trying to push him away. He put his arms around her and held her tightly in his arms. His tongue and lips coaxed hers. When she had finished the whole bowl of sugar water, she was tired in sweat, and her lips became swollen from his kiss while he licked his lips with a satisfied smile.

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Having progressed smoothly, the shooting of the commercial would last a whole week. Savannah went out early and came home late every day, her days full, much busier than being photographed for E-business. Of course, she would get back in Dylan's required time.

She did not want to be picked up by him; otherwise, he would make excuses to punish her again.

On the last day of the shoot, IU Motor was going to hold a small celebration banquet in a hotel, inviting all models and staff to attend as soon as they finished their work.

Savannah dared not go to the dinner without telling Dylan this time. It was good luck last time, and now, if she did not get his approval first, she had no idea if she could dodge the bullet again.

Before being dragged to the hotel by her colleagues, she snuck into the restroom and called him, as a little employee asking for the orders from her supervisor.

Dylan made no reply after her explanation. "If you mind, I'll decline it." She said timidly. "When will the dinner party end?" At last, he opened his mouth. "... It won't be later than ten o'clock, I think." It was silent for a long time before he agreed. "Okay."

Savannah froze, did he say okay? She stammered with disbelief, "You... You approve of my going to the party?" "Good relationships with insiders can do much to advance your modeling career. Once in a while, you should socialize with your colleagues."

His words perfectly stupefied Savannah; she just wondered if she had dialed the wrong number, was this guy really Dylan? He even thought about the future of modeling work for her! "Besides," he added, "it's just social. Remember the limits. Especially keep a good distance from men." His tone was harsher with a warning in it. He would not let her off easily next time she failed to obey him.

It was still that, Dylan. She sighed, "I know." "I'll pick you up at ten o'clock. Give me the address of your party." He ordered, his voice forceful. "I don't want to trouble you. I'll take a cab back." She curled her lip and said. Did he fear that she should forget the time?

"Savannah -- what are you doing? Hurry up, and everyone is waiting for you!" Just then, Olivia pushed the door of the bathroom open, looking for Savannah. Savannah hurried off the phone and raised her head as if nothing had happened. "I'm coming."

"Someone called you? Why did you call in the bathroom? Who's that?" Olivia queried, with slightly increased curiosity. "Just a friend who is in a hurry. All right, let's go. Didn't you say they're waiting outside?" Savannah pushed Olivia out. She was about to walk to the gate when Olivia pulled with a laugh. "Don't rush; let's dress up first."

Savannah looked at her T-shirt and tight jeans, too casual. Anyway, it's a party in the hotel, a formal occasion. They came to the studio's dressing room, where there were plenty of clothes to choose from, and then they started to pick out the suitable nightdresses for dinner.

Savannah picked out a conservative white dress, which Olivia immediately took away. She handed her a pink off-shoulder dress: "You will look better in this one." Savannah didn't want to turn down her kindness, and she changed into a pink dress.

Olivia exclaimed, "Oh my goddess. This dress suits you very well! I know I have good taste."

Savannah looked pure and youthful in this pink off-shoulder dress, her skin white, and her silky brown hair loose on her shoulders. The dress was short and a bit sexy. Savannah had thought to change to a conventional dress, but then she changed her mind.

Am I scared to be scolded by Dylan? Anyway, he was not with her today, and he couldn't interfere with her dress. Plus, she liked it! Dressed up, they left the studio. The male colleague waiting for them in the car at the gate was goggle-eyed when he saw Savannah: "Savannah, you look so beautiful."

Olivia deliberately gave him an angry stare with her hands resting on her hips: "I'm not beautiful? You see only Savannah?" "You two are so lovely!" The male colleague laughed and paid a compliment to them immediately, and then held the door for them like a gentleman.