

Midnight 64

That's Great

Susan's voice sharpened as she became more excited. "Oh? Just a serious concussion?" Dylan said with a sneering look on his face. Susan broke out in a cold sweat. Wasn't that enough? Did he intend to kill Devin?

Dylan took a drag on his cigar and expelled the smoke slowly. "Didn't he tell you why I gave him such a licking?" Though still in anger, Susan became a little short, "No one saw what happened that night. How did you know it was Devin who...who pawed Savannah? Maybe Savannah took the initiative to seduce Devin!"

He chuckled, dusting ash that had fallen his suit, "You think too much of your son. Is he worthy of being seduced? What do you think he is?" Susan mustered up a tear or two, "Even if Devin had been touching her up, and nothing happened ultimately. After all, you are Devin's uncle, how can you beat your nephew up for a woman, and even remove him from his post?"

Did nothing happen? If he had not arrived in time, it would be too late to regret it! His temper came back as he thought of the scene he had seen that night. He stood up, staring at Susan, his eyes strained with anger. "Whoever hurts my woman would not get away with it easily. If he felt unfair or aggrieved, you can let him go to old Sterling to complain!"

"You --" Susan gnashed her teeth, knowing that her son was in the wrong, and they could not complain to old Sterling. Now, in old Sterling's eyes, Savannah was Dylan's woman. If old Sterling knew that Devin attempted to assault Savannah, Devin might be severely punished, and his prestige in the Sterling's would suffer a sudden ruinous decline.

It seemed that Devin must bear the wrongs and the injuries this time. Susan gave Dylan a sour look and then left angrily.

IU Motor's advertisement was soon released and published in the new issue of Automobile.

IU Motor, which always spent a lot of money on advertising, had taken out five pages ads of the magazine to promote its new models.

Eight models participated in the ads, while Savannah was the most popular advertising model with fans. In the magazine ads, Savannah was wearing a milk-white leather jacket and a black leather skirt; her hair fell over her shoulders in a cascade of curls, making her red lips brighter. With her hands on the bumper, she leaned backward with her slim figure, looking at you, rosy and handsome.

Savannah received a call from the director of IU Motors, saying that the response was good. The surprise was still behind. She received a blizzard of phone calls from other well-known businesses in the US, including girl's clothing, jewelry, catering, and dairy product companies.

They realized there was a newcomer in the modeling circle when she saw her performance in the magazine, calling to ask her if she was willing to model for their company's advertising photography, even TV commercials.

After ending the last call, Savannah was so confusing that she could hardly believe it was true. She used to be a small model taking photos for online products and never thought she would have the chance to model for big companies someday.

This time, with IU's advertising and by her own effort, she finally got a bit of fame in the modeling circle. Judy was happy for her when she saw her being busy answering the phone and encouraged her, "I believe you can do it. You will certainly succeed. Perhaps you will be more famous than those stars in the future!"

Her eyelashes fluttered. Yes, she wanted to succeed, but not all about money and fame. If she became famous, maybe her mom might see her on TV, and maybe she'll come back for her? At least, she could prove to her mother that she was a proud and hardworking daughter.

But, mom, why did you leave dad and me?

Thinking of this, she hung her head, and her eyes became moist. Just then, the cell phone rang.

Savannah tried to compose her mind before she picked up the phone. Olivia exclaimed in pleasure over the speaker, "Savannah! Did you know who called me just now? Maybelline!

They asked me if I wanted to appear in their ads! Oh, my god! One of the biggest global brands! I didn't even think about it before!" Olivia was featured in IU's ads too, which improved her reputation as well, and she also received a lot of offers.

Savannah was genuinely happy for her, "That's great! I also felt like it was a dream when invited by those companies in the morning. Let's work together!" Olivia said sincerely, "Savannah, are you free today? I'll take you to lunch. If you hadn't recommended me for IU's ad, Maybelline wouldn't have requested me. And your evening bag is here. I'll give it back to you."

Savannah had stayed at the house for several days because of the wound on her face and shoulder, and she was really a little bored. "Okay." She replied and nodded. Two hours later, Savannah took a taxi downtown and met Olivia in an open-air cafe.

"Olivia!" She waved her hand before she came near. Olivia waved back, laughing, "Here, Savannah."

Inwardly, she had mixed feelings. She was actually going to ask Savannah about that night when she saw Mr. Sterling carrying Savannah out of the hotel. She wanted to confirm her own suspicion.

Savannah sat down and ordered a cappuccino. She wondered why Olivia kept staring at her silently. "Olivia, what's wrong?" Olivia, however, couldn't ask her to her face. Savannah would have been embarrassed if she asked now what she was hiding from her.

When she was still hesitantly, shrieks of a woman came with the sounds of high heels, "Savannah! Are you still here for afternoon tea? Do you know how miserable Devin was? He was beaten into the hospital, and can't get out of bed, and was deprived of his right in the company!"

Savannah followed the voice and saw Valerie coming to her in a fury. She frowned. Devin was beaten up and put in the hospital, deprived of his right in the company? Well, that's pretty good. She knew how much Devin was looking for power, or he would not have given her to Dylan for fund injection.

Valerie came to Beverly Hills today to find Savannah but was stopped outside by the security guards, so she followed Savannah all the way here. When she saw Savannah talking and laughing in the cafe, she was more irritated, and without hesitation, she grabbed the cappuccino on the table and was about to throw it on Savannah, when Olivia grabbed her wrist and pushed her away, "What are you doing?"