

Midnight 66

Serves Her Right

The video about Valerie raised havoc in a coffee shop spread all over YouTube and Twitter in one afternoon, retweeted by some instant-famous person, and even hit the trending topics, causing a sensation in the city.

That evening, Savannah was on her cell phone, and tapped and swiped across the screen to view the comments under that popular tweet. It was all abuse and taunted towards Valerie.

"Taking the man away from her sister? Disgusting! She should just die!"

"Serves her right! Why not break her legs?"

"Nowadays, homewreckers are really arrogant! How dare she shout at the poor girl in a warlike gesture after taking the girl's boyfriend away!"

"She must be a good cocksucker in bed!"

"Dox this bitch!"

"I know her! This woman's name is Valerie Schultz, a senior in the design department at Cal Arts!"

"Damn it! A college student? How could a young student do such a shameful thing? All that education she has had was thrown to the dogs!"

"She disgraces her college!"

"Anyone at the same college? Tell her teachers and classmates what she did!"

Savannah couldn't help but click likes on the comments. Internet users were so awesome that they got to the bottom of Valerie so quickly.

This time, just let Valerie stew in her own juice!

However, Savannah was also confused about how the video went viral so quickly.

There were all kinds of hot news every day on Twitter. Videos about other women like Valerie were not extraordinary at all. How could Valerie's video have attracted attention from so many Twitter celebrities? Even made and kept trending among the topics?

You know, those Twitter celebrities charged a lot for retweeting a post.

Trending topics were even more expensive, which cost thousands or tens of thousands for an hour!

How did Valerie's video make such a stir?

She gasped when she remembered someone.

It must be him—no one but Dylan.

He went so far as to control the Internet...

"Sir." Just then, Judy's voice came.

Savannah put down her cell phone and looked at the door. Dylan was there.

He changed shoes, walking up to her. These days he was busy rearranging Devin's work after he removed Devin from the group, so he hadn't come back to Beverly Hills. Savannah was standing beside the sofa, looking at him in an adorable way, which filled his heart with tenderness.

Savannah's heart quickened as Dylan approached her, and for some reason, she blushed, "You... you're back."

She had not seen him for days, and it seemed like she did not want to fend off this man now, and her heart even gave a throb when he came to her. "You seem well now." Dylan raised his hand and touched her face freely. Smooth and delicate, her face was like a shell-less egg.

The swelling on her face had subsided with a good recovery, no scar left. Otherwise, he would go to the hospital and take Devin out of bed and beat him up again! She shrank back a little as his coarse fingers sparked her delicate face, and the color upon her cheeks spread over her face and neck.

There was a sensible rise in temperature in the living room. Savannah mumbled, "I was almost fully recovered several days ago." Dylan raised his eyebrows as if not believing her. Grabbing her shoulders, he pulled her close, his long fingers climbed up her collar and pulled it down.

Savannah gasped. Monster Sterling was indeed a monster! His estrus came back again in just a few minutes of him seeing her? However, Dylan did not make any further movements, and he was just searching her shoulder.

She sighed with relief as she learned that he just wanted to check if the scratch on her shoulder had gone. Judy had taken good care of the little woman and changed the dressing as prescribed with Jacob's medicine, so the scratches had come together and were filled with new pink flesh.

His eyes gradually softened, "Though Jacob is sometimes bothersome, he is a good doctor." Savannah was speechless. Jacob, a famous professor, stooped to help you to dress a minor wound, and you're still unsatisfied? No wonder Dylan had few friends.

But...

His eyes lingered on her shoulder and then moved down... Savannah was wearing a loose garment at home, and as Dylan was about 10 inches taller than her, he could clearly see her breasts from the neckline.

She hurriedly hid her neckline in her hands. Was he actually feeling her up in the name of examining the wound? Just then, Judy finished dinner and came out of the kitchen. "Are you hungry? Let's eat first." Savannah said quickly, rushing to the kitchen, "Judy, let me help you..."

Dylan became a sully. Hungry? He was really hungry, but he only wanted to eat the fat rabbit in front of him. Well, it's been a long night. After dinner, it would be her!

During the dinner, Savannah seemed to notice the intent of the sight coming from the man, so she went upstairs in a hurry as soon as she finished her dish.

While climbing up the stairs, she could almost feel his sexy and burning glare on her back, so her heart beat violently. Uh-oh. He didn't come back in the last few days, and he was supposed to spend the night here, right? Well, would he want to...do that?

Last time in the hospital, she could see that he was already torturing himself hard not to sleep with her on the ward. Even though she had had sex with him two times, she still couldn't accept sleeping with him...

She was red in the face and sweaty in hands at the thinking of his burning breath and furious assault...Maybe she was not used to being a man's mistress...Back in her room, after a bath, she sat in front of her Macbook that Dylan bought, which she used to read the news and watch some TV series on it.

When she logged onto MSN, Olivia was online and greeted her immediately, "Hi, honey." It occurred to Savannah that she might ask Olivia for help because she had more experience with love. She typewrote in the notebook, "Olivia, I have a question."

"What's up?"

"How do you refuse a man who wants to... to have that with you?" Olivia sent a laughing emoji, "You're with Dylan now?" Savannah blushed, "Um..." "But, you can't refuse him every time." Savannah also knew that she would have to satisfy him with sex later on, and she could not avoid it; But...as limited as possible.