

## Midnight 67

### He Control His Desire

Savannah flushed with embarrassment, "Don't laugh at me. Come on." Olivia finally sent a message, "In general, men will lose their interest in sex under only two conditions, one he is too tired, or two he is too bored."

Savannah frowned. Too tired? No, Monster Sterling was always full of energy! And from the way he feasted his covetous eyes on her every time, she knew even if he was tired after work, he could respawn with full HP the moment he saw her.

As for being too bored... He seemed to be in a good mood today.

"Olivia, when will Matt get annoyed?" Savannah really could not understand the men's world. "He gets annoyed every time I'm droning on. All men enjoy freedom. So, they don't like their women to ask too much." Joking Olivia as she had a lot of experience in this area.

While Savannah was thinking about how to be wordy, the door was pushed open, and Dylan came in. She immediately closed MSN and turned around. "What are you doing?" He asked. "Nothing... I'm chatting with Olivia." She stammered.

If he knew that she had been inquiring about how to avoid sex with him, he might have killed her now. Dylan walked over, standing in front of her and looked down. He tucked a stray strand of her damp hair behind her ear. Her breath hitched at the contact, and she blushed again.

He leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "You smell so sweet." Savannah murmured, "Not me, and it's the bath cream..." Dylan laughed, his voice quiet and soft, "Are you seducing me?" Didn't this little woman know such a silly and cute answer would bring out the beast inside him?

"I'm not!" Savannah denied immediately. Dylan picked her up and threw her into her bed. He couldn't wait to carry her back to his big bed. He wanted her now.

Olivia's words came to her mind-- Be wordy! Yes, the man would lose interest if the woman talked a lot!

She raised her hand against his chest and said, "You must be very tired having to manage such a large company, aren't you?" The little woman had never cared about his work; was it for time? Dylan gave her an I-know-what-you-want look, "Not tired."

"How? You are the CEO of the group, dealing with so many things and so many people every day. You have plenty to worry about!" She kept talking in his ear.

Dylan laughed and stood straight. "You are talking so much today, like a housewife."

Too much? That's right! He should be bored!

Olivia was right; men hate women to be wordy. But then her mouth was forced open by three fingers, and before she could react, a pillow towel was rammed into her mouth. She cried, "You...oo..you want to..."

Dylan's low and sexy voice came over her face, "Now you are much quieter." Shit! She could not even call a word out this time, and she could only press her hands against his chest, "ahhh... I... I...."

"Or maybe I should tie up your hands and feet?" Dylan said unpleasantly. Did the man want to play SNM? Savannah came out with a cold sweat and finally said a complete sentence, "Wait a minute... please..."

Dylan frowned as he saw that her little face was red and swollen as though she was choking, so he took out the pillow towel from her mouth. She took a gasping breath. "You haven't bathed yet! You'd better take a bath first..."

She was stalling for time! Dylan knitted his eyebrows, dragged his clean jacket to his nose, and there was only the scent of fragrances from laundry powder. He leaned forward, running his nose up her ear, "Why? No sweat, just only men's smell. Don't you smell it?"

Savannah was still pressing her little hands against his naked chest with embarrassment, "After the bath, please..." She said in a voice, unlike her usual tone, very touching, and so soft.

The little woman was always as stubborn as a mule. At this moment, her delicate tone was so attractive that he wanted to take her now. Heaving himself up, Dylan narrowed his eyes and finally headed for the bathroom. She sighed and watched him slam the bathroom door, but then her heart tightened again.

What's going to be the next excuse when he comes out? She wrapped herself in a blanket, holding her knees, and was considering how she should cope with him.

She was so tired after being out with Olivia for the whole day, and her eyelids grew heavy. She felt more and more sleepy.

Ten minutes later, the bathroom door opened, and Dylan emerged from the bathroom wet and glistening from the shower, still unshaven, with just a towel around his waist. His gaze fell on Savannah.

She cowered in the bed, holding her knees in her arms, breathing evenly, and slept soundly. He frowned, walking to her, and tried to wake her up. How could the little woman bring out his desire but then fall asleep!

As soon as he touched her, she instinctively caught his arm and would not let loose her hold. Her sleep was sweet. He paused for a moment and then got into the bed with one arm still held by Savannah.

He turned off the light and hugged her from behind. The woman's soft body was bittersweet, his erection against her hips, and he wanted her. He tried hard to cool himself down. Damn it. This young woman was his pet now, and she should satisfy his many needs anytime and anywhere.

But what was he doing now? He even didn't want to disturb her sleep, so he hugged her and controlled his sexual desire. He sighed with helplessness, squeezing the little woman into his arms and planted a few kisses on her delicate neck.

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Hospital, in a private room.

Devin's head was wrapped in a white bandage, looked much better after a few days' rest. Devin sat in bed, propped up with pillows, unhappy.