

## Midnight 73

### Don't You Care About The Sterling Business?

"Are you sure?" snapped Savannah as he turned. "I saw clearly how you were last night, and on the way back from the Sterling's house. Dylan, you are not god, and you can't get through everything on your own! If you have an accident, what would old Sterling do? Do you want him to lose another son at his age?"

Dylan paused, and Savannah continued. "Well, even if you don't care about your father, what about the Sterling Group? Don't you care about the Sterling's business? Do you want to see Devin take advantage of you if you are taken down? Devin is arrogant and dishonest. What would the group be like if led by Devin?"

Savannah breathed a better breath when she saw Dylan standing there thoughtfully. Sure enough, in his mind, the Sterling Group was untouchable. She did not know why she had tried so hard to convince him. Perhaps, as Dr. Shamon said, he had no one but her around him.

According to his temper, it's absolutely impossible for him to tell his family about the recurrence of his depression. If she ignored him, he might really have an accident. Finally, Dylan turned slowly, took the pills, and then grabbed the glass from her hand, swallowing them expressionlessly.

"You are so wordy. Can I take a shower now?" With that, he strode to the bathroom, but the voice of Savannah came again, "You'd better hurry. You have to go to the hospital afterward." Dylan stopped again. "Hospital?!"

"Well, Dr. Shamon said you'd better have a thorough examination, so I made an appointment for you with him this morning."

"Savannah, don't you think you mind too much about my business? How dare you make an appointment for me?"

Savannah gnawed her lip. "What if you have other health problems..."

"I have to go to the company. I have a meeting this morning and a meal with a very important client at noon. No time for the hospital." He interrupted impatiently.

"Actually... I just made a phone call to Garwood in the bathroom about you taking the day off. Garwood said the assistant manager would help run the meeting." Savannah smiled at him, "And the Marketing manager will entertain the client for you at noon."

"... " Dylan choked with anger.

"Now, you have no worries. If it's not a problem, I will take a quick shower. It's getting late. I'm going downstairs first." Savannah turned to the doors in a hurry.

Dylan looked at her back, gloomily.

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One hour later, the black Lamborghini stopped in front of the hospital. Dylan was still wondering why he had conceded to the little woman at last. The examination took about two hours. The results would come out the day after tomorrow. After a few more words with Jacob, they left the hospital.

In the car, Dylan was about to start the engine when Savannah stopped him. "Wait a minute."

"What now?" Dylan's face clouded. "It's nearly twelve o'clock. It's time to take your medicine." Savannah took out the antidepressant from her handbag, handed two of them to Dylan with a bottle of water.

Dylan was really speechless. "You brought it out with you?"

"Of course. You should take the medicine on time, or it won't work. Come on." She thrust the bottle of water into his hand again.

He raised his eyebrows and, at last, got the pills down with water.

"You can take this bottle to your company, give it to your secretary and ask her to remind you to take it according to the directions on the medicine bottle." She put the medicine bottle into his hand as she said this. Dylan glanced at the bottle, and then his eyes fell on her. "What's up?" Savannah turned nervous before his steady gaze.

She thought about the car sex beside the moat, and her heart quickened. "Oh yes, Dr. Shamon said, you should avoid being too excited and too tired when taking this medicine, and no sex..." A ghost of a smile played around his lips. Though he wanted her every time, he saw her since the previous car sex, this time.

"I'm thinking about bringing you to the company to be my secretary."

"Be your secretary? No, kidding!" Savannah was relieved but then distressed. He squinted at her, "You think I'm kidding?"

No one knew about his disease at the company, and he would not tell anyone else. He might easily forget the medicine with all of his work every day.

It sounded pretty good to let the little woman come to the company as his secretary, reminding him to take the medicine. But there might also be another purpose... He wanted to see her all the time.

Savannah looked perplexed. "You must have more than one secretary around you as the president, so you won't need me." "I don't want others to know." "I've never been a secretary before." She replied casually.

Every time he came back to Beverly Hills, she was so nervous with an eye out for his intimate behavior, and she didn't want to work before him during the day. "As my secretary, your main work is to remind me to take my medicine."

"But I have modeling work for a Dairy company next week..." "I know. You will start shooting a week later. This week, you're free. And, it will take you up to three or four hours a day when you start working." He knew all about her trip.

"But... " "If you don't go, I'll probably forget the medicine." How could he be so...? Just like a child... Savannah didn't respond. Finally, Dylan's patience was exhausted. He raised her chin and used his trump card. "Have you forgotten our agreement again?"

Savannah sighed. Yes, now she belonged to him. He could ask her to do anything, let alone being a secretary. How could she say, No? Well, Dr. Shamon said he needed to take the antidepressant for no more than one week. When he got better, he didn't have to take it anymore. So, she would be his secretary for one week at most. "All right." She nodded.