

Midnight 78

Vented Anger

While waiting for the elevator, Savannah whispered softly when he saw his gloom face, "I didn't know Devin was the vice-president of the group. Otherwise... I would not have brought him the papers."

He knew, of course, that she had not known. Her frightened look said everything.

"Damn, Miller! I will charge it on her!" His voice was cold and scolding. It wouldn't have happened if Miller hadn't asked Savannah to send the fucking papers! "Miller doesn't know about my relationship with Devin, so forget it."

"I don't want to make people hate me." Savannah explained rapidly. Dylan frowned, trying to curb the rush of anger. "By the way, how did Devin become the vice-president of the group?" Savannah changed the subject.

"Old Sterling asked Devin to come back the other day when Devin told him Valerie was pregnant. He said Devin was going to start a family and will be a father soon. It's not suitable for Devin to come back as a department manager in the company."

The scum won the position of vice-president with an unborn baby?! Savannah drew a deep breath and took her mobile phone out to Dylan. "I recorded what he just said, maybe you can give it to old Sterling?" Dylan picked it up and listened.

"I wonder if this recording is useful for you. We can let old Sterling know that Devin was planning to return to the company by using the unborn baby. In this way, maybe old Sterling will kick him out of the company?"

Dylan was silent for a few seconds and then gave the phone back to her. "This recording can only indicate that Devin did not treat Valerie considerately. But old Sterling only wants a great-grandchild, not caring if Devin loves Valerie. It won't affect Devin's current position."

Savannah was disappointed and sighed. If she had known that, she would not have dealt with the scum in the office just for the recording. She put the phone in her pocket and heard a pleasant voice from Dylan; "You fear that he would take the position of CEO from me?"

The recording was useless, but at least it proved the little woman was on his side. He was quite satisfied. Savannah shook her head. She did not think Devin's scheme would prosper.

Dylan was the legitimate son of old Sterling. Devin, however, was Mr. Yontz, even if old Sterling liked him, he would never become Mr. Sterling. Old Sterling would in no way give the position of president to Devin, unless Dylan had an accident, for example, or he was seriously ill, unable to run the group as the president.

Savannah had a flash of insight into why Dylan didn't want others to know about his relapse of depression and insisted that she should come to the company to take care of him...

Because Devin would probably use his illness against him, persuading old Sterling and the shareholders to believe that Dylan was incompetent and unable to manage the group as the president.

Just then, the elevator came. Savannah gave it no further thought and got into the elevator with him. When the door closed, he held her hand again tightly. Savannah shook her hands free as soon as the door opened when they arrived at the top floor. She glanced quickly at him as she walked out of the elevator in advance and returned to her seat.

Looking at the little woman's back, Dylan knew that she didn't want their relationship to be known. He pressed and held down the HOLD button for a moment before striding out of the elevator toward his office on the other side.

Early the next morning, Savannah walked into the office and saw Miller being surrounded by several assistants. Miller looked pale, and the little assistants were saying something to comfort her.

Another colleague told the whole story to Savannah. Dylan was going to meet clients with several senior executives this morning. He called Miller to bring the documents to him in the parking lot.

Miller took the documents downstairs but missed one piece of paper in a hurry. Dylan scolded her severely in front of the managers of the company and deducted her two months' bonus.

As chief secretary of the president for so long, Miller was perfectly sound and able, was always flattered by others. This was the first time she had been scolded by the boss, especially since we're so many people present. It was a severe hurt to her pride. No wonder she was now in a bad mood.

"Mr. Sterling had a bad temper today. Why did he scold Miller for something so trivial?" "Yeah, Mr. Sterling never treated Miller so rigorously. What caused him to blaze out in anger today?"

The assistants kept talking on and on. Savannah knew the reason. Dylan must be still angry about what had happened yesterday. Although he didn't punish Miller according to her wishes, he still harbored a grudge against her.

Miller stared at Savannah blankly when she saw her coming. She felt Savannah had much to do with what happened that morning. Was it because Savannah complained to Mr. Sterling that she sent her to do this and that these days? That could be the only explanation!

Mr. Sterling was usually very kind to her. He lost his temper with her for no reason, but Savannah! This bitch! When the assistants left, Miller walked over to Savannah with a stack of papers. "These documents are needed by our clients tomorrow, and please finish checking them today."

Savannah glanced at the pile of papers, "Miller, I haven't finished the ones you gave me yesterday." "It seems to be your problem, not mine. Am I to blame for your inefficiency?" Miller vented her anger on Savannah.

Savannah took a deep breath and said nothing more. She was occupied with all the documents the whole day. By noon, she sent a text message to Dylan, who was out meeting with the clients, reminding him to take his medicine. She'd hadn't eaten anything since the morning.

Savannah looked up, startled -- when she noticed that it was dark outside; it was already seven o'clock at night. Her co-workers on the floor all went home for the day already. Everything quieted down. The only light in the office was the light generated by her computer.

She got up and tried to turn on the lights, but they wouldn't turn on. It seemed that the lights had been switched off at the main. Her stomach was growling with hunger. She pummeled her back and shoulders and sighed at the unfinished papers. The work was almost done.

She must finish the papers so Miller would not make any more spiteful remarks!