

Midnight 80

She's Coming

He raised an eyebrow at her. "When I was in New Haven, I got a part-time job for a while, and I did everything myself at that time." Savannah was gaping at him. "You worked part-time?" How is that possible? The man who had immense power in front of her had actually worked for others before?

She could hardly believe it! He nodded with a soft voice. "When I graduated from Yale, dad wanted me to come home. But I didn't know how to face him at the time; every time I saw him on Facetime, I would remember my brother. Therefore, I put off the day I was to return home."

After a moment of silence, he continued, "Then my dad threatened to cancel my credit card, remove my bodyguards and servants, and even drive me away from Sterling's apartment if I didn't come home."

"So, you just moved out of the apartment that old Sterling arranged for you and went to work to support yourself?" "That's it. I didn't think I could only live on the Sterling name. I moved to Jacob's house after that ultimatum and found a job in a restaurant in a week; then, I rented an apartment."

I lived on my own terms and didn't cost the Sterling's another dollar. You can't imagine how I suffered in those days." Dylan put his hands in his pockets and looked at the little woman who stared in amazement. "Now, I dare you to eat the food I made!"

"Well," she said, after a time, and her nature began to recover, "but in the end, you returned home." Dylan didn't expect she would blurt this out, and he frowned, "The Sterling group was actually confronting the economic crisis two years ago. Dad is old and in poor health."

I had to return home and preside over the group during this period of its greatest stress and danger." In other words, he would not have returned home if not for Sterling's business.

Savannah glanced up at him "You came back because you are worried about your father, not just for the Sterling business. In fact, you had already forgiven him and missed him, right? So why do you still give him the cold shoulder?" She didn't know how she could have the strength and the wherewithal to say it out loud.

She had vowed never to mention the matter in front of him again, and she didn't want to bring back bad memories to him. Maybe because there was no knowing when she would see her own mother again, she hoped Dylan could cherish the time spent with his family.

"Savannah, I will teach you if you meddle in my affairs again." He snapped his eyes in a blaze. Savannah raised her voice. "I don't mean to pry. I just feel bad about your estranged relationship with your father. I've never had a chance to be close to my father, but you can!"

The hall echoed with the ringing voice of Savannah, and Dylan remained silent for a long time. Savannah didn't say anything more. She had already touched a sore spot, and it only depended on himself then. She turned to the plate and was then busy eating.

The spaghetti was so delicious that she simply demolished it in a short time.

Dylan's eyes softened. "Do you want more?" "That's enough. I'm full, and I have modeling work tomorrow." Savannah remembered to keep fit and eat less all the time as a model.

"Wait a minute." She was about to get off the sofa when Dylan stopped her. He took out the white ointment from the medicine box, sat down, and then put one of her legs on his lap.

He began to apply the ointment on her bruised skin. Savannah occasionally groaned as he touched her leg. Dylan curled his thin lips pleasantly. "Is this your sweet spot?"

What the hell! Savannah blushed again and came near bursting out, "Fuck you!"

Dylan released her leg when the ointment had been applied.

She stood up from the sofa, "I'm going upstairs." "There's no rush." Dylan stopped her again. "What else?" He glanced up at the clock on the wall. "She's coming. Wait."

Savannah wondered, "She? Who? Who's coming?"

Just then there was a knock at the door. Judy came out of her room, stepping forward to open the door. A slim, familiar figure entered the porch with a frightened face. When Savannah noticed who it was, she nearly fell through the floor.

It's - Miller!

Why did this man call Miller here in the middle of the night? He must have called her in the kitchen just now! She wanted to go upstairs discreetly, but Dylan caught her by the arm, "Don't move."

The little woman did not care about anything, even if bullied like this. But he would not allow it. It's too late for Savannah to leave now -- Miller had already come over to them and was shocked to see Savannah.

"Savannah...?"

Twenty minutes ago, Mr. Sterling called and asked her to come to Beverly Hills immediately. She thought it was a matter of work and dared not show slackness in carrying out his orders.

She had never expected -- Savannah would be here. No, she was more than just "here." Savannah was sitting casually on the sofa, her shoes, and socks off; she clearly lived here. She was the woman of the house!

She knew Savannah was on very familiar terms with Mr. Sterling, but she never thought they were so close! Miller gasped for breath for a long time and realized why Mr. Sterling called her here. The sweat started out on Miller's backbone.

"M.. Mr. Sterling, what can I do for you?" Miller said with hesitation. Dylan raised his eyebrows. "Why did you give her all of these papers?" Miller turned pale, "I...I..."

Savannah was just going to say something when Dylan put his arm around her waist and pulled her close.

Savannah struggled to sit up straight but was lowered to his arms.

