

Midnight 82

The Man's Decision Was Hard To Change

Miller turned to Dylan in dismay, and after Dylan nodded, she responded carefully, "Okay, I will take your word."

Judy saw her out, and Miller left Beverly Hills.

The living room was quiet.

"May I go back to my room now?" Savannah walked back to the sofa, glancing at him, and was about to go upstairs when Dylan grabbed her by the collar and pulled her over to him.

"So soon?" Dylan's voice was in her ears.

"What else?" She scented the danger in his voice, which indicated that he wanted...her.

"I helped you vent your spleen, and now I want you to..." He whispered in her ear, and he began to trail feather light kisses around her ear and on her neck.

"I hurt my leg today, I can't..." She shuddered with an excuse.

"What are you thinking?" Dylan let her go. He raised his eyebrows at her, amused, and a little dismayed.

"Don't you want to...sleep with me?" She said, stammering.

"I want you to promise me one thing!" He said roughly.

Yes, he wanted her. He hadn't made out with her for a long time since that day in the car.

It was also for his own private desire that he made her his temporary personal secretary in the company.

These days, he was really too busy dealing with the business since Devin had just rejoined the group as vice-president, and she was always against him; otherwise, he might have already had her in the office...

When he was holding her in his arms just now, he could feel her softness and smell her sweet scent, which caused the fire to course through his body.

But anyway, he would not sleep with her while her blood sugar was low and with an injured leg.

Ah, is it a misunderstanding? It's a shame. Savannah flushed and stammered, "promise?"

He took her chin in his hand and tilted her head up to reach his eyes. "When something like this happens in the future, tell me first. Do not hide anything from me."

If he hadn't come to Beverly Hills today, he would not have known that she had to work late and got home hungry with her leg bruised. How could she keep silent when being imposed like this?

How could his woman be such a wimp?

Looking at his handsome face, Savannah was shocked with a nice warm feeling inside of her.

Although he ordered her in a commanding tone, and so bossy, his words warmed her heart.

Oh no, she scolded herself. Warm? Don't be silly! He's such a male chauvinist, afraid that others will bully his little pet.

He doesn't care about you! He just can't bear his belongings being offended!

Savannah restrained the warm emotion eventually and nodded calmly, "I see."

While the words were on her lips, she was picked up to his chest all of a sudden, and then he carried her upstairs.

"Dylan, what are you doing? I said I couldn't..." She started, struggling in his arms!

"I'm just taking you to your room. I don't want your leg to get worse tomorrow. Then you will have a reason not to go to work!" He imprisoned her in his arms and headed for her room.

He kicked the door open, put her on her bed, and left for his own room.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

The next morning, Savannah got up and went out of her room to find the master bedroom empty.

That workaholic would have gone to work early.

After breakfast, Savannah took a taxi to the Sterling group.

When she stepped out of the elevator, she saw Miller walking toward the elevator with a pile of documents.

Frustrated and a little embarrassed, Miller halted as she recalled what happened last night.

She smothered "Miss Schultz" on her lips when she remembered Savannah's order.

Savannah, however, greeted Miller naturally, "Hi, Miller." She nodded her head to Miller and walked to her seat as usual.

When Dylan had completed the course of the antidepressants Jacob prescribed, Savannah's weeklong secretarial work finally came to an end.

On the second visit, she accompanied Dylan to the hospital.

After the examination, Jacob sat behind his desk and read the report.

"The indicators are normal now, and no more depressive symptoms. You can stop the drugs." Jacob said to Dylan and then turned to Savannah with a meaningful smile.

"Savannah, you have taken good care of him. That's good. "

Of course! I was taking care of him for the whole week! Even at the company! Resisting an impulse to roll her eyes, Savannah said politely, "It's all because of you."

"Don't be modest. The relapse of depression is not a small matter. If it were not for you, Dylan might have had to have treatment in the hospital."

"The best I can do is to remind him to take his medicine. Thanks to the rare skill you've got." Savannah said sincerely.

Dylan frowned as he saw the two of them talking and laughing in their own perfect world.

They overlooked him, and every time the little woman spoke to Jacob Shamon, she had two beautiful dimples with a genuine smile on her face.

She never looked so happy before him, because when she smiled at him, it seemed that it was forced.

They came to the hospital today to evaluate his condition, not for her to have a chat party with Jacob!

Dylan stood up with a sullen face and took Savannah's hand. "Let's go."

Savannah was pulled to the door before the words had all left her mouth, "Ah, sorry, we have to go now. Jacob, see you---" She waved another hand to Jacob.

Jacob Shamon laughed. "Hey, Dylan, why are you leaving so soon? It's almost noon. Let's have lunch together."

Dylan's face darkened more. He turned around and said, "Keep the hospital meal for yourself."

After that, he led Savannah out of the office by the hand.

Jacob Shamon smiled and shook his head. Dylan was always a control freak in a business affair, but now he was even more high-handed with his feelings.

A few days later, Savannah learned from Judy that Devin and Valerie's wedding banquet was going to be held this Sunday.

The wedding was prepared quickly because old Sterling did not want Valerie to be at the wedding with a big belly, in case people would talk about her behind her back. So, they had to go through with the marriage ceremony before Valerie's pregnancy became obvious.

"Savannah, Mr. Sterling asked that you are well taken care of for the wedding in advance. If you have work to do Sunday, please take time off." Judy said, "Mr. Sterling would bring you with him to Mr. Yontz's wedding."

Savannah was surprised.

She felt sick at the thought of attending the wedding of her ex-fiancé and her cousin.

Could she say no? Obviously not. The man's decision was hard to change.