

## Midnight 83

### He Missed Her

Moreover, Dylan was making his circuit to the group's subsidiaries in other cities these days. She did not have the opportunity to persuade him to change his mind if she could not see him at all.

At last, Sunday came.

Dylan didn't come back to Beverly Hills until the morning of the wedding day.

According to Judy, Dylan was on his way back from a business trip. Savannah picked up a dress from the wardrobe casually, and with sparing use of make-up, she waited in her room for Dylan.

The door of the room creaked open.

Dylan entered the room and walked towards her, a little jet-lagged after the long business trip, and the stubble on his chin gave him a more masculine look.

He just got back to L.A. this morning.

Savannah got up on her feet nervously, like a concubine receiving her king. Perhaps because they had been apart a few days, her heart pumped when she stared up into his smoldering gray gaze. She was clasping her hands.

Dylan saw the little woman standing there quietly, and lovely, and a spasm of longing and throbbing went through him. He missed her.

Absence sharpens love.

He never had to worry when he went on business trips before, but this time a curse and care was urging his return.

Savannah felt somewhat awkward under his intense eyes and broke the silence. "You're back. You must be tired."

He strolled over and tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear. It's good that you're concerned, but that's not enough.

"You know how to alleviate my fatigue, don't you?"

With that, he wrapped his hand around her, with another hand skimming her waist.

Smelling his familiar clean, fresh smell, Savannah blushed. Of course, She knew what he wanted.

She took his naughty hand away from her waist gently, changing the subject. "It's getting late."

Dylan tried hard to restrain his desire. He would like to fuck her now if they are not going to the wedding.

"Do I really have to go to the wedding with you?" She whispered.

Dylan narrowed his eyes. "Are you afraid to see Devin and your cousin?"

Savannah shook her head. She had no feeling toward Devin, and he made her sick. She didn't care about whom he was going to marry.

"No, I let them go long ago." She took a deep breath, "It's just that... the groom is my ex-fiancé, and the bride is my cousin...I feel ill thinking about seeing them."

"Since they make you sick, why should you make them feel good? If you don't want to see them, it indicates that you still have a knot in your heart." He said simply.

"Okay, I will go." Savannah bit her lip.

Dylan was right. Why would she dare not go? It was Devin who betrayed her.

Dylan looked her up and down. "Aren't you dressed yet?"

"Isn't this dress, okay?" Savannah was wearing an embroidered satin dress.

"It's too casual. Anyway, today is the wedding of old Sterling's grandson." Dylan said in a sarcastic tone. He was not interested in Devin's wedding, but he had to attend it as he was Devin's uncle.

"No need." She pursed her lips. She was kind enough to attend Devin and Valerie's wedding.

"It is necessary. The more you hate them, the more you have to dress up." Dylan said steely as he walked to the wardrobe. Pulling open the door, he began to pick up a dress appropriate for the wedding.

Finally, he selected a brand-new dress and threw it into her arms. "This one!"

It was a fishtail Italian branded dress with a halter neck and gathered at the waist. The bottom of the dress was covered with precious pearls, and it was so well-tailored that it accentuated women's graceful figure.

Savannah had never worn the dress since she moved in because it was so elegant and eye-catching.

"This one?" Savannah was taken aback.

He nodded undoubtedly. "Change."

"This dress is too aggressive. It will steal the show. Anyway, I'm not the bride." She was reluctant to be the focus of the guests.

"Just do what I want." His thin lips quirked up.

Before Savannah could say anything else, Dylan stopped her in a threatening tone.

"I don't mind changing it for you if you don't want to change it yourself."

Then she took her dress and hurried into the cloakroom.

At a five-star hotel of the Sterling Group, the guests had all arrived, and the gateway was crowded with coaches.

Today was the wedding of old Sterling's grandson.

Guests in suits and neckties came in and out with their families through the revolving door at the entrance.

The wedding feast would be held in the biggest hall on the top floor with an open garden.

Sterling also arranged hundreds of rooms for guests from afar to rest or spend the night after the reception.

In the huge banquet hall, guests toasted each other, chatting and laughing.

Valerie, in a white wedding dress, was standing at the door with Devin, in a suit, welcoming the guests.

Norah was talking to some rich ladies with quick exultation.

Her daughter married Devin and became old Sterling's granddaughter-in-law, and she became a relative of a rich and powerful family. Who dared despise her now?

Susan, however, had a dissatisfied expression on her face.

She was relieved when her son broke up with Savannah and was thinking of arranging a rich lady for Devin when Valerie latched on to Devin!

Originally, she did not want her son to marry Valerie in any way, but Valerie became pregnant, and old Sterling told her to hold the wedding ceremony as soon as possible.

She finally agreed to the marriage but still looked down on this daughter-in-law and the Schultz's family.

In her mind, Devin's wife should have been a noble lady from an aristocratic family, rather than the daughter of a small factory owner.

What's more, Valerie blew out a scandal with a video on the Internet a few days ago, which was talked about by the grand ladies in her circle. Too humiliating!

"Welcome, Mr. Sterling." Greeted the waiter at the gate.

Following the movement, Devin and Valerie looked towards the door, only to see a man and a woman walking in their direction arm in arm.