

Midnight 86

He Was Really A Hot, Sexy Billionaire

How could she not be proud that Devin had finally made a remarkable comeback?

Savannah frowned. Relationships in wealthy families were so impersonal that even Dylan's elder sister was scheming against him.

She suddenly felt some sympathy for Dylan. No wonder he didn't dare tell his family about the relapse of his depression.

How could he rest assured of such a family who was eyeing up his place like a ravening wolf?

Thinking of this, Savannah turned to Susan and couldn't help from blurting out, "You are too modest, Mrs. Yontz. Devin does not need to be taken care of by his uncle. He already has a knack of getting ahead. Just be careful, the one who climbs high falls heavily."

Susan changed her face and replied in a low voice, "I'm talking to my brother. Who are you to speak to me?"

"She is my woman." Dylan's words stopped Susan's mouth. "And by reason, of course, she is of the same generation as you. Can she speak to you now?"

Susan clenched her fist, and her face slowly went purple. The same generation? Savannah used to be her future daughter-in-law!

Henley, seeing that the atmosphere was not friendly, filled Dylan's glass with wine hurriedly with a courteous smile. "Come on, drink! Drink more!"

The tension was instantly relieved.

After the ceremony and the toast, the grand wedding finally came to an end.

Maybe it was because old Sterling had announced that he would give Devin a 10% stake, Dylan was keeping silent during the meal with a dark face.

Savannah didn't dare to speak while eating the food in silence.

After the feast, people offered their congratulations to old Sterling one by one before they left.

Waiters led the guests who came here from very far places to the guest rooms arranged by Sterling, and then they would fly out in the morning.

Savannah had to admit that Sterling really treated the guests in a big way. For guests who came to the wedding reception from outside LA, Sterling not only paid for the round-trip air tickets for all of their families but also provided first-class accommodations and entertainment free of charge.

"Mr. Sterling, Ms. Schultz, your room is ready. Please follow me." The hotel manager came over.

"We're staying here today?" Savannah turned to Dylan, surprised.

"Yep. Some guests will stay in the hotel today; dad is weak in spirit and has been accompanied back home by Susan and Henley. I should stay here as the host." Dylan said as he stood up and took her hand.

Savannah flinched. He didn't go back to Beverly Hills every day, and they each had a separate bedroom; she could beat her brains out, trying to think a way to avoid having sex with him.

But she had not yet figured out what to do tonight in the hotel...

She swallowed and asked, "Will I share a room with Mr. Sterling?"

"Of course." The manager thought Savannah was afraid that she could not live with Mr. Sterling. "Your room is a super-deluxe suite, equipped with a king-size waterbed and a private outdoor natural hot spring." His voice lowered at last.

Savannah flushed. What the hell!

She plucked up the courage to look at Dylan, "I should be the last person to take care of the guests. Can I go back to Beverly Hills?"

"What did you say?" Dylan stared at her with his eyes wide.

Savannah had no choice but to follow him and take the elevator up.

The presidential suite for them was on the top floor.

Moments later, they arrived. After tapping a number into a keypad, the door of the suite opened. The manager gestured with a sweeping motion and closed the door before he left carefully.

"Uuuuuuhhhh---" Savannah exclaimed when she walked in the suite with Dylan and got a clear view of the room.

She had only heard of the presidential suite in novels and TV shows before, and it was the first time she stayed in such an executive suite.

The room was large and airy and elegantly furnished with Swarovski crystal chandeliers and luxury furniture of famous brands.

"I'm tired, so I will have a bath first. What about you?" Dylan loosened his collar and glanced at the little woman who showed high excitement at everything in the room.

Savannah froze. What? Did he want to take a shower with her together? "NO NO NO, you first," she said hurriedly, "I'll take it later."

He gently patted her on the head. "Do you think there's only one bathroom in the presidential suite?"

Savannah followed his eyes and found that every room had an independent bathroom, breathing a sigh of relief, and then realized that he didn't intend to take a bath together.

"Oh ...I see ..." Embarrassed, she muttered and rushed into one of the bathrooms.

After the shower, Savannah came out in a bathrobe with her hair still damp.

Looking up, she saw Dylan was already sitting on the sofa with just a towel around his waist. He leaned back and crossed his knees, and his unruly hair was still damp from the shower.

She could almost smell his divine, hot, and sexy scent – body all cleaned and refreshing breath.

He seemed to be absorbed in his thoughts, thinking of something, and his eyebrows rose slightly.

He looked charming and sexy, like the bright moon in the sky.

Savannah's heartbeat quickened, and her face blushed.

It was no wonder that rich ladies, like Abby, had the nerve to chase after him regardless of his indifference.

Anyway, he was really a hot, sexy billionaire.

"Penny for your thoughts?" he asked, startling her.

"Ah?" Savannah averted her eyes. "It's getting late. I'm going to bed. You'd better turn in early. You are going to treat the guests tomorrow..."

As the words fell from Savannah's lips, Dylan walked right up to her, standing in the way.

"What's all this fuss about? The most important thing has not been done." He said as he threw his arms, lifting her up to his chest.