

Midnight 79

Let Me See

Savannah was kept busy with the papers for another two hours. After the last document was done, Savannah stood up and hurried away with her handbag. She felt dizzy because she hadn't eaten anything all day, carelessly bumping into the desk on her way to the elevator in the dark.

"Ouch --" With the pain on her leg, which must be bruised, she dared not delay, went downstairs in a hurry, and stopped a taxi. It was 9:30 pm when she got back to Beverly Hills. Savannah could only hope that Dylan hadn't come back yet.

If he had already gotten back to Beverly Hills and found that she was not home, he would have called to find her, but she had received no call from him. Savannah breathed a sigh of relief. But then her leg ached, and she almost blacked out.

Suffering from anemia, she was extremely faint as her blood sugars fell when she was hungry. Limping into the villa, she ground her teeth to overcome the pain. Judy was not in the living room. She was about to find something to appease her hunger when a man's voice came behind her.

"Where did you go? Why are you so late?" Savannah shuddered. He came back!

She turned and saw Dylan standing on the landing in a white shirt and a pair of British trousers; he stared at her coldly.

"I worked overtime in the company..." She tried to calm down. "Working overtime? Who made you work overtime?" Dylan asked, angrily frowning. The little woman worked as his secretary to take care of him and remind him of the medicine, not to work overtime!

How could she put the cart before the horse! Holding her breath, Savannah tried to extenuate the matter. "I took some of the work of Miller's hand voluntarily. I saw that you went to visit clients today and thought you wouldn't go back to Beverly Hills. And you didn't call me." "I called you. You didn't answer."

Savannah took out her cell phone and found it switched off.

Oh, yeah, she was so busy that she forgot to check the battery state of her phone, which seemed to be in a low battery after she sent a text message to Dylan at noon.

"I'm sorry," she explained. "My phone died."

He frowned, controlling his anger, and said in a commanding tone, "What are you doing here? Go upstairs." She glanced wistfully at the kitchen and rubbed her flat stomach imperceptibly. Seeing he was in a fit of anger, she had to sneak down to find something to eat later.

"Stand still!" Dylan rapped out when he saw her walking with a marked limp. "What's wrong with your leg?" He asked sternly. "Nothing. The office was so dark when I was leaving that I accidentally bumped into the desk..."

"Dark? Don't you know how to turn on the light?" "The main switch seemed to have been turned off." He went up to her and crouched down. Savannah was overwhelmed when this king-like noble man squatted down in front of her, and she subconsciously shrank, "It's nothing..."

"Let me see." His tone was too firm to refute. She had to stand there tamely, watching him lift up her trousers, and spot the large bruise on her snow-white leg. "Is that nothing?" He frowned.

He gingerly touched her bruised skin with his thick fingers, which made her groan.

This groan was full of ambiguities in the empty sitting room at night. Savannah blushed and tried to avoid the awkward situation, pulling back her leg. "I'll find some ointment to put on it. It's really nothing."

With that, she turned and prepared to go upstairs. As she walked up in a hurry, she reeled and fell forwards all of a sudden--- Fortunately, and Dylan caught her with his quick hands.

The little woman was spiritless with a pale face in his arms and not steady on her feet. He carried her to the sofa without a word. "I'm alright..." Savannah tried to pull herself up from his arms.

"Alright? You are going to faint!" He shouted as he picked up the phone. "It doesn't matter." Savannah knew he wanted to call the family doctor, holding him back, "Don't bother, I'm just a little hungry because I haven't eaten anything all day. I'm anemic, you know."

Just as she said this, her stomach made an angry rumbling. Dylan paused, put down the phone, and went into the kitchen with no more remarks. Savannah was confused a moment before she moved and was about to jump off the sofa.

"Sit on the sofa and don't move," Dylan ordered without turning back. Does he have eyes in the back of his head? Savannah grumbled as she sat back. Well, her leg still hurts, and it was inconvenient to move anyway.

When Dylan came out, he had a plate of spaghetti in his hand. The spaghetti was cooked with an egg, steaming hot, and it was more delicious than a feast of delicacies for a hungry Savannah!

With a swallow or two, Savannah stared at the spaghetti surprisingly. The man who led a life of luxury and privilege knew how to cook? And what he made looked delicious!

"Eat while it's hot." Dylan put the plate on the table in front of her, as if cooking was just a small thing for him.

Savannah looked at the food, and it made her mouth water but did not move. "Why? You don't like spaghetti?" Dylan frowned. Savannah shook her head, "I just wonder if the food you made can be eaten."

How could a man who amassed such an empire know how to cook spaghetti? "Of course, my spaghetti can be eaten." Dylan smiled, "Why are you staring at me in that way? Do you want to make out with me first?"

Savannah blushed and dropped her eyes. Dylan didn't make it further when he saw her blush. "You thought I knew nothing about cooking?" Savannah nodded without hesitation. A rich man like Dylan must lead an easy life with everything provided. How could he cook this himself?

