

## MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

### Chapter 10 - 10: Old Sterling Birthday Party

Devin parked in front of the hotel. It was crowded with people in pretty dresses and dark suits, and they were slowly making their way inside to the main hall. There was a marble fountain, and several parked cars outside, and Devin stopped as close as he could to a red car. They got out, and Devin took Savannah by the arm and introduced her to his mother, Susan. It was her red car.

"Hello, my dear!" she said, flinging her arms around them both. "Devin, you look so handsome! And so pretty, Savannah!" She smiled. Took a swig of wine.

"Are you already drunk?" Asked Devin.

"No, not yet. A few wines, that's all." She waved at Norah, Dalton, and Valerie behind them, struggling with the car door. "The Schultz's. The perfect family." She said, as they finally joined them and kissed Norah and Dalton on the cheeks. "Thank you so much for coming. It wouldn't be the same without you."

Norah blushed. "It's a pleasure."

"For you? I suppose it must be!" She snorted and placed a steadying hand on Norah's shoulder as she laughed. Norah bristled a little at this but knew her place. She stiffened and smiled. Savannah had always suspected that, deep down, Devin's family hated the Schultz's family. Savannah especially. Like they'd somehow duped into an arranged marriage with her. Savannah wondered if Susan blamed her or old man Sterling for their unhappy marriage (she must know by now. The signs are obvious and she's his mother) and wondered if they'd blame her when she torched the entire thing.

"Is my uncle here?" Asked Devin, snapping Savannah out of her head. His mother shook her head. "He said he would come - he has to. It's been years since any of us have seen him!"

"Maybe he's stuck in traffic," said his mother, leading him in by the arm. I've never heard of this uncle before, thought Savannah. "He'll come soon—the party's starting. Let's go," said Susan and lead them in. [freewebovel.com](http://freewebovel.com)

Inside the banquet hall, family and friends were crowded around a long table stuffed with food. The sound of people laughing, knife and forks clattering and children whooping, echoed around the vaulted ceiling. The smell of gravy and roast chicken, Yorkshire pudding and cranberry sauce wafted past them.

Savannah was sitting down between Henley, Devin's father, and Devin himself. Henley looked much like his son but older. A strong jaw and thick stubble and long silvery hair swept back. He was quiet and very, very drunk.

And there, at the head of the table, was Grandfather Sterling. He was larger than life, laughing and drinking with everyone who would talk to him. Savannah wasn't sure if she should be thankful to him or not, for forcing Devin to marry her. How much did he know about the pit of vipers, which is his family? She thought. He smiled at her and raised a glass. It was too busy to barge over and speak to him, so she smiled and raised her glass back.

His brow furrowed and shouted over to Susan, "Where's Dylan?"

"Traffic, we think. I can call him and tell him to hurry if you want." Shouted Susan.

"Exactly, dad, don't worry, Dylan would definitely come as he promised." Said Henley, her husband.

"Good, good. I'm coming over!" He shouted and came over. He shuffled over with a glass of wine in his hand. "Savannah, It's been a while!" Devin's grandfather stood her up and gave her a hug. He was taller than her with wispy white hair.

"Hello, sir." She said and hugged him back. "You're looking very well."

"Why does everyone keep calling me, Sir?" He said to the group. "Please, granddad. We're family – now more than ever."

Beside her, Devin shot her a glare, and she understood it perfectly, Don't fuck this up for me, or else. "Of course, sorry. Granddad. You're looking well." She tried to smile but felt her lips tug downwards like she was about to cry. Suddenly, Devin was beside her.

"Don't worry, grandfather, she's a shy girl and gets embarrassed easily ??? too many people, see?" He nodded at the others at the table, gazing at them.

"Be brave, baby. You can call him grandpa, can't you?" He had his arm around her.

She choked back the lump at the back of her throat. Here, in her fiancé's arms, she could smell Valerie and her perfume. She felt hate standing in his arms, directed at her, and she wasn't sure if it was his hate or hers she was sensing. And she wanted to scream and shout and tear the whole place down around her and – and – and she didn't. She swallowed, hard, and hoped that the tears in her eyes made them glisten.

"Grandfather. Please forgive me. A little too much wine." She smiled.

He patted her on the backside and waved them off. "I get it, and don't worry, either of you, it's completely normal. Everyone gets cold feet before a wedding; you've just gotta ride it out. And Savannah, you especially don't need to worry. My family will look after you and yours. Your father was a good friend to me. It'll be the biggest and best wedding you've ever seen! And if Devin ever, ever hurts you, you just let me know. I'll sort him out, believe you me!" Everybody laughed, and Devin shifted uneasily. "And I ask only one thing in return," he said as the laughter subsided. "That you give me grandchildren!" He threw his arms into the air, and everyone started laughing again.

Fuck, Grandchildren.