

## MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

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Chapter 11 - 11: His Plan Had Caused Maximum Damaged

Devin hissed into her ear, "you heard the man. We'd better get to it soon, eh? Was I thinking... tonight? If you're free, that is?"

She elbowed him hard in the ribs, but he didn't back off. "Remember what happens if you mess this up for me. Be nice now, and later tonight, you can be as naughty as you like." He grinned so wide she worried his ears might drop in. She bit her bottom lip hard, so hard it drew blood. If Mr. Sterling didn't come soon, she knew, then she would have to sleep with his guy.

Then, quickly, the room grew silent. It was like the oxygen had been sucked out of the room. A fork clattered; a mother silenced a child; a wine glass chimed. Then, shoes hoofing on the marble floor, growing louder, each stride resonating purpose.

A man entered, tall and handsome in a charcoal grey suit. Chest out shoulders back, hands in pockets. Such elegance and confidence that he commanded the attention of everyone there. Savannah's eyes fixed on him and realized that figure. It was Mr. Sterling. But... what was he doing? A mixture of excitement and confusion churned inside of her, and then, to make it worse, Devin spoke, "Uncle is coming!" Devin shouted, and a large part of Savannah went numb. Her mind raced. He's called Sterling, but he's not part of the Sterling family, that would be... huh... That would make him Devin's uncle, which means oh my god. She wasn't the sharpest knife in the draw, some had even called her slow, but this struck like lightning down a rod, frying her brain. She felt her cheeks flush and started feeling sick.

"Dylan, why so late?" Asked Devin, "Dad has asked about you several times." Devin and Susan got up to meet him and guide him to a seat next to his grandfather at the head of the table, but Dylan pushed past them and made straight for Savannah.

"So, you know the girl?" Called Grandad across the table. "Our Savannah, soon to be family. She's marrying your nephew, Devin-"

"No, she isn't," he said.

The old man's face froze. He wasn't yet sure if he should be angry or not, so he probed a little, voice wracked with tension. "What do you mean; 'no, she isn't'?"

"She's mine so she can't marry Devin because she is seeing me. And if she is having anyone's babies, they'll be mine."

Devin was floored.

The crowd gasped.

Savannah wanted to be swallowed by the floor and never seen again.

Finally, grandfather Sterling figured out that he was supposed to feel angry, and he slammed his fist down onto the table. "Dylan, what the fuck is going on. You don't joined us for years, and now this?"

"Father, please," he said, taking Alssea's hand. "You're making a scene."

"Nonsense! What are you talking about? Savannah is your nephew's fiancé! Have you fucked her?" The last question was like a white-hot iron poker being driven at them.

Dylan parried it effortlessly. "Just his fiancé, not a wife. And she's yet to fuck him – only me." He said, a smoldering grin as he glances at Savannah.

Savannah shuddered.

She knew that Dylan had ruined her life at this moment, left her broken and splintered on the rocks, sinking in a sea of scandal. Dylan's plan had been to cause maximum damage to both her and Devin. Her reputation would be in tatters after this, and everybody would know who she was and what she did. Of course, once Dylan was done using her body, he would cast her out, and she would be alone.

Old Sterling was red with anger and could hardly believe what he was hearing. He turned his head to face Savannah, "Savannah, tell me, are you really together with Dylan?"

Savannah trembled a little. [freewebnovel.com](http://freewebnovel.com)

Dylan squeezed her hand and started to crush it in his. Gentle at first, but firm. A warning.  
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Savannah nodded.

The guests burst into an uproar.

Devin clenched his teeth, his face burning hot, embarrassed. He'd never, ever thought she would leave him for his uncle, and suddenly he regretted ever sending her there in the first place. He felt his blood boil as eyes flitted between him and his uncle Dylan. Balled his fists and leaped out of his chair, clamping a firm hand around Savannah's arm. "What the hell do you think you're doing!" He shouted at her, dragging her close by the arm. "You're my fiancé!"

Then, before he realized what was happening, his arms had been pulled off, and he'd been dragged several feet back. Dylan stood over him, his guard Garwood at Devin's side. The whole hall silently watched in anticipation of what would happen next.

"She is not," growled Dylan, looming over Devin, "You're fiancée." Quickly, quietly, Savannah ran to Dylan's side, and they left.

Behind them, the hall erupted pandemonium. "What the fuck is going on?" The old man screamed. Then the door closed, and they were gone.