

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 12 - 12: Sabotage His Plan

Savannah let out a guttural growl and gnashed out her words. "You! You who slept with my cousin!"

Devin turned scarlet, his jaw clenched, and fists were clenched white. He was raised above his head, ready to strike, like a hammer on an anvil.

Savannah flinched. Waited for the blow to land... but it didn't come.

Devin's hand was frozen above his head, where it was locked in a vice-like grip. Devin stared maniacally at his uncle, Dylan, whose jaw, wide and sharp like a spade edge, was clamped shut in a repressed rage.

"You would dare hit a woman in front of me." Not a question.

Devin's temper quickly cooled; his shoulders dropped, and his mouth started to form words that sounded like an apology.

"Remember who I am, Devin, and know that she is now with me." He let go of Devin's arm and took Savannah's hand, whispered to her, "Do you want to go back inside, or would you rather leave?"

Savannah shook to the core, felt she had no choice but to cling to his arm as he led her to the backseat of his car, where she sat, still stunned. Her mind is like a scrambled omelet. Was this the car she had taken home the other night? It was. He was Devin's uncle. Outside, Valerie had run through the revolving door and watched as they, Dylan and Savannah, vanished into the evening. f reewebnovel.c o m

Devin stood rooted to the spot, dumbfounded by the evenings' events. Somehow, his uncle had sabotaged his plans to blackmail money from him. By making Savannah his own, any leverage he might have had vanished. The surveillance tapes he had of him with finance - ex-fiance - were useless. Nothing was compromising about sleeping with your girlfriend. He gave a thin, tight-lipped grin and shook his head. But boy, is he smart.

He loosened his tie and waved over the valet with his ticket, getting ready to give chase when Valerie pulled him around by the shoulder. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to figure out what happened to Savannah," said Devin.

"There's nothing to ask. Savannah cheated on you. She's with him now.' She spat that hate in her throat. "Chasing after her will only make a fool and heap shame on top of injury."

"It can't be," he growled. "She would never actually..." the words caught in his mouth. "Do this. Behave like this..."

Valerie cupped his brow and jowl, lowering his gaze into hers. "I didn't want to have to tell you, to hurt you, but you're not giving me any choice. I caught Savannah sneaking back home one night in your uncle's car. When I stopped her she went mad - wouldn't tell me anything. Whatever had been going on, it may have been happening for a while."

"Is that true?" Said Devin, his turning ghost white.

Valerie nodded, sniffed, "Savannah's my cousin and... it's hard for me to say this, but maybe she isn't who she appears to be. I mean, sometimes the ones who look the most honest are actually..."

Devin felt the shards of anger and betrayal plunging into his brain, making his head spin. Had she continued to sleep with him since that day at the hotel? The hypocrisy smelt rank, after all the times she had withheld her body from him, halted his advances with a cold rebuttal.

"Why are you still so kind to Savannah, after everything she's done to you?" Pleaded Valerie, trying to gather Devin in her arms as he stood statue-like. "Don't feel bad... Baby" She pressed her head into his chest and squeezed him tight, trying to thaw his mind that seemed to have been flash-frozen. A faint smile crossed her lips. She knew that there was no way for Savannah to marry Devin now, not after this omnishambles. If there was ever a time for her and Devin to cement their love for each other, it was now.

The thought of having to face the questions and sideways glances back inside the hall sent a shiver down his back. But here, outside under the pale glow of the hotel lighting, he felt a semblance of calm starting to wash over him. He

looked down at Valerie, hooped around him, and smiled. "What would I do without you, Valerie? My pretty girl. my understanding, girl."

They roared up to Dylan's villa onto the rise, overlooking the bay and the surrounding estates in Beverly Hills. Savannah took a moment to compose herself, unbuckled her seatbelt and went to get out when a hand reached over and pressed her down into her seat.

"I want to go home," she quietly protested.

Dylan smiled at her, maybe genuine, but to her, it seemed like that of a wolf. "You can't. You're Aunt and Uncle won't be too pleased, I'd wager. No, better you stay here for a few nights until it all blows over."

Tears welled in her eyes. "This is all your fault!" She gasped, slapping back his hand. "I wouldn't've needed to run if it weren't for you!"

"You asked for help, and I helped, exactly as promised. No more, no less. Devin will not - cannot - harm you or your family anymore. He wouldn't dare, not whilst your under my protection." Then, he leaned in close to her ear and whispered quietly, "Now, time for you to make good on your end of the deal." His hand slid up her thigh, exposing her legs.

She shivered and then pushed him away. Hit him hard across the face. "You lied to me. Do you really think I'll let you have me now, after this? You're my god-damned finances, uncle!"

Dylan sneered angrily. Then, in one swift motion, grabbed her by the neck and pulled her face to face with him. "Do you want to call off our deal? Do you?" His eyes were like sea ice, breaking on the shore. His breath smelled of pork and mint and wine.

And, as suddenly as the rage had come on, it left—a smoothness entering his voice. "We can litigate, we can bargain, but my sweet Savannah, you have nothing to bargain with. I will have you."

At that moment, more than anything, she felt tired. She felt his gaze on the bow of her lips, on the scoops of her breasts, the tops of her thighs. And that she was trapped there, in the car, with the man that had assaulted her and that he would think nothing of doing it again... so he relented, her body slackened.

He sensed her submission, a grin on his face, relaxing his grip, a hand now cupping her breast. But then, before he knew what she was doing, hand raked across his face and clamp her teeth down on his forearm, the metallic taste of blood on her teeth. He yowled, drew back, and at that moment, Savannah flung herself out the door, into the night and ran. Ran down the street and into the night, towards the storm which she knew would be raging at home.

When she arrived back at the Schultz's home - because that's who they were now, 'the Schultz', not the family she needed - her uncle and aunt were waiting. Valerie was still out, probably with Devin. But whoever was there, she was sure a thunderstorm was about to make landfall.