

## MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

### Chapter 13 - 13: Pleasantly Surprised

"You have the nerve to come back here? After running away with a man, just like your shameless mother!" Shouted Norah, livid, jumping out the sofa.

Dalton, usually the diplomat, joined in, "Are you crazy, Savannah? How could you sleep with Devin's uncle? Is there any misunderstanding? Just go and explain to Devin and old Sterling, and tell them it's nothing between you and Dylan."

Savannah clenched her fists. "No misunderstanding. Devin and I couldn't be together anymore."

Norah pointed her finger at her, "Did you hear that? She really has a thick hide! Shameless thing! The same as her mother, who ran away from home, abandoning her daughter and her husband!"

"Stop it!" Savannah stared at her aunt, "I'm not going to marry Devin, and I have the freedom to choose who I marry. And -let me be clear- Devin and I are over. That man, he has done things to me! Or are you just worried about your factory? Well, don't be. Devin won't dare do anything in fear of his uncle. Okay?"

Dalton was in a hurry, "How could you? You're a sweet girl. No, Savannah, go to apologize to the Yontzs with me, to make amends, even if they put you down on your knees... You must get married to Devin! Otherwise, you'll ruin this whole family!"

Savannah was confused, "Why? I said that your factory would not be affected..." freewebnovel.com

Dalton's face twisted into grimace, "It's not just about the factory. I ran into debt, playing cards, a bad hand, and Devin loaned me money, really helped me out. But he won't now, will he? Not now, you've gone and left him feeling like a fool. The gambling debts... even selling the factory wouldn't pay them.

Savannah wanted to laugh. The stupidity of her family and the selfishness. They'd doomed themselves and sought to blame her.

"Savannah, please, we're family! You are throwing away everything your family has worked for, for generations! Think of the factory workers - they'll have no jobs!" He was shouting now, going red in the face. "How many people's lives do you have to destroy to make your point? Savannah, go to apologize to the Yontzs and old Sterling at once!"

Savannah smirked at him, bitterness in it. "No. No, I won't. You fucked up. You gambled away the business." They stared at her, silent, so she continued. "You lost it all, and you, me, Valerie, and everyone else who works for you is fucked because you're shit at cards. You did it, not me!"

Too late, she saw Norah's hand swinging towards her face and felt a stinging heat, and a loud slap, on her cheek, staggered back. It felt hot and raw and could already feel it swelling.

Norah stamped with fury, "You wicked girl! Think about who brought up, who gave you everything you have. And you - you," her arms contorted in the air above her, fists working. " you won't even help save the family business. You want to destroy it! You have no heart! You're no family of mine. I'll beat you to death for it!"

Then she came up again, and raised her hand to slap Savannah. .freewebnovel.com But this time, Savannah responded, catching Norah's hand by the wrist.

"You parasite! You used us! Let go of me, you leech. I'm going to beat you so hard that no one will want you. What? Do you have a problem with that? I'll beat you to death, you heartless girl!"

"Don't you fucking dare," growled Savannah, still holding Norah's hand above her head. "r it won't be me that you'll have to answer to."

"What do you mean? You wicked girl!" Norah uttered with anger.

Savannah's voice was cold, "You've offended Devin, and now you want to displease Dylan?"

Norah paused, looked at Dalton, and then backed away from her like she was a bomb. Dalton gathered Norah in his arms as she lashed out at Savannah.

"You dare to threaten us! After everything we have done, all wasted! Fine then, leave and don't come back. You have a man now. Never come back here."

Tears welling in her eyes, she turned her back on the life she knew and left.

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The night was like black velvet, the underside of the clouds above like sheets of felt hanging high above the city. She clutched her arms around herself, cold and drained, wandering the streets. She was delaying the inevitable, she knew. She had to go back to her uncle's home.

Her options hadn't always been so narrowed. She had wanted to go to university - had been offered a place - but Norah had said that they couldn't afford to send both her and Valerie to university and instead asked her to help at the factory. And that was the end of that. She had no friends or classmates to turn to, she had no money and no way to earn any. To buy hot tea or coffee at a Starbucks. If she were a parasite, she thought, it was because that's how her family had molded her.

As she wandered aimlessly across the suburbs, avoiding the city center, which was unsafe at this time of night, she found herself outside a red-brick building with a rusty iron gate with a large plaque next to it which read, Mission of Hope Orphanage. She had lived here for six months after her father's death. It was only after her uncle had worked through all the paperwork that she finally left. And, looking back now, she supposed that this was the only place she had found peace, maybe even joy, since then.

She often came here when she felt sad. She volunteered, some years when her life lulled into an oppressive routine. The emotions tangled up in the place where once a sharp reminder, now blunted, of when her life changed, unimaginably, forever. And now her life was breaking up around her again, and she was back, the same scared girl she had been all those years ago.

It was morning now, and the sky was the color of lemons. The caretaker manned the gate, greeted her. "Savannah, what are you doing here?"

She smiled weakly. "Nothing. Just here to see the children," and then walked in.

Savannah forced a smile and nodded to him and then walked in.

The building was tall and had wide bay windows and a heavy oak door studded with black pig-iron. The courtyard was surrounded by a spiked fence mounted in a high knee wall with a swing set and seesaw on a turf patch under the bay window. Children were playing when she walked in and rushed over, cheering her name. She touched them on their heads, feeling safe, and squatted down to their height. It always felt like coming home here.

"Savannah, do you want to see a portrait from Brother?" said a willowy girl in a blue dress, two long braids of blond hair.

"I would love to. Who is Brother?"

"Yeah, let's go to the brother," they chanted and led her by the hand, through the arched doorway, and along the hall, into the classroom, "Brother is cool! He draws well!"

A tall and slender figure had his back turned to them but obviously handsome. He was wearing a white shirt and black suit pants, sleeves rolled up, strong arms, and a brush in his hand dancing on the drawing board. The figure was familiar, and Savannah's heart stirred.

"Brother!" the children, Kitty and Tony, called out.

The young man turned, looked over here. He smiled down at them, his blue eyes twinkling.

Savannah was pleasantly surprised, "Brother Kevin!"

The man gazed at her, stiffened a moment. It seemed that tears were welling up in his eyes, his voice mild, "Savannah, it's a long time."