

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 16 - 16: He Is Busy

It was midday when Savannah arrived at her new apartment. It was high up on the thirty-first floor and looked out over the city to the sea. In the living room, it had a glass wall with long yellow drapes pulled open. And throughout, from the kitchen to the bathroom and bedroom, was a white marble floor. Her favorite part, though, was the balcony outside. It was wide and had a bench and chairs set out and southward facing to catch the sun. She sat there, warming herself, thinking about the past few days, and felt utterly detached from the world. Like she had done so long ago when her father died. And just like then, she cried.

Two hours later, there was a knock at the door. It was a short man with thin, mousey brown hair and thin spectacles. "Where is Kevin?" She asked.

Dan laughed, "He's busy at work. They're super busy right now bug-fixing for a release next month. All-hands-on-deck and all that." freewebovel.com
"You work in the same company, don't you?" said Savannah. "So why is he busy and not you?"

"Oh," Dan dropped the grocery bags near the fridge, started unpacking them. "He's much higher up than me. Senior programmer. I'm kind of like the intern at the moment, though they're calling it the 'probationary period'." He rolled his eyes theatrically.

Savannah narrowed her eyes a moment before nodding, slowly and then quickly. "Okay, yes. Well, could you please let him know that I'm very thankful. And that he needn't bother himself coming over. And thank you so much for bringing over the food."

It was late at night, and Devin was Buzzed. He hung off Valerie, who hoisted him out of the taxi and back towards their apartment. He'd been drinking for days so that he had a stink about him. He'd been avoiding work since the fracas at the party the other night.

"Don't give her the time of day," Soothed Valerie. "You know where she is and what she's doing. Forget your uncle and her. It's done, as far as your concerned."

Red with anger, Devin managed to squeeze out two words, "That bitch!" The thought that Savannah might be sleeping with his uncle now annoyed Devin no end. Snaking his arm around Valerie's waist and thrusting into her, like a way of revenge to Savannah. "Oh, my sweetheart." HE said, landing a wet kiss on her cheek.

"Not so fast, dear, let's go upstairs first..."

She writhed her body in Devin's arms, just the way he liked it.

He grabbed her right buttock and squeezed. "I want you now. No one will see-" He ran a hand under her dress, up her waist to her breasts. He forced his hand up under her bra and toyed with her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"Ahh...no more, please, Devin!"

It was only as the footsteps approached that Valerie noticed the figure emerging out of the gloom. She gasped and pushed Devin away, pointing. Devin was too drunk to react, turned lazily, confused, and aroused, before being knocked to the floor by a short, sharp shove.

"Devin!" Valerie cried.

Devin propped himself up on his arms. "Who the fuck you are? Security!"

Kevin stared down on the lipstick on Devin's collar, his face twisting into one of rage.

I let Savannah go because of this man.

He grabbed Devin by the collar and swung his fist down, again and again, until blood covers his fists. He let go of his shirt, and Devin fell flat on the ground, his breathing rattled and wet. He looked at Valerie, still screaming, and left.

Savannah stayed in Kevin's apartment I in Altair for three days, a sense of calm gradually seeping into her day-to-day routine. She'd lost her phone – she thought she'd left it at her uncle's house – and had no idea what was going on in the world outside. She was glad, in truth, but she knew that she'd have to face them eventually and that she couldn't hide away forever, at Kevin's expense.

After lunch, Savannah called Kevin and planned to tell him she would be leaving, but no one answered. She called again later, but still, nobody answered. She tried Dan, who had left his number with the shopping.

"Miss Schultz?" He sounded tired.

"Dan, I can't contact Kevin, is he in the office? Could you ask him to answer the phone?"

"He can't answer the phone right now."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Nothing. Just office work."

"Dan, please, I know something is off. He hasn't called me since I've arrived. Please tell me what's going on? Where is Kevin?" She pleaded.

"Holding. He's in holding." He sighed.

"You mean-"

"Yeah, prison."

Savannah sat nervously in the meeting room. The floor was woodchip brown and the walls a nicotine-stained white, streams of damp running from the ceiling. Her heart hammered in her throat, and she felt like she was going to be sick.

She'd heard through Devin's parents, Susan and Henley, that his nose had been broken and his ribs bruised. Valerie said he was trying to murder Devin in a fit of bloodthirsty rage. All three of them were demanding that Kevin be

lynched, and all three of them, she knew, were wanting as much the same fate for her as for him.

"Will Kevin be alright?" Asked, her words rushing out over one another.

Dan sighed and shrugged, "Medically, he's fine. Barely a scratch on him, and that's exactly the problem. Because legally -and let me absolutely clear here – he's about to get fucked seven ways to Babylon." He cupped his hands around his head, stooped over, and let out a pained moan. "I mean, proper fucked by a giant fucking dildo." He roared.

Savannah awkwardly reached out a hand onto his shoulder. "I think the pressure is getting to you."