

## MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 18 - 18: Could You Do Me A Favor?

Dylan's eyes were still fixed on the document. "Cancel? This evening's contract is worth six figures, and I hardly think Savannah is worth more than that."

Garwood remained silent.

Soon night fell. Outside the villa, Los Angeles shimmered like a crescent of stars.

Judy had prepared a meal for Savannah, but she'd refused. So, instead, Jude had piled up the floor around her feet and on the table, "just in case." And she was hungry, starving, in fact, but she wouldn't eat a bite of it. She wouldn't give Dylan anything, would touch anything he owned.

As the hours drew on, Judy became more concerned. "Please miss Schultz, Mr. Sterling often stays overnight at the company working. He even has an apartment nearby; it happens so often. It may be better if you go home tonight, get some sleep, and come back tomorrow."

But Savannah didn't know if she'd have the courage or the anger to come again, so she shook her head. "I'm fine, really. I'll wait for him here. It's late, and you go to sleep. I'll camp out here if it's okay with you."

Judy tussled her hair. "It's fine with me, dear. Just as long as it's fine with you." She left, and Savannah listened as she climbed up the stairs and closed her door.

Hours passed. The night emptied and the streets grew silent.

A sleek and black car swung into the drive, parking at the top of the hill, in front of the villa. A slender figure stooped out the door, stood upright, and adjusted the lapels of his jacket. He smelt of spice and wine and smoke.

Next to him rose a woman, tall and elegant, wearing a low-cut gold dress and strap-heels. She clung onto his arm. "Dylan, baby, are you doing anything tonight?"

Dylan grunted, pulled his arm out from hers, and gave her a cheque for two-thousand dollars. He had hired an escort of girls to help secure his client's signatures. It had worked. This one had become attached to him.

She looked disappointedly at the cheque. She slunk infant of him, hooked her arms around his neck, and pouted her lips. "Aren't you going to invite me to come in? Think of all the fun we could have." Then, she slipped one hand down his front, grabbed the bulge of his trousers, and kissed his thin lips.

In a flurry of movement, Dylan grabbed her wrist, twisted it, and threw her back. She landed on all fours, like a cat, and screamed in surprise. "What the hell is your problem?" She screamed, crying.

"Go." Said Dylan, his voice icy cold.

The woman hesitated, looked from his to the street below, and ran.

Dylan turned to go inside, stopped, and saw Savannah on the porch. His lips tightened into a smile, and he walked up the steps to her. A heat prickling breath on his collar, his pulse was rising like the sweat on his skin.

He loomed over her. The smell of alcohol more apparent now, she could smell the woman perfumed mingled with his own, the smoke on his jacket and breath. She suddenly felt unsure of herself. "I'm sorry, maybe now isn't the best time. I think I should come back tomorrow."

Dylan's lips pressed into a thin line. When she tried to brush by, he grabbed her by the forearm and pulled her into the house's hallway.

"What the hell- take you hands off me!"

"You've waited so long for me. Well, I'm finally here." He threw her onto the wide sofa, bent down, and stretched his arms around her, trapping her in his arms.

He was everywhere. She could taste his smell, felt a thrill of fright at being trapped by him. "I didn't come here for this." She said stubbornly.

"This? So you feel it?"

She then became aware of the bulge in his pants, pressing against her. Recoiled. "I won't. I won't! I WON'T!" She cried, brought up her knee with all

the strength she could muster, and drove it up, up so that he grunted and staggered back. She sat there, frozen, as he brought himself up to his full height, laughing—frightened of what was going to happen next. And then - and then... he slumped down next to her, exhausted.

"Fine, fine. I was only playing." He said a wry smile on his lips. "Could you do me a favor, then? Could you get me something for my head? I've got a splitting headache."

What about Judy?"

"I don't want to wake her. not at this hour." freewebnovel.com

Savannah nodded and went off to the kitchen. Fetched a glass and filled it with milk and honey. freewebnovel.com

"What's this?" Said Dylan, smelling it. "I wanted cold water."

"This will work better, trust me."

Dylan narrowed his eyes. "Trust is earned, and so far, you've only lost it." He gulped it down, returned the glass to her.

She took it and returned to the kitchen with it. She only needed to help him for the sake of Kevin, and she reminded herself. And if she could do that, well, that would be medical in itself.