

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 19 - 19: A Down Payment

"What do you want," commanded Dylan, a note of irritation fluttering at the edge of his words. "It better be good."

"A friend of mine..." she thought a moment about lying but then thought against it. Dylan's security, Garwood, probably knew everything anyway. She sighed, deflated, shoulders slumping. "A friend beat Devin up bad – really bad - and put him in hospital. And now Devin is threatening to sue him. I tried talking to Devin," she started, "but he- he-" she blinked back tears, took a deep breath. Shook it off. Got to the point. "I came to ask if you could convince Devin to stop. Maybe change his mind and not sue Kevin." She planted her palms on the back of the armchair.

"So it was you." Dylan's cheeks were dimpled. "It was you and your friend who broke his nose and ribs."

"It wasn't me. It was Kevin, and only because of a huge misunderstanding. Please, it's not something that he should've done, and he knows that."

Dylan held up his hand. She stopped. "He went out of his way to find my nephew. Waited and watched. Premeditated. Hardly a crime of passion." He flexed out on the couch. Grinned at her. "I think he meant to kill Devin, I truly do. So, with that in mind, give me one good reason why I shouldn't help my nephew lick, Kevin, up?"

Savannah's face hardened in a scowl. "Yes, okay? He did it! But you know what, you want your reason that's so goddamned fucking important? I'll tell you why, Your nephew is a cunt. A fucking asshole." She gripped the leather of the couch, fingers going white. "I wish Kevin had cut his fucking throat open. The things he's done to me. He's done things-" She started pacing, wanting to get it all out. "He's done things that even you, with Garwood spying on me, don't even know. You don't know. So why don't we just call it fucking even." She huffed, shoulders rising and falling like bellows, fanning her white-hot rage.
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"Even?" Boomed Dylan. "Even?" He stood up, and the room shrank. His shoulders squared, standing over her. "Don't you dare talk to me about fair - the world's not fair- you stupid child. We had a deal, and you broke it." His

shadow fell over her, cooling her to a dim smolder. "I could have ruined your family's business, but I didn't. So fuck your fair, I don't owe you thing you spoilt bitch."

Savannah's mouth struggled for a response, red hot tears running down her face. The rage that had flared had vanished as fast as it had appeared. Without it, she was left feeling weak. "I promise now." She begged, clinging to his sleeve. "I promise that if you help me this one last time that you can have me. All of me."

Dylan pulled his arm away and looked at it like it was toxic. He went over to a drinks cabinet. "That bridge has been burnt. You're a proven liar. A promise from you is worth nothing" He fixed her with a cold gaze. "Even now, coming here to beg, you haven't told me who he is -who he really is- to you."

"He was like a brother to me, years ago, when I lived at the orphanage. We met days ago and then when he found out what Devin had done to me..." She wrung her hands, shrugged. "Well, he got even."

"A childhood sweetheart, then," murmured Dylan flatly, swirling freshly poured Gin in a whiskey glass.

"It. Wasn't. Like. That." She said, gritted teeth. "Listen to me, please! We were not in a relationship."

Dylan made no comment, and he slowly approached her with his hands in his pockets. He lifted her red face with a finger and grinned, "Of course I know."

She gave her the first night to him.

So the relationship between them should be simple. At least, she didn't sleep with that Kevin.

"But how can I trust you? You've lied to me; to Devin; to your family..." He stepped close to her, cupped her face, and lifted it to his.

She could feel the heat prickling her skin. "So," she said, leaning into him ever so slightly. "What do you want?"

His hands dropped to his side. He called out. "Judy!"

She hurried in.

"I want Savannah put into the upstairs guest room. Please make it ready. Oh, and when you find Garwood, let him know to pick up her things and bring them here. Thank you."

Judy nodded and left.

Savannah stood, stunned at what had just happened. "Am I living here now?"

"Don't be dumb. It's unattractive. Of course, you are"

"So, I'm what, a prisoner? Are you going to lock me up?"

"Think of yourself more as a deposit. A downpayment. If you don't like it, you've only got yourself to blame. You're the one who reneged." He knocked back his glass, grabbed her forearm. "And let me be crystal clear. If you dare run away this time, I will use all my power to annihilate everyone and everything you've ever known or cared about. understand?"

She nodded.

He turned, walked out of the room. But before he left, Savannah called his name, and he stopped, looked over his shoulder.

"Why me? Why are you so interested in me?" Of all the women that he could have, she thought, why is he so bound up in me? Maybe there was something about fucking his nephew's finance. The sick fuck.

"Remember, only I ask the questions." He said, and left.

That night, Savannah stayed in the second-floor guest room. It was large and white with a small balcony and ensuite. From the balcony, she could see across the lawns of the garden to the far sea and hills in the distance.

Money, she thought, really could buy you the perfect life.