

## MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 2 - 2: We Are Over

Savannah's knuckles whitened around the phone, her voice trembling: "Devin?"

She heard him clear his throat. "Savannah? Is that you?"

"Did you know? Did you give me to another man?" Her voice shook with rage.

No answer.

"What the fuck, Devin!"

She'd never shouted at Devin before, and her aunt had told her to be respectful. She wanted to throw her head back in laughter at the thought now.

"It was only business, babe. And if you're going to be my wife, well, it's your duty to help me," he replied confidently. "Is it necessary to question me in such a tone?" He continued. "Where is my beautiful, kind Savannah? Where has she gone?"

She felt the knife turn in her gut. It had been usual for Devin to hire escorts or buy expensive gifts to impress clients occasionally, but she would never be one of them.

Devin found no answer on the phone for a long time, so softened his voice. "Savannah, why did you leave so soon? Did you do something to offend him?"

She couldn't believe that her father had married her off to this vulgar man. She hated him, and his words galvanized her hate into a white-hot point that stabbed at her heart. "Devin," she said, her voice shaking "we are over."

Devin clenched the receiver in his hand. He'd never expected that she'd dare leave him, "Over? Haw!" He barked. "How dare you break up with me? Look at yourself, you whore. You have no family, no money, and no job. I shared everything I had with you, everything! You should be kowtowing to me and be thankful I let you. And now you are going to leave me? Your uncle's workshop would've closed down long ago but for me. If you want to leave, go ahead!"

He raved. "I won't beg. I made you sleep with a man, what of it? I don't even mind, but now you want to leave me!"

So that's how he saw her, a leech who'd grown fat off his hard work. He owned her, he thought. How wrong he was.

A chill crept over Savannah from the tip of her heart to her extremities. She forced a smile: "That's great. We agreed; it's over. The wedding is canceled."

Devin gasped, "You've made up your mind? I'll give you one more chance -."

"No, Thanks. Take your chance and shove it."

Savannah hung up the phone and walked into the store. "A pack of Marlboro lights, thanks." She handed over some of her change, went back around the side, lit a cigarette, collapsed against the wall, and cried.

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Outside the 7-Eleven tan, prostitutes hawked their bodies along the sidewalk.

A sleek black Lamborghini waited silently in the traffic, inside a dark and handsome figure reclined in the back seat, gazing coldly through the half-opened window at the girls' and boys' lipstick lesbians.

After that wild morning by the pool, Dylan had returned to his calm and elegant self, dressed in a fine black Armani suit, a sense of chill hiding in his gray eyes.

He had been working and traveling abroad for many years and had not concerned himself with family. Nor had he paid attention to his nephew's marriage and knew nothing about his nephew's fiancé. It was all puzzling to him.

His bodyguard, Garwood, was a hulk of a man. He leaned over into his ear: "Sir, the girl is named Savannah Schultz, 21 years old; she was engaged to Devin as a child to cement the family businesses together. But soon went south after her father died, and her uncle, Dalton Schultz, adopted her. She now makes a living as a model. Mr. Schultz suggested their marriage when she came of age, and they were supposed to get married next month."

Twenty-one... too young to be out of school. Why are you in such a hurry?

Dylan snorted: "So what's the deal between Schultz's and the Yontzs?"

Garwood nodded: "Good instinct. Dalton Schultz set up a workshop that survives only as a supplier of Mr. Yontz's company. I guess that's why Mr. Schultz was eager to marry her to that asshole, Devin."

Dylan's eyes darken slightly. So that's what motivated them. All the Schultz cared about was money – his nephew's money.

He'd heard earlier that Savannah had broken up with Devin. Had she taken her pound of flesh? He smiled, remembering the soft nape of her neck as he mounted her from behind. She was strong-headed, he mused, and the determination with which she reportedly struck out alone

conjured memories of another girl he once knew.

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Savannah got off the bus in the leafy suburbs of LA. It was dark and cool out, the tall oak trees rustling in the wind. She gathered her arms around herself, shivering in her still damp clothes.

Her body ached all over, feet sore and swollen, and purple bruises on her neck where he'd ravished her. She stumbled up the drive, exhausted.freewebnovel.com

She knocked on the door, her cousin, aunt, and uncle watching TV in the living room.

She suddenly felt her confidence drain away. All the anger and bitterness that had propelled her guttered out with a single, shuddering sigh. In a moment, she realized she'd have to face the consequences of what happened today.

The door opened. She smiled weakly, tears in her eyes. "Uncle, Aunt, I'm back."

Her aunt stood in the doorway in a pink nightie. "There you are! Did you break up with Devin? What in heaven were you thinking!"

Savannah bowed her head. Of course, Devin had called. Of course, he had raved at them about her leaving. And of course, they had believed him.

Her aunt, Norah, led her into the living where her uncle, Dalton, was smoking silently on his peppermint green couch. She sat her down next to her cousin Valerie who placed a hand on her knee. The room was dark other than the glare of the TV.