

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 20 - 20: This Is My House

(Warning, This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable to read it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

Savannah felt relieved when Kevin's case was finally settled. After a hot shower, she walked out naked, wrapped a towel around herself. Then, on the bed, she saw pajamas neatly folded on the bed.

She frowned.

It was a new pair of pajamas, ordered by Dylan she suspected, with its tag still attached.

She read it and reread it, and yes, it really did say that it was a children's dress, and she physically recoiled from it, as she'd just found out it was actually a snake or a gutted dog left on her bed. It was a plain white sailor outfit, skirt above the knee and blue bow on the chest. A pair of black knee socks. Japanese style. She was beginning to get a sense, she suspected, of the kink, Dylan would ask of her. And for that reason, the pajamas terrified her.

Just as he hesitated, the door opened. She jumped out of her skin, turned, and hurled abuse at the intruder. "Did no one teach you to knock on the bloody door?"

"This is my house." Said Dylan, dressed in a grey dressing gown and holding sheets of paper. He sat down on the side of the bed. freewebnovel.com
Savannah gripped her bath towel. "What's the matter?"

"I need you to sign this. Here's a pen." He said, extending it to her.

Savannah sat down on the other side of the bed and quickly read through the contract. Steam still rose from her skin, and water dripped down onto it. "You're still worried that I will go back on my word." She murmured, less a question, more a statement. She turned through the pages.

In sum, Dylan made sure that her family business and Kevin would come to no harm. He would also pay her a fixed monthly sum of \$50,000. In return, Dylan would have absolute control over her, and she had the obligation to fulfill any demands made upon her. Exactly what the demands would entail was left unspecified, but, she was sure, would include sex. All different kinds of sex.

"If you break the agreement, you will lose all your shares in the Schultz company. I know how important it is to you." He smiled.

"And how long will this arrangement go on for?" She asked.

"For as long as I say."

She wanted to laugh. Surely, he couldn't expect to keep her here forever – it was slavery! She had many, many reservations, considered each but ultimately wound up at the same place, what about Kevin? The agreement would be shown for the joke if it was ever taken to court, and for now, she'd just have to hope that Dylan would get bored of her. "I do have one condition. I would like to be able to work on my career and go out freely with friends."

"Work? Do you mean your modeling? You're in some catalogs. I'd hardly call that a career." He sneered but then shrugged. "No problem. But Garwood will do background checks on the people you meet."

She nodded, took the pen and signed. Dylan grabbed it off her and stuffed the paper into his pocket and then kicked his feet up onto the bed. Nodded at the pajamas at the foot of the bed.

"Why not get changed?"

"The skirt is too small."

He looked her up and down. "I don't think so." He said, crossing and recrossing his outstretched legs on the bed. "Change into it." He said, cupping his hands behind his head.

"But they're children's clothes." She protested, pointing at them.

"You've signed the agreement, or have you already forgotten?" He said.

She hesitated, looked about for someone or something to make it all stop. Then she realized it was just the start and looked reluctantly away.

She let the towel drop to her feet. It revealed her to Dylan slowly then all at once. She was small and pretty and looked very young. She still had a little puppy-fat on her. She had small breasts and round hips and thick thighs that pressed together to a shaded 'v.' The bow of her back was like a delicate question mark; swan neck, soft jaw, button nose, and pretty plump pink lips.

She took the dress and put it on. Sat on the bed and pulled her black knee-high socks. Stood up and looked awkwardly at Dylan. "Is this okay?"

Dylan stood up and stood opposite her, placed his hands on her hips, and kissed her. The press of his lips against hers electrified her. The taste of him, whiskey and gin, swirled in her mouth, and she thought that he would swallow her between his lips, and she wanted nothing more than to feel him against her, his touch igniting her.

His hands slid down to her ass, squeezed, pulled her into him. The heat pressure of their bodies against each other made her give out a shuddering sigh. She could feel him growing hard and reached down and found he had shrugged off his gown and was naked. She grabbed his manhood and felt it throbbing.

He slammed her down into the bed. She twisted her body away as he fought to get between her legs. Pinned her arms above her head and hooked her knees over his shoulders. Then, he thrust himself inside of her, and she let out a scream. She struggled and moaned as he kept thrusting

He slammed her down into the bed. She twisted away from him, and he pinned her arms down.