

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 3 - 3: What's Going On?

Savannah was the first to break the silence. "Yes, I decided to break up with him."

Dalton banged a fist down on the couch. "Why? What's going on?"

"I..." she hesitated, looking down at her feet. "I wanted to. I had to."

Dalton waved her off. "It's normal for couples to quarrel with each other, but you don't quit. Your aunt and I argue all the time, and we're still together!" He said, waving at Norah. "You know, we are living by the Yontzs," explained Dalton, stubbing a smoke.

"I know, but..."

Norah stood up. "Think about it for a moment! How will you support yourself? We've given you everything and have never asked for anything in return, and then you do this? What's wrong with you?" she lamented.

Savannah grit her teeth: "Aunt, when you adopted me, you took father's stock as payment from his company. So, actually, I don't think I owe you anything. And least of all," she said, standing to meet her gaze, "letting you decide who I should marry."

"Oh! Now you answer back!" She screamed, pointing the finger at her and turning to face the room. "And now you accuse us –us!- of taking advantage of you! You wicked girl!" She said, rounding on her, jabbing a finger into her chest. "How could you? Your mother abandoned you! Your father, too!"

This stung Savannah. He'd loved her, and he'd given her everything.

"That's not true!" She screamed

"-and years later, you'd ruin your uncle?! My goodness! What a heartless girl!"

Norah flounced about as Dalton and Valerie tried to comfort her.

Savannah seized the chance and ran upstairs to her room, slamming shut the door behind her. "You wicked girl!" Called Norah after her. "Go, ask an apology to Devin!"

She threw herself in the bed, plugged in her headphones, and sniffed back the tears. Modest Mouse was playing. Hadn't they noticed her clothes? She thought after the rush of emotion had washed over her. The bruises on my body? My bare and swollen feet?

If her dad were still there, he'd have defended her, and mom...She struggled to remember her face but could recall her warmth and her smell.

She burst into tears again. Great, heaving sobs that wracked her chest. Then there was a knock at the door, and she got up and opened it.

Dalton came in, his shoulders drooped. "Savannah..." he started, standing awkwardly by the doorway. "Your aunt got a little too excited, but she was right. Our factory should have gone broke years ago if it was not for the Yontzs. And if you leave, they'll... well, they'll want blood." He said, sighing. "They'll cancel their orders, and our factory will close. So just- just think about it before you leave Devin, okay?"

She suddenly felt ashamed.

Uncle Schultz was her only family, how could she be so selfish as to destroy everything that he'd worked for? And all everything her father had worked for, too. The money her father left had been invested in that factory. It was as much hers as it was theirs. It couldn't fail. Norah was right; she is wicked.

Savannah hugged Dalton. "I know, I'm sorry." She said. "I'll try and fix it right away."

Dalton squeezed her tight in his arms and smiled. "Thank you."

Amongst the winding roads of Beverly Hills, Devin liaised with Dylan in his luxury villa.

Dylan was sitting on the sofa, cross-legged, his face gloomy: "Just say it, Devin. Why did you send her to me like that?"

Sat nearby, Devin smirked. "Uncle, it didn't mean anything, I swear. I saw you staring at Savannah's pictures that day, and I thought you were interested, so I gave her to you." He said, shrugging his shoulders. "You are my uncle. My fiancée, my wife, it doesn't matter. I just want you to be happy."

"Get to the point!" barked Dylan, his face set in granite.

Devin held up his hands. "Okay, okay... I have recently invested in a business, and I need a capital injection from the Group. One-hundred million. But the other shareholders insist on your signature. For the sake of expediency, uncle, please help me this one time!" freewebnovel.com

Dylan, the youngest, but also the most ruthless chief executive of Sterling Group, has individual powers that superseded the Group.

He was the only one who could help.

Dylan's thin lips curled into a sardonic smile: "What makes you think I would give you one-hundred million for a night with your fiancée?"

"Uncle!" Devin sputtered. "Savannah and you both entered your private suite today, which has been captured by the hotel's surveillance." A wicked glint entered his eyes. "What if those videos started circulating in public? What would they think of you if they knew you'd slept with his nephew's fiancée? Grandpa might eliminate your post of the CEO..."

Garwood glared at Devin, how dare he threaten Dylan!

Dylan stood up, and calmly walked towards Devin, his gray eyes flitting with anger. He leaned over to Devin's ear: "you'd threaten me?"

Devin felt himself freeze: "What? No! I just want to make a clear situation for you."

"Get out," Dylan replied, pointing a finger to the door.

"Uncle, please." Devin became restless.

"Shall I say it again?"

Devin pulled on his jacket and backed out of the room, pleading with Dylan as he left.

The door closed behind him, and Garwood came up. "Sir, he has a point. We can't let that video get out. It'd ruin you." Dylan smiled dryly. That he slept with her would be a matter of course if she was his, nominally, and the surveillance video would be useless.

Well, the girl was looking for a rich man, so here he was. It'll be easy, he grinned. And I might even enjoy it. *freewebnovel.com*

The moon was high in the deep blue vaulted sky. Savannah had just arrived at Devin's house and was about to ring the doorbell when she saw that it was already unlocked.

She carefully walked into the hallway and paused. Upstairs, she heard a man and a girl's intimate breathing.