

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 6 - 6: Powerless To Speak

Devin ground his teeth. Women fell over themselves to be with him. And now Savannah thought she could just dismiss him, like some stray dog?

"What?" He spat. "You can't leave me."

Savannah glanced at Valerie through the window, "I wouldn't want to get between the two of you," she said quietly, turning back to the garden.

Devin nodded slowly and then barked a laugh. He slung his arm around her waist and pulled her in tight. "Now listen to me. I own you, you frigid cow." His voice was a sharp whisper in her ear, and his hand dug into her flank so that she yelped. "If it weren't for my grandfather, who insists that I marry you to avoid 'gossip,' I would happily leave you. I hate you, do you hear me? I mean, why would I want to marry an orphan girl who always looks so miserable?" He crooned another laugh. "Don't ask too much from me, Savannah. The wedding will take place as planned next month. After that, you stay out of my way, and I'll do the same. But if you don't agree... ?" he shrugged, looking out into the garden. "Your father's stock and your uncle's workshop will vanish, just like that." He snapped his fingers, smiled, and walked back inside.

"So soon?" said Norah.

"It's sorted." Devin shrugged and sat back on the sofa.

Savannah stood rooted to the ground. She rubbed her side and gritted her teeth. She wanted to run away, clear over the back fence and out to sea, never to be seen again. She was so tired that she couldn't summon the will to be angry anymore; instead, she found just a dull ache where her heart should

be. freewebnovel.com

Then, as if from a dream, the man offered to swim to the front of her mind. Slowly, a smile spread across her lips.

Two days later, Savannah once again found herself amongst the winding roads and green slopes of Beverly Hills. The sun beat down on the sidewalk, and people on the street hid in shops, cars, or under awnings to avoid the midday sun.

It was much easier finding this guy's house than escaping from it, she thought. I can count the number of large villas on the one hand.

She got out of the taxi outside a familiar gated entrance. Beyond, a gravel drive meandered up the hill to a whitewashed villa, which commanded a view over the area. It was green and quiet, and she could smell lavender and citrus from the garden. She couldn't be sure it was the right place, but it was close enough that she'd bet money. Hoisting up her cleavage and pouting her lips, she strode towards the gate where a tubby guard in a navy colored uniform stood alert. Confidence, she thought. Exude it. She took long strides to the gate, pulled on the handle, but it didn't open. Keypad. Double fuck.

The guard wandered over, running a finger over his bushy mustache. "How can I help you, ma'am?" He asked, positioning himself between her and the entrance.

"I – I'm here to see.. erm," She hadn't thought this through, she quickly realized.

He shook his head and started to lead her away with an arm on her shoulder. "look, Ms. ..."

"Savannah,"

He nodded. "Whatever reason you think you have for coming here, Savannah, you don't. Get that? You need to leave now."

"But I really am looking for someone. A man, tall with black hair, and -oh!- a black car with a big driver, silent type. I have been here before... I just... can't remember which house it is." She mentally rolled her eyes at how badly this was going.

"Looking for a man with dark hair a sidekick, eh? No address, no name? Look," he took a step closer so that his gut was almost touching her. "I'm going to make this as simple as I can for you," a hand rested on his baton. "You aren't getting in here."

"Fine - Fine!" She said, waving her hands in the air, "I'll wait here."

"Oh, boy," Said another guard in the guard box. "Another crazy. If these girls put as much effort into working as they did into gold-digging..."

"This pays better if they can land it," sighed the fat one.

"Households here are all quite well off. No wonder they attract these types." Echoed the other man.

Savannah's cheeks flushed red.

Jesus. What am I doing here? Is this even the right house?

She hesitated. Thought about leaving but paused at the thought of Devin and Valerie rutting in his bedroom. freewebnovel.com

No. She would rather die than marry Devin.

The only one who could help would be this man. The one who assaulted her. Double fuck.

An hour passed, and the security became impatient, "Why are you still here?"

"It's called waiting. As I said, I'll do it here."

"No trash allowed." He joked. The other whooped with laughter.

She bristled at this.

"Haw-fucking-haw." She said. "Why don't you call the police then. Dicks."

"You—" The security strode toward Savannah, and his baton raised, "Get outta here!"

Suddenly, a black Lamborghini lurched to a stop.

The security paused with his baton in the air.

Then the car door swung open. A man in a sharp black suit appeared, shoes grinding the asphalt as he got out.

"Mr. Sterling, welcome back!" The security guard dipped his head and lowered his baton.

Dylan frowned, "What's the fuss?"

"I'm sorry, sir. This girl is being a nuisance – nothing we can't handle. I just gave her a warning..."

"She is waiting for me," Dylan replied. It looked like the guard had been slapped across the face, and Savannah couldn't help but give him her best shit-eating grin.

"Any questions?" Dylan asked drily.

"N- no. Of course not." He stammered.

And suddenly she was pulled into his car by the large man. His smell, his power, made her breathless... powerless to speak. She watched as the man in the suit went to his guards' face and, jabbing a finger into his chest, hissed, "you're fired."

Savannah gave out a squeak.