

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 7 - 7: She's Not The One He's Been Looking For

"Mr. Sterling—" The guard protested.

"Was I not clear?" He said, stooping into the car.

"Actually...It doesn't have to be..." She squeaked, suddenly guilty over the whole thing.

"Are you always so kind to those who hurt you?"

Savannah buttoned her lips.

The car drove up the gravel drive to the villa. Savannah got out and followed him inside to a spacious living-room-slash-office space with a glass wall at the far end and a cream leather couch. Minimalist bookshelves and a desk in the other corner with a globe nearby.

"What's up?" Dylan asked casually, walking the length of the room. freewebo
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He had poured a glass of wine (he hadn't offered her one) and was now sitting on the sofa rigid and stern like he was about to discipline her. The sunlight streamed through the window behind him, somehow amplifying his charismatic and elegant demeanor. Like a sexy Jesus, she thought. Laughed, swatted the idea down, and sat down in the armchair opposite him.

Savannah wrung her hands and squirmed in the armchair. "I'm mad," she thought." She was asking for help from the guy that assaulted her. "Yep, you're stark raving mad." pondered in her mind. But then, what choice did she have? This man was a major business partner with her fiancée, Devin, she knew. Surely, Devin would have to leave her peacefully if this man vouched for her?

Oh, fuck it all.

She plucked up the courage and asked, "I...I want you to help me get rid of Devin."

He choked back some wine. "Help?" Her directness surprised him. He thought her more meek.

"Why should I help you?" He said, regaining his composure and leaning against the armrest.

"Help me leave him, and you've got a deal—if you were serious, that is."

She was out of options, he knew. And what's worse, she knew he knew and was at his mercy because of it. After all, as the gate guard had kindly pointed out before, women throw themselves at his feet all the time. So why would he choose her?

Suddenly she wasn't so sure about this.

Dylan drummed his fingers on the armrest, and Savannah felt her heart beating in rhythm. Like she was a grizzled gladiator in the belly of the colosseum, and he, Caesar, up in its heights, and could at any moment give her freedom or death, with a single gesture.

An eternity passed.

Then, finally, he stood up and looked down at her, hands in his pockets. "Deal."

She released a breath she didn't know she was holding and dropped her shoulders. That simple word had let her nervous heart flutter back into place, thump-thump-thump. Then she thought of something and asked, "Mr. Sterling. One thing. I don't know your name or your number yet. Your first name, I mean, and I only learned your surname from the guard outside."

"Ex-guard"

"Yes. Anyway. How can I contact you?"

"Good memory?"

She nodded.

He said out his cell number, "Remember it."

She dialed it, and his phone rang. "That's my number."

He nodded.

"So, how are you going to help me?" She said, standing up beside him and looking out the window to the sea. "Devin's insisting we marry in weeks, not months."

"Don't worry. I won't let you marry Devin, even if I have to hijack your wedding." She couldn't explain it, but despite everything, she felt safe around this man. So when he said this, she felt a surge of affection for this man that she had never felt for Devin, and when he pulled her close, Savannah blushed scarlet, felt the press of his body against her. Firm. Solid. Reassuring. And she flung her arms around him and buried her head in his chest and breathed deep.

Suddenly, he was on her. His hands were everywhere, she felt her blouse buttons undo and her dress being hitched up; a hand was running up the inside of her thigh, burning hot now, and touching the fabric of her underwear; another, cupping her breast, pulling at her nipple; his tongue in her mouth, his heat, his smell, his body – him - firm against her.

"Don't-" She protested. Suffocating. His other hand has tried to push up inside of here, "What are you doing... Please – Stop!" She screamed, landing a hard slap across his face. "I don't – leave me alone!" she stammered.

Dylan rubbed his cheek and took a step back. "From what I recall, we've done much, much worse things than..." he gestured between them. "This."

She flushed and stepped back, arms gathered about her.

"You want my help calling off the marriage, safe the family business? Well, this is the first step."

"No, this is the last step." She said, scolding him. "I'm leaving now, and we won't be doing any more of this until Devin is out of my life."

As Savannah went to leave, Dylan called after her, "Wait a minute."

"What is it now?" She said, getting irritated.

"Have you ever been to Chicago?"

"What? No, of course not. Why?"

"Really?" He pressed, his eyes fixed on her. Probing.

She sighed. "Growing up, I'd only been to several states next to California, and none of them were Chicago."

She felt his gaze dissipate until he became his usual cool, collected, and charming self. "Good. In that case, I'll see you soon." Taking it as her cue to leave, she left through the door, down the hill, and into the dimming twilight.

Moments later, Garwood strode in with the house-made, Judy. "Sir, I saw Ms. Schultz when I came in. Did she come to see you?"

Dylan nodded, "Have you got it?"

Garwood handed over a sheaf of paper, "The Schultz's are native to LA, and Savannah Schultz specifically was born here and hasn't roamed far since."

The girl never went to Chicago, he thought. Then she's certainly not the one he's been looking for...