

Midnight 23

Fixing Her Son's Mistakes

Savannah's and were like talons digging into his chest. Dylan gave a sharp breath as he nuzzled her neck. Pulled back. "I will help your childhood sweetheart, but you cannot date him" Then he pointed to the car, transformed. "Get in."

She got in.

From the plush black leather seat in the rear of the car, she saw a furious Susan walking towards them. Dylan didn't see her until it was too late.

"Dylan!" She shouted from across the parking lot.

He turned around, for the first time, she had known him looking confused.

She strode over, her face softening somewhat as she met Savannah's gaze. "There is something I want to talk to Savannah about."

"Well then, say it." He shrugged, clearly annoyed at being caught off guard.

"Oh, please. Do try to be less of a cunt for at least once in your life." She scolded, flicking her hair, and leaning down to the rear of the car.

Dylan stiffened, paralyzed by a rage that froze him.

"Darling. Sweetness. I know why you left my son, and I know he can be difficult sometimes," she said softly, her face close and earnest. "But you don't need to do this. My brother -Dylan- will treat you worse than any man ever will. I understand that you want to hurt Devin, but this isn't the way. Besides," she said, smiling, "You have to understand, it's normal for these rich young men to have one, two or even three girls. But you'd be his wife! You'll have something that none of those other girls will. Sometimes we women just have to... turn a blind eye."

Savannah understood at that moment that she was simply doing what a mother does, fixing her son's mistakes. But the bridge between them had been so thoroughly burnt that no one person could fix it.

She stood up and made her way to Dylan's side. Held his hand.

"Auntie, I do hope you'll be as opened minded when you discover your husband cheating on you with your cousin. But until then, please don't lecture me on what is proper for my future husband to do."

Then, she reached up and wrapped her arms around Dylan's neck, leaned forward, and kissed him heavily on the lips. After several long seconds, she pulled away and looked back at Susan.

"You've got it all wrong. I like Dylan. He is a better man than Devin in almost every way."

The air froze for several seconds. And Susan couldn't find the exact words to say.

A look of disgust slowly made its way over her face, face twisted in a grimace. "What a bitch."

"Let's go." Said Dylan, sheepishly.

"Wait!" Said Susan, standing between them in the car.

Dylan scowled. "What else?"

Susan tried to be calm. "I want to talk to Savannah alone."

Savannah nodded, not as afraid as before, and turned to Dylan. "Can you wait for me in the car?"

After what she had done, Dylan was already convinced that the girl was a fighter. He rubbed her hair, nodded, and then climbed into the car.

Savannah was momentarily surprised he'd done as she asked.

"Well-played." Said Susan. "You are a good match for Dylan."

"Look, is there anything you actually want to say to me? Other than to call me a bitch."

"How much do you want to leave, Dylan?" Susan said through gritted teeth.

Savannah laughed. "Why do you think money would change my mind."

Susan went on, "Enough! Do you think Dylan wants you to be his girlfriend? You're just a bitch and a whore in our family's eyes. You're just fresh meat, and he'll fuck you and use you until your nothing but a broken husk. If you're smart, you'll take the money and run. Run from all of this and never come back again. Just name your price."

"Anything I want?" she said, beckoning Susan closer.

"Anything."

She paused, looked her in the eyes. "I want the entire Yontz estate."

Susan reeled, stunned that she'd even made such a request. "Fine, go and fuck yourself, you greedy little bitch." She sneered. "Everyone knows you're a whore who's fucked half our family."

"The male half then?" She laughed, turning away. "It was Devin who done all of this. He drugged me and made his uncle assault me. He's the one who cheated on me with my cousin. Maybe you should take a closer look at that boy you call your son before throwing stones too far."

She climbed into the back of the car before Susan could respond, and they sped away, watching her vanish as they twisted away.

It took awhile for the thrill to drain away, and after she felt a strange thrill in the air. Suddenly, the great victory she thought she'd won seemed like pure madness. Had she kissed Dylan in front of his sister? And the thing's she'd said!

She looked to Dylan, his lips still red with her lipstick. Flustered, she pulled some tissues from her handbag and went to wipe his face. "I'm sorry, I just... "

He turned the steering wheel sharply, driving down an alley. Savannah swayed slightly, the tissue slipping out of her hand. The car finally stopped. Before she could respond, Dylan came over and leaned

down to find her mouth, and then he kissed her hard. He wrapped his arms around her. He was staring into her eyes, his burning gaze making her breathless.