

Midnight 24

How Dare She Seduce Me

How dare this little woman make use of him by flirting with him in public?

How dare she do that!

Savannah was stunned, letting his tongue and lips coax hers apart and letting his tongue explore her mouth. He groaned and grabbed her, pulling down her dress to her waist. She finally pushed him away when his fingers traced a line up to the top of her thighs and teased the edge of her pants. He fell backwards into his seat, panting.

The suddenness shook her, "What are you doing?" she panted.

"If you're going to use me like that, then I thought I'd at least teach you how to do it properly." He said, smoothing his shirt and tie.

"Please, just forget that it ever happened. I didn't mean a word of what I said or did outside the Hospital."

His burning grey eyes turned darker, and he grasped her chin made her face him, "Take it back? You mean you're lying to me; I'm not as good as my nephew?"

No, you're both absolute assholes, she thought. But she could only speak sugared words, "Of course you're better. How can Devin compare with you?" A wise woman knew when to retreat.

But it only made his temper grow darker. He was sure that he was her first; the blood, the pain, it was real. But... had she done things other than sex with Devin? After all, a man and a woman could do a lot of things other than real sex.

"It seems that you are very familiar with Devin's sexuality. What would you both do when you had a night together?" Dylan clasped her chin up.

Savannah flushed and blurted out, "I've never had sex with that- that man!"

Dylan narrowed his eyes. "Don't lie to me! Did you suck him? Jerk him off?"

"No! I-" She started to cry in shuddering sobs. She looked at Dylan, teary-eyed. "I didn't want to, he tricked me!" she placed a hand on his arm. "Before I came to you about Kevin, I asked him. I begged him not to sue him, and he said that if I- if I just have done this one thing that he would-"

"You sucked his manhood? Is that what you're saying?"

" No, but... I... " She stuttered before continuing in a low voice, " A hand job!"

"You dirty fucking whore!" spat Dylan.

"He lied to me! I didn't know!"

He pulled to the side of the road and slammed on the breaks. Pulled her dress up over her thigh, he slid his hand down her leg and felt her skin tentatively. His touch sent shivers through her skin, his hand trailing from her thigh to her hip as if punishing her for the kiss in public.

She flushed shyly and tightened her legs reflexively. She thought she was prepared for everything but didn't expect to have car sex with him!

"You mean you want to do it at home?" He smiled a slow, evil grimace that spread across his face. His unfathomable, mesmerizing grey eyes fixed on hers. Running hands up each of her legs from ankle to thigh, drenched in sweat, and heart was pounding. Her silky skin and her smell made him want her now.

He was about to slip his hand inside her panties when someone knocked at the window. "You can't park here."

The man outside seemed to be a traffic warden.

"Don't worry, he can't see inside." He whispered, lips raising into a sexy smile.

Savannah bit her lip and looked pleadingly at the warden through the reflective glass..

Then, a few more knocks on the window and Dylan cooled down.

He opened the window with a dark expression.

Savannah took the opportunity to clean up her skirt and curled up in the passenger's seat.

Dylan threw out a crocodile wallet, his deadly voice cold. "Is that enough?"

The traffic warden picked it up, stunned, "Sure... it's enough to even for tomorrow." He said, and turned, walked back to his car.

Dylan closed the window impatiently.

The car was silent again, and she couldn't help but bring her legs tightly up towards her chest. But Dylan seemed uninterested. Other than a glance at her breasts, he ignored her. Seemingly annoyed and angry.

"You fucked Devin. You're going to have to make that up to me." He said flatly, starting the car and pulling off. "I want you to wear that dress tonight when we get home. And you'll do whatever I ask."

She nodded her head meekly.

He glared at her for several seconds and then leaned over to fasten the seatbelt around her. He searched for the belt buckle, running his warm hand all over her body as if she was a baby waiting for his caress. Sometimes his fingers inadvertently passed across her breasts, eliciting a delicious shiver inside her.

She wanted to be back in the villa, away from him. Not caged up with him in the car.

When he had finished, he stepped on the gas and headed for the highway.

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In the detention center.

The iron gate clanged open. Two large policemen dressed in starched blue uniforms marched him down a long corridor to an office. It was dark and musty with nicotine-stained ceiling tiles. A lawyer stood silently by the green filing cabinets, smoking a cigarette.

"Sign it." Said the larger one. Pug-nose. "Sign it, and then you can go."

"Well, you can go." Said, one officer.

"Why? What is this?"

"The charges against you have been dropped."

Kevin frowned, trying to make sense of why Devin would help, right before the knock-out blow. He couldn't puzzle it. Clearly, there were things going on; he was not aware of it. He signed and was led to another room.

"Kevin! How's your asshole?" Dan came over and gave him a bearhug, squeezed tight. "Come on, and it's been days. I've bought you some cream, just in case" He winked and gave him a slap on the ass.

Kevin swatted him away. "Was it you? Did you convince Devin?"

"Me? Naw. I was in your girl's apartment trying my luck." He grinned.

"Decided you're not to be gay anymore?"

Dan shrugged. "You know what they say, Every hole is a goal."

Kevin sighed. "You always bring down the tone of a conversation, do you know that?"

"I do. But more importantly, while I was with your girl, I did find out a few things."

"Well, go on!"

"Well, I tried to see your man, Devin, but he wasn't having any of it. I sat outside his ward for days. I thought I was going to die of boredom. That was until I saw Devin's uncle, Dylan, come with your girl, Savannah. And soon after -later the same day in fact- Devin called the police, and here you are! Whatever ever happened, you can be sure Savannah had something to do with it."

Kevin's face had set into a scowl. Dylan? What had he asked in return for her help?