

## Midnight 22

### You're Concerned About Me

"I've already asked, and he-."

Dylan glared at her and repeated himself. "Say. It."

"Please," she started, looking at the floor. "don't hurt Kevin. I can forgive you for what you've done if you only stop."

She waited a long moment, head cast down. Silence and then a wheezing laugh. "Haven't I made it clear? Fuck you and fuck you, Dylan!" He said, pointing the finger at them. "Do- do you know what I made her the last time she came here? Do you? No?" His beady eyes spun wildly in their sockets. A manic grin on his lips. "She came in here groveling, and I got her on her knees and I-"

His mother stopped him, placing a hand on his chest. Savannah guessed it was not as gentle as it appeared as Devin winced.

"Dylan, you are not going to help this girl hurt your family, do you hear me? You are his uncle. He was beaten by her friend. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She shot Savannah a look that chilled her to her bones. She'd humiliated her son, slept with her brother, and then put her son in the hospital. She guessed she deserved it.

"Well, I will." Dylan smiled in response, turning to face Devin. "Devin, how is your new yacht company? You mentioned that you were struggling sourcing funds and that you could use a capital injection to introduce technology from ASJ Yacht in Italy. I'm thinking about going ahead and lending it."

Devin was stunned.

The Yontz company, which she thought – that everyone thought - was run by his father and him, was actually largely owned by the Sterling's. In recent years, Devin had been striving to set up a company outside of his family's shadow. He made great efforts and finally founded a yacht company a few months ago. However, luxury yachts didn't sell well initially. The company was almost closed due to a lack of capital turnover and was on the brink of bankruptcy.

He knew his grandfather would disapprove of the splintering of his grandchildren and would refuse funds to a project outside of their joint interests. That left on Dylan with the funds to help, and Devin knew that. In fact, it was precise because of this that Devin had sent his fiancé to Dylan's room in the first place. The reason he dared to threaten Dylan with the hotel's surveillance. But now... all he had to do was not sue Kevin? What did Savannah have on Dylan?

Devin suddenly became sullen, his pin-like eyes needling Savannah as he looked at her. "Okay. I promise, no charges will be pressed."

"What- why!"

"Our company," started Devin, looking at his mother. "It needs money."

Susan looked from Dylan to Devin and then back again. "But why would he damage our family business!"

"If you want, Susan, simply refuse me."

"Dylan, you've hounded father for years, and now you're going after me, your sister. Do you want us to hate you?" She said angrily.

Devin tugged at her sleeve, "Forget it, mom."

Soon after, they signed an agreement Dylan had brought with him, and he and Savannah left. Devin called after them as they left. "Uncle, the guy who did this to me did it for a reason. He was fucking her. I was fucking her. She seems innocent, but she's nothing more than a whore and a gold-digger. Don't let her fool you the same way she fooled me."

Savannah flinched, the words lashing at her back. They cut far too close to the bone. She could feel her flesh being sloughed away with them. She waited for Dylan to turn to her, evict her from his home. Strike her. But he didn't.

In a blur of motion, Dylan was throwing Devin out of bed onto the floor.

"Dylan --" Susan cried.

Ignoring Susan's scream, Dylan bent down and said in a low voice, "Don't tell me how to manage my woman. Mind your own business. You don't want to go to the hospital again, do you?"

Devin nodded, his teeth clenched.

Then Dylan loosened Devin's collar, took Savannah's hand, and left.

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"Hey!" Called Savannah, barreling down the hospital corridor. "Wait up!"

"You are too slow with your short legs." He said without slowing.

"Jesus. You don't have to walk so fast. "

"I don't like hospitals." He said.

What a high-maintenance man, thought Savannah. Did he think she liked it there? She broke into a light jog to keep pace. "Are you going to give Devin the money?" She knew that he would but wanted to be sure.

"Do you care for me?" He said. They were at the gate of the hospital now, and he stopped, just outside the entrance.

"Don't flatter yourself." She said, a little too fast.

He grinned wolfishly and leaned in close. "You're concerned about me."

She went to be back away, stumbled, and fell. In a moment of panic, she flung her arms around his neck, and he around her waist, and they looked into one another eyes, face-to-face, the hot mingle of their breaths.

The smell of her was of simple coal soap and citrus shampoo and faint perfume. Her body soft and supple against his, the swell of her breast flush against him. His breath quickened. Grip tightened. "Good girl, you have a good understanding of the agreement."

She pushed him away, blushing. Holy shit! Did he think she was that intentional?