

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 4 - 4: Having An Affair With Her Fiance

Savannah's heart missed a beat. Then, carefully, she crept up the stairs towards the bedroom... and froze.

"Babe, am I pleased to see you." She heard Devin say. "It's been a fucking awful day."

She heard a girl coo and comfort.

"My fiancée – your cousin – she left me... She left me, Valerie. Fuck." He sighed. "And then – ha! - my uncle decided not to invest in my company. I feel like an idiot." She heads the bedsheets shift. "I don't know what I'd do without you, babe. I really need you right now." There was kissing. Savannah eyed through a crack in the door.

"Why did Savannah leave you? She's such a nice girl..." She eyed him. "Always the obedient one, that one, and terrified of crossing you," She joked. A throaty laugh. "What did you do?"

He grunted. "Nothing. The girls an idiot: Too dumb to figure out how the world works, and it drives me crazy, like, how?" He huffed. "I don't want to talk about it."

"I'm sorry." She soothed, throwing her arms around his neck.

"You're so sweet; the gentlest, most thoughtful and considerate... I love you."

"What about –"

"Savannah?" He growled. "I hate her." He spat. It was cold and malicious and stung deep in Savannah's chest. "She walks around like she's a princess like she's so god damned special. What has she done, eh?"

She held him closer and whispered into his ear. "And what about me?" She stretched out on the bed, exposing the length of her body, and reached around and tugged on him.

He groaned.

"If I let you have me now – do whatever you wanted - would that cheer you up?"

"It would," he nodded, gazing at her pearly white breasts.

"Then why don't you marry me?" She asked, propping herself up on one shoulder. She was working hard on him now, Savannah saw. Her eyes fixed on his. She was beating furiously on his manhood so that he fell back and let out a sigh.

He came across them both.

They lay motionless for a moment before Devin spoke up again. "I didn't have a choice in marrying her. It was my grandfather's idea, years ago, to bind our families. And if I go against him, I lose everything. And I can't lose you, Valerie." He lifted her to his lips.

Savannah bit off a gasp and covered her mouth.

It was her cousin, Valerie. She was having an affair with her fiancé.

The fact seemed ridiculous, but now she could see her face through the gap, and it was Valerie. Her long blond hair was spilling down over her shoulders, locked in his arms... Valerie had come here to comfort him, she realized. She wondered for how long she'd been comforting him.

Again, that swell in her stomach, the familiar anger rising in her throat. She wanted to tear herself away, but she was stunned into stone. Then, suddenly, Devin was on top of and inside of her Valerie. A hand clamped around her throat, and he thrust himself hard inside of her. She moaned, dug her nails into his shoulders.

That was enough. Savannah's shock turned into indifference. On survival. She needed to get away from this place, so she ran. Down the stairs, out the house and into the driving rain; to the end of the street; under the oak trees and past the parked cars and the wide red-brick houses until the road bent around and came to a colder sack.

She fell onto all fours, gasping for breath. She wasn't sure if she was tired of having a panic attack. She sat on the curb, feet in the gutter. She was soaked

to the bone, and her hair hung like seaweed, dark and tangled, her eyes red and bloodshot. A jagged smile spread across her lips. What an idiot, she thought, kicking off her shoes. What a stupid, stupid girl you are. How could you even consider giving him another chance?

She'd been prepared to forgive him for the night previous, for her uncle and family, but now? No way. She shook her head, Of all the girls, she thought, it had to be cousin Valerie. She laughed into the air and then quickly returned to crying.

Her mind raced. Everything was starting to make sense. That's why Devin sent her to another man. He wanted me gone! He'd been seeing Valerie for, how long now? She couldn't place her finger on when they'd become cold to one another, but it must have been a while ago. It didn't matter. He hated her, that much was clear.

She got herself up, looked left, then right, and struck off home.

At the same time, across the street.

The black Lamborghini quietly stood in the darkness.

In the driver seat, Garwood said: "Ms. Schultz seems to have come from Mr. Yontz's house."

Dylan's eyes gleamed, gazing at Savannah as she huddled along the curb.

"Follow her." He ordered.

The rain kept falling.

Savannah didn't notice the sleek black car shadowing her, its headlights dimmed and engine running quite under the thunder of rain.

And then, somehow, the rain fell even harder. It felt like the ocean itself was being dropped on top of her, a great waterfall crushing her with its immense weight. She wasn't sure if you should keep walking or start swimming. By now, the cold had crept up her fingers, along her arms and legs, and into her chest. As she passed another junction down another quiet street, she felt her head spin. She steadied herself against a tree for a moment, but quickly, everything turned to black.

She fell into Dylan's arms. Garwood shielded them with a large umbrella as she was put in the back of the Lamborghini.

"Hospital?" asked Garwood, "She has a fever." *freewebnovel.com*
"Beverly Hills." Dylan's voice was low and deep.

The car pulled out like a sword from a scabbard and sped away into the night.

Early in the morning, in the bedroom.

She stretched out; soft sheets. Bird song gently floated into her bed.

"Hmm..." *freewebnovel.com*

Savannah moaned, opening her eyes. The room was large and furnished in browns and golds. Where am I? She thought, stretching her arms out.

She sat up and stared.

She suddenly remembered Devin and Valerie, and then collapsed in the rain. This wasn't any kind of hospital that she recognized. It's too quiet for starters, she thought. And I've never seen a hospital whose walls were gold.

Looking down, she saw her long naked legs twisted in bedsheets. She jumped up, out of bed. And am I wearing... a men's shirt? What the hell?

Her head started spinning again. She reached out for the bedside cabinet, steadied herself before knocking off a vase.

It smashed onto the tiled floor, shards of glass everywhere.

The door opened.

A middle-aged woman with tied back hair leaned around the door. Savannah could see her politely gazing at her half-naked body a moment before registering the glass everywhere. "You're awake!" She beamed. "You're already looking much, much better than when you came in last night. I told them. I said, 'it's just a slight fever. Give her some time in bed, and she'll be fine.' I told them, and you are. Heavens, you look well."

The woman wore a pretty floral dress that swung about her heels. She was old, Savannah could tell, but she had aged gracefully. Her face radiates warmth.

"Who are you?" Asked Savannah, suddenly remembering to cover herself, dragging the bed sheet around her waist. "And how did I get here?"

"You're safe, that's what matters, dear." She got a dustpan and brushed out a dresser. "You should get back into bed, and you're still not well enough to be walking about. Especially with all this glass!" She joked, getting to her knees to sweep it up.

"Where am I?" She asked again. "I would really like to know."

"As I said –" This was her moment. The woman let out a gasp as Savannah vaulted over her. Then, a stab of pain in her foot as Savannah landed. Fuck! She forgot about the glass. Or didn't really consider it a problem in the scheme of things. She hesitated for an instant, turned to see if the woman was following her (she wasn't), and slammed into something hard. She recoiled several steps and looked up to a dark face, sneering down at her.