

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 8 - 8: Where Have You Been?

"Stop," said Dylan, raising a hand.

Garwood then said, "Sir, it's your father's sixtieth this weekend. It's at the Ritz. Your younger sister called me just now, asking if you'd like to go."

"Tell her I'm busy," he sighed. "And arrange to have a gift sent, something big and expensive."

Garwood hesitated for a moment, "Since you returned to Los Angeles, you haven't been back to see your family. This time..."

"That's enough." Dylan interrupted stern-faced. It was getting dark out, and he could see the phosphorous street lights were flickering on, one by one in the distance. "Pick up, Savannah, and drive her home."

Garwood bit back his tongue and nodded, went to leave.

Judy hurried over. "Oh, you know the poor relationship between Mr. Sterling and his father," she hissed. "why keep bringing it up? You know it only makes him upset."

Garwood forced a smile, "I just want to know why. It feels like there are secrets everywhere with this family, and I know none of them."

He'd been Dylan's private bodyguard for two years now, not long enough to figure out the Gordian knot that was the Sterling family. Judy, meanwhile, had been with Mr. Sterling since his birth and knew every intimate detail about him. In a lot of ways, mused Garwood, she was like a mother to him.

Judy shot Garwood a look that said 'leave it' and waved a hand dismissively. "Let sleeping beasts lie, Garwood. And besides, didn't Mr. Stirling ask you to taxi that young girl home? Chop-chop!" She said, clapping her hands.

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When Savannah came to the gate, she realized that she was still none the wiser about who this guy actually was.

She decided to catalog what she did know, he's single (thus no wedding ring); he's handsome (she blushed at this); he's interested and... he's the one assaulting her. Lord, she thought, what bargain have I struck?

She felt a twinge of regret – or was it buyer's remorse? – take ahold. She wavered, standing below the awning of an oak tree a little down the drive when her phone started to ring. She answered the phone, and it was Devin, "Where are you?"

She frowned. "What?"

"This Sunday is my grandfather's birthday. Devin said impatiently. "I will pick you up tomorrow morning. Dress yourself up pretty, and don't embarrass me."

She clenched her teeth, "I'm. Not. Going. And I don't want anything more to do with you and to your family."

Devin's tone was cold, "I don't want to bring you there either, but it's not up to me. It's my granddad, and he's real big on family. And I'd appreciate it if you didn't get him mad at me. I'll pick you up tomorrow and don't bring your mope face along. Try cheering up a bit, eh?"

"I..." Devin hung up before she could protest.

Suddenly any second thought she had before about this, Mr. Stirling vanished. Whatever he wanted, it would be a price worth paying to get rid of Devin and her cousin, Valerie.

She neared the gate at the end of the gravel drive. "You're going so soon, miss." The guard waved. freewebnovel.com
She smiled at him as he stood uneasily.

She was about to ask a few questions from the security guard when Garwood caught up to her in his car. His head out the window, "Miss Schultz, get in the car, please, Mr. Sterling asked me to send you home."

She got in, and they pulled away.

Along the way, Savannah probed for further information about this man Sterling and what she had gotten tangled up in. But Garwood was good at his job and remained stoic. "Miss Schultz, I'm here to take you home, not to play

twenty questions. If you do have any questions about Mr. Sterling, you can ask him yourself."

Well, that's that. She thought.

Savannah knitted her brow, "Is Mr. Sterling always so bossy?"

Garwood shrugged, "You'll know soon enough."

Savannah sighed and slid back into her seat.

"Stop here, please," Savannah shouted as they rounded the bend onto her street. Garwood stopped, and she got out and rushed into the house without looking back. Before she could get upstairs, however, a hand clapped her on the shoulder, and Valerie was there, grinning. "Savannah?" said Valerie. She was in her PJ's eating cereal. "Where have you been?" Suddenly, the image of Valerie on her back, Devin, between her thighs lit up like a wildfire in her brain. She felt sick and desperately wanted the image out of her head, so she thought about Garwood instead. Good old' boring Garwood. Almost like not thinking at all, she thought. "Hmm?" She replied to Valerie, her head back.

"Why the hurry? Where'd you go tonight?"

"Just took a walk."

"Is that so?" She said, her voice lowering to an interrogative tone. "With who? I saw your car – who the hell was that?" Valerie was going straight for the jugular.

"No one sent me back, okay? I suppose you might be wrong."

"No, I'm right, and I know what I saw. And it wasn't Devin's car." An edge of envy entered Valerie's voice now, the way a cat screeches before a fight. She made to go upstairs, but Valerie blocked her and went on, "I don't want to lecture you, little cousin, but if you're going to be a good wife for Devin you can't simply go off in other men's cars at this time of night." Savannah couldn't believe what she was hearing. The nerve of it - with no small sense of irony dolloped in.

She stared at Valerie with a sardonic grin.

Valerie felt naked under Savannah's gaze. "Don't look at me like that!" She said, swatting her face away.