

MIDNIGHT BRIDE THE CEO'S TEMPTATION

Chapter 9 - 9: Change Of Plan

"Fuck you, Valerie." She said, the words coming out like sparks from a furnace. "How long has it been, huh? You and Devin, your secret 'meetings,' how long!" In the last part, you growl through clenched teeth, and Valerie momentarily recoils. freewebnovel.com

Valerie had known that Savannah had discovered them. Devin had told her as much the day before. And good innocent Savannah would keep feigning ignorance, and she'd thought, only she wasn't... not anymore. Then remembering this was her house, her parents, and that she was the older one, she loomed upright and began fighting back. "At least I'm loved, Savannah. At least I'm wanted by him. Something you'll never know, you leech. You parasite! You think he wants to marry you, so you can bleed him dry? Ha!" she barks. "You stupid girl."

"What the hell is wrong with you? I really, really, don't care. If you want to become Valerie Yontz and marry the idiot, be my guest. But I'm guessing he's using you the same way he's used me." Savannah sighted, pity overtaking her. "He won't marry you, Valerie. He just wanted to fuck something – anything – and you happened to be there." freewebnovel.com

Valerie screeched like a harpy and lashed out, her hand smacking into the side of Savannah's face. Dazed, she blocked the second blow with her left arm and rammed Valerie up against the wall with all the strength she could muster.

"What's wrong with you?" she sharply ask again, as her face twists into an ugly snarl. And then, suddenly, tears began to well in her eyes, and she sobs. She unpin her from the wall, and her shoulders shaking with sobs, she runs upstairs and away from her.

She watch her slam the door, feeling utterly alone, exhausted, and confused.

It's almost Sunday. A knot had formed in Savannah's gut. The thought of having to go with Devin to his grandfather's meal... Well, it was more than she could bear. She found herself staring at her phone, waiting for Mr. Sterling to call, to say or do something to save her form this. But now, on the eve of the

meal, she, at last, decided to call him. The man's mellow voice came over the phone, "Hello?"

She hardly knew him, she knew, but she felt a flood of relief upon hearing his voice.

"It's me," she said, "you haven't forgotten me, have you, Mr. Sterling?"

"I remember." He said.

"I need to know. I can't stop worrying. How are you going to help me? The party is tomorrow, and Devin won't leave me alone and-"

"Go with him," he interjected. Now Savannah wasn't even sure if he wanted to help her. "Go with Devin and be the wife he wants you to be." He commanded. "I know it's hard, but you have to trust me. I'll take care of the rest."

"But how?"

"You'll see." He said.

"But... "

"Be a good girl," he purred, "or how can I trust you to perform your part of our agreement?" His voice was low and husky. She had almost forgotten what came after this – after Devin. What was expected of her?

He hung up the phone, and she sighed. One step at a time, she told herself.

Downtown Los Angeles and a tall, sapphire green skyscraper strike out like a shard of glass. The Sterling Group. Near the top was Mr. Sterling's office. After talking to Savannah, Dylan called in Garwood.

"Change of plan." He said. "Cancel tomorrow's plans, and I'm going to my father's birthday party." Surprised, Garwood nodded and inwardly wondered what had changed his mind. Whatever it was, he concluded, it was probably a good thing. And then before he could leave, he got a call in his earpiece. "Sir, Mr. Yontz is here to see you. Should I turn him away on my way out?"

Dylan rolled his eyes. "Let him in."

Devin swaggered in, his jacket hooked over his shoulder. "Uncle," he nodded. "I thought I'd drop by and see if you had had any more thoughts on my investment plans?"

Dylan's icy gaze chilled the room. "Remind me. What happens if I don't agree?" He said, clasping together fingers.

A wicked glint entered Devin's eyes, "Dylan, I don't mean to be blunt, but if you refuse to work with me, then... Well, I can't help what happens tomorrow." He shrugged, running a hand through his oiled back hair. "To be clear, If I haven't received 100 million dollars before the end of our grandfather's birthday tomorrow, then the affair between you and my fiancé Savannah will become public knowledge. And think what a surprise that would be for granddad!" he grinned, pacing past Dylan to look out the window. "After that," he shrugged, "who's to say what would happen to your position as president..."

"I wouldn't worry." Says Dylan, gazing at the wall ahead. "I'll make sure your demands are satisfied by the end of our family party tomorrow," Dylan replied.

Devin felt joy spring up to his throat and felt giddy, "You promise?" He laughed and clapped Dylan on the back. "Uncle! If you'd agreed earlier, none of this would have been necessary!"

Dylan spun around and pushed Devin's hand away. "Get out." He said, his voice landing like a slab of concrete dropped from a very high height.

Devin blinked, smiled, and nodded. He put on his jacket and left with a wave.

The next morning, Devin drove to the Schultz's family house. The Schultz family, Savannah, Valerie, Dalton, and Norah were lined outside, waiting for his arrival. Savannah wore a light blue summer dress with small white flowers on and had her silky brown hair loose about her shoulders. Nothing tarty, thought Devin, as he pulled alongside. Simple and pretty. That'll please the family.

"You look nice," he called out the car window.

They got in.

Savannah hated herself. She felt disgusted as she climbed into the black leather interior and wanted nothing more than to run away screaming. Beside her, Valerie's face was dark and ominous, like a storm cloud about to burst. He didn't say anything about how pretty Valerie looked, Savannah pitied. She'd spent hours dressing up. Put on her prettiest yellow dress and most expensive makeup. Savannah wanted to tell her that he wasn't worth it – that she could have him soon enough if she really wanted – but in the backseat of the car, the silence was absolute.

Apparently oblivious, Devin smiled into his rear-view mirror and pulled away towards the Ritz. "It's good weather," he smiled, pointing up at the purple and pink sky.

Valerie agreed.

Savannah tried not to be sick.