

Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 12

Chapter 12

On the side of the road, near an artificial lake which is popularly called a green lake because the beautiful lake is surrounded by verdant gardens,

“Excuse me, sir, can I just get off here?” Livia tapped the driver’s shoulder to stop the car.

“But why, Miss? You haven’t reached the intermediary point yet,” he answered as he pulled the car to a stop on the side of the road.

“It’s okay. Sir, I have something to do.” “Should I wait for you, Miss?” The driver asked Livia.

“You don’t have to, Sir. I’ll finish the order and give you a five-star rate later. This is the cost.”

“Here is your change, Miss.”

“Just save it. Wish you have a good day today.”

“Oh my! Thank you very much for the tips, Miss.”

“You’re welcome. Good day!”

“Good day.”

The driver left Livia.

Livia had not yet arrived at her shop for work. She crossed the road and walked to the artificial lake, which was shining because of the morning sun.

The girl walked down the path. Stepping foot between the neatly lined sidewalks. This place gets pretty crowded on the weekends, but it’s hardly anyone here on the working days like now.

She looked around.

This place is sterile from humans. Not a single human could be found by her sight.

Livia took a deep breath, enjoying this serenity.

It looks like the construction of this place has stalled for a while. Livia saw several piles of materials in the corners of the garden. They were neatly placed.

It looks like this place will be used as a relaxing park. But, Livia doesn't know the reason why the construction of this place just stopped. After looking around at the location around her, Livia sat down and fell into a long daydream.

Slowly, she couldn't hold it anymore. Tears started to roll down her cheeks. Finally, her chest began to tighten, rising up and down, and she began to sob. "F**k you, Bastard! Did you think because you have money, so you can do anything, huh?!" Livia shouted loudly at the calm lake water." What is it with my hair?! It's wavy hair, you fool! Did you think that your hair is the best in the world? Damn it!"

Her cries broke even louder.

*D*ckhead! If you don't like me, why did you insist on marrying me? You even want to break my fingers. Heck, if you already have a woman you like, why don't you marry her? Why did you choose to play house toys with me?

What did I do wrong to you, actually? F**k!" The voice of crying and cursing was getting slower.

"My father is worse. He has sold me. But ... it's impossible for him to sell me if you reject it. Yes, you are the worst. You're a cursed devil, and I hope the heavens and the earth curse you too. I hate you to my veins.

Hope you choke on your coffee to death!"

"Cough, cough," Livia was coughing because she was so loud that she forgot to catch her own breath. She patted her own chest while breathing, still gasping for air.

Sigh!

Her last heavy breath.

"Turns out cursing him like this really makes me relieved. Maybe it's better if I just come here every morning to scold him like that. Pfft, I hope he really chokes on my cursing."

"Laugh!" A male laugh was heard.

"Huh?" Livia frowned. "Is anyone laughing?" She immediately got up from her seat. Her eyes wandered all over the place, looking for the sound source.

Livia sat up in shock when she saw a man suddenly appear from near the trees.

He rubbed his eyes and tossed his hair.

Livia was even more devastated when the man laughed again.

“Who are you?” she stammered.

“Me? Pfft, I’m just a photographer.” He raised the camera that was wrapped around his arm. “I just took photos of the sunrise here earlier. Then, because I was so sleepy, I fell asleep.”

“Sleeping? So he slept. He didn’t hear me cursing earlier, did he? No, he laughed, then he must have listened!” Livia startled.

“Why did you walk here?” she asked.

“I just wanted to sit next to you.”

Why are you sitting next to me?” Livia felt uncomfortable and about to walk away. Still, her footsteps had lost track of speed, and the stranger was already standing in front of her, blocking her footsteps.

She was surrounded and could not escape.

Finally, she sat back where she had been. “Well, sweetie, sit down. I just want to chat. I stayed up all night, and my morning sleep was disturbed by you. So I felt annoyed too.”

“Sorry I disturbed your sleep. I didn’t know anyone was around here.”

“Yeah, that’s right. If you knew there was someone, you wouldn’t have shouted that loud.”

“Sorry.”

Damn it, he heard everything, right?’ Livia asked herself.

“Sorry, you didn’t hear everything, did you?”

“Ha ha ha, I’m so sorry, but I heard everything.” Livia got goosebumps seeing that smile, even though he smiled in a witty way, but why did she feel that smile was so sly.

At the top of the Alexander Group building, Damian laughed in silence, remembering the events of last night and this morning.

Assistant Brown, next to him, looked at him questioningly.

“Lately, the young master seems to be laughing a lot,” he muttered to himself.

Assistant Brown took out his cellphone when he heard an incoming message alert.

“Who?” Damian stopped his work, turned to Brown, and asked.

“Looks like this is the first time the young lady has used the card you gave her.”

“What did she buy?”

“Young lady use it in a salon.”

“Ha ha ha.” Damian laughed happily again. “I told her to straighten her hair.”

‘What?! It looks like you really feel happy, huh. But it’s good. I hope your hardened heart can soften again.’

“Brown.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Aren’t you curious, seeing her straight hair? I really want to go home to see her.”

“But we will have an event until the evening. Do I need to cancel?”

“No need. I can see her later.”

Brown left the room with a glance. A smile was curled up on Damian’s lips.

In the afternoon, still in the same office room.

Damian had already tossed the file in his hand into the face of the man, who was kneeling in front of him. At the same time, Brown frowned and looked at the man, annoyed.

“Do you think you can do whatever you want after I give you a high position?”

“Please forgive me, Master. Give me a chance to clean up this mess.” His voice stuttered. His hands trembled from holding his weight.

“If you want to corrupt and enrich yourself, you should use your brain.”

“I am sorry, Master.”

BANG!

A loud bang was heard. A small object landed on the kneeling man’s head.

The cellphone that hit him fell to the floor and broke.

“Master Damian didn’t ask you to speak,” Brown spoke decisively. The man was shaking in fear, blood dripping from his right temple, flowing down to the cheeks. But he was still on his knees, not daring to look up, open his mouth, or wipe the flowing blood.

“How long has this project stopped?” Damian asked Brown, who was standing beside him.

“A week.” Brown thrust the cellphone in front of Damian and shifted to the next slide.

“I give you a month to clean up this mess.” Damian turned to the kneeling man.

“Okay, Master.”

“Don’t disappoint me again.” “Okay, Master, I will do my best.” “GO.”

“Thank you, Master, thank you for your kindness.” He got up, his legs shaking from kneeling too long. Then, he lowered his head again and again before leaving the room.

Brown followed the man’s footsteps.

“Clean your wound.” Assistant Brown handed him the tissue he asked from the secretarial staff at the front of the room.

The secretarial staff lowered their heads. They know there was just a commotion in the president’s room inside.

“How many times do I have to remind you not to interrupt Master Damian’s words?”

“Forgive me, Sir, forgive me.”

“This green lake is the project that Mr. Damian has waited for. It’s a piece of luck for you that you are still able to sit in your position now, even after making a stupid mistake.”

“Yes, Sir. I will do better.”

“Go away. Clean up this mess before a month.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The man bowed his head a few times at Assistant Brown. He knew that this man could be a hundred times more terrifying than Damian Alexander.

He dragged his feet even though they were shaking and got out of Alexander Group’s magnificent building.

At the same moment, Assistant Brown had not moved.

After a while, he approached the staff behind him.

The three secretaries in front of her looked down, not daring to look at him. "Bring me a new cellphone," he said.

"Okay." One of them answered, then rushed out of the room.

Assistant Brown returned to his room, leaning his head on the chair.

"Why are there so many stupid people in this company?" He was annoyed with himself because it was his responsibility to clean up any mess those people caused.