

Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 18

Chapter 18

The car had stopped in the parking area of the two-story shophouse. Now they were standing right in front of the shophouse with a black glass door

Yes, this is Livia's workplace.

There were two bodyguards standing behind Damian. Although Brown didn't understand why Damian asked to take them here, but maybe this was his way of having fun to see Livia panicked and confused.

Brown muttered that his torture level seemed to be going up by a notch every day. Brown was still confused about Damian's doing, but he still followed whatever his master wanted. Then, finally, he opened the glass door

"Excuse me," Brown greeted.

The three women in the room were shocked. They stood up. Some even dropped the cellphone she was still holding. Alert can be seen on their faces.

"Sorry, who are you?" they asked with suspicion.

Usually, no one ever comes to this shop except the package couriers. And judging by their appearance with suits and ties, they didn't look like an ordinary person.

"Is Livia here?" Damian answered with a question, which made Brown surprised. This is completely different from Damian. His cold and unfriendly face suddenly faded away,

"Miss Livia is out to buy some food."

From upstairs, two people walked down, joining the crowd with the others.

"Hey, isn't that Damian Alexander?"

"Do you know me?" Again, Damian asked.

The world turned upside down. Brown screamed inwardly. Damian caters to other people's conversations with human language. That means he's talking without sharp eyes and lips that smile sinisterly.

"Who's he?" the girl next to him nudged.

"President of Alexander Group." The other's face looked very surprised, of course. Who doesn't know about Alexander Group?

Brown went forward to explain while Damian was already sitting on a plastic chair on the first floor. He glanced around the pile of clothes on a stainless steel rack, neatly lined up.

Some papers were scattered, and some packages were already neatly wrapped. –

Livia carried two plastic bags in her hands, with Tiffany beside her. They walked hand in hand, talking about trivial things. Interspersed with small laughs.

“Miss, who are they?” Tiffany pointed to two people standing right in front of the shop.

Livia immediately jumped. She saw the cars parked in the parking lot. She recognized the car belonged to Damian and the two guards. She was absolutely sure an uninvited guest had come to her place. Hastily, she ran closer to one of the guards. “Young lady.” He nodded politely. “Why are you here?” Livia panicked. “Is Master Damian inside?”

The guard nodded their head.

It feels like Livia’s legs become limp. She wants to run away. But what about the employees who are inside?

Livia slowly opened the glass door. The first thing she saw was the damn Assistant.

How could he bring Damian to this place without noticing her?

“Young lady.” Brown greeted with a smile.

The employees were already chatting to each other in different corners. Livia shrugged her shoulders, pretending to be confused.

Livia is looking at where Damian sat. He sat on the chair without even taking off his shoes.

‘Yes, you are the king, and you can do whatever you want.’ Livia approached, and Damian got up from his seat.

“What are you doing here, Master?” Livia spoke in a very low voice. Hope the employees didn’t hear what was said from her mouth.

The thing that no one expected happened. Even Brown was surprised when Damian put his arm around Livia’s shoulder. Then, he rested his head on her shoulder.

“Don’t you want to introduce your husband to your friends?”

DROP!

Tiffany, who had just come in, dropped the plastic food she held. Her face looked very surprised.

Livia looked at the others, their expressions not much different. If only she could silence the mouth of the man who rested his head on her shoulder.

“Tiff, invite the others to eat outside first, okay?” Livia gave her pleading eyes. Fortunately, Tiffany was quick to respond.

Tiffany immediately picked up the plastic she had dropped earlier. And pull the others out. After everyone left, Damian let go of the hand wrapped around Livia’s shoulder. “Isn’t there a comfortable place to sit here?” What! After throwing a terrible bomb, how could you look innocent like that? Gosh! How am I going to explain it to my employees?’

That panicked, worried, and question mark face was playing over and over in Livia’s little brain.

*There’s a sofa upstairs. What are...” Livia has not finished her sentence, and Damian is already walking up to the second floor, leaving her sculpted.

Assistant Brown had followed up to the second floor, walking obediently behind him.

Why did you come here, you crazy bastard?!

Livia was still frozen where she stood, trying to think what had happened. But no matter how much she tried to think, she still couldn’t find any reason why this man had come to her workplace.

“Young lady.”

Assistant Brown stood in front of her with a smile on his face, which made her annoyance rise to the top.

Livia reflexively hit the arm of the man in front of her. Brown was surprised when Livia’s hand hit him again for the second time. This is the first time someone insolently landed a hand on his body.

“Young lady.” Brown’s voice was flat. “Why did you bring him here?” Livia shouted but in a low voice. Afraid that on the second floor could hear what she said. “Young master willing to come here.” Brown has no idea why his young master would come here. “Why?” Livia glared. “I don’t know, Young lady.”

SLAP!

Livia’s hand hit Brown’s arm again, and Brown was really taken aback.

“There’s no way you don’t know, right?” Livia was so furious.

Without she could finish her business with Assistant Brown, a sudden voice broke Brown’s gaze on Livia.

“How dare you keep me waiting!” There was a scream from the second floor.

Livia startled. She released the grip on Brown’s arm and ran up the stairs. Meanwhile, Brown touched the arm that was gripped by Livia. ‘It turns out that you are strong. Young lady.’ A faint smile crossed his lips, then he stepped and sat on a plastic chair near the stairs.

Livia stopped right in front of the door when she saw Damian sitting back on the sofa she usually sleeps on.

“Sit down!” Damian patted the empty space beside him when he saw Livia appear.

Livia stepped carefully, then sat at the place Damian pointed.

Livia’s hands were shaking. Especially when Damian touched her hair again. Her hair is now tied up high.

“So, this is what you really look like.”

Livia’s body froze when Damian’s hand ran down her cheek and neck. She could only bite her lip.

“Is this dress in your wardrobe?”

“No, Master, these are the clothes I brought from home.”

Livia was so worried. The dress code is clearly written in the draft written by Assistant Brown. Livia is trying to process her mind, finding the most plausible reason she could give.

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“It’s up to you what you want to wear outside the house. I don’t care.” Damian looked indifferently.

‘You liar, if you don’t care, so why are you here? I’m sure that you want to torture me.’ Livia’s expressions flatted.

“You’re not happy I’m here,” Damian smirked.

“How could I not be happy, Master? Your visit to such a bad place like this is an honor for me.” Livia clapped her, smiling cheerfully.

“Then, you should’ve thanked me.”

“Oh, yeah, sure! Thank you, Master, for your visit.” Livia couldn’t help but sigh over and over again in her heart.

‘Now, please go away. get out of here. How do I explain to others about this? Why did you say you were my husband?’ the irritation really suffocates Livia.

“You won’t give me a drink.”

“Right, please wait a minute, Master. I’ll be down for a moment.” Livia got up, half running down the stairs. She glanced sharply at the Assistant Brown, who was sitting busy with his cellphone.

The man nodded and smiled. Livia looked away sourly.

Livia took the package of food she had bought. Then go up to the second floor. Passed Assistant Brown without turning around.

She pulled up a small table and opened the plastic package of the food she was carrying.

“What’s that?” Damian glanced.

“It’s dim sum. Do you want to try?” Livia opened the drink cup. She had bought orange juice and soursop juice. “Which one do you want? * she pointed, holding up the glass.

“What is it?”

“This is squeezed oranges, and this is soursop juice.” Livia offered two glasses for Damian to choose one

“Give it all to me.”

“What! Why are people so shameless?’ Livia reluctantly handed both glasses of drink to Damian.

Damian sucked soursop juice first, then fell silent and tried to taste it. Then he took the other glass from Livia’s hand. Suck it again in the same way. Then after thinking for a while looks like he chose a glass of orange juice.

“Drink.” Damian thrust a glass of soursop juice in front of Livia’s face. “Master, it’s okay if you want to drink all of it.”

“Take it! I’m giving it to you. Instead of thanking me, are you now arguing with me?”

“No, Master.”

Livia gripped Damian’s hand. Then took the soursop juice in his hand, “Thank you for the drink. I will enjoy it with joy.”

‘Why should I be grateful for your leftover? All those juices belong to me anyway.’

“Drink it!”

“Yes, Master.” And forcefully drink the juice. “Would you like to taste this?” Livia took one dim sum with a bamboo stick.”

“You weren’t planning on poisoning me with that weird food, were you?”

Livia laughed, while Damian was surprised to see the laughter on Livia’s lips. For the first time, Damian saw Livia smiling in front of him without being fake.

“Look, it’s delicious. Are you sure you don’t want to?”

“Just enjoy it alone.”

“Uh, fine.” Livia again fed the dim sum into her mouth.

That afternoon they talked like human beings. Damian asked about what Livia had been doing all day at this shophouse. Livia answered enthusiastically, like chatting with friends.

They finished their drinks in their glasses.

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Brown closed the car door after Damian got in, then he got in and sat behind the wheel. Drive the vehicle at a moderate speed.

The late-night increasingly makes the heart of the city bustling at some points.

Assistant Brown is the right-hand and the second influential person in Alexander Group. If Damian only thinks and sighs, he already knows what he has to do.

He was cold-hearted. His face was also handsome, but he rarely smiled. But, of course, he’s just showing a dog-like sweet face to the master. He could just sit still or stand by Damian’s side for a long time without doing anything.

Brown glanced in the rearview mirror, He recently saw significant changes in the man he had served for so long, especially with what happened just now at the shop Livia owned. 'Has that girl really succeeded in changing Master Damian?' Once again, he tried to unravel the complicated threads in his head about the relationship between Damian and Livia.

"What do they want?" Damian's words broke his concentration. But he can answer quickly.

"Green lake lighting project."

"They know I will not forgive the slightest mistake they made later." Damian sigh.

"Yes, Master."

Damian sighed again. Why was he having such a hard time getting out of this hole again? He wanted to destroy the green lake without a trace. Fill it up and make it level ground.

But when he had already given Brown the order, he was silent. Brown seemed to know himself very well. "I will make sure the green lake becomes what you want it to be, Master." Brown entered the parking area, and the guards had already known whose car was coming. So they rushed over, bowing their heads respectfully as Damian got out of the vehicle. Brown knows Damian didn't really like this place. There was only alcohol he didn't even touch and the strong smell of women's perfume that wasn't even allowed to touch him.

But this is where the business deals usually take place.

Brown opened the door, and he walked behind his master.

When Damian entered the room, everyone in the room woke up automatically.

No sound except for footsteps could be heard.

Brown pays attention to people who have rushed to welcome them. Their faces were pale because they didn't know what would happen in this room. Will they succeed in convincing Damian, or will they return home with only humiliation?

"Good evening, Mr. Damian." They say hello while lowering their heads. Brown sat staring at them without flinching a bit. Then came in two beautiful women brought soda drinks.

Yes, that's what Damian drank.

“Good night, Sir,” they greet sweetly. Brown refused when one of the women was about to sit beside him. “Sit next to Master Damian.” He said coldly.

The girl had shrunk, then sat on the right side of Damian, while Brown sat on the chair to the left of Damian.

The two men from the Light and Design company were accompanied by a woman. Only Brown was alone. Sitting quietly, expressionless . just observing what was going on around him.

“Mr. Damian, because of you, the green lake will look much more beautiful,” said one of them, “Only the lighting tender has yet to be decided. Are you willing to give us a chance?”

“We will do the best.” The other added.

Damian pointed to his drinking glass.

The woman next to him was quick to pick it up. She carefully handed over the white foamy glass to Damian.

“Would you like some ice, Sir?”

“Hmm.”

She put two ice cubes into the glass.

“Finish it!” Damian handed the glass to the CEO, who was talking a lot in front of him earlier.

The man stammered and took the glass with both hands.

“Alcohol is not good for your health, so just drink soda.” Damian smiled. “Ok, Mr. Damian, I will remember it.” He finished his drink in a few gulps, though his brow furrowed as the soda stabbed his throat, which he wasn’t used to drinking.

“Thank you, Mr. Damian.”

“I’ve seen your company’s submission proposal. Can you confirm everything in the proposal can be applied one hundred percent?” “I will do my best, Mr. Damian.”

“Not the best you can do, but I want the best, which means hundred percent best. Can you do it?”

“We are ready to give the best results, Mr. Damian. So please give us a chance.”

The man lowered his head deeply. It seemed he even wanted to kneel. But because he was afraid that it would be too much and make Damian's not like it, he's holding himself.

Brown could see that his hands were shaking and sweating, which he rubbed several times in his pants. 'Tch, just watch out if you can only talk and can't realize your proposal. Then, it's not just your company that will be destroyed, but you too.' Brown looked at the man with a sharp gaze.

While Damian ignored the promises made by the CEO of Light and Design, his eyes shifted to the woman on his left, touching the straight black hair that fell to her shoulders. The woman turned her head. Then, because she was fascinated by Damian's gaze, her hand stretched out subconsciously to touch Damian's face.

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"Dirty!"

When the girl touched it, she suddenly returned to her mind and jumped in surprise, backing against the table with fear.

"I'm sorry, Sir."

Not only the girl but everyone in the room was already pale. They were trembling with fear. "I'm sorry, Sir." "How dare you touch Master Damian's precious body!" Brown pulled the woman's arm that had touched Damian's cheek roughly. Move her away from the table.

SLAP! SLAP!

Twice-hard slaps on the girl's cheeks.

"Haven't I warned you many times to be careful with your body? Master Damian doesn't like to be touched!" The girl knelt down on her knees, pleading. "I'm sorry. Sir, I'm sorry." +

The tension between everyone rose. They knew the girl had made a fatal mistake. Rumors that Damian Alexander didn't like to be touched by other people had spread among the company's top brass. Damian only gave a cold stare.

'Will the girl die?' They thought.

Assistant Brown really lived up to the gossip, ruthless and cold blooded. Brown had already pulled the kneeling girl's hair and was about to drag her out of the room.

“Forgive me, Sir, forgive me! I beg you, Sir.” She’s been crying.

Damian looked at the girl that Brown dragged. Hearing her cry, a pair of bright eyes appeared in his mind.

Livia cries, begging him.

“Let her go, Brown.”