

## Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 19

### Chapter 19

"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.

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."