

Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Brown stopped. He looked at Damian, who had just said his order.

At first, he thought he heard wrong, but when he saw Damian's eyes, he let go of the girl's hair.

"I'm sorry, Master, for causing a ruckus." He lowered his head. 'Did I just see Master Damian's gentle gaze on this girl?'

"Bring her here."

Brown pulled the arm of the girl who was still whimpering. Pain and fear were all mixed in her chest, shaking her body. Brown pushed herself down to her knees by the table.

"Why are you making her cry? Come, sit here." Damian patted the empty seat to his left. That's where the girl sat.

Everyone in the room trembled, shrinking in fear, thinking whether Damian wanted to punish the girl with his own hands. They look at each other, indicating they want to run away from the place right now.

'Tch,' Brown looked at them coldly.

Damian looked at the face of the woman beside him. Still, there were tears in the girl's eyes. "I am sorry, Sir." A soft voice still sounded from her tiny lips. "You made her cheeks red, Brown."

"I apologize, Master." Brown was still standing.

The others had already lowered their heads, not daring to look at the next scene. They really thought this was the tragic ending of the girl beside Damian.

"Get some ice to compress her cheeks."

"Yes, Master."

Brown walked out of the room while the others began to dare to peek through the corners of their eyes.

That girl is still okay. It's good.

Brown appeared from the doorway with compressing tools.

“Put it on your cheek.”

“Okay, Sir, thank you.” The girl grabbed the compress that Brown gave her. She glanced at the man who had slapped her earlier. His face was expressionless, but it just made her hands tremble again.

Brown returned to his seat.

“Why are you silent?” Damian turned to the living creatures in this room. Like they had just regained their lives, they gasped in shock.

“Uh, yeah. Sir, may I pour your drink?”

Damian grabbed his glass, and the young business partner’s face lit up with joy.

The party continued as if nothing had happened before.

“In the future, the family relaxing place is also in great demand.”

“I can’t wait for it.”

Brown was too tired to hear a chat that was just licking. Everyone speaks very well in front of Damian but always makes stupid mistakes.

He glanced at the girl beside Damian, the reddened cheeks he slapped earlier. Finally, she can smile and laugh again. But, she seemed to tremble again when she met Brown’s gaze.

“Why is your hair like this? Don’t you know a good hairstyle is like this?” Damian rolled the girl’s hair in his hands. Rolled it again and again. Then he let it go until it formed wavy hair.

Brown frowned, ‘What is going on?! Is he drunk? But he drank soda, not alcohol. That’s Miss Livia’s hair he talked about.’

Brown’s face looked like he had just found a treasure buried deep in the earth for a long time.

‘So your heart has gradually opened up to the young lady?’ Brown again tried to decipher the many events that had occurred recently.

“Okay, Sir, I will make my hair wavy, as you say.” She stammered but clearly.

“Wavy hair indeed is the best, isn’t it?” Damian curled the woman’s hair on her right and asked for another opinion.

Everyone quickly nodded, although they didn't understand why Damian suddenly discussed hair problems. The important thing is to

agree, let everyone be safe, so they thought.

"How much does it cost to make wavy hair like that?" Damian looked at Brown.

"Approximately hundreds of dollars, Young masters." Brown saw Damian take out a wallet in his trouser pocket. "It turns out that I don't have cash. So give your account number to Brown. He will transfer the money, and you can use it to make your hair wavy. That's more comfortable to look at."

"Oka, Sir." The girl's body trembled again as Damian's hand touched her hair once more.

"Do you want it too?" Damian talked to the girl next to his right again.

"Yes, Sir." She answered just to save herself.

"Brown, give them money to change their hairstyle." Damian looked at the women in the room.

"Okay, Young master."

Damian got up from sitting, and the others also got up immediately.

"Continue your party. You can contact Brown for the next contract."

"Okay, Sir, thank you. Thank you for your kindness."

The person from the lighting and design company beside him immediately lowered their heads and thanked him over and over again.

That night, for some reason, Assistant Brown felt that Damian was back like he was two years ago.