

## Flames Of Sizzling Desires Chapter 6 Desire Nightclub

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The manager played the video where Alfred Doyle appeared at the bar and misbehaved with Cara and the latter's face turned red watching the video. "I understand why you disappeared last night." The manager said.

"I am so sorry!" She mumbled.

"It's alright, child!" The manager smiled and Cara looked up at him. It has been so long since anyone called her child, and the five-letter word felt foreign to her ears. "My daughter is around your age. I understand how you must've felt. It shouldn't happen to anyone. I am sorry you faced this!"

Cara's vision blurred and a lone tear escaped from her eyes. "Thank you so much for understanding!" She pressed her lips in a straight line and the manager patted her back.

She sniffled, wiping tears off her cheeks. "Can you please delete this video? I beg you!" She requested. "I don't want this to come out, ever. I don't want my dad to be ashamed of me." She looked at him with doe-like eyes.

"I hope you will understand, sir."

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Aries walked to the reception and the receptionist's throat went dry watching the walking temptation in her direction. "I want to check the footage of last night." He said in his deep domineering voice, staring at her, and the receptionist gulped as she had to take permission from her superior.

"Sir, I need to take permission from my senior. Please wait in the lounge area." She gestured to one of the servers, but Aries shook his head.

"No! I can't wait. Get me the damn footage," He said in a high pitch and the receptionist was in a tight spot as he was asking for something out of her league.

"Sir, if you could just allow me some time....." She was requesting politely when Aries took out his phone and called the owner of the hotel. He explained the situation to him and handed the phone to the receptionist.

“Yes, sir! I’ll do it right now.” She ended the call, and gave the phone back to Aries, turning to the server standing near them. “Take Mr Grayson to the security room on the third floor,” She said.

The server gestured, and Aries followed his lead. They reached the third floor, and the server opened the door of the security room for Aries.

He impatiently walked inside, dragging out a chair for himself, and sat next to the security personnel. “Show me the footage of last night.” He said, crossing his leg, and the security personnel quickly got into action.

Aries’s grey eyes were pinned at the screen, looking for that one hint leading him to the woman he kissed last night. “Forward, show me the footage around eleven in the night,” He said and the security staff opened another file on his desktop but Aries couldn’t figure out anything from the footage.

“Show me the footage of the exit door which leads to the alley behind the hotel.” He added impatiently.

The security personnel nodded. “Sir, if you could tell me what exactly you’re looking for, I can help you better.” He said while Aries’s eyes stared at the staff walking around in the footage when the video abruptly stopped.

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“Deleted!” The manager said, deleting her footage from the party, and a smile appeared on Cara’s face.

“Thank you so much, sir!” Cara smiled.

“It’s no big deal!” He said and Cara stood up to leave.

“I’ll take my leave now. It was nice working with you.” She shook hands with him and exited.

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“What’s going on?” Aries asked, a deep frown appearing on his face. The security personnel tried playing the video again, but it showed that the source file was deleted.

“I’m sorry. There seems to be a problem with the footage.” He said, and Aries slammed his fist on the white desk cursing out and abruptly stood up to leave.

“I want the footage. If you get anything, send me on this number.” He wrote his number on the notepad and turned to leave. But something clicked to him and he stopped at the door, turning to him.

“I saw a CCTV camera on the back exit. Show me the footage.” He came back to him again and security personnel played the footage for him.

The footage was so dark that he could hardly see anything. The door opened, and a man walked out and Aries assumed it was him as the man lit his cigarette. Aries’s fingers were tapping on the desk, impatiently waiting for the door to open again, and finally, his wait came to a halt.

His fingers stopped tapping as he saw the door open again, and a girl stepping out. He saw the two figures making out in the dark alley, but recognising them was a tough job. The girl’s face was barely visible in the video.

Aries slammed his fist and rose from the chair. “Send this footage to me,” He ordered and walked out.

Cara was standing waiting for the elevator when Aries appeared behind her, doing something on his phone. “It’s a new beginning for you, Cara! Do your best!” She smiled, encouraging herself for the new job she got at the club.

Aries massaged his neck while watching the video again to find something when the elevator opened. Cara walked inside first and she briefly glanced at Aries while the latter was busy typing something on his phone walking inside the elevator, completely unaware of the presence of the one he was looking for, postponing all his meetings and delaying conferences.

The elevator dinged open on the ground floor and Aries walked out like a king, while Cara followed out meekly. As he walked out of the entrance of the hotel, the black Mercedes appeared and the chauffeur quickly opened the door of the backseat for Aries.

“Office!” He directed sliding his blue shade on and the car sped away while Cara stood there waiting for a taxi.

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At Desire Nightclub,

Cara wore a black mid-thigh skirt, and the panel of her white full sleeves shirt was neatly tucked into the waistband of her black skirt. She put on make-up and painted her lips in a dark shade of cherry red. Her dark blonde hair was up in a high ponytail and kohl was highlighting her hazel eyes.

“I am ready,” She smiled talking to her manager. He gave an up and down look at her and Cara turned nervous under his scrutinising gaze.

“Open the first two buttons of your shirt,” He said and Cara gulped looking at him like a scared kitten. “It’s important for our waitresses to look hot and desirable.”

“Oh... okay,” Cara sighed, opening the first two buttons, and the manager walked away. A brunette named Lydia appeared, and she assisted Cara by explaining her duties.

“You have to serve drinks to the guests. It’s an easy-breezy job to start with!” Lydia said, and Cara nodded. “But be careful, sometimes drunk men try to get nasty. If you enjoy it, no problem, but if you don’t enjoy it, bear with it but don’t ever get involved with them.”

“They are from the elite class and they can make your life hell in a blink of an eye. You know how to deal with those men, right?” Lydia asked, but before Cara could answer, the manager called Lydia and the latter gave her a tray full of drinks to serve before disappearing into the crowd.

Biting her lips, Cara moved to serve the drinks.

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At Police Station,

“I feel there is something we are missing out on!” Keith said to his superior, regarding the ongoing murder case. “I feel Mr Bradman has killed his wife and daughter!”

The officer nodded. “I do have my doubts about him!” He said. “But we don’t have any proof against him, not even a clue to doubt him.”

“We can assign our best detective to this case. The media are already involved in this case, questioning our credibility,” Keith said. “What do you think?”

“Okay, go for it. All I want is to close this file ASAP,” The officer stated and left his cabin. Keith relaxed in his chair, closing his eyes when his phone started ringing.

“Hello,” He sighed, tired after his day-long shift.

“Where the fuck are you?” The voice growled from the other side.

“What happened now?” Keith questioned in a tired voice.

“You promised to take me out tonight!!” The woman shrieked and Keith sat straight, opening his eyes.

“Babe, I am so sorry. It totally slipped from my mind! Can we go out tomorrow?” He asked politely.

“I am here at the Desire Nightclub, and if you didn’t reach here in twenty minutes. I am breaking up with you! I cannot live like this forever. You treat me like trash, Keith!” She ranted while Keith tried to explain to her, but she disconnected the call as she was in no mood to listen, it was their third date that he had spoiled because of his work commitment.

Keith huffed, looking at the blank screen, and left the station to go home, take a shower and reach the club to meet his girlfriend, Natalie.