

Chapter 15 POSSESSIVE DAMON

The two girls walked into a night club an hour later and smiled looking around the dimly lit room with music blazing in their ears, drunk people moving their sweaty bodies to it under the shining disco ball with cocktail glasses in their hands held high over their heads. They had just stepped into another world... a world of happiness and pure bliss. Holding on tight to Lilliana's hand, Tessa dragged the girl through the drunk crowd toward the bar and waved a bartender over to serve them. She took the lead as this was more familiar to her than it was to Lilliana.

Leaning forward over the bar counter, she yelled over the music "Give us two vodka cranberry cocktails", deciding to go slow at first. The bartender nodded and got to work immediately, preparing their drink. He pulled out two glasses with crushed ice already in them from below the counter and placed them on the counter top. Pouring the red liquid mixture over the white crystals, she added two small black straws; a lemon slice on the rim of each glass and a small umbrella in each for the finishing touch before sliding each glass in front of the two girls.

"Enjoy ladies" he said with a smile, under the impression that the two girls were old enough to be there and turned to serve other customers. Mumbling a small thank you, Lilliana grabbed her drink and turned around in her stool. She took a first sip of the drink and let out a groan of satisfaction at the delicious taste, ignoring the burn it left as it went down her throat.

"How about a dance?" Tessa suggested after two more drinks, holding out her hand for her friend's. The girl smiled drunkenly, looking back at the inviting dance floor and slowly raised her glass back to her red lips. She gulped down the rest of the cocktail and placed the now empty glass back on the counter before accepting her friend's hand. She allowed her to drag her deeper into the crowd and started dancing.

Unbeknownst to them, Damon stood just a floor above their heads in front of his black stained floor to ceiling window in his office. The window

overlooked the entire dance floor, giving him a perfect view of every drunk customer dancing there but only one caught his full attention... his little flower. She looked gorgeous in her red latex dress and red converse heels. Her exposed curvaceous body made it hard for any normal man in the room to not react to her beauty.

Scowling disapprovingly, he watched as she and her childhood friend drank more cocktails before going back to the dance floor. Hating how men immediately surrounded Lilliana the moment she started dancing, drunkenly wiggling her ass unaware of their predatory stares. His jaw clenched tight in anger when a boy even dared to wrap his hand around her tiny waist and Lilliana let him, dancing to the rhythm of his hips.

What was she even doing in his night club??

He groaned, What happened to his little flower who had a high intolerance of liquor?? He wondered. It made him angry to see men freely dancing with her with no obligations weighing heavily on them when he couldn't. He wanted nothing more than to waltz down there and break both of his hands for touching her or maybe gouge out his eyes for looking at her in that way but what reason would he give for doing that?? Was being her father's best friend ...her uncle reasonable enough??

Forcing his eyes shut, he shook his head silently reprimanding himself at the sudden feeling of jealousy surging through his body and blamed everything on that night. He wouldn't be feeling like he did had he not touched her like he did. In fact, he shouldn't have gotten himself drunk like that after promising his friend that he'd look after his daughter.

He walked away from the window before he did something he knew he'd enjoy but might cause trouble for Lilliana or worse ...drive her further away from him than she already seemed to be. He knew she had been avoiding him these past two days, always rushing back to her room whenever he stepped inside their house like she did earlier. Surprisingly, her behaviour always seemed to leave him conflicted. He didn't know how to feel... glad that she was respecting and keeping the boundaries between them clear like he indirectly asked she did or upset that now he hardly saw the girl let alone spoke to her.

Sitting back down behind his desk, he tried to do more work ...tried. It was hard to work knowing Lilliana was drunk downstairs, grinding her ass against some asshole's crotch but even harder with the images making rounds in his mind. Had she really grown that much for him to be



possessive over who touched her?? there were a lot of what ifs ...what if she decided to go home with him?? What if he forced her to?? What if she kissed him?? Was she kissing him at that moment??

"Fuck" He growled, banging his fists hard on the polished wooden desk and shot up from his chair sending it flying backward into the wall. He walked back to the window to check what she was doing and didn't like what he saw. Lilliana was indeed kissing the boy she had been dancing with. She had her hands locked around his neck, pulling his head down and their lips closer to each other as they kissed before pulling back and continued their sensual dance.

The kiss was short and probably sloppy because of their drunk state, seemingly meaningless to the girl but in Damon's eyes it was still a kiss. Since when did she go out late at night anyway?? And most importantly, wasn't she and her friend supposed to be sleeping like the girl had mentioned??

His blood boiled, letting out another growl he grabbed his leather jacket from around his chair and left the room to go get her. Slipping it on, he rushed down the staircase and only slowed down when he made it to the ground floor. He looked around over the drunk people's heads bobbing up and down to the loud music like air filled balloons in the air and almost lost his control when he saw her disappearing down the dark hallway leading to the vip rooms. He immediately ran after her, pushing anyone who stood in front of him aside.

Nothing innocent and friendly ever happened inside those rooms...