

SHAMELESS WITH MY FATHER'S MAFIA BEST FRIEND

CHAPTER TWO

NEVER SAY NEVER.....

An hour later, and a McLaren Mercedes SLR pulled up outside Roseville High school grabbing the attention of all the learners and some of teachers loitering in the school's parking lot. Lilliana unbuckled her safety belt and turned to the man "Thank you" she said, with a sweet smile on her face but the man only nodded looking down at his phone.

Letting out a deep sigh, she turned to the door. Hooking two fingers around the small car-door handle, she gently pulled and then pushed the passenger door open. She then grabbed her backpack from the floor next to her feet and stepped out of the car, closing the door behind her.

She stepped aside onto the pavement and watched the man drive off in his car before making her way across the lawn toward the parking lot to meet her friend. From a distance, a girl wearing the same school uniform as Lilliana could be seen standing next to a yellow mini-cooper with her backpack on the paved ground next to her feet. It was Lilliana's best friend Tessa, the two girls had known each other since childhood and like the girl, Tessa also was from a rich family. As she got closer, Tessa bent over to get her backpack from the paved ground and started walking toward her to meet her halfway. The two friends embraced each other in a warm greeting like they did every morning before gently stepping back.

Tessa frowned at the look on her friend's face and asked "Hey, what's with that look?? Wasn't that.." she had seen her step out of the sports car earlier and could've sworn the car was Damon Arnold Michaelson's but why was her friend not happy??

"Damon?? Yeah it was" Lilliana cut her off, pulling at the straps of her backpack.

"Is he still..." the girl nodded before Tessa even finished her sentence. Well aware of what she was about to ask, making her let out an exasperated sigh.

"I don't get it, why is he behaving like this?? What changed??" Her guess was as good as Lilliana's, what DID change?? That was the one question she yearned to hear the answer to from the man himself but knew he wouldn't give even if she were to beg him.

"Let's go" she said, and the two made their way toward the school's building's entrance.

"I can't believe you ditched me for nothing" Tessa grumbled, walking beside the girl and sadly... neither could Lilliana. What did she expect anyway?? She really needed to start differentiating her reality from her fantasies. Damon was not only her father's best friend but her uncle too, at least that's how her father saw him and that's how the man behaved.

Noticing the disappointment in the girl's face, Tessa quickly changed the subject into a lighter one and said "anyway, forget all that and tell me this... how did he look??" Instinctively, a shy smile tugged at the corners of Lilliana's lips when she thought back at the man's appearance. Trying to revive the beautiful picture her mind took of the man earlier.

"Handsome..." she started, as they walked through the double glass doors into the crowded hallway buzzing with the learner's morning chatter.

"...he was wearing a black three piece tailored Armani suit, his hair has grown longer and he shaved almost all of his beard leaving only a stubble.." she added, her face and voice noticeably dreamish as she gave her friend a clear description of Damon from their recent meeting.

"Aww, look at you daydreaming about your hot crush" Tessa teased, when they stopped in front of their lockers, which were located next to each other. Of course they weren't always like that, the locker next to Lilliana's used to belong to a boy from their school's basketball team. After some convincing and bribery, he finally curved and agreed to make the switch with Tessa but not before asking her to do his homework for that entire month of course. Lilliana rolled her eyes unlocking her locker, she pulled out the necessary books for her upcoming first three classes and shoved them inside her backpack.

Dreaming was saying too much, dreams came true if one worked hard enough on them. What she was doing could only be called wishful thinking because outside her head, Damon was never going to see her as more than his best friend's daughter and that was a fact she forced herself to accept everyday he provoked any sexual feelings in her, after all ...he did kinda raise her.

"And that's all he'll ever be ...a crush" she said, slamming her locker door close and swung her backpack over her shoulder just as Tessa said

"maybe..." doing the same, Lilliana looked at her with a questioning look on her face.

"...all I'm saying is, never say never ...you never know what might happen in the future" Tessa continued with a shrug of her shoulders. The girl only shook her head in uncertainty and continued down the hallway toward their first class, Physics. Other than PE, it was the only class the two friends shared.

Pushing the classroom door open, Lilliana walked in the empty class with her friend following close behind. They both made their way to their usual tables next to the window by the wall, with Tessa sitting in front of the girl. Dropping her backpack on her desk, she turned in her chair to face Lilliana and proceeded to tell her about the school's recent gossip.

"I mean it's not a surprise that they broke up, Valerie is every boy's girlfriend" she said, just as a teacher walked in the classroom. Mr Watson, a chubby middle-aged man. He taught Physics in their grade and of all the teachers in Roseville High, he was the most unliked. Few believed the subject he was teaching had a little something to do with the learners' dislike toward him but many argued that the problem was him. For a physical Science teacher he lacked chemistry,

always portrayed himself as grim and unapproachable which in return posed a threat to his teaching career but the man seemed to care less with each passing day.

"Everyone settle down," he ordered. Tessa, who was about to say more comforting words to her best friend, smacked her lips shut and quickly sat up straight facing her front. Following her example, Lilliana did the same. The once enthusiastic chatter in the classroom turned into silent whispers as all the learners turned to the front of the class where the teacher stood with a small pile of papers in his hands. Giving him their full attention like he always demanded they did.

"...following last week's practical in the science lab, I've decided to give you a surprise test to see just how far you've understood ...individually" the teacher announced and a disapproving murmur arose from the learners. Unbothered by their negative response to his announcement, the middle-aged man continued "...you will have only 45 minutes to finish the test, now clear your desks" and proceeded to give out the tests sheets from row to row.

"...the time is..." he looked down at his wrist watch "...08:40, try not to cheat" he said, walking back to the front of the class. Turning around to face the learners, his eyes scanned the entire room moving from one table to another to make sure his order had been followed before clapping his hands together.

"Okay everyone, you may start writing," he said and walked to the teacher's desks to sit down. All the while, every head in the room bowed as if in a trance and the sound of rustling pages filled the room as every learner studied the questions.

45 minutes later and the teacher announced "Time is up" once again clapping his hands together to signal everyone to stop writing and said "...close your answer sheets and pass it onto the person in front of you" the room filled with another round of disapproving murmur as the learners did as they were told.

Giving her paper to Tessa, Lilliana leaned sideways to get her backpack from the floor. Putting it on her lap, she cleared her desk throwing her pencil case inside the sack just as Mr Watson started "for your home work this weekend.." then stopped, interrupted by a deep groan coming from the back of the classroom.

Everyone turned to see whom it was just as one of the boys grumbled "oh come on... we just wrote your test, let our brains heal" with a pained look on his face. Chuckling softly Lilliana shook her head and looked at her wrist watch to check the time. With only a few minutes left before the school's bell rang, she took out her phone and played a game to pass the time.

Meanwhile across the city, Damon pulled up outside the D.M.A tower ...one of his many hotels and jumped out of his car. Leaving the key inside for the valet, he made his way into the hotel. Jackson met up with him in the lobby and walked with him to his private elevator.

"They're all already inside" he informed, pressing on the elevator button for the golden doors to open and waited. A minute later, his phone rang just as the doors parted. Looking at the caller ID his brows narrowed in distress.

Damon noticed and immediately enquired "what is it??"

Shaking his head, Jackson said "I'm not sure but I'll find out..." and looked up at his friend before adding "you should go deal with those greedy idiots, I'll handle this" and accepted the call before walking away. Damon got inside the elevator and pressed his thumb on the 13th floor button just as the doors slammed close, the elevator took him to the conference room located at the top of the tower.

DING!! The doors opened again. He stepped out of the elevator onto the empty hallway and made his way toward the only doors on that floor. Pushing them open, everyone in the room stood up in feigned respect to welcome him.

"No need to be fake, I already know why you're here," Damon said, stepping into the room and walking around the long rectangular glass table to the chairperson's chair just as the investors took back their seats. He stopped at the head of the table and unbuttoned his jacket, pulled the chair back a little to allow him space to sit and made himself comfortable. Leaning back in the leather chair, he stared at the people in front of him to start talking.

"Ahem..." a woman seemingly the bravest of them, cleared her throat and started "while you've been away, there's been some changes. A lot of changes" and the next hour was spent discussing the rise and fall of stocks in the past month and how they were affecting the company but most importantly their profits.

"...if this continues, I'm afraid we'll have to pull back and cut our losses short" she finished and the rest of them nodded in agreement before turning to the man for his reaction. Damon let out a soft dark chilling chuckle. This had to be a joke, were they really threatening him??

Shaking his head in amusement, he leaned forward and rested both of his forearms on the glass. He looked around the table at the daring men and women, loving how they all squirmed under his burning gaze and quickly looked away when their eyes met with his cold blue ones. He opened his mouth to give them a befitting reply but stopped when suddenly, the doors to the conference room flew open.

Every head in the room snapped in the direction and saw Jackson standing between the glass doors. They all knew his reputation and his presence made some of the investors swallow nervously, already regretting the choices they had just made. While others like ducks in the lake, feigned calmness on the outside but were sweating like pigs in fear underneath their clothing.

Looking past all their curious stares, Jackson made a gesture with his hand for Damon to look at his phone before leaving. Damon reached inside his pocket and pulled out his phone. The frown on his face quickly turned into a scowl when he turned it on and a notification popped up on the screen.

Reading the text, he shot up from his chair and said to the investors "I'll deal with all of you later" before strutting out of the room searching for his best friend.

He found him waiting for him by the elevator and asked "what's wrong with the shipment??" The man gave him his phone. Damon's hand tightened around the electronic in anger as he watched the video playing on the screen. It showed a shootout between his men and another group from an unknown division before they escaped with two of his trucks.

“Find whoever is responsible and bring him to me, I'll make an example out of him” he ordered, through clenched teeth and gave the phone back to his friend just as the elevator doors opened before stepping inside.