

SHAMELESS WITH MY FATHER'S MAFIA BEST FRIEND

CHAPTER FIVE

TESSA'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.....

On his friend's humble request, Damon walked out of one of his hotels after yet another meeting toward his car with his phone over his ear. Ready to go pick up Lilliana from school "I don't care, don't contact me again unless you know something useful about those Russians" he growled at one of his men on the other side of the line before disconnecting their call and jumped in the driver's seat of his car. Pushing on the start button the car's ignition roared back to life, he drove out of the driveway to Roseville High straight from his office.

He pulled up outside the school gates in yet another expensive sports car at exactly 15:30 in the afternoon, thirty minutes after the school bell had long ran releasing the learners to go back to their respective homes. The parking lot was already full of learners and all of them couldn't help but turn around at the sight of the man. The girls who recognized him from Forbes' recent magazine issue, even took out their phones to click a few photos as he looked around the yard for Lilliana but she was nowhere to be seen and so was her friend.

Leaning against his car, he reached in his pocket and pulled out his phone. Dialling his best friend's number, he placed the phone over his ear and waited for him to accept the call "what happened??" Came Jackson's worried voice after just three rings.

Damon rolled his eyes and grumbled "I'm unable to locate Lilly, where is she??"

"What do you mean to locate her?? You're not there to kill her but to pick her up.." Jackson stopped, took a deep breath in before continuing "...and besides, you went there early ...she's still rehearsing"

"Where??"

"The ice rink right across her school"

Damon ended the call as soon as he found out the girl's whereabouts and immediately made his way across the street. Walking through the doors, he was met by Oscar.

"how may I help you??" The old man enquired, squinting his eyes suspiciously at Damon. He had never seen the man at the Ice rink before.

"I'm looking for a girl named Lilliana. " Damon noted, showing him a picture of Lillian. A smile spread across Oscar's wrinkled face at the mentioning of the girl's name.

"Oh Liana is still in the rink, go through those doors" he said, pointing in the direction of another glass door. Nodding his head, Damon made his way in the direction. Music could be heard playing inside as he pushed the door open and from a distance, he could see Lilliana on the ice with her partner. He soundlessly walked to the seats outside the rink and sat down to watch.

He waited until the rehearsal was over and got up his seat just as a frowning Lilliana skated toward the rink's exit. She waved at him to get his attention and said "I'll be right back" before walking away toward the locker rooms with Cameron. Their coach turned to see whom she was talking to and smiled at the man, like many other women mesmerised by his handsome face and well built physique as he stood there still in his formal clothes with his jacket unbuttoned in the front.

She secretly fixed her hair and checked her teeth on the screen of her phone before making her way toward Damon.

"hello, I'm Jasmin Bassett... Lilliana and Cameron's dance coach, you must be??" She introduced herself, holding out her manicured hand for Damon's.

Accepting her hand, the man said "I'm Damon... Damon Michaelson, I'm her father's friend" for some unknown reason, he never liked telling the world that he was Lilliana's supposed uncle.

"Oh, I um I saw you watching... she's very talented" Mrs Bassett said, trying to start a conversation but the man showed little to no interest. Nodding his head nonchalantly, he took out a pack of cigarettes and pulled out one. Sticking it between his lips before taking out his lighter and lit it. He took a deep breath in of the toxic smoke and held it in his mouth for a few seconds before exhaling. He walked away from the woman to wait outside the building for the girl.

Lilliana walked out the locker rooms minutes later back in her school uniform. She looked around the rink for Damon before walking to her coach "where did he go??" She asked, the woman pointed at the glass doors with discontent before getting her things and left. Finding her behaviour odd, what happened to her?? Lilliana wondered but didn't give it much thought as she didn't want to keep Damon waiting any longer. She hugged Cameron goodbye and rushed out of the Ice rink.

"I'm here" She announced, stopping next to the man. Looking down at her, Damon nodded and took a last puff of his cigarette before dropping the butt on the paved ground and crushed it with his foot. He then took the girl's small hand in his huge one and crossed the street to get to his car. He opened the passenger door for her and waited until she was safely seated inside before walking around to get in behind the wheel and turned the car's ignition on.

"Seatbelt" he said, Lilliana slightly turned to the side in her seat to grab the belt and moved it across her chest to the other side of her waist.

"Why didn't dad come to get me??" She enquired not ready for another awkward ride with the man.

"He had a lot of work to do, what is it?? You don't like me driving you home??" Damon asked, the question swinging between him possibly being playful or offended, the girl doubted it was the first option.

"I... no, I... of course not" to the girl's surprise, he let out a deep haughty laugh when she stuttered trying to explain herself. Grumbling absurdities under her breath, Lilliana leaned back in her seat and looked outside the window at the tall buildings racing past their car.

They drove in silence for a few minutes until Lilliana's phone vibrated with a notification. Pressing her thumb on the bottom of the screen to unlock it, a notification appeared at the top of the screen... a reminder of her best friend's birthday that was on Wednesday, tomorrow. Remembering that she hadn't bought her a gift yet, she turned to Damon and nervously asked "can we go to the mall??"

"No" The man said almost immediately, causing a frown to form on the girl's face.

"what?? why not??" She asked, looking at him but he had his eyes stuck on the road in front of him.

"Your father asked me to take you home and that's what I'm doing, he didn't say anything about taking you to the mall" Damon said, still not looking at her.

"But, I need to buy a birthday gift for Tessa" Lilliana argued almost pleadingly but the man didn't seem to care or hear as he continued driving toward her home.

She groaned, taking out her phone and logged in an app to request an Uber before saying "drop me here then"

Damon stole a glance away from the road to see if she was serious and asked "what??"

"Drop me here, I'll get an Uber later to take me home"

"No you won't" with Russians still intruding on his territory on a daily basis, his best friend would surely have his head if he let Lilliana go anywhere alone.

"I've already called it Damon, it's on its way and besides... if you stubbornly take me home, I'll just have to take it back to the city which means you'd have just wasted your precious time" Lilliana said with a shrug, trying to come off as unbothered as she can while she was nervously freaking out on the inside and looked outside the window.

A few seconds passed and the man groaned in defeat "fine" he said and immediately made a U-turn back to the city.

"I'm also gonna need your bank card" Lilliana informed, as they made their way to the centre of the city "...Or cash, if you have some" she quickly added when the man turned to her, stifling a giggle when he let out another groan.

Thirty minutes later, Damon pulled up in the mall's underground garage and turned the car's ignition off before stepping out of the car. Once again taking Lilliana's hand in his, he led her into the mall.

"Buy whatever you want," he said, taking out his wallet and pulled out his black card as they walked into their first store.

"Thank you" the girl said, hesitantly reaching out her hand to take it from between his fingers before hurrying deeper into the store leaving him behind. The man took a seat in one of the chairs and looked at his phone all the while keeping an eye on the girl as she timidly looked around the products and chose a few she liked before using Damon's card to pay and the two moved on to the other stores.

After hours of going in and out of different stores: jewellery, lingerie and clothing stores trying to find the perfect gift for her friend she finally decided on a bracelet. A silver chain with beautiful intricates and diamonds decorating it but what really drew her attention to it was the italic letter T hanging on the side also decorated in diamonds. She had heard Tessa gush over something like the bracelet more than one time.

She had the salesperson pack it up in a small gift box before leaving the jewellery store with a complaining Damon following close by and made her way toward the mall's exit into the underground garage. She opened the trunk of the car for Damon to put her shopping bags inside before walking around to get in the car.

"Remind me to never do that again with you" Damon grumbled getting in the driver's side a minute later, Lilliana only chuckled strapping on her seatbelt. They reversed out of the parking spot and drove out of the garage getting back on the road.

Damon's phone rang with a call from Jackson, unsure if it was safe or not for the girl to hear the contents of the call whatever they may be. He plugged his Bluetooth device in his ear before accepting the call "yes??"

"Come to the eastern warehouse, we caught one of the invaders," Jackson informed, the muscles on Damon's clenched jaw. His grip around the steering wheel tightening in both anticipation and anger, finally they had found someone for him to vent all of his frustration on.

"I'm on my way" he said, before ending the call and took the Bluetooth device out of his ear, tossed it inside the cup holder and focused back on the road.

An hour and a half later, he stopped outside his friend's home and patiently waited for the girl to get all of her shopping bags from inside his trunk before driving off to the said warehouse. Suspecting nothing, Lilliana walked in the house heading straight upstairs to her bedroom with the shopping bags. Dropping them on her bed, she took off her blazer, her jordans suffocating her feet and undid her tie before getting on the bed to unpack. Starting with Tessa's gift, she placed it inside one of the nightstand drawers.

Meanwhile, in the eastern warehouse just outside the city about three hours away from the Barnette residence. A man sat in the middle of the dimly lit basement bound to a steel chair. As he waited for Damon, he was subjected to a tirade of abuse and different methods of torture from Jackson and some of his men. They had strangled him, beat him, broke some of his bones, peeled some of his fingernails and as a final touch to their work of art nailed both of his palms flat on the chair's armrests. Everytime his body succumbed to the pain, they poured freezing cold water with ice still in it over his head to keep him awake.

Jackson warned him that what they were doing was just a warm up compared to what Damon was going to do to him once he arrived but the man stubbornly kept mum, he refused to say a word against his boss.

He flinched when the basement door suddenly opened and lifted his head to see whom it was this time, there for their share of torturing his already battered body. There wasn't a part on his body that wasn't bruised His body hurt so much, in so many different ways that he couldn't focus on anything else. He hated being in his own skin more so that he felt death would be a blessing, one he'd never get a chance to neither accept nor decline. Damon was never going to let him go that easily without getting the answers to all of his questions.

Damon stepped in the room and walked to the steel table by the wall brandishing different torturing devices. He took off his jacket and neatly placed it on the table before approaching the bleeding man in the room, moaning and groaning in pain with every breath he took. He stopped in front of him and grabbed a chair, placed it a couple of feet away from him and sat down comfortably leaning his back on the backrest with his legs manspread. He silently examined his bruises searching for a place to put his mark and felt proud when he found none. His men had done quite an impressive job on their victim.

Leaning forward, a sharp tool flashed in his tattooed hands as he spoke ...his personal favourite weapon. A double blade dagger with his initials engraved on its side "This is what we're going to continue doing, for every wrong answer you give I'll rip off one of your body parts ...there's plenty you don't need to be alive" he paused, to see the desired effect of his words on the man.

The look on his face sinister, cold and calculating as he continued "...and when there's nothing else left, I'll think of something else but I will never let you die so I suggest you start talking" he leaned back in his seat, giving his victim a chance to make the right decision but of course he chose the latter.

"Fuck you" the man spewed in his thick Russian accent and immediately clenched his teeth suppressing another moan of pain as his gums ached in areas where his tooth were now missing. He spit blood at Damon to show his disgust and disregard for the man, the blood landing on the man's shining shoe. Instead of losing control and snapping his neck out of anger, Damon calmly reached in his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief to wipe it clean before getting up and walked back to the table to put on a plastic apron and a pair of plastic sleeves to protect his clothes from any of the blood splatters.

His eyes once again scanned over every tool capable of inflicting pain in its own way when handled right by the right hand and stopped on his dagger. Taking it back in his hand, he traced its sharp edge with his finger leaving a small crimson line behind. His lips stretched into a creepy lopsided grin as he stalked back to his victim, spinning the sharp blade between his fingers.

"One last chance, who sent you??" He asked, hovering dangerously over the man. Shaking with fear and in pain the man said nothing, he was taught betrayal was not an option from where he came from but sacrifices were necessary and he would rather take hours of torture than give him up ...that's how terrified he was of his boss. But his determination and stupid show of his loyalty was slowly faltering as Damon worked on his body, as promised he didn't hold back. Slicing his left ear from his head and threw it on his lap before walking around him to cut off his other ear, then walked around to pay attention to his face.

Holding his head back with one hand he used the other to gauge out the first eye, a blood curdling scream filled the room as he tried to get away from his attacker. Damon continued until he fell unconscious, he felt the side of his neck for a pulse and sighed when he had one but it was very faint. He couldn't afford to have the man die, if not answers to his questions then he'll surely beg for death. Standing upright he took a step back from him and asked "Any news on the trucks??" taking off the plastics that've been protecting him.

"We found the trucks.." Jackson said, leaning against the wall behind him with a cigarette between his lips. Letting out a silver cloud of smoke he continued with a shrug " ...but they were empty, they took the cocaine with them when they fled from our guys"

Damon let out an exasperated groan, walking back to the steel table to get his jacket, he was slowly losing his patience with the idiotic Russians who thought taking England from him was the best idea. It had taken him years to get all four countries of the United Kingdom under his reign and he was not about to give them away without a fight, a fight in which they'll die of course.

"Check all the harbour ports, it's gonna be hard for them to transport that much cocaine ...I'll go check on Lilly" he said before walking out of the warehouse and getting inside his car, he drove back to his friend's house.

Walking in, he found Lilliana sound asleep on a sofa in the living room curdling a fury ball and the tv still playing. Not wanting to disturb her sleep, he left his jacket on the table in the welcoming hall and made his way toward her. Scowling when the ball moved, as Snowflake cautiously lifted her head at the sound of approaching footsteps to see whom it was but soon relaxed when she noticed a familiar face and rested its head back on its front paws. Damon rolled his eyes and grabbed a throw on the sofa's armrest and spread it over the girl's sleeping form. He turned the TV off and walked up the stairs to his bedroom to freshen up before going to sleep.