

Just How Much Money Was He Worth

Samantha

The evening was going wonderfully. After we danced, we sat at tables. We conversed with clients and others that Dashawn had introduced me to. I had garlic chicken with garlic asparagus and a baked potato. There was chocolate mousse for dessert. It was light and uffy. The rst spoonful I took I let out a soft moan. I saw Dashawn stiffen next to me and I looked at him. His eyes blazed at me with an emotion I couldn't decipher.

"Are you okay?" I asked, licking my lips.

His gaze followed my tongue and then snapped back to me.

"I'm ne," he said, his voice strained.

I shrugged and went back to my dessert. When I was nished, I couldn't help licking my spoon and when I did, I inadvertently made eye contact with Dashawn. My tongue slowly licked the remnants of the mousse off my spoon, and then I put it down.

He was breathing a little heavily.

I blushed, I must have looked like a pig.

"Sorry, I love chocolate mousse. Well, I love sweets, I don't get to eat a lot of them. I try to keep it from my diet, but I just couldn't help myself tonight. Sorry, I'm rambling," I chuckled, embarrassed.

"I don't think I have ever seen someone enjoy chocolate mousse so thoroughly, it was interesting to watch."

His eyes bore into me and I laughed nervously.

"I am going to the restroom, I will be right back," I said.

"Hurry, the auction is about to start."

I nodded and got up. I asked a waiter to point out the way to the restroom. As I was walking towards it, a hand grabbed my wrist. Startled, I looked up and my eyes widened.

"Samantha, I thought that was you."

"El...Elliot what?" I was at a loss for words.

He chuckled, his eyes roamed my face, and then they took a journey along my body and back.

"You are as gorgeous as ever. What are you doing in New York City?"

I got my composure back and took my wrist out of his hand. He had started to rub the underside with his thumb and I felt uncomfortable.

"I live here. I work for Star Media. I am the CEO's Personal Assistant. Why are you here?"

"I have lived here for two years. I joined my grandfather's law rm. Interesting how we are both in the same city. Seems like fate."

I scoffed, "No, more like Christmas bad luck."

His eyebrows lifted, "I don't think it's bad luck, I haven't seen you since the Christmas dance where you ditched me."

"I ditched you? You mean when you were balls deep in my best friend talking sh*t about me and saying you were going to dump me after you took my cherry?"

"I was young and dumb," he said.

I looked at him up and down, "I don't see a difference now."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Still holding a grudge?"

"You hurt me, it isn't something one forgets."

He stepped closer to me, his hand going to my waist before I could step back. He held me rm, and I couldn't get out of his grip. He was too close. I grabbed his wrists, trying to get them off of me.

He leaned forward and whispered, "You have to let the past go, Sammy. I've never forgotten you, you're the one that got away. Tell me baby, do you still have that cherry? I still want you to be mine, even if you don't."

"Let go of me," I said, through gritted teeth. Like I would ever give him the time of day again. I felt his ngers ex.

"You are so beautiful and smell so good."

"I believe the lady has told you to let go of her," an icy voice said. My eyes closed. Thank God he came looking for me.

Elliot stepped back from me and dropped his hands. A strong arm came around my waist, a hand on my stomach pressing me, and I felt my back against a hard chest.

"Mr. Krew." Elliot said.

"Mr. Buffoon." I snorted at Dashawn's slight.

"It's Beesom," Elliot said, through clenched teeth.

Dashawn just hummed. "Didn't you have to use the restroom, baby?" He said, close to my ear.

Baby?

I cleared my throat, "Yes, excuse me."

I strolled away and looked behind me. Dashawn was staring Elliot down. The look on his face was dangerous. I looked at Elliot, and I was surprised to see he was actually holding his own, but I could see a slight paleness to his skin tone.

When I came out of the bathroom, Dashawn was waiting for me in the hallway. He grabbed me by the arms and pushed me lightly against the wall. He caged me in with arms on either side of my head and leaned in close.

"Why was Elliot Beesom so close to you?"

"He's the ex I told you about in high school. I had no idea he was in New York."

"You need to stay away from him. I do not want to see you alone with him again. Do you understand me?"

"I don't want to be alone with him, he made me nervous," I confessed.

His icy eyes softened, and he brought his left hand to my face. He grazed his ngertips down my cheek.

"Let's get back. We have the auction, and then I will take you home. We have a busy day tomorrow, and then it's the weekend. I will need you to come home with me. I have some club business to take care of, and I want you there."

"You want me to come to your club?"

"You are my PA, are you not? You are to cater to my every need?"

I gulped, he made it sound so erotic. I nodded. He smiled, and his smile was predatory. I could feel my cheeks blush. Dear Lord, he was hot.

He grabbed my hand, and we went back to our table. I found the auction fascinating. Unique items were auctioned off, and for gobs amount of money. An antique paintbrush that was said to be owned by Jackson Pollock came up. I saw Dashawn straighten. He and ve others bid furiously for the brush. It was extremely exciting. Dashawn's satisfaction oozed off of him as he got the brush for two million. My mouth dropped. Two million for a used paint brush, although it was Jackson Pollock's, but still? Wow. A knife called The Gem of the Orient came next. Once again, Dashawn and three others bid for it. He won it, for three million. Just how much money was he worth?

A musket that red the rst shot in the Battle of Bunker Hill went for ve hundred thousand. Dashawn snatched that up. Three more items came and went that he wasn't interested in. A pair of boxing gloves signed by Muhammad Ali went for twenty-ve thousand, won by Dashawn. Ruby slippers worn by actress Judy Garland, Dashawn bid viciously for, gave the winning bid for twenty-eight million. He bid out an older lady that gave him such a stink eye, I couldn't help giggling. He turned to me and smiled. I could see the pride rolling off of him. He was having the time of his life. Elvis Presley's cherry red guitar he got for ve million. I could only shake my head. I couldn't imagine why he needed all these things. The last item up for auction had my jaw dropping. On a pale gold chain was a 100-carat teardrop diamond that was once worn by Queen Mary of Scots. It was huge and beautiful. The man who got this for his woman was going to be very happy when that woman thanked him. I thought with a chuckle.

I listened as three gentlemen were bidding for it, smiling at the women sitting next to them. All three of them seemed excited. A new voice entered the bidding and I looked over and saw it was Elliot. His eyes were glued to me, every time he outbid one of the men.

"Twenty-ve million going once, twenty-ve million going twice, so..."

"Fifty million," Dashawn called out. My head snapped to him. His jaw was clenched. Why would he bid? Was there someone special in his life? Did he lie to me, when he said he didn't date?

I was lost in thought when the gavel slammed down and I jumped. The smug, satished smile on Dashawn's face, for some reason, made me feel sad. I couldn't understand why. But all I could think was, whatever woman he gave that to was really lucky.