

Chapter 297- Claw Marks

Don Denzel had a pile of work waiting for him. These were basically dons and businessmen who were seeking a face-to-face meeting with him.

As he tried to schedule time for these meetings to avoid conflicting with his plans to leave for the pack, his intercom rang.

"Don, Amarissa is here to see you on behalf of her father," Cordelia said through the intercom. Amarissa was the Mafia King's daughter and the heir to her father's businesses. www.noelworm.com

As such, Denzel could not refuse to see her. "Send her in."

There was a slight knock before the door

pushed open. Denzel was busy on the MacBook in front of him, but when the strange perfume scent permeated through the office along with the clicking sound of high heels, he lifted his head before lowering it instantly.

"Didn't your father teach you how to dress?"

Amarissa's skimpy dress only covered her buttocks, leaving her thighs and back bare. The red fabric only covered her breasts and waist, leaving her midsection bare.

Amarissa was a woman on a mission, determined to make Don Denzel hers.

"Come on, Denzel, this is a club," she shrugged. Denzel did not look at her as he spoke, leaving her standing awkwardly at the entrance she had just entered from.

"I guess you missed your destination. The clubs are on the first, second, and third floors." He would have sent her away instantly if Godic were here, but the remaining bodyguards were not experienced in such matters and might even cause problems for him.

Amarissa smiled awkwardly, seeing how Denzel was not giving her the attention she craved. "I mean, I intend to stay after work so you could take me around."

"I'm too busy for that. I will arrange for someone else to take you," Denzel responded nonchalantly, still not looking at her.

"That would be unfair. You should think about the proposal I am bringing on board."

She cat-walked to his desk and leaned against it, causing Denzel to wheel himself

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back slightly as she removed a document from her handbag and gave it to him.

As soon as Denzel took the document, she sat on the table, since Denzel's attention shifted to the document in his hand, and before he knew it, a familiar female voice thundered from the entrance.

"What are you doing on his desk? Get out," Valerie raged.

Denzel stood up instantly and hastened to her side to calm her, but Amarissa made no attempt to get off the table, rather crossing her legs and almost exposing her naked buttocks.

Since Denzel had not told her himself, she could not be bothered but also did not like the way Don Denzel looked as if he was afraid of the woman.

Who was she to have that power over him when Don Denzel never feared anyone? "Val, please calm down."

Valerie shook her head, her anger rising at the fact that the woman made no attempt to get off the table.

She knew this was a company but the woman in the red rags looked more of a sex worker in what she was wearing.

Denzel's only reason for rushing to stop Valerie was his fear that she might hurt Amarissa, and being the Mafia King's only daughter, that would cause problems for him. www.noelworm.com

"No, you back off. This is between me and her," Valerie snarled. Though in office wear, she looked graceful, even in her anger.

It was so difficult for Denzel to see any error in her, but he could feel from her emotions through the bond that she wasn't in for a fight and allowed her to do as she pleased.

Valerie closed in on Amarissa, her anger evident as Valerie spoke in a low growl.

"Where you are sitting is taken, and I don't mean the table. You can either have my foot or my fist and each of them comes with a set of claw marks."

Alpha Denzel choked on laughter from the way Amarissa got off the table and straightened her dress.

Amarissa, who had never seen nor heard Denzel laugh before, was shocked that this woman had him wrapped around her fingers, as she looked pitifully at Denzel.

"Don, this woman wants to abuse me. What would my father think?" She was trying to buy his sympathy, but as long as Valerie did not touch Amarissa, Denzel overlooked everything.

"You are lucky she didn't touch you. Now leave. I will check the proposal and discuss the rest with your father."

Disappointment flashed in Amarissa's eyes. It was just as Aurora had told her. This woman was the only one who brought out Don Denzel's other side.

For how she did it, Amarissa wanted to know. "But I am the one handling it."

Valerie pulled a chair for her. "Then sit here and talk to him. If you get any closer, you will not have a face to call yours."

The thickness of the possession in her voice caused Denzel to smirk. He wasn't the only possessive one after all.

"Only if you excuse us," Amarissa bargained, though she feared a little, but Valerie did not allow her to play her game, outrightly rejecting her.

"That will never happen." She wrapped her arms protectively around Denzel's waist, and he smiled at her.

The intensity of his smile only intensified his handsome features, and Amarissa was falling deeper for a man she could not have.

"Then I'd rather leave." www.noelworm.com

She expected Denzel to stop her, but that did not happen as Denzel rather pulled Valerie into his arms like a baby, asking

carefully.

"Are you alright?"

Amarissa's eyes nearly popped out. "How could a lioness be treated like a baby? Or is this Don Denzel's type? The wild rose?"

She had to think of another way to win him over. As soon as the door closed, Valerie pulled away and showed the video to Denzel.

His gaze darkened dangerously, and he picked up the intercom. "Cordelia, arrange an all-staff meeting at the club hall in two hours. Even those who are off duty must attend."

Cordelia's heart thumped in her chest. The last time she organized a meeting like that was two years ago, and it was terrible.