

Chapter 298- Denzel is my man

When Denzel dropped the intercom, he dialed the Mafia King's number. The middle-aged man was excited to see his call and spoke as soon as he answered it.

"Denzel, do you agree with the proposal?"

On the contrary, Denzel's voice was rather cold as he responded. "My wife is checking it, but the next time your daughter comes to my office dressed like that or acts inappropriately, I won't mind losing those billions in profit shares."

Denzel was a businessman, but when it concerned his wife, he did not mind losing the money.

Valerie was smart enough to know that he

was innocent and only directed her anger towards Amarissa, but Denzel wanted to ensure that such a situation did not happen in his office again.

The Mafia King was taken aback by the turn of the conversation and asked, "Can you explain it calmly?"

Denzel refused to repeat his words and only replied with a warning. "You should ask your daughter, and if she lies to you, that is not my fault." He ended the call soon after.

In the Mafia King's office, Amarissa entered with tear-filled eyes. "Dad, I met a woman in Denzel's office, and she insulted me."

The man looked at the revealing outfit his daughter wore and felt ashamed. There was a limit to being sexy, but the dress was outrageous.

It was almost as if his daughter was walking around in a bikini when she was not at the beach.

"Insulted? How?" He trusted that for his sake, Denzel would not have allowed anyone to harm his daughter.

"Nothing shows on you that you have been abused, and how could you go to his office looking like that? Do you not care about the dignity of the company?"

The Mafia King was the highest authority in the supply of guns and gunpowder, but Denzel had the highest clientele there was.

"Come on, Dad, I wore a coat to cover it. I only removed it when I got to your door," she lied, but her father did not believe her.

"Did you also cover yourself with the same

coat when in Denzel's office?"

Amarissa was speechless and replied teasingly, "Dad, Denzel is my man."

The middle-aged man refrained from directly discouraging her and spoke softly to her instead.

"Amarissa, come and have a look." She approached, and when she saw the pictures captured by secret cameras, her jaws dropped.

"That is the woman who insulted me. How could Denzel complain about the way I'm dressed when she also wore that?" Amarissa could not accept it, especially when Denzel asked her if her father did not teach her how to dress.

Her father answered her question. "She was

in a club, and you were in his office. Was she dressed the same way when you went there?" He stared at the picture and glared at his daughter.

It was a picture taken at the first club Valerie went to with Alessia. "No, but..." Her father cut her off abruptly.

"That is not the point I'm trying to make. That woman has killed three dons, and there is confidential news among the dons that she is a secret assassin. She was avenging Don Denzel because of the gun shot that paralyzed him. That is what was recorded by the don who witnessed everything."

Amarissa froze, feeling lucky for not being made an obituary, but she could only be thankful for Denzel's presence. Had he not been there, things might have turned out differently, especially considering the warning Valerie gave her about the claw

marks.

"How could Denzel marry such a woman?"

Her father replied once again. "Does it not occur to you that he must have trained her himself? Look at this picture too." He pushed a picture towards her showing Denzel holding a fragile woman's hand delicately.

"Denzel has another woman?" She was shocked by the revelation, but her father was ashamed of her ignorance.

"No. That was the first woman he took an interest in, but she was killed, and the person who masterminded the act, I heard from other dons, was eliminated by Denzel."

The color drained from Amarissa's face, and she asked him, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Simple. Stay away from Don Denzel, and you shall live long. I don't want to lose you."

"I sure don't want to die, but who is she?" Amarissa asked with interest. At first, she thought Don Denzel must have been charmed by Valerie's beauty, but her wild side confused her.

"There is nothing on her except for her name, Valerie Lawn, and the fact that she is Don Denzel's wife, but there are no court registrations of their marriage either."

A sigh of relief escaped Amarissa at the news. "Then he's just using her to scare women away." Her father shook his head. How could his daughter be so ignorant?

"Not so. The fact that we don't know of her whereabouts means that his whereabouts are also unknown. Denzel disappears and

appears whenever he likes, and no one is able to trace him."

"The moment he enters his chopper, all the spies we set around him lose him after at most thirty minutes. Denzel must be part of a secret organization, and so is his wife. Aside from business, I would entreat you to please stay away from him, okay?"

His voice was soft, but Amarissa feared because of what she encountered with Valerie. She was certain that if not for Denzel, Valerie would have hurt her badly. Reluctantly, she obeyed.

"Okay."

Codelia was in the office when her intercom rang. It was Aurora. "Codelia, why the emergency meeting? I don't think I can make it."

Aurora sounded as if she was still half-asleep, and Codelia was quick to warn her.

"You better not be late if you don't want to get on Don Denzel's nerves."

"Tell me what happened." The sleep seemed to have slightly cleared from Aurora's eyes as she asked the question.

"His wife entered the office when Amarissa was there. She came out looking upset and did not even say goodbye. A few minutes later, Don called me on the intercom to schedule the meeting. He sounded colder than ice itself."

Aurora had a feeling that Valerie had ruined what she planned with Amarissa. "I wish I knew what it was."

appears whenever he likes, and no one is able to trace him."

"The moment he enters his chopper, all the spies we set around him lose him after at most thirty minutes. Denzel must be part of a secret organization, and so is his wife. Aside from business, I would entreat you to please stay away from him, okay?"

His voice was soft, but Amarissa feared because of what she encountered with Valerie. She was certain that if not for Denzel, Valerie would have hurt her badly. Reluctantly, she obeyed.

"Okay."

Codelia was in the office when her intercom rang. It was Aurora. "Codelia, why the emergency meeting? I don't think I can make it."

Aurora sounded as if she was still half-asleep, and Codelia was quick to warn her.

"You better not be late if you don't want to get on Don Denzel's nerves."

"Tell me what happened." The sleep seemed to have slightly cleared from Aurora's eyes as she asked the question.

"His wife entered the office when Amarissa was there. She came out looking upset and did not even say goodbye. A few minutes later, Don called me on the intercom to schedule the meeting. He sounded colder than ice itself."

Aurora had a feeling that Valerie had ruined what she planned with Amarissa. "I wish I knew what it was."

"The last time something like this happened, a lot of people were fired, and some went missing. There were rumors they were killed by Don. You did not hear it from me," Codelia said in a hushed tone, fear rushing through Aurora's spine.

"Okay. I will be there soon, but I need a favor."