

Chapter 43

43 Chapter 43-Dance with me alone for the night.

Flashback(w)W(w).(n)(o)v@D(s(h)@m)(e).com

At the casino, Don Denzel made his way with his bodyguards towards the club entrance amidst curious and fearful gazes.

Whispers saturated the air when Don Denzel and his bodyguards, all dressed in black luxury suits, entered the club.

For whatever reason all gazes lingered on him, Don Denzel could not bring himself to care about it. The loud music boomed inside the club, the disco lights changing their colors according to the rhythm of the music, as if they were all rehearsed.

Somehow, Don Denzel's presence gained a lot of attention amidst intoxicated dancers

all around as most of the women flung in his direction. Even some of the ones with partners were running to him.

His presence meant he needed a little fun, but not the kind of fun that most men would have in a club. This was what made him different from all the dons, making the girls drool over him.

"Don Denzel is here tonight," the ladies who frequented the club whispered. They had no idea that he owned the club, but his looks and pocket were enough to get their attention. Don Denzel was loaded and wasn't stingy.

His countenance was welcome as he had a small smile on his face. It was rare to see him smile like that, and it only encouraged more women around him. His bodyguards did not immediately stop them.

Alpha Denzel's rules were simple: just a dance with no intimacy, and he still paid handsomely as he never liked to owe anyone. Everything ended there, and no woman was allowed to follow him to his presidential suite if he got intoxicated and decided to spend the night there.

His bodyguards rushed over to control the obsessed, skimpily dressed women all over him when the situation was getting out of hand.

It had been months since he visited the club, and once he left, it would take months for him to visit this particular club again. Once in a while, he would make a surprise appearance at any of his branches as a guest.

This time, his eyes caught sight of something interesting. A woman who seemed disinterested in him. She did not even spare him a single glance in spite of

the commotion of all the women striving for his attention.

"Who is she?" Alpha Denzel asked Godic, not taking his eyes off the woman dancing like she knew how to use her body to its greatest ability. Her movements were flawless, showing experience and perfection, her brown eyes and rosy lips alluring. W(w)w.nove(l)shemE.co(m)

The movements of her body as she swayed her hips were so enchanting, men were sweating from the heat of being turned on. www.W.mOvél(s)(h)óMe.com

"I don't know, Don Denzel, but I will find out." Godic addressed him as Don because they were among humans. Also, that title sent fears, as it gave a hint that he was involved with the mafia. The simple title of Mister did not carry the weight of a Don.

Don Denzel waved him away, his mood

soaring because of the two-hundred-billion-dollar contract he just signed.

"No need. I like the mystery around her. I will do the findings myself." His gaze lingered on the woman dancing with three men, but there was a fair distance between them.

Her short, glittering black dress and stilettos hugged her curves tightly, her brown hair and alluring brown eyes mesmerizing. Alpha Denzel had not yet met his mate, and this woman was not her. It was also his first time taking an interest in any woman.

As he walked closer, he realized the men around her were humans due to their scent, but she wasn't. She was a she-wolf, making him wonder what she was doing in Las Vegas and from which pack she belonged. It was usually work or school for pack

members who moved out of the pack.

Sensing that he was going to the woman, Godic and the other bodyguards went to move the three men away.

They wanted to refuse initially, but as soon as their gazes met that of Don Denzel, they swallowed their loss and gave way, out of the sight of the dance-drunken woman, who was not aware of the things happening around her.

Occasionally, she would sip her martini, then caress her slender body with her free hand, causing men to harden in their pants.

Don Denzel had no intention of going beyond a dance. Some of the women were still hopefully following him, and when he realized that the woman he had eyes on was still dancing without giving him attention, he waved at the DJ in the glass W(w)w.novél(s)(h)óMe.co(m)

room above.

The music stopped, and the woman stopped dancing, seeming upset. With her attention drawn to her surroundings, she realized that the men she was dancing with before had all left, and a strange handsome man stood before her with three men, emitting a commanding aura.

She panicked, but her head was lifted high, as she wasn't as weak as a normal woman. "Who are you, and where are those men?"

It was as if she had been duped, as she had paid them to dance with her, so they'd do her bidding. Knowing it wasn't safe to be in the club alone as the attractive woman she was, she didn't want to fall into the hands of strange men in case she got drunk.

These men were paid to be her bodyguards, for which reason she allowed them to

dance with her from a distance. Now that trouble drew close to her, they were nowhere to be found. She was already thinking about how to get her money back from them.

"You don't even know their names," Don Denzel observed, his gaze soft. "I will make you an offer. Dance with me alone for the night, and you get paid any amount you like."

Don Denzel wanted her exclusively to himself, so he had to place his cards on the table. The women around him stared at the woman in front of him with jealousy in their eyes.