

## Chapter 71

71 Chapter 71-Digging into her life.

In one of the private lounges at the casino, Don Gambol and his group of friends were sweating. The taste of the bottles of hard liquor spread around them was starting to taste bitter.

"I told you not to mess with him. See what you have caused?" One of Don Gambol's friends, Steven, who was also in the mafia organization but not at the level of a don, chastised him.

Don Gambol reached for a cigar, feigning bravery as he lit the tip and began to smoke. Don Denzel's escape from the sniper scared him so much that the glass of liquor he held in his hand before speaking on the phone fell and broke.

"What are you afraid of? He is just a boy.

Anyway, I will leave now. Just have the boys keep an eye on that girl. She's the sweetest I've had so how could I let her go?"

He stood up and ambled to the door. He wanted to escape before Don Denzel arrives. He hadn't seen him in a long time, and the coldness emitted from his voice was scary.

"You are right, we should go," another friend, Eric, said and stood up. The three walked out of the lounge and towards the exit of the casino. A lot of people were drinking and playing games, gambling, and what have you.

As soon as the three men reached the gate, the bodyguards inched closer. "I'm sorry. There are investigations ongoing."

Don Gambol was sweating. "What kind of investigations? Let me out." His voice was

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stern, but none of the bouncers at the gate gave him a listening ear. Don Gambol's own bodyguards were not even allowed to enter.

This club was only meant for the billionaires and dons. No matter their rank, their bodyguards had to stay outside the doors of the club and wait for them. Also, no guns and weapons were allowed inside to prevent violence.

"We only operate based on orders."

"On whose order are you operating on?" Don Gambol asked keenly. One of the bouncers revealed, "Don Denzel. He owns this casino."

It was amazing how Don Gambol paled at the information. "Denzel owns this casino?" He was shocked, After hiding away for a long time, how could he have known about all the happenings around Las Vegas?

"You heard me."

Don Gambol went back to the lounge with his friends, feeling weak and afraid. If Don Denzel owned the club, then he was very rich. The rich, famous, and most powerful dons were the ones calling the shots within the mafia organizations.

If Don Denzel was indeed the one who owned this multibillion-dollar casino, then Don Gambol's days were numbered. No. There had to be a way for him to survive as he was already understanding the fact that Denzel had ordered the doors of the casino to be locked because of him. *w(www.NoVÉLsHome.com)*

One question remained on his mind as he dialed the mafia King's number. He wondered how Don Denzel knew of his presence at the casino at this moment. That alone was enough reason for him to be afraid.

"Don Gambol," the mafia king, Caloy's voicemail on the phone as Gambol confided in him, "I have a little problem. I'm in Don Denzel's casino, and he refused to let me out." He ensured not to mention what he did to gain the Mafia King's sympathy.

"You must have offended him," Caloy pointed out. As a man in his early sixties, though looking younger than his age, he feared no one except that man who was decades younger than him.

Denzel was a straightforward person, never the one to attack first, but when attacked, he was sure to strike back harder. Thus, he never allowed anyone to win against him.

"I just asked a sniper to shoot his car tires. He jumped out of the car before it went into flames, so he should be fine," Don Gambol narrated in an unremorseful tone. *w(www.NoVÉLsHome.com)*

However, Caloy felt sorry for him. "Don Gambol, you have been away for a long while. You should have asked around before vexing Don Denzel. That man has been known to carry death with him. I'm sorry, but I can't help you in this time."

"Hello?" The line was already dead, and Don Gambol was pale with beads of sweat on his forehead.

At the secretary's office, Codelia said to the woman sitting on the visitor's chair, "Miss James, you may go in."

Startled, Aurora began looking around curiously, not having seen anyone come in or out of the door.

"Is he here? Where did he pass?" She asked eagerly.

Cornelia rolled her eyes. What a drama queen Aurora was. "Didn't you say that you were in a hurry? My boss has another entrance to his office."

Aurora nodded her head and picked up her handbag. She was about to knock on the door when Cornelia said, "Don't knock. Just go in and take a seat."

Don Denzel had already arrived and washed up in his washroom, due to running all the way to the office. Luckily, he had clothes in the office due to the days he got too tired to return home.

Sighing, Aurora obeyed and went into the office. She saw the man in the black attire checking her documents, and began feeling nervous. He was so good looking, but there was this no-nonsense vibe around him. Denzel did not pay her any attention as she sat in front of him.

"How long did you work for the Pozos?" He asked, still not sparing her a glance, as his focus remained on the documents in his hand. The Pozos was a Mafia organization headed by Don Gambol. *w(www.NoVÉLsHome.com)*

Aurora was confused but answered truthfully, "Three years, sir."

"Why was it not stated here?" Denzel asked seriously, Aurora's confusion deepened.

"It is," Aurora said, confused. Denzel's expression remained stoic as he pushed the file towards her before lifting his head to look at her face.

She indeed resembled Lisa. Bittersweet memories began to rush into his mind as Aurora's face flushed red. "This isn't the document I submitted. She reached out to pick it up when Denzel placed a firm hand

on it."

"Did you do all the things listed here?" He glared at her and asked, Aurora's heart thumped violently. How was Denzel able to chance on this information about her? This was not the CV she submitted to the HR.