

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c1

Fiery Ghost Club, one of the most nationally frequented clubs, was located in the bustling city center of Las Vegas.

It was a quarter to midnight, another late night for Brianna Warren. Splashing tap water on her face in the toilet, she was trying to sober herself up. She could feel her body growing fiery, sweating abnormally, and her vision blurry. I haven't drunk much. Why? This is weird. She was thinking.

"Hey, hey, Brianna, Brianna. Are you feeling fiery? Let me cool you down." A stout, beer-bellied man in his mid-fifties said creepily. He was standing behind Brianna, watching her with a filthy look.

Brianna turned around to see that it was Nelson Berry. She and her fiancé, Liam Williams, came to meet Nelson tonight, hoping to sign a contract with him on a new business project.

Before Brianna realized what was going on, Nelson rushed to her, held her tight from behind, and kissed her neck aggressively.

Startled, scared, and disgusted, Brianna stepped on his foot with her high heel. Nelson screamed and let go of Brianna, and she stumbled out of the toilet.

Most of the doors of the rooms were ajar, and out came all sorts of sounds, mainly sounds of dirty moaning and s**ual screams. She stumbled through the corridor filled with such sounds, and seeing the door of the lift open, she ran into it without hesitation, terrified of Nelson chasing her.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed as she bumped her head onto the strong chest of a young man. She looked up and saw a strikingly handsome face and a few muscular men behind him, who were, one might guess, his bodyguards.

Annoyed, the man pushed her away, and Brianna stumbled backward and fell over. "Ouch." She exclaimed again out of pain. Her palms were scratched. He's rude! Brianna thought.

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The man was to walk out of the lift without taking a look at Brianna.

"Hey, Scott, don't you find her looking familiar?" Another stunningly good-looking young man following behind Scott said.

Scott turned around and took an indifferent look at Brianna. His face turned stern, and he froze for a second.

Just then, Nelson arrived, panting, trying to catch his breath. Recognizing the group, especially the man in the middle, Nelson gasped and bowed instantly. "An honor to see you, Mr. Anderson." He said courteously.

Scott Anderson glanced at Nelson with a frown and ignored him. His eyes fell on Brianna again.

When Nelson was about to reach Brianna with his hands and filthy intention, Scott suddenly kicked Nelson right at his stomach. Nelson screamed out of pain and crouched on the floor, covering his stomach with both hands.

Brianna's mind was growing more and more confused. Somehow she saw Scott as her last hope. She struggled and crawled towards Scott, held onto his leg, and pleaded, "Help me, please. Help me..." her voice, meek and weak.

What's this? A new way of self-introduction? Scott was thinking, rather annoyed. As he intended to kick her away, he saw her face, which resembled the one in his memory very much, and he changed his mind. He grabbed her arm, dragged her up, and pulled her face towards him for closer observation. She looks exactly like her. He was thinking. Then he remembered the pale and unhealthily skinny look, tortured by sickness, of the girl in his memory.

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Scott took another glance at Nelson crouching on the floor, and it was not difficult to tell that Brianna had been drugged and was to be taken advantage of.

"Well, Grandpa has been pushing me to get married and settle down. I should perhaps get myself a girl anyway and please him." He thought to himself and sneered, "I will help you if you agree to be my possession from now on."

Brianna could hardly tell what he was saying now except that she knew he would help, and she nodded her head.

Scott picked her up and carried her back into the lift. The bodyguards followed quietly except the other good-looking young man. "Hey, Scott, you can't..."

"Oh, shut up, Jacob!" Scott cut him short impatiently and left him outside the lift.

Jacob Morgan watched the door shut helplessly.

The Anderson Hotel is one of the most expensive and renowned hotels in town, and the top floor was exclusive to Scott Anderson with presidential suites.

When Brianna woke up, it was almost midday the next day. Her head ached terribly, and her body was sore. As she opened her eyes slowly, still feeling confused, she was shocked to see a naked man lying next to her, watching her closely.

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She exclaimed and looked around her, clothes s***tered on the floor, messiest bed ever, kiss marks on her skin. She looked at Scott and noticed the subtle yet cheeky smile on his lips, and suddenly understood what had happened.

She was drugged last night, and Nelson Berry followed her to the toilet, trying to take advantage of her... and that was all that she could recall. Perhaps this guy is a waiter from the club? Or a male prost**ute? I guess I have slept with him! But this room is too luxurious. I don't remember if this club has rooms so fancy !

As soon as she realized what had happened, Brianna jumped out of bed, picked up her clothes on the floor, and put them on hurriedly. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...Err... I've lost my bag, and I haven't got any money with me..." she said and was about to sneak away.

Scott watched quietly on the bed with a frown. "Hey, woman, don't forget what you said last night. I've saved you, and now you are mine. You do what I say, and from last night on, you are here to please me."

"What?" Brianna was even more confused. "Aren't you a waiter or a male prost**ute? I'm sorry, but I'm engaged and going to get married soon. I will pay you another day..." Brianna opened the door and ran away before Scott reacted.

A waiter?! A male prost**ute?! Scott opened his eyes wide in disbelief.

He called his a**istant, Levi Baker, and placed an order to find out everything about this audacious woman.

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