

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c15

Take Your Hands Off Me

Brianna couldn't retain her smile anymore. She blinked and looked at Scott with her big tearful eyes. "Honey, please..." she said pitifully.

"If you were an actress, you would be the worst. I say I shall deduct the rest of the money in the account." Scott said coldly, let go of her, and walked away without taking another look at her.

Brianna stood there silently and watched Scott walking away, feeling helpless.

"Mr. Scott Anderson, which department should we inspect first?" She heard Levi speaking. Suddenly, she ran towards Scott and grabbed his arm. "Honey." She said with a sweet smile.

"Take your hands off me," Scott said with disdain.

Brianna looked at him and spoke sincerely, "Scott, my mum is the most important person to me. I'm completely dependent on you now. I promise that I will be the best pet for you. Whatever you like, whatever you need, I will do my best to please you."

Scott didn't seem convinced. He pushed her hands off her arm with his other hand and said coldly, "You'd better do."

Brianna heaved a sigh and watched Scott walk away. He's so cold and arrogant. How can I ever please him? Brianna thought helplessly.

She recalled the time when she was working overtime and, though exhausting, she never felt desperate. However, now she was facing a task that she had no idea how to start or complete.

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She wanted to be a designer for a well-established company, to have a stable income, and be independent. Thinking about how all the companies rejected her yesterday as soon as they realized who she was, she felt utterly disappointed. And when she heard that Brighten Company was looking for a designer, she felt hopeful again.

Yet again, she was disappointed. She couldn't even get an interview.

Parked outside the company were lines of luxury cars, and one could easily spot the one in the middle, the most expensive and shiny one. Though Brianna herself was brought up in a well-off family, loved and spoiled, it was nothing like the Anderson family.

She bit her lips and thought about her mum. I'm completely under his control now. He won't allow me to have my financial independence.

As she walked over to her car, she heard someone call out, "Mrs. Anderson." It was the driver. He held the door open for Brianna and beckoned her.

"I will drive home myself," Brianna said.

"That car isn't for you, Mrs. Anderson. It's for the servants. Mr. Anderson won't be pleased if he saw you driving that car."

Brianna heaved a sigh and went into Scott's car. She could smell his cologne, and it made her feel even worse. He's everywhere! She thought. Looking out of the window, lost in her thoughts, she waited quietly.

About half an hour later, Brianna saw Scott come out of Brighten Company, followed by his bodyguards, who all looked serious and alert, as well as some managers who were all smiley and courteous.

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The driver opened the door for Scott. Scott got in the car.

"Scott. Honey." Brianna greeted him with a smile despite her reluctance. Scott, however, didn't even take a look at her. "To the headquarter," Scott said to the driver coldly and leaned backward with his eyes closed. He looked tired and impatient.

Brianna watched him closely and sensed that he wasn't in a good mood. She moved close to him and said in a sweet voice, "Scott, how are you feeling? Do you have a headache?"

Scott nodded slightly but kept his eyes closed. At least he responded. Brianna thought and went on, "Perhaps I can give you a ma**age."

Scott said nothing. Brianna waited for a bit and decided to take the initiative. She sat up on the seat, put her slim and soft hands on his head, and started rubbing his temples gently with her thumbs. Her soft hair fell forward and tickled Scott's face, and a pleasant fragrance greeted his nose.

It brought him back to the icy day thirteen years ago when the girl was trying to pull him up from the lake, and he was injured then, and her hair fell onto his face. He recalled the tickling feeling of the pleasant fragrance. It felt like déjà vu now.

He suddenly opened his eyes and gazed at Brianna. His gaze was so intense that Brianna grew nervous, and her hands froze. Scott lifted her chin up with his long slim

forefinger and thumb and watched her face closely. His gaze fell on the corner of her left eye. It's not her. He thought. But the smell, it's so familiar.

"When you were little, about eight or nine years old, did you save an injured young boy?" He asked.

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Brianna shook her head and said, "No. I only remember that when I was seven, Vin," she hesitated for a bit, then went on, "Liam Williams saved me."

On hearing the negative answer and mentioning the name of Liam, the subtle feeling of gentleness Scott had immediately disappeared and was replaced by disgust. He pushed Brianna away and said, "Don't speak of that a**hole again! Remember that I've put a tag on you, and you're mine."

Though Brianna felt a bit hurt, she knew that her priority was to please Scott and build a decent relationship with him. She leaned towards him and put her hands back on his head gently. "I won't mention him again." She said softly while ma**aging his temples.

Scott closed his eyes again, and Brianna didn't say another word. About ten minutes later, Scott did feel much better, and the headache seemed to have disappeared. He said calmly, "Brianna Anderson, I've provided you with the best accommodation, food, and everything you need; I paid for the best treatment and nursing for your mother, yet still, you won't do what I say and went to look for a job. What does that mean? Do I not treat you and your mother well enough?"

"Oh, it's more than well. It's the best. I'm really grateful. It's just that I feel useless not having a job. I want to do something and be helpful." Brianna said gently.

"Ha." Scott mocked and poked a finger at Brianna's forehead. "You do have a job, and you know what your job is. Please me! If you do want to feel useful, then do your job well."

Brianna's heart sank, and the smile on her face disappeared. She moved her hands down to his shoulders and ma**aged them gently. "I am doing my job now, and I will do it better. It's my mission to please you the best way I can."

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