

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c17

Your Job Is To Serve Me

Scott was still seated by the desk, but he wasn't working this time. Leaning back in his seat, his eyes closed, he said briefly, "Make me some tea." He didn't even take a look at Brianna.

Brianna looked around, spotted the tea and kettle on the table by the window, and brewed a cup for Scott. She placed the cup of tea on his desk and asked politely, "Is there anything else, Mr. Anderson?"

Scott tapped his temple with his long slim forefinger and said plainly, "I have a headache." Brianna understood straight away and went over to give him a ma**age, from his upper back, shoulder blades, up to his neck and head, rather professionally.

After a while, Scott felt much lighter and the headache, as well as the tension on his shoulders, seemed to be gone. "Have you taken any ma**age courses before?" He asked.

"Not really. But my mum used to sit and draw or play the piano for a long time, and gradually she started to develop a backache and have tension on her shoulders. I did some research and learned a bit about Chinese ma**age by myself, so I used to give her ma**ages often." Brianna explained. "Mr. Anderson, you seem to have a headache often. I wonder why. I've read that it can be related to blood circulation in our neck and shoulders and even the whole back."

Scott seemed to be lost in his memories. He didn't reply until a couple of minutes later. "Three years ago, I tried starting my own business in various industries, and there were times when I wouldn't sleep for three or four days, plus hash living conditions. I guess it started from then..."

Brianna found it difficult to believe. Scott Anderson working for days and nights without sleep in harsh living conditions?! However, she didn't think it appropriate to ask questions and decided to change the subject. "I know that oil ma**ages help a lot with releasing tensions. It will take some time, but it works. My mum rarely has backaches now."

"I'd like you to start my treatment as soon as possible then," Scott said.

"Me?"

Scott chuckled. "Right. I will pay you extra. So, if you displease me and have your money deducted again, you still have the extra pay."

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Now Brianna felt more hopeful. This is probably a much better way to learn money, giving him ma**ages. But to give him oil ma**ages means I have to touch his back. She blushed at the thought.

Though they were legally married, and they had s** once, she still found it awkward to be intimate with Scott.

“Thanks. I will do my best to help.” Brianna said in a cheerful tone, nicely disguising her awkwardness.

As she was ma**aging Scott, her hair fell forward and stroked Scott’s neck now and then. The same familiar pleasant scent greeted Scott’s nose and awakened his memories. Despite himself, he suddenly turned around to look at Brianna, his eyes fixed at the corner of her left eye again. A disappointed smile appeared on his face.

It’s not her, but why does she remind me of her so much? They even have the same scent. I have never felt it from Sol.

Perhaps it’s just a coincidence. It’s been a long time. Perhaps I don’t remember it as clearly as I think. I mean, I was badly injured, and I had a fever then. But I’m sure she has a tiny mole at the corner of her left eye.

“You can leave now,” Scott said.

Brianna obeyed. Just before she walked out and closed the door behind her, she plucked up her courage and asked, “Mr. Anderson, what’s my job exactly? What do I need to do? I mean, I’ve hardly done anything this morning. No one gave me any tasks or instructions.”

“Your job is to serve me. I’m your only supervisor, and I’m the one that pays you.” Scott said plainly.

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Brianna closed her eyes, feeling speechless. She heaved a sigh and asked, “I’m here to make tea and give you ma**ages?”

“And c**k for me at home,” Scott added matter-of-factly.

What am I to him?! A maid? A pet? A ma**age ther*****? Brianna thought and knitted her brows.

Seeing her frown and helplessness, Scott was pleased with himself. “Any questions?” he asked coldly.

“No. Of course not.” Brianna answered apologetically.

“Good. Do your job well, and you will get your bonus. Now, leave.”

Brianna nodded and closed the door.

It was already half-past one, and lunch break would be over soon. Brianna hadn't had lunch yet. Not knowing if the canteen was still open, she ventured out of the company and walked into a café across the road.

Worried that she would be late for work, she ordered a sandwich to take away. As she was waiting, a woman in her early thirties came over and said, “Hi, Mrs. Anderson, my boss wants to meet you.”

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Mrs. Anderson? Brianna was startled. Does she know about Scott and me?

“Sorry, you must have mistaken me for someone else,” Brianna said calmly.

“It will only take you a few minutes. He's in the VIP room upstairs. You don't have to meet him, but I'm not sure if it will do your mother any good. Mr. Scott Anderson can't protect you all the time.” The woman said threateningly.

On hearing the mention of her mother, Brianna agreed immediately. “Ok, I will go and meet him.”

Brianna followed the woman upstairs to the room at the end of the corridor. The woman knocked at the door, and an alluringly pleasant voice answered, “Come in.” Brianna couldn't help falling in love with the voice. She really liked Scott's voice as well as his charming look despite the fact that he treated her as a pet, a possession, but she loved this man's voice even more.

There was cheekiness and carelessness in it, as well as a hint of mysterious melancholy.

I bet a lot of girls would fall for him merely for his voice. Brianna thought.

When Brianna saw him, she bit her lower lip so as not to exclaim. She was stunned by his charm.

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