

## BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c20

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"What do you do with it?"

"Just checking some new design works about interior decoration and architecture. It's interesting."

Scott was rather surprised to hear so. He thought he could bore her by not assigning her any work so that she would change her mind and quit.

He noticed the brightness and liveliness in her eyes, her long eyelashes, the radiance in her make-up-free face and couldn't help thinking how alike she and the little girl were.

She looks more like her than Sol, but she's not her. He thought.

Brianna was surprised to see the sudden gentleness in his eyes. However, it disappeared quickly as Scott resumed his cold and distant look.

She tried to think of something to say to break the awkward silence, but nothing came to her mind, and she sat there looking out of the window quietly.

It was rush hour, and the traffic was terrible. Brianna wished she could get back to the house soon and get herself out of this tiny suffocating space. She felt the silence grow thicker and heavier.

She heaved a sigh and unfastened her seatbelt, sat up on her seat, and started to massage Scott's shoulders and neck. A few times, the driver had to step on the brakes rather suddenly, and Scott would put his arm around her slim waist to help her balance.

Once the car stopped so suddenly that Brianna lost her balance and fell forward, her breasts resting right on Scott's face. Both felt the delicate intimacy. Brianna blushed and hurried to sit back up. However, Scott tightened his hold on her waist and pulled her down to sit on his thighs, and to Brianna's surprise, he planted his lips onto hers and kissed her. The feeling of her soft hair on his face and neck and the familiar scent reminded Scott again of the scene thirteen years ago.

He knew she wasn't her. She didn't have the cute little mole. But her scent and her gaze were so similar to hers. The desire to kiss her defeated his sensibility.

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Brianna was shocked at first, then she felt embarrassed and even humiliated. She tried to push him off her, but Scott snapped coldly, "Don't forget what you are."

A toy, a possession, a pet. The words echoed in Brianna's head. She retreated her hand helplessly.

The driver noticed from the mirror, and cleverly, he pressed a button, and a fence fell between the front seat and the back.

She lay still in his embrace, her eyes closed. Displeased with her stiffness, Scott bit her lips. Out of pain, Brianna opened her eyes instantly and looked right into Scott's eyes. She realized that her passiveness would only make things worse, so she put her arm around his neck and kissed him back.

Scott found her scent intoxicating. He moved his hand behind her head and held it there, placed her down on the seat, and lay on top of her.

Brianna moved her head to the side so as not to look at him.

Annoyed, Scott bit her lips again and snapped, "Be present." It hurt, and Brianna bit him back.

You want it to be violent, don't you? Then you will have what you want. She thought. It's just kissing! It's nothing!

She discarded all her pride and self-respect, wrapped both hands around his neck, and moved a leg up and wrapped around his, then she kissed him, thrusting her tongue into his mouth, searching and playing with his tongue.

However, Scott didn't enjoy her sudden passion. He pushed her away and fixed his eyes upon hers. "You are the prey, not the hunter." He put the finger on her lips and sneered.

Now Brianna was confused. He doesn't like it when I'm passive, and now he laughs at me when I'm taking the initiative. He's not an easy one to please at all!

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She bit her lower lip and gazed at him with an innocent look.

Scott displayed a playful smile and said, "You are looking too tasty."

On hearing so, Brianna closed her eyes and pouted her lips. Scott couldn't help finding it cute and more tempting. He stroked her lips gently with his finger, then slowly moved up to her eyes and stroked around them. Her eyelashes danced slightly. A drop of tear appeared at the corner of her left eye. Scott kissed it gently and affectionately.

Brianna relaxed and surrendered to his gentleness. She felt his hand sliding up her thigh under her skirt.

Just then, the car stopped, and the driver said, "We are home, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson."

Scott got up, tidied his shirt a bit, and resumed his distant look. He got out of the car and went into the house.

Brianna watched him leave and quickly got up. She touched her lips and wondered what Scott was thinking about. She found him difficult to understand. He kisses me sometimes, and if I react pa\*\*ively, he gets annoyed, but when I actually give him some response, he pushes me away!

Brianna shook her head in confusion. I wish I could be a cat. A cat's life is much better. She thought.

For dinner, Brianna prepared an Italian meal tonight, with stuffed mushrooms as appetizers, brandy cream ravioli as main, and Caesar salad.

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