

## BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION

Billionaire's Great Obsession by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 4

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Are You Crying Again?

As soon as the photo was taken, Scott moved his arm away from Brianna. When they received the certificate, Brianna still found it very difficult to believe. "Mr. Scott Anderson, we don't really know each other well, are you really sure about this? Won't you regret it?"

"It's just a certificate." Scott replied indifferently, "Also, don't we know each other well enough? I have slept with you. Or you want to get to know me better?"

Brianna heaved a sigh and managed to restrain her anger. She explained with a reluctant smile, "I mean in terms of personality and hobbies and that..."

"You are merely a possession. I bought you. Simple as that." Scott cut her short.

Brianna pouted her lips slightly and thought he's right. I'm merely his possession. I will just play along and make sure that mum gets the best treatment.

Scott glanced at his assistant, and Levi understood straight away. "This is for your mother's treatment. It will cost around ten thousand dollars monthly. As long as Mr. Scott Anderson is pleased with you, you will receive the money towards the end of each month, if not, then we will..." Levi said as he handed Laura a bank card.

"Or you will deduct money or not pay me?" Brianna asked.

"Right. You are a clever girl." Scott lifted Brianna's chin up, looking her into her eyes, and said indifferently, "And when you don't have the money, your mother can't continue the treatment. So, you should know what to do to please me. And if you are a good girl, you will get extra pay."

So arrogant! Brianna thought, but she was clever enough to know not to express her thoughts. "Mr. Scott Anderson, I am your wife, after all. Surely you won't be so cruel to see my mother not getting the treatment she needs?"

"It's your mother, not mine," Scott said matter-of-factly. "Five hundred dollars deducted. I don't like your attitude."

"What?!" Shocked, Brianna exclaimed and quickly put the bank card in her bag. "Why?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't understand." Brianna frowned. She looked at Levi for help, but Levi turned his head away. Helplessly, Brianna pleaded, holding Scott's arm, "Oh, please, honey, I will do whatever you want me to do. I will be the best woman for you and please you whatever way you want."

A triumphant smile appeared on Scott's face. He looked even more dangerously charming when he smiled, and Brianna was aware of herself being charmed. She quickly looked away, not to show her astonishment. His good look is like the complete opposite of his cruel heart. She thought.

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Scott did notice the sudden change on Brianna's face. Another shallow girl. He thought. He glanced at Brianna and walked away to the car.

Brianna followed but was stopped by Levi. "Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Scott Anderson is already about an hour late for work because of you. He's going to the office now."

"Ah. I see."

"Please understand that your marriage is supposed to be secretive. There's no need to tell anyone. Hence, there's no wedding ring or wedding. Also, please don't make any trouble, Mr. Scott Anderson's time is very precious."

Brianna nodded, thinking it would be best if it was kept a secret anyway.

Watching Scott's car drive off, Brianna thought she had to get a job soon. Who knows when he will suddenly deduct money? Brianna got her CV prepared and sent it to a few interior design companies. The interviews all went well, but as soon as they realized who she was, they changed their mind and refused to hire her.

Finally, she went to a decent café to try her luck. Brianna had learned to play the piano exceptionally and was a master in cooking and bakery. Whatever she cooked or baked was not only delightfully delicious but also a piece of artwork itself. She could make a

cake that looked like a painting, a lovely creature, or a beautiful flower, and she had won a few national competitions.

She had to give up her hobbies when she started working for Liam as she barely had any time for herself. Now that Liam had betrayed and abandoned her and she had to, ridiculously, marry someone she hardly knew, for the sake of money, from now on, she didn't need to worry about having to get drunk, being drugged, and being taken advantage of for the sake of so-called work and love. She wanted to find a job she could enjoy, something related to art and design.

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As Scott took off his jacket and sat down in his office, he asked casually, "Have you informed everyone?"

Levi hung up his jacket and answered, "Yes. All the interior design companies have been informed. No one will hire Mrs. Brianna Anderson."

Scott nodded and got down to work.

Levi coughed a timid cough and said, "By the way, all the clothes, shoes for Mrs. Brianna Anderson have arrived, ready in the closet."

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"All designed and made by international top designers?"

"Yes. Every single item is unique and of the best quality." Levi paused for a bit and went on, "Mr. Scott Anderson, you are very generous to Mrs. Brianna Anderson, but I, err, I wonder why you are so strict with the money for her mother's treatment."

Scott waved his hand impatiently, and Levi dared not say another word. He bowed and left.

A victorious smile appeared on Scott's face. She's my toy. Of course, I won't let her gain independence. She should be kept in the cage for my own pleasure.

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Brianna had just finished making a cake with the manager and the chief chef watching. Both the manager and the chef were amazed by her skill and presentation. It was pure perfection.

Just as the manager was about to tell her that she was hired, they heard someone walking in, high heels tapping the floor steadily. "Good afternoon, Miss Berry." They said courteously.

Before Brianna turned around to see who it was, Zara bumped onto Brianna's shoulder so hard that Brianna lost balance and again she landed her hand on the table, and her fingers happened to touch the tip of a sharp knife on the table. Blood gushed out instantly.

"Haven't you made enough money sleeping with rich old men? What are you doing here in my café?!"

Brianna closed her eyes and heaved a sigh. She glared at Zara and asked, "This is your café?!"

"Right! This is not an art exhibition center. We prepare food for our customers to taste, not to watch. We will never hire someone like you!" Zara said arrogantly.

Brianna sneered and retorted, "If I knew it's your café, I would not work here even if you paid me millions!" Brianna turned around to leave, but Zara stopped her. "Clean your dirty blood on the floor first! Or you are not allowed to leave."

"Zara Berry!" Brianna found her unbelievably mean and evil. "Don't be ridiculous!"

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"Ridiculous?! You made my floor dirty. You should clean it. Or you want to ask your rich old lovers for help, huh?" Zara mocked.

Enraged, Brianna raised her other hand, intending to give Zara a slap, but Zara grabbed her wrist tight, and it hurt so much that sweat ran down her temples.

Just then, her phone rang. She fished her phone out of her bag with great difficulty. It was Scott. She hesitated. I'd better answer. She decided.

"Hello?"

Scott could hear the struggle and pain in her voice.

"Are you crying again? You know I hate hearing women cry."

It did hurt terribly, but Brianna tried to hide the pain the best she could, "No, I'm not."

"Come join me for lunch," Scott ordered plainly.

Brianna didn't want to be seen in such a state, "I'm just about to finish my lunch," She replied hurriedly.

"What's going on? Why do you sound so upset? Come to my company now. I will give you twenty minutes," Scott demanded.

“I’m...I’m sorry. I can’t leave at the moment... I...”

Just then, Scott heard Zara shouting, “b\*\*\*\*! Mop the floor clean now! Or you prefer to lick it clean?!”

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