

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c7

Are You Scared?

Scott knitted his brows, and he felt sudden anger possessing his mind. "Brianna Warren, send me your location right now!" he said angrily.

Shocked and frightened, Brianna did as Scott ordered.

"I will be there in ten minutes! Don't allow anyone to bully you!"

"Huh?" Brianna was now confused.

"Stand up for yourself! Don't make me look down on you," Scott almost shouted. As soon as he hung up, he set off with his assistant and bodyguards.

As he promised, Scott arrived within ten minutes. Everyone gazed at him even before he walked into the café, including the customers, staff, and Zara herself. They were amazed by his air of authority as well as his incredibly good look.

As Scott came closer, Zara felt his anger, and she shivered slightly out of fear and stepped backward, "You, err... you are Mr. Scott Anderson?"

Scott didn't even take a glance at her. He sat himself down on the table and beckoned Brianna over. Brianna put her hands behind her back and went over to Scott slowly with her head down, "Mr. Scott Anderson." She said meekly.

"What happened to your hands?" Scott asked, sounding displeased. "Show me."

Brianna showed him her bloody fingers. Scott took a look, then glanced at the knife on the table and the cake. He chuckled, "Nice cake! Did you make it?"

"Yes." Brianna nodded.

"How did you cut your fingers?"

Brianna pointed at Zara, who was standing behind her, and said, "She pushed me intentionally."

"So she hurt you, and she asked you to lick the blood clean on the floor?" Scott asked and lifted his brows, "Slice her fingers and make sure the cuts are deeper than yours!"

"That's too cruel," Brianna reacted, shocked.

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Zara was terribly frightened. She knew very well who Scott Anderson was. Even her father had no guts to offend him. She took a few glances at the muscular bodyguards behind and around Scott, and she felt a shiver down her spine, "I'm sorry, Mr. Scott Anderson. Please forgive me," Zara pleaded.

Scott threw an angry glare at her without saying anything, so Zara turned to Brianna instead, "Brianna, I'm really sorry. Please forgive..."

"Shut up." Scott cut her short impatiently. One of Scott's bodyguards went over and slapped Zara on her face hard. Her cheek went red instantly, and there was blood on her lips.

Everyone gasped, and some started murmuring, but as soon as they met Scott's glare, all went silent.

The pain and shame brought tears down her cheeks. She glared at Brianna with hate and anger. It's all because of you! b****!

However, she didn't have the gut to voice herself as Scott was watching her. I will get revenge! She shouted in the heart.

Brianna said to Scott in a low voice, "Mr. Scott Anderson, shall we leave now?"

"Leave now? What about the cut on your fingers, then?! Go and slice her fingers!"

Brianna shook her head. It was too cruel!

"Don't let me down! If you don't do it, you will be punished," Scott knitted his brows.

Reluctantly, Brianna picked up the knife and walked towards Zara. Her hand was shaking noticeably. After hesitating a while, she put down the knife. I can't do it. It's too cruel.

Scott heaved a sigh and looked annoyed, "Alright, call me honey, and I will get someone else to do it." Brianna quickly retreated back to Scott and said in a sweet voice, "Honey, please, you've punished her. Let's go home now."

"That was just a warming up. Don't you know that she was the one that drugged you?! She was planning to send you to his father's bed! It wasn't just Liam Williams' idea."

Shocked, Brianna exclaimed, "What?! How do you know?" How could she seduce my fiancé and intended to make me sleep with his father!

Scott appeared annoyed and said, "Of course I know! She's an evil woman. If you are soft on her now, she won't be grateful but will probably bite you one day."

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“But she has apologized...” Brianna went on, then saw the anger on Scott’s face. Worried that Scott would deduct money again, she changed her mind and said, “Honey, you are right. Please teach her a good lesson for me.”

Scott tapped his lips with his forefinger and winked at Brianna. Really? He wants me to kiss him in front of everyone? Brianna thought. But I can’t displease him again. I need the money for mum’s treatment.

Brianna stood up on her toes and was about to plant a gentle and quick kiss on his lips, but Scott wrapped his arm around her waist and sat her down on his thigh. He kept his eyes fixed on her, and she kissed him. It wasn’t just a quick kiss, though. Scott thrust his tongue into Brianna’s mouth, and Brianna responded cooperatively. The kiss slowly melted Scott’s anger away.

As Scott released Brianna, looking a bit pleased now, he ordered, “Do it now.”

The bodyguard that slapped Zara earlier picked up the knife and sliced a few deep cuts on her fingers. Zara cried out loud.

“I hate her crying! Make her shut up,” Scott demanded.

“Yes, Mr. Anderson.” The bodyguard added two more cuts on Zara’s other hand. This time, Zara dared not cry out again, yet the pain was so much that tears were streaming down her face.

Scott stood up with his arm still around Brianna’s waist, he walked out of the café. Before he left, he placed one more order, “Stay here and make sure she licks the blood off the floor. If she refuses, then go for her toes.”

“Yes, Mr. Anderson. I will make sure of it,” The bodyguard said clearly.

Terrified, Zara collapsed onto the floor. The bodyguard grabbed her by her hair and forced her to lick the blood bit by bit while all the staff and customers watched in disbelief.

It was the first time when Brianna realized how merciless Scott could be. She recalled the scene of the bodyguard slicing Zara’s fingers while Scott watched with a sneer.

“Are you scared?” Scott smiled and asked.

“Err...yes.” Brianna nodded.

“Why did you go to her café?”

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“To look for a job...”

“You really need money, don’t you?”

Brianna opened her mouth, wanting to speak her mind, but she decided she’d better not. Of course, I do! And surely you know it. Brianna thought.

“Yes. I need a job just in case I upset you, and you deduct the money, and I won’t have money for my mum’s treatment,” Brianna replied calmly instead.

Scott chuckled, “Working at a café will never get you enough money to make up the amount I deduct from your account.”

Brianna heaved a sigh, feeling angry yet helpless, “I see. Will you ever consider returning the money you deducted earlier then?” she restrained her anger and asked meekly.

“Have you pleased me?” Scott lifted his brows and asked.

Knowing what he meant, Brianna stood up on her toes, intending to kiss Scott, but to her surprise, Scott pushed her away, “It doesn’t work this way. Don’t think that I want to be kissed whenever you want to kiss me.”

“Then...how do I please you?” Brianna asked.

“You need to figure it out yourself,” Scott said plainly, “That’s your job.”

Scott’s car was parked outside the café. The bodyguard held the door open. Scott pushed Brianna in first, then got into the car himself. So violent. Brianna thought.

“Honey, what makes you happy? How can I please you?” Again, meekly she asked.

Scott didn’t even take a look at her this time but started flipping through some files about work. Brianna glanced at him and pouted her lips, thinking, why does he have to be so cold? He won’t even give me a hint. How do I know how to please him?

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