

## Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 2

### Livia Shelby

Livia sat straight with her neat appearance. She pursed her cheeks over and over again, training them to smile. Whatever happened, all she needed was just to smile.

The door opened, and the Assistant who had picked her up appeared-followed by a male figure.

The man's figure was absolutely perfect. Livia stood up from her seat. This is her first time meeting the man who will become her husband. Yet, for some reason, she already felt her whole body trembling.

This man has a strong aura. Even the man's footsteps entering the room intimidated her.

"Please, Master." The Assistant pulled up a chair, and the man sat down very arrogantly.

Assistant Brown placed a large brown envelope on the table. Livia looked at it.

What is a pre-wedding agreement?' Livia muttered to herself. She had prepared her heart for the worst that could happen to her marriage.

It's just a profit and loss marriage. Her father had sold her to pay off all the company's debts. She knew that she had no self-respect in front of her future husband.

"Read it. Those are the rules you must obey when you become my wife." He threw the large folder in front of Livia with his left hand.

Livia slowly reached for the envelope.

To be honest, even though she looked calm but her heart was beating faster.

She took a deep breath to keep her mind focused.

What's this?!

The first party was Damian Alexander.

Second-party was Livia Shelby

The second party must obey and listen to the words of the first party during the marriage. The first party is the rules.'

Livia tried to understand the writing in front of her. One short sentence already said it all. It means she was nothing. She just had to obey without speaking.

What does this mean? So he is the rule of life that I must obey during the marriage? Did he think he was the emperor?’

Livia was stunned because she realized that the man in front of her could do whatever he wanted.

“Excuse me, may I ask the meaning of this rule?”

Damian looked at the woman who would become his wife sharply. “It means obey everything I say.”

After saying that short sentence, his lips curled into a smirk.

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“Can you explain what it is? So that I don’t make mistakes in the future.” Livia answered with a smile. She held back his turbulent heart with a cheerful face.

At a glance, Livia could see Damian was surprised by his words. His lips seemed to smile faintly with sarcasm.

“Take out your phone!”

Livia obeyed Damian’s words.

“Take a note. The first rule is never to interfere in my personal affairs. Whatever it is, including my relationship with other women.”

“Okay.”

Damian looked straight at the woman in front of her, who was still crippled quickly on her cellphone. This girl didn’t look surprised by the first rule she wrote down.

“Secondly, do your duty and role as my wife without saying much.”

“Okay.” Livia looked at Damian. “Is that all, Sir?” ‘This girl is really challenging me.’ Damian stared disapprovingly. “Excuse me, can I ask you something. Sir?”

“What?” Damian answered indifferently.

“Can I continue to do my job as usual?”

"I don't care about your job, do as you please. All you have to do is keep your attitude out there, and don't let rumors destroy my good

name.

"Remember, I can help your family survive, but I can also crush it to pieces like crumbs of dust."

Livia swallowed her saliva. That's right. This is the true character of the man in front of her. It turned out that the cold-hearted rumor was actually true.

"Okay, Sir, I will obediently be your wife and carry out all the rules you make. Thank you for all the kindness you have given to my family . I will repay it with my soul and body."

'Oh my God, what have I said? I must have gone crazy. How can my words of despair come out so beautifully? Disgusting.' Livia cursed herself.

"Looks like you already know what to do."

Livia smiled.

"Thank you for the compliment, Sir."

"Who had praised you?' Damian frowned. "I'm insulting your pride. Tsk, I didn't know you don't even have self-respect.'

Food and drink came in when their conversation was over. Assistant Brown came in and whispered something in Damian's ear. After that, Damian looks like he won't continue to eat.

Seeing Damian getting up from sitting, Livia reflexively got up from her chair. "Are you going, Sir? Don't you want to eat first? There's already a lot of food on the table."

Damian stopped his footsteps. "Can you eat it all?"

"No, Sir, this is a lot." Livia looked around at the food on the table.

"Then why don't you take it home and treat your family to eat?" He smiled, but that smile meant condescending. He licked his lips sarcastically.

"Well, thanks for the food Mr. Damian, have a good day."

Livia lowered her head until the man, and his Assistant disappeared behind the closed door.

After that, she immediately fell weak. Sit on the floor. 'I am very despicable in the eyes of my future husband.'

Livia went home with all the food he had ordered. Didn't Damian order her to bring all the food home? Her body was still shaking, tears dripping down her cheeks as she entered the taxi.

The taxi then moved away, breaking down the city streets.

Damian gets into the car. He sat back, and then a laugh came out of his mouth. Only he and God knows what made him laugh like that.

Assistant Brown was already behind the wheel and entered the car keys. His hair had to stand up seeing Damian laughing like that.

"Brown," Damian spoke in a light voice.

"Yes, Master." Assistant Brown started the car, then got out of the parking area and drove the car through the busy street.

"Did you see her hair earlier? That's not wavy hair but curly. Laugh, is she really a girl? How can she didn't dress up when she met me."

Damian laughs the same way. "I really wanted to pull her hair."

Assistant Brown was silent. He glanced in the rearview mirror to see Damian behind. He seemed very amused by what he said.

No, he was amused by the object that was being discussed.

"I think I like her. She can smile like a fool even though her hands are clearly trembling. For sure, she'll be a non-boring toy."

"Yes, Master."

"Brown." Damian was talking again.

"Yes, Master."

"Make detailed rules about what she should do after becoming my wife, from when I wake up until I go to bed. Make it as detailed as possible. The crazier, the better." He laughed again.

Brown glanced in the rearview mirror, worried. "When was the last time young master laughing like? He thought. 'what's wrong with him today?'

“She really is very ugly. How can she have such a height? Did her parents not give her nutritious food when she was growing up? What was her name again?” Damian doesn’t even remember the woman’s name who will become his wife.

“Livia Shelby.”

“How can she have such a naughty name?”

‘What?’ Not knowing how to react, Brown only felt goosebumps at his young master’s attitude.

“Make a list of all my likes and dislikes. I wonder if she can still smile like that after seeing her duty list.” “Yes, Master.”

“How can there be such an ugly woman? Is it better if I ask her to have plastic surgery after marriage? No-no, it’s better that she’s ugly. I wonder how She’ll react if the woman beside me right now is just an ugly and tyrannical girl.”

Ba-dump! Assistant Brown glanced at the rearview mirror again. Master Damian’s voice has turned bitter. The smile or laughter on his lips was gone. Now he leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. Drowning in loneliness alone.