Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 6

Welcome Home

Without realizing it, she closed her eyes, imagining Damian kissing her lips.

"Come in, Brown!" Damian spoke a little louder for Brown, who was outside the door to hear.

Uh!

Clarissa opened her eyes, and her face turned red with embarrassment. Damian was already sitting back on the chair.

From the open door came the annoying Assistant.

"Take Clarissa away!"

"Brother Damian." Clarissa refused. She grabbed Damian's hand, gripping it tightly.

"Brother."

"Stop your rudeness, Miss!" Finally, assistant Brown couldn't contain himself anymore. He even wanted to pick up this woman and throw her out.

"Hey! Let me go, stupid Assistant, don't touch me!"

But, Brown's hand is really gripped her arm tightly. She couldn't fight back.

Clarissa shouted for Damian, but the man just looked at her, then poured his drink and finished it.

"Let me go!"

Brown let go of her hand, pushing the girl's body out the door.

"Take him back to her house, and don't let her enter this place again in the future!"

"Yes, Young Master," two guards swiftly answered, spreading their arms as Clarissa was about to force her way in again.

"Hey, Brown, you bastard! If my sister is reconciled with brother Damian, I'll make sure you're the one who will be kicked from brother Damian's side."

"I'm looking forward to that day, Miss." Brown bowed his head. However, his lips smiled cynically before he turned to leave Clarissa, who was still screaming angrily and cursing his name.

Livia blinked her eyes in shock. It was like dreaming that she heard someone shouting her name.

Drowsiness still hangs in the eyelids.

Yawn …

Livia was shaking her head repeatedly, trying to find consciousness. Finally, she sat back, still half awake. ,

"Young lady." There was a sound of someone calling her, followed by a knock on the door. "Can you wake up now?"

"Hmmm, what exactly is this. What time is it now?'

When her name was called repeatedly, she forced herself to drag her body and open the door.

The man who had escorted her into the room last night was already standing at the door.

"Sorry to wake you up so late, Young lady." He lowered his head.

"What's the matter, Sir?" Livia was still half-conscious and speaking in confusion.

'I was so sleepy.' Livia yawned again and again.

"Young master is coming home. He has arrived at the main gate," The servant said again.

"He–so?"

'Then why? If the bad guy comes home, do I have to welcome him?!' Livia frowned.

"Please come with me to welcome the young master in front."

'What?! I really have to do it. Why am I the only one who has to welcome him? why should it be welcomed? It's already midnight.' Livia couldn't help cursing in her mind.

Even though she was annoyed, she couldn't do anything but obey. Livia followed the man's footsteps in front of her. As she dragged her feet, she yawned and held on to the ladder so that she would not fall.

At the front door, Livia chose to lean against the door so that she wouldn't fall down. She closed her eyes without realizing it.

Livia was shocked when she heard the car screeching to a stop.

Assistant Brown came out and rushed to open the back door.

After that came out a man who was still handsome even though he was seen with sleepy eyes.

"Young lady, please come closer to the car," The servant spoke again to Livia.

"What? Me?" Livia pointed at herself, and the servant nodded his head.

Livia walked closer to her husband, but she just stood there and did nothing.

"You came to welcome me home?"

Her husband's hand was already gripping her chin, making her look up. But soon, he looked away from making eye contact.

"Yes. Sir." Livia stammered in answer.

She followed in the footsteps of her husband and Assistant Brown to her bedroom while the maid walked behind her.

"Miss, can you change the young master's clothes?"

Livia, who was taking off Damian's shoes, gasped. She looked at Brown in disbelief. How could he tell her to change this devil's clothes? Meanwhile, Damian, who was sitting on the sofa, didn't react.

"Ah, I'take the clothes, but I have to trouble Assistant Brown to do it."

"What's crazy? Why do I have to change this guy's clothes?' Livia handed the nightwear to Brown.

In the end, Brown was the one who helped Damian to change his clothes.

Livia took her husband's suit from Assistant Brown, hugged it to her chest, turned her back, and lowered her head.

After finishing changing clothes, Damian walked towards the bed, passing out there.

"Good night, Miss, please go back to rest."

"Uh, thank you for your hard work, Assistant Brown." Livia followed Brown to the door.

"Miss, have you read the rules and duties I gave you?" Assistant Brown turned again.

"Uh um, yeah, of course."

"All right, good night, Miss." Brown bowed his head before disappearing behind the closed door.

Realizing she was still holding her husband's clothes, Livia went into the dressing room and put the clothes in the basket.

Livia passed her husband, who was already tilting his body.

She stood for a long time beside Damian's bed, staring intently at the man. The man she would hate for the rest of her life. The man who owns the body. The man she had to serve until he got bored and threw her away.

She really hoped that this wedding game would end soon. She hopes to be a boring toy that will quickly be thrown away by her own husband.

"Turn off the lights!"

"Huh–oh, okay, good night."

Hastening, she turned off all the lights then walked to the sofa.

She was covering her body, wishing her dreams were beautiful.