

Chapter 17 Dashing Lover

Brianna's POV

He hugged me and kissed my hair last night. I couldn't take it off of my mind. I was so shocked. Not only because of what he did, but because I didn't do anything. His arms were so warm and comforting, something I never felt towards a man for a very long time. I couldn't help but to compare him with Cain. And surely, no doubt, Cain didn't reach even half of his trait. The way he caressed my hair. The way he whispered how worried he was. The way he treats me. It was very different. It was as if he's known me for so long.

"Miss Bree..."

I jumped in a swivel chair and looked at Levi. I cleared my throat, making up for the embarrassment I suddenly felt. "Y-Yes?"

"I'm here to remind you about your meeting with a prospect investor. His secretary said he'll be waiting at this address. It was a high-end restaurant, Miss Bree. And he's expecting you at 1 PM today."

I nodded and massaged my forehead. I was preoccupied by what happened last night and the problem the company is facing that I almost forgot about my appointment.

"What's the name of this investor, Levi?"

"His secretary introduced him as August Morfori, Miss Bree."

I nodded again as my eyebrows furrowed. August Morfori? A foreigner? He must be a new businessman since his name isn't familiar.

I just fixed myself after lunch and went straight to the address that Levi gave me. I was immediately attended by a female server and sent to a

private room.

"Sir is just in the washroom, ma'am."

I smiled and nodded at the female server. I sat on the chair and put my clutch bag on the table. I roamed my eyes around. This is a VIP room, I guess.

I pulled myself up when the door swung open. A man in a suit entered and when I saw his face, my blood instantly boiled.

"What the hell are you doing here, Cain? Are you stalking me?"

He looked me in the eyes and chuckled. "My dear wife, we have a meeting."

Meeting? My forehead creased but my face slowly turned grim after I realized what he meant. He manipulated me again!

I angrily grabbed my clutch bag, determined to leave when he blocked my way and caressed my cheek.

"Don't touch me, you asshole!"

He smirked. "Still so fcking beautiful. Why don't you just accept your defeat and beg? That's way easier than begging for investors."

"You think you can have your way with me again? I've learned the hard way."

He clenched his jaws and pushed his hands inside the pocket of his pants. "Settle down and let's negotiate, Brianna."

"No!"

"Once you step your foot outside this room, you'll cry to your grandfather over a failed business. I'm telling you."

I felt my lips suddenly turn cold. I balled my fists angrily as I squeezed my eyes closed and sat on the chair in front of him. Whether I admit it or not, I am currently powerless against him. He could either kick me

out as the Vice President or end the company that my grandfather raised. Either way, I'd see myself in a graveyard.

"What do you want?"

"Let's have a drink first, Brianna."

Just then, the familiar female server entered and served us three bottles of alcoholic drink. I glared at Cain after she left.

"What are you planning to do?"

He laughed. "You think I'll get you drunk and violate you? I have tasted your body countless times, Brianna. Besides, I have Amber to satisfy my needs. My Amber who's still in the hospital because of your desperate antics."

I gritted my teeth and drank the shot he gave me. He chuckled and poured in my glass again.

"You've learned to drink, huh? You're not afraid of me anymore? You're not scared of getting scolded by me?"

I clenched my jaws as my eyes sharpened even more. "Just tell me what you want!"

He licked his bottom lip. "The woman I married was very prim and proper. So feminine. She would always serve me. She would always make me happy in any possible way. The old Brianna would only look at me. She was so fcking in love with me and will never, ever dare anger me. But...you changed. A lot. What changed you, huh? It hasn't been so long since we got married. Why did you suddenly change?"

I pulled myself up and ran to the door I saw when I felt like vomiting. I was right when I thought this was a washroom. I kneeled in front of the toilet and threw up everything I ate before coming here.

I cupped my sweaty forehead and lifted myself up. I washed my mouth and saw Cain standing behind me. He was looking at me through the

mirror.

"You're still so beautiful but I prefer the obedient version of my wife."

"Ex-wife," I corrected and faced him. "I never wanted to become attractive in your eyes, Cain. If you have no intention to fix the mess you created in my company, I would rather leave."

I walked past him but he grabbed my arm and changed our position. I was shocked when he slammed me against the door of the washroom and cornered me with his arms on my sides.

"Are you being like this because of that poor and cheap lover of yours, huh?"

Poor and cheap lover?

He laughed and shook his head. "Did he already fck you inside that scrap? An old pick up? Seriously, Brianna? You've lost your class and taste."

I was enlightened with what he said. Oh! He meant Rogue Adams.

I used all my remaining strength to push him away. I lifted my chin and fought his sharp eyes. "An old pick up is still better than a cold limousine with an asshole inside."

"What did you say?"

I smirked. "I said I can find another investor. You're not the only rich man in this country, Cain. And since I'm beautiful, I might as well use this face as an advantage instead of wasting my class on a dickhead like you."

I grabbed my clutch bag and went to the door.

"We're not done yet, Brianna!"

Cain grabbed my arm right after I opened the door and a familiar face of a man welcomed me. Rogue Adams standing in front of me like a

handsome prince. He's wearing a gray t-shirt, faded jeans and rubber shoes. He looked so dashing in casual clothes with disheveled hair and parted lips. He looked fckable! Jesus! What am I thinking?

"Brianna..." He whispered my name and glanced somewhere.

It seems like he's going in the next door but he stopped when he recognized me. He looked shocked and when he looked at the person behind me, he's even more shocked.



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