

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c11

Sean's jaw dropped. He was speechless. Why is he so protective and secretive about the girl? Isn't she just a replacement anyway?

Jacob whispered to Sean, "Hey, Sean, why don't we go to Home for Sol to take a look tomorrow?"

"I don't want to get kicked out." Sean shook his head with a sneer.

"Jacob," Scott tapped Jacob's shoulder and said, "it sounds like you don't want to work for the Anderson Corporation anymore."

"Nonsense." Jacob reacted instantly. "I love my job. Hey, Scott, I don't want to go back to the Morgans. It's too much responsibility. I much prefer working for you." Jacob was only interested in running gyms, martial art centers, and security equipment companies, and that. However, his father resented all that he was interested in.

He was the only son in the family, and his father expected him to take over the family business. To his father's disappointment, he worked for the Anderson Corporation as the vice president instead, an equal position as Scott's half-brother, Jameson Anderson, mainly in charge of the security and media companies under the Anderson Corporation.

"Scott, I heard that you had a serious fight with your family over the girl back then. Now you've married someone that looks like her. Do you think your grandfather will be ok with it?" Sean asked.

"If he's not ok with it, then I will divorce her, and he can't force me to marry anyone again," Scott said matter-of-factly.

On hearing so, Jacob's face lit up. If I can change how Scott sees Brianna Warren, if he dislikes her, then... I still have my chance to be with Scott.

Scott back to the Anderson Corporation, and as always, all his staff made their way to him as he walked in and greeted him courteously.

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The female staff had great difficulty in taking their eyes off him. Amazed by his charm, they watched him walk into the lift exclusive to his own use as the company's chief executive. However, none of them dared to show their adoration too obviously as everyone knew what happened to those that had done. They were all fired simply because Scott found them annoying. Later the company had established a rule that anyone that had the intention of being with Scott Anderson or anyone that fantasized

him would be dismissed straight away, and they would not be able to find a job in Las Vegas.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. "Come in," Scott said.

A slim, sweet, and beautiful woman walked in, dressed expensively and elegantly. Her voice and smile were as sweet as her look. "Scott." She smiled at him.

Any man would easily fall for Sophia Moore merely at the sight of her, however, Scott was an exception. He never found her attractive. As Sophia had expected, Scott responded coldly, "What brought you here again?"

Sophia looked hurt and said, "Oh, Scott, I miss you. I've been back to Las Vegas for over a year now, and I haven't even had the chance to spend some time with you."

"I'm busy," Scott said briefly.

"Come on. We will just go for dinner together. It won't take you much time, and you've got to eat anyway." Sophia insisted.

"Why should I waste my precious time on you?" Scott said icily.

Sophia came closer and said, "Scott, don't forget that I'm the one your grandpa and grandma want you to marry. They would love to see us together often."

"Then, I should let you know that I'm married." Again, indifferently, Scott replied. Somehow the innocent look of Brianna appeared in Scott's mind. He could see her big clear eyes, eyes of innocence, as well as secretiveness. She appears innocent and sweet, but she's actually a sp**** one that's cheeky and distant. I look forward to plucking all her spikes off and turning her into a truly meek and obedient little lamb. Scott thought.

Shocked, Sophia opened her beautiful eyes wide open and exclaimed in disbelief, "What? No, Scott! You must be joking."

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"No, I'm not."

"Why? Why can't you love me and marry me? What's about her that's better than me?" Sophia was almost in tears.

"Who I love or marry has nothing to do with you. Now get out of my office."

Tears were streaming down Sophia's cheeks now, but Scott didn't care a bit. He wouldn't even take a look at her. He refocused on his work as if Sophia didn't exist.

Sophia went around the desk and intended to grab Scott's arm, but Scott slapped her hand away immediately, "You don't want to see me angry." He said sternly.

Sophia broke down and started sobbing. "Do your grandparents know? Who is she? Is she more beautiful than me? Is she from a better family than me? Does she love you more than I do?"

"Sophia Moore, you think too much of yourself. You are no one to comment on anything I do in my life. Even my grandparents can't tell me who I should marry. Stop wasting my time and get out of my office now."

"Scott!" Sophia exclaimed, feeling hurt and enraged. "Who is she?!"

"I don't need to tell you."

"I will find out! Scott, no one is good enough to marry you except me!"

Annoyed, Scott said impatiently, "I'm telling you, Sophia Moore, If you ever hurt her, I won't let you off!"

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"How can you do this to me..." Sophia sobbed louder.

"I would not even allow you here if it wasn't for the sake of our families. Get out now!" Scott said aloud.

"Scott..." Sophia looked at him with pitiful and tearful eyes, but Scott responded with an icy glare.

Hurt and angered, Sophia turned around and ran out of the room, crying while cursing the woman that Scott had married.

When Brianna woke up the next morning, it was already a quarter past seven. Even since she started working for Liam Williams' Fortune Construction Company, she had always been up before the sun would rise. She had hardly ever had a good sleep.

She looked around the grand and exquisite room, and it took her a little while to recall and realize where she was. I'm Scott Anderson's possession now, and he has even put a legal tag on me.

She got up, got dressed, and was ready to start the day. Though Scott had warned her about getting a job, she still didn't want to be dependent on him. I have to get a job and make some money. She thought. He's so moody and unpredictable. Who knows when

he will deduct money again, and what am I going to do when I can't afford the medication for mum?

When she saw the walk-in-closet, she was shocked. She covered her mouth with both hands so as not to exclaim. As she walked around and stroked the clothes neatly hung up, she took a look at a few price tags randomly. It cost as much as mum's one-year medication!

5/5 - (1 vote)