

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c8

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"You want to work in the kitchen, don't you?" Scott said.

"Huh?" Brianna didn't understand.

"Didn't you try to get a job in the café? Why don't you c**k dinner then? You are my wife now anyway. I expect my wife to c**k for me from now on." Scott said with a cheeky smile.

"But you are Scott Anderson. Surely, you have the best chef cooking for you in your villa." Brianna said.

Scott was actually thinking about the cake he saw earlier and was impressed by Brianna's skill. She's good at baking and cooking, then I should be the one that benefits from it first. She's mine.

"You can ask my chef to c**k for you, but you have to c**k for me," Scott said plainly.

"Alright. I will try my best to take good care of your tummy." Brianna compromised.

"If you don't, you know what I will do."

Deduct money again?! Brianna thought worriedly. "Don't worry. I do what I say. Every meal I prepare, I will prepare it with love," Brianna said with a smile, hoping to please Scott.

The villa was located in a quiet place in the city center, with a lake and a beautiful garden. The sun was setting, and its last rays of light shone upon the lake where two white swans dwelled peacefully. One could hear the birds chirping in the trees and see b**erflies and bees dance with their favorite flowers in the garden.

Brianna couldn't help falling in love with this place, a rare gem, and paradise in the bustling city. There were a few other villas in the same area, and all were owned by tyc**s in Las Vegas, but none was like the Anderson's.

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At the gate, there was a sign that said 'Home for Sol,' beautifully and delicately carved on a piece of sandalwood. Brianna asked curiously, "Who is Sol?"

The question brought some gentleness and a hint of sadness over Scott's cold and distant look, "A special girl." He answered briefly.

“Can you please tell me about her?”

Scott lifted up Brianna’s chin with his slim fingers, watching her face that reminded him of the special girl in his memory, and fixed his eyes at the corner of her left eye for a while before he let it go and said plainly, “It’s none of your business.”

Brianna pouted her lips, shrugged her shoulders, and stayed silent.

Scott went upstairs to the study, and just as Brianna was to follow him, he looked down at her and pointed at the kitchen.

The maid came over and said politely, “Mrs. Anderson, this way, please. Please let us know what ingredients you need, and I will have everything prepared.”

As Brianna stepped into the kitchen, she almost exclaimed, shocked by its space and equipment. It was the most spacious and best-equipped kitchen she had ever seen. There were a few fridges, stoves, all sorts of cookers for any kind of cooking and ingredients for all sorts of cuisines.

Four chefs and six maids stood ready at her service. It was obvious that whatever Scott Anderson fancied, they would have it ready, best cooked, and most efficiently.

After glancing around, Brianna took a deep breath, pointed at one of the maids, and said, “You stay here and assist me. Others may leave now.”

Others were surprised, and the chief chef was about to say something, but Brianna dismissed him with a gentle wave of her hand.

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The maid helped prepare the ingredients efficiently under Brianna’s instruction while Brianna put on her favorite tunes and started cooking. She felt free and confident. It was something that she enjoyed and was good at doing.

When Scott sat down by the table, he was again impressed. It wasn’t just a dish of food, but also a piece of art. The presentation itself was a pleasure to the eyes, and the lovely smell greeted one’s nose alluringly.

Scott sliced the perfectly cooked steak and forked a piece into his mouth. It was tender and delicious.

“How do you like it?” Brianna asked nervously.

To be honest, the chefs’ cooking was nothing compared to Brianna’s, especially the way she had presented it, making it into a piece of art.

Scott didn't want to praise her, but he couldn't lie to himself and deny how good it was either. Rather indifferently, he said, "Just edible."

Brianna didn't expect any compliment from him anyway. She thought as long as he wasn't displeased, her job was done. She smiled and ate quietly.

Her reaction actually surprised Scott. She doesn't seem disappointed at all. Interesting.

When Brianna intended to follow Scott upstairs after dinner, the chief maid stopped her, "Mrs. Anderson, this way, please. I will take you to your room. No one is allowed to go into Mr. Anderson's study and bedroom without his permission."

Huh. Alright. I have no interest anyway. Brianna thought. Quietness filled the whole villa. Though Scott had a large team of maids, chefs, and bodyguards, no one dared to speak aloud. As a matter of fact, they rarely talked. Even footsteps could not be heard in this huge villa.

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