

BILLIONAIRE'S GREAT OBSESSION c9

Please Me Right Now

Brianna followed the chief maid through the carpeted corridor. It was so quiet that she could even hear her own breathing. They stopped outside one of the rooms. "Mrs. Anderson, this is your room. Let me know if you need anything." The chief maid said politely.

"Where is Mr. Anderson's room?" Brianna looked around with curiosity and asked.

"Here," The maid pointed to the room opposite Brianna's, "And the study is over there down the corridor."

"Thanks."

The maid bowed and went downstairs.

Brianna's jaw dropped as she opened the door and walked into her room. It was spacious and well equipped with a bathroom, a walk-in closet, which was filled with beautiful clothes, shoes and bags, and a study. Every item was neatly placed. The décor was simple yet elegant.

Brianna lay down on the soft velvet bed and suddenly realized how exhausted she was. After a while, she dragged herself out of bed and ran the bathtub, added a few drops of essential oil, and soon the pleasant and soothing aroma filled the room.

When she came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a bathrobe, she saw Scott standing by the French window, smoking. Brianna's heart sank, but she tried to remain calm and said with a smile, "Mr. Anderson, I thought you were asleep. It's quite late now."

"Why? Can't I sleep in your bedroom?" Scott turned around and asked.

Brianna clenched her bathrobe tight and answered, "Of course you can. Everything here, including me, is yours."

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"Correct. I'm glad you know." Scott said plainly. He married Brianna merely because she reminded him of the girl in her memory and his grandfather had been pushing him. He had no feelings towards her at all, not in the beginning, however, somehow, he felt like getting to know her better after seeing her mastery and artistry of cooking.

She's mine anyway. I can have her anytime I want. He thought and beckoned her over.

Brianna didn't like the way he beckoned her with his finger, but she didn't show it. She walked towards him obediently. Seeing how stiff and unnatural she was, Scott was displeased. "What are you? A robot? Do you understand what your job is?"

"Yes. To please you." Brianna answered, but she found it difficult and very awkward to be flirtatious. She stood still.

Scott frowned. He held her chin up and stroked her lips with his thumb. "What if I deduct..."

"Don't. Please don't." Brianna said immediately. "But, but we know so little about each other. We have no feelings towards each other."

"You are merely the possession of mine. What's this talk about feelings?" Scott said coldly as he slid his finger from her lips down her neck towards her collarbone. Brianna was wearing nothing but a bathrobe.

When they had s** the other night, she was drugged. She wasn't herself and didn't know what she was doing. But now, she was completely sober. She couldn't do it with a man she hardly knew.

She felt his finger moving downwards and resting on her right breast. She bit her lips and said, "Mr. Scott Anderson, you must have had all sorts of excellent and beautiful women. Surely, I'm merely a common girl to you compared to those that you have met. I don't think I'm good enough to please you."

"I've married you anyway. Whether you are good enough or not, I shall find out. Also, why would I look for others when I have got one here that I've paid for?" Scott said matter-of-factly.

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Brianna was rather shocked by Scott's reply. Does that mean he's not interested in other women? But pretty much all the rich young men have love affairs with numerous women.

"What's that look about?" Scott held her chin up and questioned a bit angrily.

"I didn't mean to. Sorry." Brianna felt the grip on her chin tighten. It hurt. She had to explain honestly, "I was just wondering that you must have had many women, but why me? I'm..."

Scott chuckled, "Ha-ha. Do you mean women or men?"

"Really? You like men?" Brianna exclaimed.

Scott tightened his grip.

“There were rumors...I didn't know...” Brianna explained.

“I will show you then,” Scott said sternly and released her. He sat down on the bed, put a pillow behind his back, and stretched out his legs casually. “Get the first aid box in the left drawer of the table.” He ordered.

“Ok.” Brianna did what he asked and put the box down next to him. “Anything else?” She asked.

Scott rolled his eyes and said, “Sometimes you are so dumb. Clean and bandage the cut on your fingers.”

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It had been a long day, and Brianna was so tired that she had forgotten about the injury, but now that she was reminded, she felt the pain return.

She cleaned the cut and bandaged her fingers while thinking, he's such a strange one, cruel and considerate at the same time. Brianna threw a glance at him and happened to meet Scott's eyes. She quickly looked away and lowered her head.

Scott watched her closely, noticing the smooth and fair skin of her naked neck and shoulders. He extended his hand subconsciously and stroked her left brow, his eyes fixed at the corner of her left eye, the same spot. He seemed disappointed. It's the same face, but she's not her.

The gentleness in his look suddenly disappeared, and he demanded coldly, “Please me right now.”

“Huh?!” Brianna looked up at him instantly, shocked. Seeing his impatient look, she knew she had to do something, worried that he would be displeased.

Brianna leaned towards him, and as she was about to kiss him, Scott turned his head away in disdain. He swiftly grabbed her by her waist, lifted her up, turned around, and placed her on the bed under him.

The weight of his body and the familiar scent of tobacco and cologne reminded Brianna of the vague memories of the first night they met. It was a night of pain and pleasure.

“You can't kiss me without my permission. Your main job is to please my lower torso.” Scott said coldly.