## **Chapter 8 Her Scent**

"Have a seat."

Brian unbuttoned his suit jacket and plopped on the sofa as he looked at Rosalynn.

She had a beautiful face, a smooth forehead, big eyes, a pert nose, and lush lips. Her features were delicate and adorable. Her skin looked so supple.

It had never occurred to him that the renowned designer, Rose, would turn out to be so young and pretty. And she was feisty too!

Brian's eyes narrowed at the memory of yesterday's encounter.

He suddenly realized that this woman gave him an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

Rosalynn?

It struck him then that his wife was also named Rosalynn.

The image of a quiet girl wearing black-rimmed glasses over her pimpled cheeks flashed in his mind.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hughes?" Rosalynn queried, barely resisting the instinct to fidget under his intense gaze.

Fate was such a cruel prankster.

She had been married to this man, yet she had never met him, not even once in two years. But now that they were getting a divorce, he suddenly seemed to be in every corner she turned.

What the hell was going on?

"Are you Rose?" Brian asked in a level tone.

"That's right," Rosalynn replied.

"It's no wonder you were so haughty yesterday."

Brian leaned back and smirked at her.

Rosalynn forced a smile on her lips. "You flatter me. You and I both know that my arrogance is nothing compared to yours."

If he wanted to be sarcastic with her, then it was only right that she returned the favor.

She refused to su er a loss, even in a verbal clash.

Brian's eyes darkened slightly. "Kindly pay careful attention to the project assigned to you. I don't want to wake up to the realization that I've made a mistake and you are incapable of living up to your illustrious reputation."

Rosalynn was now mi ed. "With all due respect, design is all I know. I am not interested in taking on any other responsibility aside from that."

If she had been interested, she wouldn't have let Keegan manage the studio alone for the past two years.

"I'm afraid the choice is not yours to make." Brian's gaze turned cold at her words.

Rosalynn pursed her lips, feeling like she was forced into doing something she didn't want.

"Did you arrange all of this on purpose in retaliation for what happened yesterday?"

"What do you think?"

Brian raised his eyebrows, a faint smile dancing on his lips.

It was all Rosalynn needed to be certain that her assumption was right on the mark.

Her hands clenched into fists.

"I expect you to work hard. Feel free to come to me if there's anything you need. And if you do well on this project, I won't interfere in any of the future ones that may come your way."

his tone.

Brian saw Rosalynn's sullen expression. Before he realized it, he had softened

While he had indeed made these arrangements to get back at her, it was also to help her develop her talents and make the best out of them.

help asking.

"S.W. Studio is just a small business. Why did you buy it?" Rosalynn couldn't

Those three simple words hit Rosalynn with the force of a storm, and for a moment, she almost thought that he was confessing his love for her.

Brian looked her dead in the eye and replied, "Because of you."

This playboy was well aware of his charms, and he had no qualms about using

Rosalynn averted her gaze and tried to calm herself.

He wanted to use her to monopolize the market.

She knew that Brian was after Rose.

them to his advantage!

"Is that all? I'd like to leave now."

Rosalynn didn't wait for his response and was already turning toward the door.

Brian held up a folder in her direction.

"Wait. Take this with you."

Rosalynn turned back and headed to the desk to take it, but her clumsy feet tripped over themselves, sending her careening forward.

The next thing she knew, she was in Brian's arms.

Her subtle scent gently wafted over to his nose, and his eyes narrowed.

This scent...

As for Rosalynn, she was mortified.

She quickly stood on her feet, her face red as a tomato. "I am so very sorry. Please excuse me. I'll take my leave."

"Wait!" Brian's gaze had a hard edge to it. "Where were you the night before last?"

him a vague sense of comfort and peace.

Not only was her scent familiar, it was incredibly pleasant, as well. It gave

Brian's instincts were rarely wrong, and they were saying that this woman before him was the one he had spent the night with at the club.