

Billionsaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 1:

My husband is a billionsaire. I'm not saying this to brag about how luxurious my daily life is. I just have one question—do all billionsaires cheat?

Like right now, his head is buried against the 36D breasts of a young woman sitting on his lap. From where I stand, the two of them look like some kind of ultra-postmodern sculpture titled Interrupted Sex.

Before his hand could pull that blonde's dress all the way up to her chest, I pushed open the door. Enough. I'm not some voyeur into multi-partner arrangements—especially not when the man in the scene is my own husband.

I don't know how the other trophy wives of billionsaires manage it. But me? I can't stay that calm. If not for my current predicament, I swear I'd dump scalding coffee right onto that bastard's dick.

I coughed again. My husband, Cary, finally lifted his handsome face from the woman's overflowing cleavage (seriously, how was he not suffocating?) and glared at me.

“Didn’t anyone teach you to knock?” he growled, his voice sharp with irritation.

Grinding my teeth, I said, “Sorry. Next time I’ll hang a bell on the door handle, so at least when I knock the first time, you’ll actually hear it.”

“Oh my God, Cary. Your secretary is so disrespectful. I think you should fire her immediately,” the blonde in his lap snapped.

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I almost pitied her. She had no idea she’d just sealed her fate. Cary despised anyone who interfered in his work decisions.

“Lisa, you need to leave,” Cary said coldly. The air seemed to freeze solid around us.

But Lisa didn’t feel it at all. Her hand slid toward Cary’s belt. With a playful smirk, she purred, “I know you’re already hard. I can take care of you right now. You know, having someone watch us would make it even hotter.”

A second later, Cary shoved her off him. She hit the floor.

He grabbed the phone instantly. “Security. Remove Lisa from the premises. And don’t ever let her appear in my sight again.”

Moments later, the guards stormed in and dragged a desperate Lisa away.

The office was suddenly silent—just Cary and me. But I felt no triumph, because truthfully, I was no different from her.

Cary’s eyes burned into me, hot enough to scorch right through my skin. His look made it clear: I’d better have something important to say, or I’d end up like Lisa—or worse.

He didn’t need a jealous wife. He’d warned me of that when we married.

Before he could unleash his anger, I quickly produced the document that needed his signature. “I need you to sign this.” I forced myself to stay calm as I flipped to the page requiring his name. My heart was pounding so violently it nearly leapt out of my chest. I didn’t dare meet his eyes—one glance and he might read me like an open book.

Cary snatched up the pen and scrawled his signature without bothering to look at the text. He never needed to, because I never made mistakes.

But in that instant, my breath nearly stopped—until he finished signing the divorce papers.

My heartbeat came roaring back. I'd done it. I was free. I was divorced. I should have felt joy, but instead, a hollow emptiness surged over me like a tide. Three years of marriage, finished. I had to leave before Cary looked up and noticed anything unusual.

But then his broad hand caught mine.

"Ah!" I gasped. Had he discovered the truth?

Instead of letting go, Cary yanked me effortlessly onto his lap, his hand sliding beneath my bra.

If I hadn't just witnessed that little scene with the blonde, maybe—just maybe—I would've considered indulging him in a little office play.

But jealousy had already devoured me cell by cell. Without thinking, I raised my arm and slapped him hard across the face. Smack! The sound cracked sharp and clear in the silence of the office.

"What the fuck! Are you insane? You dare hit me?" Cary shoved me off, staring at me in disbelief.

"Yes." I didn't bother to deny it. The cameras in this office would prove me guilty anyway.

His teeth ground together with a sound like knives sharpening on stone. I had no doubt—if he wanted to bite my throat, my veins would burst instantly, spilling blood all over the luxury carpet.

Before this turned into a murder scene, I tried to bolt. But Cary’s towering frame gave him the advantage. With one stride, he caught my arm.

“How fucking dare you?!” he roared like a beast claiming its prey. Fear surged through me.

“Answer me. How dare you strike me?! I’m your boss!” Cary snarled, squeezing tighter. One more twist and I was certain my wrist would snap.

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