

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 10:

The rear of my car jolted violently.

The impact threw me forward, and my forehead slammed into the steering wheel with a sickening thud. If it weren't for the seat belt, I would've gone straight through the windshield.

A sharp pain exploded across my forehead.

I blinked—my vision filled with red.

Fumbling through the glove compartment, I grabbed a tissue, trying to wipe the blood dripping into my eyes.

Join thousands of fans on galnovels.com

A loud knock startled me. The window rattled under the pressure.

I almost jumped out of my skin.

A man stood outside in the rain.

Weakly, I hit the switch and rolled the window down.

He looked to be in his fifties, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, his glasses speckled with raindrops. Holding a black umbrella, he wore a deeply apologetic expression.

"Miss, I'm terribly sorry. I couldn't brake in time. I'd like to discuss the damages, but my employer is in a rush. May I have your contact information? We'll take full responsibility for the repairs—I promise."

I started to shake my head, but the movement triggered another wave of pain and dizziness.

I got out of the car, dragging my feet to the rear bumper. A noticeable dent from the Bentley was now stamped into my car.

I frowned, pulled out my phone, and took several photos.

“Miss—” the man tried again.

“No. I’m calling the police,” I gritted my teeth.

I’d had enough today. I wasn’t in the mood for conversation. Calling the cops was the fastest way to shut this down.

He didn’t argue. He simply returned to the Bentley. I saw him speaking to someone in the back seat—a man, though I could only make out his silhouette.

I touched my forehead. The rain struck harder now, aggravating the pain. I winced.

The call connected. “Hello? I’d like to report a traffic accident. My location is—”

Back inside the car, I rummaged again—no first-aid kit, just dried-up wipes and old receipts.

I needed to find a clinic.

Behind me, the Bentley didn't budge. I kept my eyes on it, wary.

A few minutes later, a police cruiser arrived—alongside a sleek silver Maybach.

The Bentley's door opened.

The chauffeur stepped out first with an umbrella, then opened the back door. A man emerged.

He was tall, sharply built, with chiseled features and the commanding presence of someone used to being obeyed. His eyes were deep and unreadable from a distance, yet they missed nothing.

Even though I stood nearly five meters away, the moment he sensed my gaze, his head turned straight to me.

That face... I swore I'd seen it before.

But the throbbing in my skull made it impossible to focus. He handed his suit jacket to the driver, murmured something, then walked toward the Maybach waiting at the curb. Another chauffeur had already opened the door for him.

The first driver jogged toward me with the jacket. “Miss, your shirt is soaked. Please, take this.”

I looked down.

My white blouse had turned translucent, my bra completely visible.

My face burned with embarrassment as I quickly slipped the jacket on. “Thank you.”

He offered a polite smile before heading off to speak with the police. The Maybach pulled away silently, disappearing into the curtain of rain.

As it passed, I caught one last glimpse of that man’s sculpted, flawless profile.

The jacket still held the warmth of his body. A faint, clean sandalwood scent clung to the fabric, chasing away the chill from my skin.

It was a minor accident.

The police issued a report on the spot. I signed it and exchanged contact information with the driver—his name was Roy.

He offered to take me to the hospital, but I declined.

Once I calmed down, I realized calling the police might've been an overreaction.

Roy had been fully willing to handle things peacefully.

"I'm sorry about earlier," I said. "I was in a bad mood. It wasn't your fault."

"Not at all," Roy replied with a warm smile.

"I'll have the jacket dry cleaned and send it back to you."

He looked like he wanted to say something, but thought better of it and just nodded.

I drove myself to the nearest hospital.

While the doctor cleaned the wound on my forehead, the door suddenly slammed open.

Cary stormed in, looking like he was ready to punch someone. The doctor jumped.

“Sir? You can’t just—”

“It’s fine,” I cut in. “He’s my... boss.”

The word husband almost slipped out.

.

.

.