

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 2:

“And my husband,” I shot back. But the second the words left my mouth, regret hit me hard. What fresh ridicule would he throw at me now?

Sure enough, Cary froze. I opened my mouth to explain, but he suddenly released me, flashing a devastating smile.

“Oh, hyacinth. Why does it matter to you now? You never cared when I held other women’s hands—or kissed them.”

Because I needed your money, bastard. But now your mother has already given me a fortune. Of course, I couldn’t tell him that—our confidentiality agreement was binding. At least for thirty days.

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Feigning obedience, I murmured, “Maybe my period’s coming. You know how hormones make women act irrational sometimes.”

Cary's lips pressed into a thin line, his gaze sharp and dangerous as a predator zeroing in on prey. I swallowed hard, still clutching our divorce papers. If he discovered them, his mother would cancel the payout in an instant.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I saw his mother's name flash on the screen. Saved.

"It's your mom," I said quickly. "She probably just wants to make sure I'm still a proper wife."

Cary knew his mother never approved of me. But he needed me. Marrying me had been his way of rebelling against her snobbery.

He cupped my face and murmured, "No matter how much she objects, I'll never divorce you. I could never find a wife more perfect than you."

A perfect wife. One who tolerated her husband's affairs. The irony was suffocating.

"Now go. I trust you'll handle my mother." His tone turned icy again. I kept my composure, turned, and walked away.

"Miles will bring you a gift later. Did you forget? Your birthday's coming up," Cary called after me.

My spine stiffened all over again. For a heartbeat, my resolve wavered.

Cary was lethal in his allure—his face sculpted for magazine covers, his lean yet powerful body radiating dominance in every inch. He was rich, extravagant, generous to a fault with his wife.

He could give me the world.

But he had one fatal flaw: he didn't love me.

Three years ago, when we signed the contract, he'd said it plainly: no feelings. He wouldn't promise fidelity, but he would be a dutiful husband.

And he had been. I was the one who broke the rule.

"Thanks," I forced out, two strangled syllables. Without looking back, I closed the door quickly behind me.

Outside, Miles was already waiting. I offered him a smile.

“Mrs. Galloway, this is the president’s gift for your birthday,” Miles said.

I eyed the exquisite box. I knew the brand. I knew the necklace inside was worth six figures. My vanity table was cluttered with necklaces like this. I never needed them.

I was nothing more than an invisible CEO’s wife. I wasn’t required to attend public events with Cary. Like those necklaces, I was a caged songbird. Maybe I could make it worth something.

I set the pendant back in its box, snapped it shut, and dropped it into a bag. “Can you do me a favor?”

Miles blinked, then nodded quickly. “Of course.”

“Put it up for auction online. It’s a limited edition—should fetch a good price. Whatever it sells for, donate it to any charity.”

Before he could react, I slipped into the elevator. The doors slid shut.

A single tear rolled down my cheek. I wiped it away instantly. No crying. I was just leaving a man who didn’t love me. That’s all.

My phone rang again. I looked down.

Drawing in a deep breath, I pressed the green button. “Cary’s signed. I’ll send you a photo.”

I hung up, snapped a picture of the signature, and sent it to my mother-in-law, Tanya Grant, with a message:

I’ve done it. Now it’s your turn to deliver. My account: xxxxx

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