

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 241

Chapter 241:

The main toilet door banged open, and the man's drunken giggle echoed off the marble walls, followed by the sharp, precise click of the woman's heels on the floor. Damn it. Why couldn't they have just picked the bloody bar?

I checked the lock on my cubicle for the third time, making sure the bolt was firmly engaged. I sat down on the closed lid of the toilet, pulling my knees to my chest, and prayed for the illicit couple to find another venue for their quickie.

They had no such plans.

I heard a sharp gasp from the woman, followed by the distinct clatter of a high heel hitting the floor.

I imagined the man had probably lifted her onto the counter in front of the sinks.

Then came the metallic clink of a belt buckle hitting the tiles, the soft rustle of clothes being hurriedly discarded, and then the sounds began in earnest.

The man's lust-filled grunts, the woman's theatrical moans, the rhythmic, wet slap of flesh against flesh. The acoustics in the room were appallingly good.

"Fuck, you're so tight," the man grunted, followed by a sound that suggested enthusiastic, and probably unhygienic, oral activity.

The woman squealed, "Harder, please, harder!"

More slapping, more grunting, more moans, and a truly distressing wet, squishing sound that made me want to peel my own skin off.

I clamped my hands over my ears, pressing until it hurt, wishing fervently that I were deaf.

My face was burning with a feverish embarrassment, a hot, prickly shame that seemed to radiate from my very core.

When it was finally over, what felt like a decade later, the man emptied himself with a final, pig-like grunt, followed by heavy, panting breaths.

Then, nothing but the sound of their ragged breathing.

Then, thankfully, the rustle of fabric as they presumably dressed, the running of a tap, the sound of water splashing, then the click of heels walking away, and finally, the blessed, definitive bang of the door shutting.

I remained on the toilet lid, my hands still over my ears. I counted to ten, then, just to be safe, counted to a hundred.

The silence felt sacred.

Cautiously, I unlocked the cubicle door and peeked out.

The man and woman were gone.

The only evidence of their presence was the disgusting, pungent, musky smell of semen hanging in the air.

I scrunched my nose in utter revulsion. I slipped out of the toilet, and before committing to the corridor, I poked my head out the door and scanned up and down its opulent length.

All clear.

I emerged fully, wondering if I should retreat to the balcony, which, if not a place I could lock with a door, at least smelled infinitely better.

A man's voice, slurred and drunken, came from behind me. "Well, hello. Didn't see you in the theatre. Where's this fine piece of arse been hiding?"

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I turned back slowly, a cold dread seeping into my veins.

A man had just stumbled out of the men's toilet.

I recognised him, though his dinner jacket was gone, his tie was rumpled, and his face was flushed a blotchy red. His eyes were glazed, and worst of all, he hadn't bothered to

zip up his trousers, his soft, flaccid cock poking out of his flies. It was the Deputy Mayor, Mateus Ribeiro, without a doubt.

He lurched towards me on unsteady legs, drunk out of his skull, his eyelids drooping as if they were too heavy to remain open.

He braced both arms against the wall, boxing me in.

I backed away, disgusted.

He tried to reach out a meaty arm to grab me. “Didn’t see you on the stage earlier, darling. I’d have remembered you with a pair of fuckable legs like that.”

I backed out of range of his grasping hand and snarled, “Get the fuck away from me.”

I raised my left wrist, thrusting the bracelet Lochlan had given me towards his face, a silent warning. He was too drunk to care, his bleary eyes fixed on my body, and he kept trying to grab a handful of me.

From the men’s toilet behind him, another woman emerged.

She was completely naked, languidly licking something thick and white off her red lips, her makeup smudged across her face.

I presumed with a sickening lurch what the white liquid was and felt the dinner I never ate rise violently in my throat.

I was seriously going to puke all over the floor.

She took in the scene within a second, a slow, bored smile spreading across her face.

She leaned back against the doorjamb of the toilet with her arms crossed over her breasts, clearly intending to just watch and enjoy the show without interfering.

Mateus slurred something in Portuguese I didn’t understand and came closer, lurching like a newborn giraffe.

I backed away, but he lunged suddenly, and his thick arms caught me around the waist.

I struggled and yelled, “Let me go, you bastard!”

He buried his foul, liquor-soaked head in my neck, sniffing and then licking the side of my throat with a wet, coarse tongue. The revulsion was so immediate and potent that I acted on pure instinct.

I brought my knee up hard into his groin, feeling a wave of nauseating disgust as my knee connected not with tough fabric, but with the soft, unprotected flesh of his limp cock. He staggered back with a choked howl of pain, clutching himself.

The woman who'd been watching tsked loudly. "You shouldn't have done that," she said in heavily accented English. "Mr Ribeiro, he can have your head for hurting him like that."

I glared at her, all my fear condensing into a white-hot point of rage.

"I'm not a fucking prostitute like you," I spat out.

She shrugged, not offended in the least, and sneered. "You think you are better than me just because you get fucked by one rich man instead of a whole bunch of them? Just you wait and see."

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Mateus recovered enough to let out a guttural roar.

He lunged again, his face a contorted mask of fury.

"You vicious cunt! I'll make you regret that! I'm going to tear you in half!"

That was it. The final thread of my composure snapped. Screw this. I would rather go to jail for murder than let him touch me again.

My hand shot out and grabbed a heavy, decorative ceramic vase from a nearby console table. Without a second thought, I swung it and brought it down with all my strength—not over his head, but directly onto his face.

There was a sickening, wet crunch.

The vase, heavy and solid, didn't shatter. Mateus went down without another sound, collapsing like a felled log, his legs folding uselessly under his body.

Dark blood immediately began oozing from a gash on his forehead, pooling on the polished marble.

He wasn't moving. He didn't even appear to be breathing.

The woman gave a low, mocking laugh. “There,” she said, sounding almost pleased. “Now you are no better than me.”

A cold, void-like panic swallowed my rage whole.

My mind went blank, then screamed with a dozen thoughts at once.

Oh my God, I’ve killed him. I’ve actually killed the Deputy Mayor. This isn’t a minor diplomatic incident—this is a life sentence. I’m going to die in a Portuguese prison!

I didn’t wait to check for a pulse.

I just spun on my heel and ran.

Oh God, oh fuck, I’ve killed a man. I’ve actually killed a human being!

At a corner in the corridor, I slammed into a solid, warm body. I lashed out on pure, feral instinct, shoving hard against the immovable object, but a pair of strong arms caught me.

“Hyacinth?”

Even through the roaring in my ears, I recognized Lochlan’s voice.

I looked up, my eyes wild and unfocused. “I have to get out of here. Now.”

He took in my disheveled, possibly unhinged state, his gaze sharpening, but he didn’t ask why.

He just firmly took hold of my elbow and started guiding me down the nearest staircase. “Come with me.”

I was half leaning against him, half walking, my mind a mess of static and horror.

“I killed someone,” I muttered, the words tasting foreign and vile.

Lochlan’s grip on my elbow tightened, a band of steel. “We’ll figure it out later.”

He kept me steady as we descended, my legs feeling like overcooked spaghetti.

I mumbled incoherently into the sleeve of his jacket. “I killed someone. The Deputy Mayor. I didn’t mean it, he just... he fell.”

“It’s going to be fine,” Lochlan soothed, his voice a low, steady rumble against my side. “I’ll take care of it.”

I kept mumbling, not even sure what I was saying anymore. The stuffy air of the house was still messing with my head, but now it was different.

Chapter 244:

A different kind of heat was building under my skin, a slow, insidious fire that had nothing to do with panic and everything to do with the solid, muscular body I was clinging to.

My head was swimming, and I wanted, with a sudden, shocking intensity, to tear my clothes off.

I clung to Lochlan, my fingers digging into the fine wool of his suit, and kept mumbling nonsense.

We reached the grand living room, the path to the front door clear.

“Leaving so soon?”

Lochlan stopped and turned us around.

Toby stood at the head of the stairs we’d just descended, a glass in his hand and a smirk on his face.

“I’ve got so much more planned for the evening,” he drawled. “You haven’t seen the half of it yet.”

Lochlan’s voice was impeccably polite, but I could feel the tension thrumming through the arm holding me. “I’m feeling unwell. We’re leaving early.”

“Are you sure?” Toby’s smile was a nasty, knowing thing. “Walk away now, and you know what it means. These men expect certain... allegiances.”

Lochlan didn’t even blink. “I’m sure.”

He turned his back on Toby and guided me out the front door.

The cold night air was a sharp slap—invigorating and harsh. I gulped it down, my lungs burning with the shock of it, and for a moment, a shred of clarity returned.

But it was short-lived.

The dizziness washed back over me, a wave of heat so intense it felt like a blush covering my entire body.

I could feel every place where Lochlan's body touched mine, and each point of contact was like a live wire.

"Are you alright?" Lochlan's voice was husky, strained.

"Fine," I managed, my own voice shaky and thin. "But I think I... killed someone."

"What happened?"

I told him in shaky, disjointed, incoherent sentences, half the time not even sure I was making sense. The Deputy Mayor's hands, his leering face, the vase, the crack of his head.

Lochlan listened, taking it all in with his calm imperturbability. "Maybe he merely lost consciousness. He's likely not dead. I'll have someone check."

I nodded weakly, still supported by his arms as my legs wobbled beneath me.

But all the while, the heat burning up my cheeks didn't go away, despite the night air.

It had spread, a molten liquid pooling low in my belly, a desperate, aching throb between my legs.

I wanted to strip naked, to feel the cold air on my skin, but a last vestige of sanity stopped me.

I hadn't drunk the wine at the party, but I felt drunk—intoxicated by a need so profound it was terrifying.

Lochlan was not faring much better. His own steps were slow and heavy, as if each one were a burden. His breathing was uneven, and the hand on my waist felt like a brand.

I had no idea how long it took to get back to our villa, or if it was even our villa. Everything was a blur of darkness and the overwhelming sensation of his body next to mine.

Lochlan, his hands still locked around my waist, practically crashed through the front door with me in tow. His breathing was loud and ragged against my ear, his chest heaving.

We struggled up the stairs, a clumsy, heated tangle of limbs, and stopped outside my bedroom door.

Chapter 245:

"Get some rest," Lochlan said, his voice gravelly.

But his hands were still wrapped firmly around my waist, burning through the fabric of my dress. And I didn't move. I didn't want him to take his hands away. If anything, I wanted the opposite.

A chaotic, graphic fantasy exploded in my mind: him tearing the dress from my body, his big, capable hands actually on my skin, not just the fabric, running over my breasts, cupping my arse, sliding between my legs. I wanted to feel his mouth everywhere. I wanted to feel his cock, hard and thick, inside me, filling the unbearable, empty ache.

The thoughts were unbidden, uninhibited, and so powerful they stole my breath.

He told me to rest, but he didn't remove his hands. Instead, as if pulled by the same magnetic force that held me, his hands slid lower, from my waist to the curve of my buttocks.

He wasn't just holding me now; he was caressing me, his palms moving in slow, erotic circles over the silk of my dress, his fingers pressing into the flesh beneath.

A low, helpless moan escaped my lips, and I found myself grinding against the hard muscle of his thigh, seeking friction, seeking relief.

His body was heating up too. I could feel it radiating from him. The controlled, calculating CEO was gone, replaced by a man whose breath hitched as my hips moved against him.

I couldn't fight it anymore.

I grabbed the front of his jacket, fisting the material, and yanked his head down to mine.

I kissed him.

There was no method, no gentleness—just wild, insatiable, uncontrollable lust. It was a hard, desperate clash of lips and teeth and tongue, a messy, wet, consuming fire.

We didn't part until I saw stars, my lungs screaming for air, and even then, I didn't move away.

Instead, I jumped, wrapping my legs around his waist, and he caught me effortlessly, his hands gripping my arse, supporting my full weight.

I could feel the rigid length of his erection straining against his trousers, pressed against the damp, aching heart of me. "Loch," I whispered, my voice a broken plea, my desire a mirror of the raw hunger in his dark, dilated eyes.

He kicked the door open and we crashed through it, stumbling toward the bed.

We fell onto the mattress in a heap, him on top of me, my legs still locked around his hips.

The feel of his full weight on me was exquisite. My nipples were hard, painful points against the fabric of my dress and bra, and I moaned as his rigid cock pressed insistently against my inner thigh.

“Loch,” I moaned again, my hands fumbling for his belt.

He leaned down, capturing my mouth in another searing, sloppy kiss, all wet, sliding tongues and frantic, panting breaths. His hands were at my dress, tearing the fabric, and mine were on the front of his trousers, stroking the impressive outline of his cock through the wool, feeling it jump under my touch.

Then a sound sliced through the drugged, heated air—the sharp, metallic clink of his belt buckle being unbuckled.

He froze.

Lochlan reared his head back, his body tensing, his chest heaving.

“No,” he gasped, the word torn from him.

“Yes,” I begged, trying to hook my arms around his neck to drag him back down to me.

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He stumbled off my body, off the bed, struggling to stand as if fighting an invisible force. “No.”

I whimpered, sitting up. My dress was half off my shoulders, my bra pulled down, my erect nipples pebbling in the cool air.

“I want you,” I whined, the need a physical pain.

“No,” he said, his voice ragged but firm. He ran a hand through his dishevelled hair. “It’s the air.”

My lust-fogged brain couldn’t process it. “What?”

“It’s the air,” he repeated, his gaze sharpening with dawning, furious comprehension. “He must’ve laced the aroma diffusers. An aphrodisiac.”

He swore. “I knew he’d drugged the wine, the food, but I never thought—the air.”

What was he saying?

I wasn’t clear-headed. I was a creature of pure, raw need. I stumbled off the bed, my legs unsteady, my arms reaching for him without any instruction from my brain.

“Who cares?” I slurred, the words thick and desperate. “I want you.”

It was the only truth left in the world.

All the sharp edges of my personality had been sanded away, leaving only a deep, aching emptiness that screamed to be filled.

I wanted his hands on me, under my clothes, inside me. I wanted to feel his cock pushing into me, stretching me, fucking this relentless, feverish hunger out of me.

My mind, a traitorous, broken thing, supplied a final, fractured thought: who cares if he’s gay, a cock’s a cock, and I need his right now.

Lochlan stepped further back, his chest heaving. “Hyacinth, this isn’t right.”

“I don’t care,” I whimpered, advancing, drawn to him like a magnet. “You want me too, don’t you?”

I could see it in the dark dilation of his pupils, in the tight cord of muscle in his neck, in the huge monster straining to be released from its fabric prison.

“Yes,” he admitted, the word ripped from him. “But not like this. Not like this.”

I lunged.

There was no grace in it, just a clumsy, desperate crash of my body against his.

He caught me, his arms locking around me, and I wrapped my legs around his waist, clinging to him like a limpet.

My mouth found his nose, his cheek, the strong column of his throat, a wild, frantic mapping of his skin with my lips and tongue.

He was burning up too, his skin fever-hot under my mouth.

He carried me, stumbling, into the bathroom, and I heard the frantic twist of a tap, the roar of water.

He tried to lower me into the rising bath, but I locked my ankles behind his back, refusing to let go.

“I’m so wet,” I moaned against his ear, grinding the aching heart of me against the hard ridge in his trousers. “And I can feel how hard you are. Just fuck me, boss. Please, just fuck me.”

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Instead of pushing me away, he stepped into the tub, still holding me, and sank down into the cold water as it rose around us.

The shock of it was a physical blow, a brutal and welcome violence against my feverish skin.

I gasped as the spray from the rain shower head drenched my hair and back, a thousand icy needles against the inferno that had become my body.

For a glorious, terrible second, the fog in my head cleared, and sanity returned with the force of a slap.

I took in the scene, utterly mortified.

There I was, straddling my boss in a flooded bathtub, my thin dress plastered to my body like a second skin, his white shirt rendered completely transparent, clinging to the hard planes of his chest.

The sheer, soaking indecency of it was a bucket of cold reality all by itself.

I tried to scramble off his lap, humiliation burning through me hotter than any drug ever could.

This was worse, so much worse, than just wanting him. This was being caught in the act of begging for it.

“No,” he commanded, his voice a low rasp, his arms like steel bands around my waist, holding me firmly in place. “Wait. We must wait until the effects subside.”

So I stayed, trapped on his lap, the reality of our position horribly, intimately clear.

His erection, thick and unyieldingly hard, was nestled perfectly between my thighs, which were splayed wide open around his hips.

My soaked dress was rucked up around my waist, and only the thin, drenched silk of my underwear separated my burning, aching flesh from the formidable heat of him.

My mind, still churning in a chemical stew, fought a vicious war between the lingering, potent demand of the aphrodisiac and the dawning, gut-wrenching horror of what we were doing, of what I had been so ready to let him do.

“Hyacinth,” he said, his voice strained to breaking point, a tendon in his neck standing out in sharp relief. “Stop moving.”

I looked down, realising with a fresh jolt of shame that my hips had been making tiny, involuntary circles, a slow, relentless grind against the solid length of his cock, my body seeking the friction it craved with a mind of its own.

He pushed me back slightly, putting a scant, torturous inch of space between our torsos, but his arms never left my waist.

We were both soaked, shivering violently in the cold water, and yet I still felt incredibly, impossibly hot, a fire smouldering deep in my core that the icy water couldn’t begin to extinguish.

“We need a hospital,” I said weakly, my body trembling from the cold and the strain of holding myself still.

“The nearest one is an hour’s drive,” he replied, his jaw clenched so tight I thought it might crack, every word a visible effort. “We can’t present ourselves in our current state.”

He was right.

I was a mess of conflicting impulses.

A large, primal part of me wanted to surrender, to rip the remaining clothes from our bodies and finally, properly, take the man I’d been secretly, foolishly attracted to for months.

But a small, rational corner of my mind knew this was wrong, a chemical violation of both our wills, and the war between the two was making my head pound, a painful, rhythmic throbbing behind my eyes that mirrored the throbbing between my legs.

A low moan escaped me, a wretched sound that was part pleasure, part sheer despair.

Lochlan's hand moved to my back, stroking slowly, soothingly, a gesture so at odds with the tension screaming through his body.

"Fight it, Hyacinth. Toby wouldn't dare use hard chemicals. Whatever is in the diffuser is likely just botanical extracts, potent but temporary. You must fight it."

I crashed my lips to his again, a desperate, clumsy kiss, trying to lose myself in the male taste of him, to fall back into the blissful ignorance of the drug.

But he pulled back, his hand coming up to clamp my chin, holding my face still.

His eyes blazed into mine, dark pools of a desire he was visibly, painfully restraining.

"Fight it," he ordered, his voice husky and raw.

I kept trying, my body moving against his of its own volition, my hips resuming their slow, desperate grind against him.

This agonising dance went on for what felt like an eternity, a long, slow battle where my body was the traitorous battlefield and my sanity was in full, humiliating retreat.

And then, gradually, I started to feel it.

The coldness of the bath water began to seep past the fire in my veins.

The dull, roaring need in my head began to subside, fading from a scream to a whisper, leaving behind a bone-deep exhaustion and the stark, sobering reality of what had very nearly occurred.

I pulled back, and a fresh wave of horror washed over me as I looked down.

I was topless, and my nipples were hard, erect peaks positioned right at his eye level.

My face flamed.

I struggled to get off his lap, my movements clumsy and frantic. "I'm fine. I'm fine now. Let me go."

His grip loosened marginally, but his eyes searched my face, intense and questioning. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," I snapped, not looking him in the eyes, focusing on the tiles behind his head, on anything but the magnificent, soaked specimen of a man I was still straddling.

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Finally, he released his hold on me.

I scrambled out of the tub, water sloshing over the sides, and fled without a backward glance, not stopping until I reached my bedroom and then barricaded myself in the walk-in closet, locking the door behind me.

I leaned against it, my heart hammering, my breath coming in ragged gasps.

I peeled off the soaked, ruined dress, my bra, and my panties, the silk clinging to my skin as if reluctant to let go.

The residual heat and lust were still there, a low hum in my blood, but it was no longer enough to make me lose my head. I got dressed in dry clothes, wadded the wet lingerie and dress into a tight ball, and shoved them deep into the bin. I never wanted to see them again.

I was mortified beyond reason, my skin crawling with the memory of my own wantonness. I wished I could erase the whole night from existence.

I waited, pressing my ear to the closet door, listening for any sound from outside.

Eventually, I heard the soft, definitive click of the bedroom door closing. I ventured out.

The bathroom was empty, the lights off, the only evidence of our struggle a large, damp patch on the mat and the memory of water sloshing over the rim of the tub.

I breathed out a shuddering sigh, flopped onto my bed, and felt exhausted, humiliated, and incredibly embarrassed all at once. I was so wrung out, like I'd been forced to participate in a triathlon and then perform a striptease at the finish line. As the lust subsided, my brain cleared gradually and filled with all sorts of confusing, chaotic thoughts.

Was the deputy mayor dead? If he was, would I go to jail? What if I said it was self-defense?

But, come to think of it, the out-of-control way he'd been acting—walking around with his cock swinging about in public view—he was likely under the effects of the drug too, and not just from the air, as he'd probably drunk and eaten his fill at the party. Which would make him a victim, which would make me... what, the victim of a victim?

Could I still claim self-defense then? Extenuating circumstances?

I thought so much my head started to hurt again.

Instinctively, I wanted to consult Lochlan, but I stopped myself. How could I? He was the one who took me to that party. He knew full well what was waiting on the other side of that door, yet he'd taken me there.

My hand reached for my phone. Should I call the police? To report what? To turn myself in?

I struggled up, my throat parched, my head pounding, and stumbled out of my room.

I made a point not to look at the master bedroom door and went downstairs to the kitchen to hunt down a cool drink.

I yanked open the fridge, grabbed a bottle of Evian, and took a long, desperate swig, the cold water a blessing on my raw throat.

I breathed out, then pressed the cool bottle against my warm cheek, closing my eyes.

"Is he in his room?" a voice asked from the darkness.

I jumped, spinning around so fast I nearly lost my balance.

The pole dancer—what was her name? Right. Elena—was standing in the middle of the living room like a spectre in a microscopic bikini.

How the hell did she get in here?

My eyes darted to the front door, which stood ajar.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, my voice a low snarl.

Elena just shrugged, the movement making the few scraps of fabric she wore shift precariously. "I'm here to spend the night with your boss. Which room is his?" She pointed a manicured finger up the stairs.

“Go away. He doesn’t want you here.”

Her eyes raked over me, from my messy hair to my bare feet, and a slow, condescending smirk spread across her face.

“Oh, honey. Jealous?”

“Hell no,” I shot back.

“Then why’re you trying to stop me?”

She had me there. I didn’t have a reply—at least not one that wouldn’t sound completely unhinged. My mind was a riot of conflicting impulses, most of them involving shoving her back out the door.

She smiled again, a picture of vile confidence. “Don’t worry. I won’t come between you and your sugar daddy. It’s just one night.” She drawled the next words, lacing them with promise. “Well... if he likes me, maybe he’ll keep me for longer. But don’t worry, I’m not here to replace you.”

“Then why the hell are you here?” I snapped.

“You still don’t get it, do you?” she said, tilting her head as if speaking to a simple child.

“Get what?”

“The party tonight. It wasn’t just a party. It was an initiation. If your boss wants to do business with the men who were there, he has to act like one of them.”

“My boss isn’t like that,” I said, with a heat that surprised me.

“I don’t care if he is or not. But if he wants his resort to open and thrive here, he’ll have to act like he belongs.”

I let out a condescending, brittle laugh. “And that’s by sleeping with you?”

“Sure. Me, or any other girl. Mr Saltzman sent me because he figured I might be his type.” Her eyes did another slow, insulting journey down my body. “I guess he was wrong. Your boss is clearly more into the long-legged but tiny-titted variety.”

I snarled, my hand itching to hurl the water bottle right at her smug face.

“Nice chat,” she said, turning on her heel. “Good night. I’ll try not to make too much noise.”

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I watched her sashay up the stairs, her hips swinging, and I waited.

I stood there in the silent, dark kitchen, my heart pounding a frantic tattoo against my ribs.

I didn't have to wait long.

Less than two minutes later, a roar of pure male fury echoed from upstairs, followed by the loud, splintering crash of a door being flung open against a wall. A woman's shrill scream pierced the air, and then Elena came tumbling down the stairs, a whirl of tangled limbs and disarray.

Her hair was a mess, her high heels were gone, her bikini was twisted, and a vivid red palm print was starkly visible on her cheek even in the dim light.

She scrambled to her feet, glared at me with pure venom, but said nothing before storming out of the villa, slamming the door shut behind her.

I gave a feeble wave at the closed door. "Good night."

Then, with legs that felt like lead, I dragged myself upstairs and fell into my bed, plunging into a heavy, disturbed, fitful sleep.

I woke to the sound of waves crashing against the cliffs, a sound that was usually soothing but now felt like a taunt.

The memories of last night slammed into me with dizzying force, pulling me back into the horror. The vase striking the deputy mayor's head, the blood, the terrifying stillness.

A fresh wave of panic, cold and sharp, seized me.

Had I just become a murder suspect?

I lay perfectly still, listening. No police sirens wailed in the distance. If the coast was still clear, it probably meant the bastard was still alive, right? That was the only thread of hope I could cling to.

My stomach growled, a painful reminder that I'd skipped dinner, but the thought of stepping foot outside my bedroom door made me feel sick.

No. I was getting out. Now.

I scrambled out of bed and started throwing my things into my suitcase with frantic, desperate energy, determined to get the hell out of this cursed resort and this entire nightmare.

Once the suitcase was zipped shut, I sat down at my laptop, my fingers trembling as I opened a new document. The resignation letter was short and to the point. I didn't have the energy for pleasantries.

I finished it, printed the single sheet, and then, clutching the paper in one hand and my suitcase in the other, I crept out of my bedroom.

I tiptoed down the stairs, hoping to slip out unnoticed like a thief in the dawn.

But the front door opened just as I reached the bottom step, and Lochlan walked in.

He was already impeccably dressed in a deep, rich brown vintage-style suit, tall and elegant, looking every inch the pristine billionaire CEO. There were faint, shadowy circles under his eyes, but he was wide awake and alert, as if he'd been up for hours.

There was no trace of the man from last night—the one who had pressed me against the bathroom tiles, his hard cock a searing brand against my inner thigh, my naked nipples pebbling against the rough, wet fabric of his jacket.

I flinched, the memory flooding back with such visceral intensity that my knees felt weak.

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Chapter 250

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Lochlan's gaze took in the suitcase in my hand, his expression unreadable. "Morning," he said, his voice calm and even.

"Morning," I managed to croak out, my heart lodged firmly in my throat.

"Have breakfast with me?" he asked, as if this were any normal day.

I nodded numbly and followed him into the kitchen, where a lavish breakfast spread was laid out on the counter. We sat down on opposite sides of the small table.

Despite the violent growling of my stomach, I had no appetite. I pushed the sheet of paper across the table towards him.

"What's this?" he asked.

"My resignation letter."

He didn't read it. He didn't even pick it up. "Would you mind if I finish my breakfast first?" he asked, impeccably polite.

I nodded again. I waited in suffocating silence as he ate his whole-grain toast. Finally, he wiped his mouth with a linen napkin and stood. "Let's take a walk."

"I'd rather not," I said.

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"Please. Humour me."

I stood up reluctantly, maintaining a safe, careful distance between us—enough to fit a whole other person.

Lochlan led the way outside.

The morning in Ponta do Sol was breathtakingly beautiful. The sun was warm on my skin, a gentle breeze carried the salty scent of the ocean, and the sound of waves was a constant, rhythmic whisper. It was a perfectly pleasant, warm, breezy morning, but I no longer had the mind to appreciate any of it. I was trapped in a bubble of my own dread and confusion.

He spoke abruptly, shattering the quiet. “Has Cary ever brought you to such parties?”

“No,” I said immediately.

In my mind, I thought, Cary thinks too much of himself to ever lower himself to the level of those debauched old men. Yes, he might have slept with plenty of women, but he’d never sleep with women passed around a party like canapés.

“He protected you well,” Lochlan observed.

I said nothing.

“I knew about Toby’s methods before we came,” he continued, his gaze fixed on the horizon. “This is considered child’s play compared to what I witnessed on Wall Street.” He stopped walking and turned to face me. “If you want to tender your resignation, I will understand and process it immediately. But I suggest you reconsider.”

“Why?”

“Because no matter where you go, as long as you have the ambition to rise high in this industry, in the City, this is inevitable.”

“Really? You mean as long as I want to make something of myself, I’d have to participate in that kind of orgy? Maybe even offer myself up to the other guests?”

Lochlan looked me directly in the eyes, his expression grim and utterly blunt. “Yes.”

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