

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

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.

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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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