

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 3:

“You serious?” Portia Pierce asked for the nth time in twenty minutes.

“Yes.”

“You’re really dumping that playboy?”

“I am.”

“Are you still the High C I know—or did aliens possess you?” my best friend yelled down the line. “Whoever you are, get out of High C’s body! By the power of Christ, begone!”

I frowned, lying on the couch in my new apartment, and moved the phone slightly away from my ear. “Have you been watching *The Exorcist* again?”

“You being able to name my favorite movie proves you’re probably still the original High C.” Portia quickly accepted my decision to divorce and immediately switched gears. “Then we have to celebrate! The Verve, eleven tonight. Put on your sluttiest dress and your tackiest makeup! I won’t leave until I’ve introduced you to the sexiest man in the club tonight!”

She hung up before I could refuse.

Which was fine—I wasn’t going to refuse.

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Clubs weren’t really my scene anymore, but if I wanted to cut Cary Grant out of my life cleanly, the divorce papers alone weren’t enough. Marrying a billionaire required corporate compliance and board-level approvals, or so Cary’s mother had told me.

She needed time to make sure my exit wouldn’t rattle the family business—and that took thirty days.

Anyway, I’d already gotten two signed copies of the agreement. For the next thirty days, pretending to be a compliant wife wasn’t that hard.

After I left Cary, I’d need to find a new job. No rush—the settlement would keep me comfortable.

What I worried about most was how to tell my parents I was divorced.

They were conservative. When I told them I'd married suddenly three years ago, they disapproved—convinced I had sold myself to a billionaire to pay for my mother's illness.

Cary's attention had eased their worries back then, even if it had all been an act.

No point fretting over things that hadn't happened yet. For now, I wanted to enjoy a little freedom.

I got up at Portia's command and smeared on heavy eye makeup, applied lip gloss so loud it practically screamed, "Come get me," but I ignored the instruction to wear my sleaziest dress.

Of course I had miniskirts—yes, some of them were short enough to almost show a cheek back when I was younger—and sky-high heels. But I wanted any trust-fund boys I might meet at the club to think I was a woman with curves and brains, not a cheap slut willing to trade a business card for a quickie in a restroom.

When I arrived, Portia nearly stripped me down to lingerie—she wanted me in something that would've suited a charity gala. I grabbed her. "I want to taste the expensive drinks first, then find a dick to fuck."

She relented reluctantly, though her eyes promised she'd make sure that happened tonight.

She dragged me up to the mezzanine. The thick walls and soundproofed carpet finally muted the bass so I could hear myself think.

“The handsome crowd won't show up until midnight,” she said as she settled into a velvet booth. “That means we've got an hour. You can tell me everything, down enough drinks to flush Cary's toxins out of your system, and then be ready to celebrate with the first man who makes you want to kiss him.”

A handsome waiter holding menus cleared his throat awkwardly, reminding us to order.

Portia winked at him, ordered a French martini for herself, a cosmopolitan for me, and popped a bottle of champagne.

When he left, she turned back.

“All right, spill,” she said.

So I did. Portia was the perfect listener—gasping when appropriate, cursing the other woman with no mercy, and saving the fiercest fire for Cary.

“Probably the tits,” she concluded. “Nothing’s wrong with your face—any guy with eyes can see that. So it must be the tits.”

I rolled my eyes. “Are you trying to persuade me to get a boob job?”

“Hey, I own Seraphina Clinic. I’m proud of our world-class results.” She cupped her chest and pushed up, like a TV-shopping demo.

I laughed. “Don’t push too hard—your babies will pop out.”

“That’s a win for you, right? And profit for him.” She flirted with the waiter who’d just brought another round; he blinked back at her.

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