

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 4:

Afraid Portia might go off and have sex with the waiter right here, I waved him away. Then I heard my name.

Our booth wasn't fully enclosed; a screen separated us from the next table, so it was easy to overhear.

"Really?" a young man's voice said—high and floaty, as if drunk or drugged.

"Really. I have a source—on the floor with the boss's office. He said he saw a woman go into Cary's office and not come out for half an hour. When Hyacinth went in, the woman was still inside," another voice added, raspy and smoky, at least in his twenties.

Portia glanced at me, eyes sharp. I shrugged.

"Oh my God—office sex. Cary's a legend!" the conversation continued.

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“No surprise. We all know Cary doesn’t respect his—what’s the term—peasant wife. She should accept it quietly. Sure, she lost her dignity, but she got gold, right?”

“Tonight she watched her husband fuck someone live. That’s different,” the drunk one said with schadenfreude. “I bet she’s at home crying buckets. Poor thing—I feel like hugging her.”

The smoky-voiced man sneered. “Hug? Or fuck?”

“Who says I can’t do both?” the drunk grinned. “I’ve got her number. Maybe I’ll call her later. Her ass is the tightest in SoHo—I’ve wanted to fuck her since the first day I saw her.”

I leaned back, found the control panel, and pressed a button. The wall to our right flashed and turned transparent.

Drunk Rick Hatchett froze mid-sentence, dumbfounded.

Portia slid me a can of pepper spray.

“No.” I shook my head, hit the call-waiter button, and stood. I walked straight into their booth. Four men stared—fish-eyed, mouths open.

I went up to Rick. “Hi, Rick.”

When we’d first met last year at a charity ball, he’d played the perfect gentleman. Turns out his so-called dancing had been foreplay for groping my “perky ass.”

“Oh—hi, Hyacinth. Didn’t expect to see you here. I hadn’t heard Cary was around.” His smile was brittle; he kept glancing at the transparent wall, probably hoping it would become soundproof.

“Of course he’s not here,” I said, smiling back. “But isn’t that the best part?”

“What?!” Rick gaped.

“I mean—you just said you’ve been dying to fuck my ass.” I repeated his words.

“No, I was joking.” Rick jumped up, flustered. “I can apologize.”

“You serious?” I cocked my head, smiled sweetly. “Since you’re so interested in my ass—why don’t you buy me a drink?”

His eyes widened, but my tone inflated his ego.

“Of course. Anything you want,” he said, grinning.

“Perfect.” I reached behind the bar, picked the most expensive whisky on the shelf, and walked toward him with a smile that would make anyone kneel.

“Let me—” he began, trying to be the faux gentleman.

Without hesitation, I smashed the bottle over his head.

Glass shattered; the golden liquid mixed with his blood as it rained down his suit.

Everything happened so fast, so shockingly, that everyone watched, stunned.

I was perfectly calm. I turned to the nearest waiter and smiled.

“Put this on his tab. He insisted on buying it for me.”

Rick snapped back to himself. “You bitch!” He lunged at me.

I realized there was a window behind me—but before he could reach me, a voice rumbled through the room.

“You just called my wife a bitch?”

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