

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 5:

Everyone froze as if turned to ice, not daring to make a sound. No one would ever dare mock me in front of Cary.

I knew Cary—he could humiliate me, but that didn’t mean anyone else could. Not even his mother. I chalked it up to a chauvinistic, perverse possessiveness.

Cary was tall; even in a suit, his presence made the air hard to breathe. He filled the space like a beast. Rick’s face had gone the color of the dead.

“Cary, I was drunk. It was just a joke—” the man stammered.

“Cary? I don’t remember knowing you.” Cary’s voice vibrated from his chest, and Rick immediately dropped to his knees.

“Mr. Grant, I apologize. I was stupid—pathetic. How dare I humiliate your wife,” Rick begged.

“Apologize to my wife, not to me,” Cary said coldly.

“Mrs. Grant, I’m sorry. Will you forgive me?” Rick looked at me. The wound on his head needed attention. I didn’t press him further.

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“Just go,” I said.

But Cary grabbed Rick by the collar again. “Listen. This is the last warning. From today on, I don’t want to see your face in this city. Do you understand?”

Rick nodded frantically and stumbled backward until he nearly ran out.

Seeing Rick like that, nobody else was in the mood to party. Everyone was frightened and left. Portia gripped my arm—she knew about my separation from Cary and that it couldn’t be made public for another thirty days. She couldn’t just drag me out.

“Do you want to go?” she asked, looking at me.

I nodded, then turned to Cary. “Thank you. I’ll go home now,” I said gratefully.

Cary was an asshole, that I knew, but he also helped when needed. If I hadn’t fallen in love with him, this would have been the perfect ending.

“What are you doing here?” Cary grabbed me, then glanced at my outfit. “Why are you dressed like this?”

Dressed like this? I looked down—just a tight dress, shoulders and arms exposed. The only excessive thing was the way my curves showed, like a second skin. Portia had even teased that it wasn’t proper club attire.

“I don’t recall signing a curfew agreement,” I said sarcastically. “Everyone else in this club is more revealing than I am.”

“You’re my wife. You shouldn’t be at a club,” Cary said coldly.

“Newsflash—we have an agreement. I’m your secret wife; no one knows me except your high-society friends,” I shot back.

Cary tightened his grip on my wrist. I frowned at him. Suddenly, I didn’t want to give in. I knew if I told him, “Okay, I was wrong,” he would let me go, and I’d get my payout faster.

That thought left a hollow in me. I hated that feeling.

“Or do you want to make me your wife publicly?” I ground out.

The flame in Cary’s eyes could have burned me to ashes.

“Cary, what’s going on? My brother is waiting for you.” A gentle female voice suddenly cut through the tension.

The woman came over and slipped her arm through Cary’s. Her gaze paused on my face with a hint of puzzlement.

“She’s nobody important—just my secretary. I saw her being bothered and came to help,” Cary said, releasing me.

I felt Portia’s glare like it could kill. I met her eyes. I suddenly didn’t want to be an invisible wife anymore.

I collapsed into Cary’s arms. “Boss, I’m dizzy. Can you take me to the hospital?”

I saw the warning in Cary's eyes, but I boldly shoved that woman aside. I recognized her—not a gold digger, but Vanessa, the sister of the lead on a major project our company had recently partnered with.

She was an important client.

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