

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 591

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The impact was extraordinary. The car skidded, spun, and came to rest wrapped around a lamppost twenty metres down the street, its front end compressed into something that bore very little resemblance to its original shape.

I picked myself up.

The MPV's side door slid open and someone was running, and the running person resolved itself, in the amber light, into Lochlan.

He reached me in seconds, both hands on my arms, scanning my face. "Are you alright?"

I blinked. "I'm fine."

"Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," I said again, and this time it was true, or close enough. "I'm fine, I'm—yes."

I looked over his shoulder. Lochlan's team was already at the crashed car, forcing the buckled door.

It took three of them. When it finally gave, they pulled the driver out—a man, middle-aged, heavy-set, his face covered in blood.

I heard a siren somewhere in the distance, growing louder.

I sat in the back of the MPV with a foil blanket around my shoulders. Lochlan sat beside me. He held my hand and talked to Cameron through the window.

"Boss. Driver's unconscious. He's bleeding."

"Get him to hospital. Post men at his bed at all times. He doesn't go anywhere, he doesn't speak to anyone, until I say otherwise."

Cameron nodded and went.

When the police arrived, Lochlan's team gave statements. I was allowed to go home after the officers were convinced I was no more than an innocent pedestrian who'd had a close call.

Lochlan drove me back to the flat.

I sat on the sofa. "Is it over?" I asked.

"Depends what the driver tells us." Lochlan sat down beside me. "If he's the same man as before, we may already have enough. If he's not—"

"He's not. Different build. Older."

Lochlan nodded. "Then we need him to talk. If the police can't manage it—" He paused. "My men will have a conversation with him."

I didn't ask what that meant.

"I'll draw you a bath," he said. "Sleep. Tomorrow, if you're ready, we'll go to the specialist."

I nodded, stood, started walking to the bedroom. Then I stopped.

"Would you stay?"

He looked up. "I'm not going anywhere."

I barely made it to the bathroom.

Afterwards, I sat on the cold tile floor for a moment, forehead against the cabinet door, letting the world settle back into place.

Morning sickness had a particular quality of indignity to it—the complete absence of warning, the complete absence of mercy, the way it arrived on its own schedule with no interest whatsoever in yours.

I got up, rinsed my mouth, splashed cold water on my face, and came out to find Lochlan standing in the bedroom holding a glass of warm water.

I took it, drank slowly, exhaled.

"We can see the doctor today," he said.

"I'm fine." I looked at his face. "But apparently you're not. What's wrong?"

"What makes you think—"

“It’s twenty past five in the morning. I know what woke me up.” I lowered the glass.
“What woke you up?”

A pause. He took the glass from me and set it down on the bedside table.

“My men have been talking to the driver,” he said. “Through the night.”