

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 593

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“She didn’t fire me. Didn’t call the police. Said she’d make my debts go away, clear the lot, if I did what she asked.” He shifted against the pillow. “First it was small things. Find out where Mr Lockwood was, who he was seeing, how much time he was spending at home. Keep an eye on the wife. Report back.” He paused. “Then it got bigger. She wanted me talking to the driver who worked for the Lockwoods, getting intel, listening for things. And then she...” He stopped.

I waited.

He couldn’t look at me now. He stared down at his blanket. “She told me what she wanted. Marin Lockwood. A car accident. Staged.” He exhaled slowly. “I said no. First time, I said no.”

“But?” I said.

“But she paid me enough that I’d never have to work again.” He closed his eyes. “I did it. Then I ran. Didn’t come back for twenty years.”

Lochlan pulled up a chair for me. I sank into it.

“The money didn’t—it doesn’t. It doesn’t do what you think it will.” He made a sound that might have been a laugh. “Spent most of it on gambling and drink. Went overseas. Came back eventually. Thought enough time had passed.” He coughed again, and this time a nurse appeared, adjusted something on his drip, and gave him a look that said less talking. He waited her out. “About two months ago, a woman showed up.”

“Soraya,” Lochlan said.

“She didn’t give a name. She knew everything—the car, the road, details that weren’t in any paper.” He looked at Lochlan. “She didn’t want money. Did the opposite, actually. Set me up in a house. Nice place. Staff. Said she’d call when she needed something and I needed to be ready.” He shook his head slowly. “The call came three days ago.”

I stared at him.

“She said she wanted me to finish what I’d started. That there was a woman who should’ve died in that accident twenty-six years ago and didn’t.” He paused. “That really I’d just be cleaning up after myself.”

Lochlan gently draped his jacket over my shoulders. I hadn’t realised I was shivering.

“I said no.” His voice had gone rougher. “I’m an old man. I’ve had enough to answer for. I said no.” He reached for the water glass on his bedside table with a shaking hand. “Then she sent me a photograph. Of my daughter.” He set the glass down without drinking. “My daughter wasn’t answering her phone. This woman—Soraya—she said if I didn’t do what she asked, my daughter was gone.”

He looked at me, and whatever he saw in my face made him look away again. “I’m sorry. I know that’s not—I know it doesn’t—”

I didn’t respond to his apology.

When the man had finished, Lochlan said, “That’s the hold Soraya had over Gloria. That’s why Gloria had to help break her out. Soraya had found the driver, and she had enough to send Gloria to prison if Gloria didn’t cooperate.”

I nodded slowly. It made sense.

I stood on shaky legs. “Let’s go.”

“Please.” The man was trying to pull himself upright again, reaching toward us. “Please, my daughter... you have to find her.”

“Your daughter is fine,” Cameron said.

The man stared at him. “But the photo. I couldn’t reach her.”