

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 595

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“But she can’t go to jail.” His voice broke slightly on the last word. “She’d be upset for days on end if she broke a nail. Can you imagine what prison would do to her? Please, Hyacinth, I’ve never asked you for anything before—”

“You’ve never asked me for anything before because you didn’t know me. Because you’re still essentially a stranger to me.”

He paused. “But... I’m your father.”

“So?”

He sounded genuinely startled, as if he’d expected that last sentence to carry more weight than it did. “So... Gloria is your mother, in a sense. Your stepmother. She’s—”

“An evil stepmother, and evil stepmothers always get their comeuppance. If that concept is unfamiliar to you, I’d recommend Snow White. Or Cinderella. Take your pick.”

I hung up.

“I’m not going to be a Lockwood,” I said to Lochlan when I told him about the call.

“Aw,” said Desmond, who’d been hanging around for the past couple of weeks. “Here I was thinking I finally had a presentable cousin to show off at parties.”

“Sorry, cuz.”

He shrugged magnanimously.

“I suppose you can still introduce me, though. Sometime.”

“Oh yeah? As what? As my sort-of cousin who’s throwing away a fortune because she’d rather be skint than tainted by association with a murderer? Hmm, it’s got a certain ring to it.”

I looked at Lochlan. “As Lochlan’s girlfriend,” I said.

He went very still. “Really?”

“Really.” I held his gaze. “I mean, I’m not saying we should get married. Or even get engaged. Not yet. But I’ve spent four days trying to picture a life without you, and I kept getting the same result.”

“Which was?”

“Incomplete.”

From the corner of my eye I saw Desmond set down his cup and stand. The door clicked shut behind him a moment later.

I cleared my throat and shuffled my feet slightly, feeling oddly exposed, like I’d handed something over without quite meaning to.

“Portia suggested I cut you out entirely,” I said. “Raise the baby on my own.”

“That does sound like something she’d say,” Lochlan said with a touch of pique.

“Yeah. And I thought about it. Properly thought about it, during those four days. I could picture it quite clearly, actually—me and the baby in Mousehole, back at Gran’s. Teaching her how to find sea glass on the harbour beach, how to read the weather coming in off the Atlantic, how to bait a crab line properly so Uncle Sam would stop wincing. Getting a cat. Watching the fishing boats come in on winter mornings when the light goes all grey and gold at the same time.” I paused. “It’s a good life. It’s a genuinely good life.”

“You’ve really thought it through,” Lochlan said quietly.

“I even planned out the primary school. There aren’t many options in Mousehole anyway, which simplifies things considerably.” I looked at him. “But it’s missing something. Uncle Sam is wonderful, so’s my dad, but the baby’s going to need someone who can actually say no to her. My parents could never say no to me when I was small, and there’s absolutely zero chance they’re going to manage it with a grandchild. Someone needs to be the foot-down person. The voice of reason.”