

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 597 (END)

Chapter 597: (END)

She walked past me — through the door, past the two guards who stood aside without a word, and down the corridor. I heard the stairwell door bang open, then shut.

I stood in the wrecked room for a moment. I was, I knew, releasing something that could come back. A woman with a story, a grudge, and very little left to lose was not a negligible threat, whatever the tabloids made of her. She might do real damage.

I had just proven, I thought, that I was not as calculating as I liked to believe.

I found I didn't particularly mind.

Dad had chosen the restaurant, which meant it was somewhere with good ice cream on the menu. He was already seated when I arrived, and he stood to greet me with a bear hug.

He pulled back, held me at arm's length, and apparently approved of what he saw, because he clapped me on the shoulder hard enough to shift my centre of gravity.

"Now," he said, before I could even order, and produced — from seemingly nowhere — a very large ring-bound document that landed on the table with an audible thud. "I've done some research."

I looked at the binder. The cover read, in Dad's handwriting: Operation: Get Them to the Altar. Below that, in smaller writing: Confidential — Lochlan Eyes Only.

"Dad—"

"Ten most romantic getaway destinations for couples." He flipped it open. "Cross-referenced with privacy ratings, because you'll want somewhere the press can't get to. Ten best proposal locations, ranked by ambience and surprise factor. And—" he turned to a tabbed section near the back "—a curated shortlist of venues for a small, tasteful, non-circus wedding, which I know you'd prefer."

"I'm not going to propose," I said. "Not yet. She's asked me to give her time, and I intend to give her time."

Dad clicked his tongue and wagged a finger at me. “You’re a fine businessman, Lochlan. One of the best I’ve ever seen, and I’m not just saying that because you’re mine. But you know absolutely nothing about how this works.”

“I know that I don’t want to pressure her—”

“Who said anything about pressure?” He turned to another tabbed section. “It’s about creating the right conditions. Setting the scene. There’s a difference between pressure and strategic ambience. Read this.”

I took the binder and read the page he’d pointed to. “This is from one of Mum’s sociology papers.”

“She may have contributed some of the research component.”

“Mum helped you make this?”

“Yes.”

“Did you hold her at gunpoint?”

“Your mother’s worried about you. We both are.” He leaned forward. “Do you think you’re the only one who wants to see this happen? You’re going to have a daughter, Lochlan. I want to be there for the wedding before I have to be there for the christening.”

I looked at the binder again.

“I’ll look at it,” I said. “That’s all I’ll promise. Aim for an early Christmas wedding, if you can.”

Dad sat back, satisfied, and picked up his menu. “The ice cream here is excellent, by the way. Three house-made flavours.”

Before Christmas, I thought, is probably not unreasonable.

I picked up the menu.

The End.

You're all caught up with Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a posessive husband!.

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