

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 6:

I buried my face in Cary's chest. "Really—I need emergency care."

I figured Cary would push me away the next second, but unexpectedly, he pushed Vanessa aside and held me instead. "Tell your brother I need to take my secretary to the hospital."

"What?! No! Cary?!" Vanessa shrieked. "You know how important this cooperation is!"

But Cary ignored her and led me into the elevator. His heart pounded fast; I didn't know what he intended.

I was frightened. I rarely angered him. As soon as we were in the elevator, I struggled to get down.

Cary slammed me against the elevator wall in anger. "Listen, I know you're still sulking about the office incident. I can allow it—let's call it a little kink between us."

He bit my ear as he spoke. I didn't dare move; I curled my body as small as possible.

Then, suddenly, Cary pushed my skirt up.

"Are you crazy? There's surveillance!" I screamed and grabbed his large hand. Even though I knew Cary would handle the surveillance, public exposure still terrified me.

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"You're the crazy one. You stalk me and then come here to catch me in the act," he sneered.

What? I was just here to indulge with Portia. How was I supposed to know he would bring his new mistress here?

"I didn't! Why would I do that? I don't love you!" I shouted.

The air went suddenly silent. Cary's gaze turned ice-cold, different from his earlier fury—like my words had wounded his pride.

I don't love him—wasn't that what he wanted?

Suddenly the elevator dinged and the doors opened again. Cary blocked me.

I looked down and saw a pair of well-made black leather shoes, black suit pants wrapping long, straight legs, big hands hanging beside pockets.

Cary nodded politely at him. “I have to go ahead.”

Clearly a big shot—someone of equal standing.

I kept my head down and followed Cary out. I didn’t dare linger, but I still felt the man’s contemptuous gaze, as if I were nothing but a cheap whore.

I was, indeed. No man would humiliate his wife in an elevator.

Once inside Cary’s car, the driver discreetly raised the partition. I folded myself up as small as possible, as far from Cary—the bastard—as I could.

The quiet was broken only by my breathing. I refused to speak.

Cary suddenly sighed. “I’m going to discuss the project. You storming into the club and making a scene doesn’t help—you look especially foolish. Ugly. Like a shrew. Don’t you think?”

I wanted to retort, but I thought of the divorce pending. No need to explain.

“Anything else?” I asked, wanting to know what other insults he had lined up.

“If you want to stay with me long-term, stop these unnecessary suspicions. I don’t have time to care for your emotions,” Cary said, frowning.

“Okay. Anything else?” I continued to play obedient.

Cary lunged forward, grabbed my chin, and said coldly, “Hyacinth, do you know how unbearable you look right now?”

It felt like a bullet to the heart. Tears almost spilled. I clamped my palms together hard.

A tiny smile curved my mouth. “You know, there’s a way to make you not find me unbearable.”

“What?” Cary’s dangerous eyes narrowed again.

“Divorce me.” I looked up and met his gaze.

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