

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 7:

“Divorce me.” Her words hit me like a bullet.

I’d never felt this kind of panic. I was a man with assets worth tens of billions—I could do anything. If I wanted something, I could get it. But at that moment, I went through shock first, then anger, and finally an almost unbelievable sense of loss. Even if I lost a few billion in contracts, it wouldn’t faze me.

Hyacinth’s eyes were swollen and red; she stared at me stubbornly like a wounded little rabbit.

It was the first time I’d seen her like that. We’d been married three years; she’d never thrown a tantrum. She had dutifully upheld our agreement—no kisses, only sex—but I had to admit our sex was the best I’d ever had. I wanted to taste her soft lips, but every time I restrained myself. A kiss meant love, and damn it, I didn’t want love. I needed the marriage to help me get the CEO position.

International convention: a married man was more trustworthy to investors. A single man looked risky—desire, scandals, emotion could sink him at a key moment. They wanted a man who appeared stable, who could hold an empire together, not a ticking gambler liable to explode.

Of course I wanted to make my mother explode. She wanted a decent wife; my life had been controlled by her, and I was her masterpiece. I wasn't saying I hated her. I just wanted, when I had the means to strike back, to announce something to her. For now, she only needed to sit quietly at a few charity dinners.

I loved my mother, but I needed room to breathe. The thought of living in the same space as the wife she'd picked for me made me want to pull the trigger on my throat.

I'd only gone to the hospital that day to see an investor, and in a quiet corner there I'd seen a desperate college student—Hyacinth.

The first time I saw her, I knew she would be my wife. Her eyes were stubborn; her slyness made me realize she wasn't an emotional fool. She knew how to tell reality from dreams.

I stepped forward and offered her my proposal.

She didn't panic—she simply scrutinized me, making sure I was serious. I figured she needed time to think, so I left her my business card.

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But she spoke up. “Sir, can you pay the hospital bill now?” Her words hit me like a bullet. She was young; she ought to have expectations about love and marriage. But she accepted.

I remember smiling the biggest smile I’d ever shown. “Of course—if you agree to my terms.”

She waited for me to continue, as if nothing I might say mattered; all she cared about was whether her mother’s medical bills would be paid on time.

“I’m not spending money for a partner, but for a trophy wife. You will attend necessary events, remain silent and graceful; the rest of the time you are my secretary, unknown to the public. You may not reveal our marriage, question my private life, be jealous, nor indulge in any form of love—no declarations, no fantasies of fidelity, not even a kiss. A kiss implies emotion, and emotion is not part of this agreement. You’ll get money, a house, cars, security—but always remember you are the quiet prop in my marriage game. If you fall in love, you breach the contract, and everything goes to zero.”

She didn’t hesitate. She agreed immediately.

We made love on our wedding day. I admit it was the best sex I’ve ever had. I didn’t want other women. I tried other women, but when they approached, I only felt boredom. They were soulless shells, thinking only how to get more from my wallet.

But I refused to break my rules. I was certain it was Hyacinth’s body that obsessed me. I was her first man; I trained her to fit my needs. That was why I wanted her.

I continued dating many women, merely to convince Hyacinth I was still the playboy, unchanged. But after marrying her, I didn't sleep with any other woman.

How could I ever fall in love with a woman? The universe would have to explode for that to happen. But divorce? Why would she do that?

I opened the car door and took her into my arms. She wouldn't cooperate.

"Portia's clinic address? I think it's ripe to develop into a slaughterhouse," I threatened.

She wanted to kill me; a satisfied smile crept over me. I used to hate that her little kitten claws had come out, but now I found her adorable.

My cock twitched in my trousers as I strode toward our bedroom.

I threw the door open and pinned her against it, biting her lips. God—her lips were unbelievably soft, her taste better than I imagined.

Her lips stayed tightly closed. My hand slid into her underwear; my fingers found her sensitive spot. With a gentle press, she couldn't help but moan.

"Ah," she cried out.

I seized the chance and drove my tongue deep, tasting every corner of her mouth. When her tongue tried to retreat, I chased it, playing in her mouth. I tasted her saliva and, damn it, swallowed it.

She forgot to breathe. I moved my lips to her earlobe and breathed hot air into her ear; she shivered, her body going pliant, small hands clinging to my arm.

“Cary, don’t,” she protested, but now it was almost an invitation.

“You sure?” I asked, looking into her eyes, full of desire.

I smiled as I undid her bra. Her nipples were already hard. With one hand, I pinned her wrist to the door. My other hand seized her left nipple and took it into my mouth. I began to suck, pulling away, then traced it with my tongue.

“Cary! Don’t do this! I can’t take it!” Hyacinth pleaded.

“What do you want me to do?” I stopped and asked softly.

Her eyes were dreamy, struggling yet wanting. She bit her lower lip; her voice trembled. “Cary... don’t stop.”

My Adam's apple bobbed. My palm moved slowly toward her most sensitive place. She threw her head back, fingertips digging into my arm as she breathed rapidly. "Just—hurry."

I smiled—so familiar with her body. Every touch elicited her deepest response. She arched, almost offering herself to me.

In the next second, I scooped her up and strode to the bedroom, laying her on the bed. Her arms wound around my neck, urging softly, "Now—don't make me wait."

I stopped holding back, leaned down, and drove into her amid her burning cries.

I exhausted her, bringing her to climax three times. When I'd seen her in that black strapless dress at the club, I'd wanted to tear it off. Hyacinth rarely dressed to show her curves—she was my secretary, usually in a white shirt and a loose black skirt. Why was she so uncharacteristic now?

It must've been that office incident that had gone too far. I'd never humiliated her to her face.

I knew I had to soothe this little rabbit.

She collapsed into my arms, exhausted. I stroked her cheek and murmured, “This weekend we’ll go out to sea for two days—just the two of us.”

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