

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 8:

I glanced at the calendar.

Still twenty-seven days to go.

The weekend getaway trip wasn't happening. After that night, Cary had flown out to Los Angeles, supposedly on business.

I'd barely gotten any sleep. He'd been insatiable in bed, and I hated how physically—almost biologically—I couldn't resist his touch.

Maybe that was part of why he thought I was his thing, so easily controlled; why he believed that when I'd blurted out the word "divorce," it was just an outburst, something said without thinking. Not to be taken seriously.

"That's because he's the only man you've ever been with," Portia said over the phone. "You need to break his spell. You need new experiences."

“By experiences, I assume you mean another man.”

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“Men. Plural,” Portia emphasized.

“I’m not about to sleep around just to find out whether I’m only attracted to Cary,” I said.

“You can, and you will.” She sounded utterly confident.

Portia was usually right about most things. But was she right about this?

Could I really do it—be with another man?

“You must,” Portia insisted. “You have to leave that control freak, High C. The guy is seriously scary. That night, after he took you away from the club, I was convinced your body was going to turn up in the Thames.”

“He’s not that scary,” I said half-heartedly.

Portia snorted. “That’s because you didn’t see his eyes. I tried to block him when he hauled you away, but the way he looked at me... You can’t see me now, but I’ve got goose bumps on my arms just thinking about it. I thought he was going to kill me right there and then.”

“You’re exaggerating. Cary’s too rational. He isn’t going to give up his billions just to become a murderer on the run.”

Portia laughed. “Can you be any more naive? Laws don’t apply to rich folks like him. With the right connections and money stuffed in the right pockets, he could literally get away with murder.”

She went on to list all the examples she knew of rich people getting away with it, though they were all from TV, not real life.

“Anyway, back to the main topic,” she said, finally getting back on track. “You have to get away from Mr. Rich, Powerful, and Possibly Homicidal CEO. He’s no good for you.”

“Don’t I know it,” I muttered.

“I think it’s best if I don’t come round to your house before the month is out. You know I can’t control my mouth. I’m bound to let something slip if I see Scary Cary again, and that won’t be good for you.”

She had a point. If Cary found out I'd deceived him into signing the divorce papers, he'd fly into such a rage there'd be serious consequences to pay.

I hung up, tossed my phone onto the table, and took a tasteless bite of my sandwich.

Less than a month to go. I kept reminding myself of the number of days left, but could I really leave him for good by the end of it?

Could I ever truly escape Cary? His touch, his control, his impossible-to-evade presence?

The only thing Cary wanted from me might be my body. Maybe to stop him coming after me, all I needed was to find him a new target to obsess over.

Vanessa Abrams's pretty face jumped to mind.

She had a great figure. Not to mention, she came from a good family, which made her a suitable match.

Maybe she was my way out.

After breakfast, I set about packing my things for the move to my new home.

As I was pulling my favorite romance novel from the bookshelf, my phone rang.

Tanya.

I thought our deal had concluded. What more could she want from me?

I answered. "Good morning, Tanya." As the woman about to write me the fattest cheque of my life, she deserved my politest tone.

"Come over to my house," Tanya said, jumping straight to the point in her usual arrogant manner. "I need you to sign something."

"Is it necessary?" I'd already signed an NDA.

"I say it is." She didn't bother telling me what I was supposed to sign.

"Okay, I'll come over this afternoon."

