

Billionaire Boss Nah, Just a possessive husband!

Chapter 9:

“No. I expect you here at noon on the dot.”

“Okay.”

I got dressed and got in the car. Tanya lived on the Wentworth Estate. I'd have to put my foot down to make sure I got there before noon.

When I arrived, a liveried servant led me to the back garden.

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I heard them before I saw them.

“Come on, Cary! Can't you let me win just once?”

“Rules are rules.”

“Vanessa’s a guest, Cary. Can’t you go easy on her? It’s only a game.”

I turned the corner and caught Vanessa pouting as she gave Cary’s arm a playful swat. They were seated at a round table with a chess set in the middle.

Standing off to the side, watching the match like a proud parent, was the arbiter, Tanya Grant.

The picture was perfectly harmonious—they were the truly noble family, unlike me, the “peasant wife.”

Hearing footsteps, Tanya looked up.

She wasn’t surprised to see me; she even gave a meaningful smile, as if to say, See? This is what Cary’s wife is supposed to look like.

So there were never any documents to sign. She’d called me here just to humiliate me.

“What are you doing here?” Cary strode over quickly, frowning at me.

Vanessa looked at me like a victorious bitch.

I smiled sweetly and said, “Oh, I got a ‘you’ve-won-a-prize’ call saying there was a zoo mating show here. But look—I guess I’ve been duped.” I turned to Tanya. “Tanya, what do you think?”

I saw Cary shoot a warning look at Tanya.

Tanya hurried over at once, flustered, and pulled me aside. “Hyacinth, you should go. I forgot—we have important guests at home.”

I drew a deep breath and flashed her a sugary smile. “You said it was urgent. I haven’t even had a sip of water. You don’t mind getting me a glass of ice water, do you?”

Tanya froze for a beat, then said, “Of course. Help yourself.”

Smiling, I nodded and filled a glass to the brim. She stood right beside me, staring like I was a criminal.

Carrying the water over, and under her gaze, I suddenly flung it into her face. Her sleek, immaculate chignon instantly looked as bedraggled as a wet mutt.

Sure enough, I heard her curse: “Bitch! How dare you?!”

“You need some ice water to clear your head,” I sneered.

While she was flustered, I bolted out. Otherwise, I really worried Cary might hack me to pieces on the spot.

I jumped into the car. The moment I started the engine, my phone rang.

I hit decline.

Cary called again. And again.

I blocked his number.

Jabbing at the screen, I texted Tanya: [I’ve changed my mind. The price is now fifteen billion. Not a cent less. Pay up or risk the Grant name being dragged through the mud.]

She'd wanted to humiliate me. She ought to be ready to pay the price.

The car shot down the winding driveway.

I kept driving blindly.

Somewhere along the way, the sun disappeared. Clouds gathered overhead, and soon raindrops splattered against my windshield.

My eyes tracked the pattering rain unconsciously, my mind a blank.

By the time I saw the splash of bright yellow, it was too late. The motorcycle came out of nowhere, cutting across in front of me. My car almost rammed straight into its rear.

I slammed on the brakes.

Bam!

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