

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 4

...And at that moment, he knew that until he made Catherine his, totally his, he would do everything to have her back again, however, he was exceptionally formidable, not only to his rivals, even in the early years when joy and grief still existed for him, he had never experienced such jealousy, possessiveness, or any other emotion remotely like it. He had not known what fury felt like until that moment. It was sobering to realise just how much power this small woman wielded.

Catherine shook her head. "Let me go now!"

She edged away from his intensity, from the way he made her heart pound in alarm, glancing frantically at the rear door. But Shawn was too close for her to make good her escape. So she looked to his deep ocean eyes, then focused and aimed her thoughts at them, a talent she had had since birth, though one she would never admit aloud as she shed a little tear from her own, it was slowly creeping on her eyes, it was like she wanted all her emotion being shown to her eyes as she looks at him, telling him that she was in pain, disappointed, fearful and a hell lot more like thinking how her little goldfish drowned from the f*****g water.

"Hey, hey, I- didn't... wait, wait..." he hissed under his breath, forgetting himself. "D**n it! Why are you crying, I didn't mean to scare you, Jesus! I am not going to hurt you. Stop those tears."

Shawn rubbed the bridge of his nose thoughtfully. Why on earth was she crying? He didn't hurt her in any way, right? Shawn looked remorseful as he took his own hands from the wall and stepped back a little, ducking his head, his eyes shifting away from her as Catherine pressed the back of her hand to her soft, trembling mouth.

"D**n it, Catherine, I'm sorry, okay." Shawn felt not only his hunger but also his fatigue. It beat at him, inside him, so that his every protective male instinct roared to life.

With a little bit of a dramatic sigh and whimper, Catherine glanced up at him, measuring her options. Somewhere deep inside herself, she knew that Shawn had taken away her choices. Her choice to think straight, the man just apologized again and almost had a regretful look in his eyes. She wanted to just melt right there as her little guilt crept in, yet she wanted to smile.

She did it! She won his game. "I'm going now." She whimpered and bit her lips which never left unnoticed.

"Catherine, wait,... I'm sorry, don't go just yet," Shawn was never guilty but watching her almost trembling and so afraid of him, even sobbing,... that made him want to just slap his own face, how could he scare her like that? He would not allow her to leave just yet, with that fear in her eyes.

Catherine almost wanted to laugh out loud, but she held herself and wiped the now invisible tears from her eyes as she saw that in the merciless line of Shawn's mouth, the apologetic resolve stamped on his features, and his intense blue eyes.

She could pretend if she wanted to, leave it unspoken between them, not challenge the man. Yet, the power over Shawn clung to her like a second skin. She had been in difficult situations before, but this felt entirely different. This felt like she had him in her palm. Catherine wanted to run... Or wanted to stay.

Shawn reached out and tipped her chin with two fingers so that he could stare directly into her eyes. Two fingers. That was all. But it felt as if he had put chains on her, bound them together in some inexplicable manner. She felt the impact of his gaze burning into her, branding her as his. "Please don't leave just yet. I promise to behave as your boss and will never intimidate you. Just don't leave like this, Miss Brown."

He watched her tremble a little while the tip of her tongue nervously moistened her full lower lip. Shawn's body clenches in hot, hard, urgent demand, yet he doesn't want to scare her even more. "You are not going to run, right? You're not going to get away with it. You need the job. I need you with me. I mean, my paperwork has been a mess since you left."

"Since you fired me, you mean?"

Shawn closed his eyes and sighed, "Yes, since I fired you, now am I forgiven?"

"Do you promise to stay away from me? One meter away from me? Just like what the Covid 19 protocol has to offer?" she found herself answering. She didn't know what she was going to do. Down to her last one hundred dollars, she had been certain this was the perfect job for her. She was excellent at her job and she wanted it back, she liked being alone, and she loved staying away from people. And something about Mr. Richmond's request or demand had jumped out at her, drawing her to this place, this hot handsome, huge huge man, as if it was meant to be. It had been strange, almost a compulsion she couldn't resist him.

"Wait, are you serious? What the hell... A meter away?" Shawn grumbled and raised an eyebrow. She must be serious.

"Yes," she added. So sure was she that the job was meant for her. She should have known it was too perfect, especially with the man and his mansion. Without thinking, she sighed softly. "Are we going to sign a contract or what?"

Shawn's thumb feathered lightly over her chin. He felt her tremble, but she stood her ground. "And no touching Mr. Richmond," Catherine added, knowing full well, that if he keeps this up, she might be the one touching him all over.

The man was irresistible, and he knew it.

Shawn sighed. As if reading her mind," he anticipated, "There is always a price to pay, sweet." His hand moved to her hair, and he fingered the red-scarlet strands as if he couldn't help himself. "As you demand... okay, follow me to my library. The paper is there, just waiting for you to sign it." He turned around and motioned for her to follow him, and Catherine did, staring at his broad shoulder, which was only covered by a shirt and his usual trousers, and wondering what would happen if he let the man win this game of his.

Going inside the library, she found it too luxurious and modern. Watching him opening his drawer Catherine stood very still, near the door, like a small animal caught out in the open by a stalking panther. She knew Shawn was extremely difficult to her, yet she could only stare up at him helplessly.

"Here, take your seat and sign this paper. Read it first if you must." He mumbled something and went to get a pen on the side table and motioned for her to come closer with a pen in his hand. She slowly stepped closer, never leaving her gaze on his. It felt like Shawn was doing something to her, mesmerizing her, hypnotizing her with his burning eyes. Catherine couldn't look away from him. She couldn't move. "My Salary?" Her words came out strangled-sounding and husky. She couldn't tear her gaze away from his, no matter how much her mind screamed at her to do so.

Shawn's body moved close, closer still while giving her the pen, until his hard frame seemed to imprint itself on the softness of hers. He was everywhere, surrounding her, enveloping her until she was a part of him. She knew she should try to move, to break the spell he was weaving around her, but she couldn't find the strength. Then his arms closed around her and drew her into him, and her heart turned over at the gentleness in a man of such power and enormous strength. He whispered something soft and soothing. Something compelling. A sorcerer's temptation.

Catherine closed her eyes, the world suddenly hazy and dreamlike. She felt as if she couldn't move, as if she didn't want to move. She waited almost breathlessly. Shawn's mouth brushed her right temple, moved across her ear, feathered across her cheek to the corner of her lips, breathing warmth, leaving little dancing flames wherever he touched. She felt torn in two. One part of her knew it was so perfect, so right; the other urged her to run as fast and as far as she could. His tongue stroked across her neck like a velvet rasping caress that curled her toes and sent heat pooling deep within her. His fingers curved around her nape, drawing her even closer.

Longing speared through her, then gave way promptly to e****c elation. She was divided into two halves, one locked helplessly in the dark embrace, the other staring in shock at the sweet, promising spectacle. Her body was hot. Burning, longing, and need. Her mind accepted him and what he was doing. Taking her, staking his claim on her. Somehow, she knew that he was not trying to devour her but to possess her. She also knew that Shawn was not anything like a gentleman. Her eyelashes swept down, and her legs buckled.

Alright, that never happened, she was just thinking about it while Mr. Richmond was still meters away from her and she just stood there near the door, daydreaming and probably drooling like some f*****g sexless woman. Not that she was not... but still, the man was yum!

“Miss Brown? Are you alright? You look pale?”

Of course, she looked pale, her warm, lustful blood all running through between her legs and probably soaking her already too moist undies just imagining her boss' huge... gigantic...

Oh, f**k! I have to stop thinking about it.

Stepping closer she took the pen from him, gracing a little of his skin that made her gasp from the contact, it was like she had found some deep reservoir of self-preservation, and squirmed, all she ever wanted to just melt into her arms and touch those warm, firm muscles of his chest.

It was then that an intimate memory reached her deepest, concealed recollection, two years ago. When he accidentally married this man.

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