

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 6

“Hell no! Do I look OK?” Catherine murmured under her breath, ignoring the man while comparing him to her fiancée, who seemed ordinary in comparison to this adonis, Ryan Reynolds-sort of a man without the comedic attitude. Though, all was lost when she thought that she needed proper sleep because, for sure, her friends would never sleep a wink in Las Vegas. For once, she had a soft spot in her heart for this trip. She was trying to convince herself that this was a trip she needed before marrying Jason.

But to her irritation, how could she start a wonderful rest when the guy was watching her like she was some sort of monkey with three b***s? The guy who had unintentionally fallen on—to her unwilling breast would most likely not understand how embarrassing any of this was.

She noticed his faked irritated small smiles, somewhat apologetic and something resembling a tiny smirk that was almost like a b****y frown. He inhaled deeply, then pushed himself upright with his left hand on the armrest beneath the window. It was when Catherine realized how awkward it was, that she learned that she had been thinking some stupid thoughts while the man was trying to make sure that her head didn't hit the window glass.

Then, promptly, she found out that it wasn't an armrest she was holding but rather the man's waist belt just above the zipper fly when he stood up in a sharp, embarrassing situation that made the man raise his brows when she didn't take her hands away from the... “Oh, hell...” she cried out and blushed. She yanked her fingers away, flustered, before they came into contact with anything else.

Then the man quickly lost his balance again when an Asian mother with a Hello Kitty massive suitcase pressed them together, and the man's crotch was almost too close to her face while the Asian mother apologised and screamed at her children. Catherine's face turned rosy pink and could be compared with a massive horror shock.

“D**n it!” She heard the man grumble, yet, Catherine swore the hotty's bulge just twitched at her face before the man stood again and yelled at the Asian woman, who was now giving them an apologetic smile as she mumbled to herself... “Sorry, Sorry!” The woman just left and went to the next row as if nothing had happened.

“F**k, this is why I hate public transportation.”

Catherine's handsome seatmate let out frustrating vulgarities and appeared to look concerned when she just stared at him in a shocking manner. “Miss, are you okay? Did I hit you hard?”

Oh yeah, hard enough that I swear I saw your crotch twitching in my f*****g face, Catherine thought to herself, and felt embarrassed even more. What was she thinking?

A tall, beautiful flight attendant mumbled something in the man's face. "Let me help you, sir."

"No thanks, I am fine. Just leave." He grumbled, his voice a smooth, firm, a little rude, even, and heavily British-accented rumble.

'Wow, the man was not just hot but super rude.' Catherine thought to herself as she smiled at the attendant. She hoped he would say something else, so she could say something else on behalf of the embarrassed attendant who left their rows without a word.

She wanted to speak, maybe something insulting, but she couldn't, if only to make her later awkwardness easier. And she would have done so if the sea-blue eyes she'd been peering into weren't so captivating, his scent intoxicating. Probably from the manly, expensive cologne this man was using.

She liked his hair, too. So smooth, silky, thick, and... touchable... Or it showed how vast and broad-shouldered he was, enough to make her own frame feel small. And heaven knew that this circumstance didn't happen to her every day.

"Miss?" he urged again, less patiently. "Everything, OK?"

She tore her gaze away from the way his expensive suit molded the sinewy contours of his chest and firm abs, and murmured the first thing that came to mind to abate the obvious sexual tension that had amassed between them.

"W-well, sorry... I'm ... A-alright, appreciate your help..."

Wait a f*****g second! Why was she apologizing and being... appreciative? Oh hell... Really? Catherine, is that all you can say to embarrass yourself any further? She thought how awkward this was as she rectified her words... "I mean, I'm OK. But be careful next time."

Jesus... She wanted to die now. How awkward. She thought to herself.

"...Also, thank you for your help with the children's orphanage... I-I'm implying that... to the... I mean, in the... oh, never mind."

His dark brow creased.

His lips, so firm, pink and sensual, thinned.

Shoulders flexing, he studied her with breathtaking purpose, then inquired, "How'd you know about the orphanage?"

A simple query, Shawn Richmond thought.

One that shouldn't have imposed any hypocrisy. It was his secret. Nobody knew about him sponsoring the orphanage.

But that's precisely what his seatmate looked to be doing when she bent over to drop her own purse beneath the seat in front of her, as per preflight restrictions, by secretly pulling the mundane white shirt of hers and dusting an invisible dust on her jean-clad, shapely thighs, probably from her nervousness, and yes, he was not surprised. After all, he had it with him that made the woman nervous, if not flirtatious.

"Um...you... I-I t-think I saw you there yesterday morning... I was there too... Um," she finally muttered.

Oh, yeah. Yesterday, it made sense. Shawn thought, "What a small world indeed." But he never saw her there. He would surely recognize and notice this beauty.

The woman mumbled as he watched her lips, "Well, small world, that and the suitcase in the overhead. You accidentally left it yesterday in the children's playroom." She glanced at the passengers seated across the aisle. His, she knew, was the most expensive and luxurious amongst the hello kitty bags and her red ordinary suitcase.

After making her point, she moved further away from him and drew the safety restraint over her lap, once again attracting his attention to a place it shouldn't be.

"But I didn't see you there?" He asked.

"Well, I was in a Paw Patrol costume." Yes, it was b****y hot in that airtight costume that made her sweat all over. And, yes, she remembered the man who gave their Mother Seniora a sizable donation without even mentioning his name. He just left and forgot the suitcase, and an hour later, her so-called mini skirt secretary came and retrieved the suitcase.

"So, how long have you been helping the orphanage?" She asked with a kind smile, her nervousness gone.

Shawn watched as she fit the metal buckle into the clasp and drew it taut.

Was there any part of her not delectable? He wondered. Any inch of her that he did not want?

“Ten years,” he mumbled, wondering why it was suddenly so difficult to get the words out. And why was he hard all of a sudden? Not that his earlier ordeals did not make him hard... It was well surprising.

She wet her lips.

Unexpectedly sounding a little hoarse, too, she asked, “And what do you do? Mr. Ten Years?”

“I’m a businessman.” He smirked at her words and watched at the center aisle then looked back at her with intense interest.

She pursed her lips in a way that had him marveling at what it would be like to kiss her.

“Which must make you a super rich person?”

Not just kiss her. Make love to her. Hard and fast. He thought as he inhaled her soft, strawberry-womanly scent.

“CEO, I’m a CEO,” he mumbled and breathed in her fresh fragrance.

She extended a hand.

It was as smooth and pale as it looked, her clasp warm and firm. sweet, and delectably feminine

“Well, nice to meet you, Mr. CEO?” She raised her brows, which did not go unnoticed.

He thought the woman certainly did not believe him. Yet he let her go reluctantly, the understanding he’d felt when he’d landed in her lap and her smooth, strawberry-scented breast returning in full force.

“Shawn... Richmond...”

“Ow? Really?” She smirked as she thought that the man was lying, knowing the man was just using the CEO’s name... maybe he was a businessman, but not the Shawn Richmond she was used to hearing all the time.

“Nice meeting you, Catherine.” It’s a good thing she didn’t recognize him. After all, Shawn reasoned, no one would notice him now that he had removed his beard and cut his shoulder-length hair short.

Her smile widened, and she became even more attractive as the conversation progressed. She kept a close eye on him at all times.

Okay, so maybe Shawn's first opinion of her hadn't been on the spot. Even if she wasn't his thing, there have been worse ways to kill time than lounging next to a gorgeous, attractive female. Shawn pondered, a bit apprehensive but a lot intrigued, as the aircraft backed away from the gate and the flight attendants ran over the safety briefing.

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