

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 8

Shawn thought that the blonde woman was still a little bit uncomfortable about their encounter earlier, and he realized that from the way her eyes avoided him every time he gazed at her. Yet, both couldn't ignore the pull and the sexual tension each other had. Nevertheless, just standing beside the woman made him think mischievous thoughts as her cleavage was his to ogle with, the delectable pale, smooth two-cliff trying to take over his common senses. After all, he had a little incident earlier with the same cleavage, right? And he loves every second of it.

When their gazes locked, it was as if everyone else in the club faded away. There was something so intimate and so unbelievably remarkable about her lilac strawberry scent that it was like calling him. So sensual and so arousing. Just looking at this charm, even his friend down there wanted to claim her right there and then.

And though he couldn't determine her seriousness with her little flirting, there was something very unique about it. Shyness! She was shy! Yet she was doing her best to act like she was used to this flirtation. It was like she had been battling herself, like she was trying to make sense of what was happening to them now. Drunk or not, they were both aware of the sexual anticipation radiating off of them. He saw her pink tongue moistening her lips as she stared at each other's eyes. "Well, maybe this is my luck, Miss Lilac..."

"Lilac?"

"You smell like lilacs, strawberries, and roses put together... that all I ever wanted was to just eat you." He mumbled as he watched her cheeks turn scarlet red. 'Innocent! too innocent and sweet.' He thought it was so adorable.

Her deep blue eyes were beautiful and brilliant, so raw and naive at the same time, and right now they were expressing a sweet longing that quickened his pulse. Yes, the woman was quite a chatterbox and a little bit rude earlier because she slept for almost half of the flight and totally ignored his advances. He couldn't blame her after all. She didn't even believe his name, but he still couldn't help but stare at her lips now, as her sweet pink roses were calling him to taste them.

"My name is Catherine, Catherine Brown."

"Well, Catherine, Miss Brown, it's lovely to meet you again. Welcome to Las Vegas, where s**t happens, yes?"

"Why Mr. CEO? You want that s**t to happen?"

"Well, I can be persuaded, but hell, what a coincidence! And you appeared to be too drunk now to even dance with me."

“Oh, of course I’m not d-drunk. A little tipsy, yes.” She added with a cute annoyance, as she had to tilt her head to look at him, because she was seated and he was towering over her.

He breathed in to memorize her scent, “Well, what if I told you I wanted to spend my night being drunk with you?”

“I d-don’t think so. Why Mr. CEO, s-sir y-you got yourself enough cash to marry me here in Las Vegas and have a honeymoon in the hotel?”

“Sky’s the limit.” He replied and winked at her.

“W-whateverrr.”

“Okay then, so can I buy you a drink, Miss Brown?” Shawn offered.

She lifted her full glass. “No, thank you. I’ve already got one.”

“Then I’ll buy your next one.”

“There won’t be a next one. I don’t trust myself or you.”

“Why is that? I thought I would be your drinking buddy tonight. I won’t leave you with all those vultures trying to feast on that,” he posted on her breast.

“Possessive much? But, I’m a lightweight. S-see, and... w-well, one drink makes me tipsy, maybe three.” Her lips curved slightly as she giggled, “Maybe four drinks make me do bad things, really bad things.”

Damned if his shaft doesn’t twitch at that. “How bad?” Shawn growled.

Although she blushed, she didn’t shy away from the question. “Very bad things, like marrying and f****g a stranger... This is where Las Vegas is famous, right? Elvis Presley, c-can officiate a wedding anytime!”

Shawn grinned at her, then flagged down the bartender with a quick, exaggerated motion. “Another drink for the sweet lady,” he called.

She laughed, and the melodic sound sent prickles of sensation through him. He was insanely enticed by her.

“How lovely, you know my drink?”

“I’m guessing well, yeah? Can I tell you a secret then?” He mumbled, as he went nearer to her ear, “I own this place.”

“Huh! I d-don’t believe you... But well... I am the Queen of England, haha!” She giggled again, and thought that she was indeed too drunk to even notice that he was serious.

Why was he looking at her like he wanted to devour her? This hotty knew she was just having a good time, right? She thought, maybe this man was really rich, but so what now? She was getting married. So... no one could blame her if she got herself wasted, right?

Rather than take the empty stool beside her, he remained standing. But he did edge closer, and her knee lightly brushed his hip. He swore he heard her breath hitched at the slightest contact.

Shawn glanced over and spotted her friends watching them with deep interest. Yet, they ignored them again when their partner began to step on the dance floor.

“Well, how about we get ourselves wasted and try the Vegas wedding, I can buy you a ring later. If this is what you call fun, then let’s go... Let’s get m-married?” Shawn brought his lips close to her ear again so she could hear him. He wondered if this could bring her to his bed. Why not? After all, it was just a silly marriage and they would be able to divorce tomorrow after the honeymoon, right?

This time, he saw her breath hitched. Her perky b*****s rose as she sucked in air. “My colleagues gave me a twenty nine percent chance of getting your number without you slapping my face, and I do not want that. After all, it seemed like we already knew each other, right?”

Her eyes dance devilishly. “Wow, and so? Does sleeping on each other’s side on the flight earlier make us friends? However, I can be persuaded. A twenty-nine percent chance? Jesus, your colleagues don’t have much c-confidence in y-you, huh?”

“Don’t be sorry, sweet. I’ve beaten greater odds than that. But... let me tell you a secret.” His mouth brushes her earlobe as he whispers, “I don’t want your number.”

She jolted in shock, her gaze snapping to him. “You don’t? Seriously?”

“Nope. I mean, yes, I am dead serious.”

“Then what do y-you want? Mr. Richmond, CEO, sir?” She picked up her drink and took a short sip, then sighed.

He thought it over for a moment. “I want to kiss you, taste your lips, and smell those sweet lilac scents.”

“Are you shitting me?” She raised her brows as she beamed and gave a half-smile.

“No, Miss Brown.”

“Oh, I don’t believe you for a second there.” Then came her surprised laugh. “Uh-huh. You’re just saying these sweet phrases because you wish I’d buy it, does it always work for the other girls?” She bit her bottom lip, which made Shawn want to just kiss her right there and then.

“Well, yes it is.”

“So, then you can prove to your friends that you’re not a loser?”

“No,” he told her. “That’s not why I want to kiss you.”

“Oh really, now Mr. CEO?”

“Really.” He licked his bottom lip too. “I want to kiss you because you’re the hottest, most gorgeous woman in this club.” He shrugged. “And anyway, it’s unmistakable you want the same thing.”

“Says who?” She challenged.

“Says the fact that you haven’t stopped staring at my lips since I walked over here.”

“Oh, really now?” She narrowed her eyes and smiled.

“See, here’s the thing.” Shawn lightly dragged his fingertips along her slender arm. He was not touching bare skin, yet she visibly quavered. “My friends think you’re Little Miss Innocent. They cautioned me that you’d be frightened by someone like me. Someone tough and big, but you know what I think, Catherine?”

“What?” She mumbled with the same intensity as he did.

“I think you like it tough and big and as hard as me.” Once again, he leaned in closer. Shawn couldn’t help but flick the tip of his tongue over her ear.

There was another sharp intake of breath, and he felt a tug of achievement.

“I don’t think you’re innocent, and I don’t think you’re a good girl,” he continued, “and I think right now you want nothing more than to kiss me harder, rake your nails down my back, and let me f**k you right here in front of everyone.”

D**n if she didn’t get wet.

She moaned out loud.

‘Dammit’ Shawn thought, as his hardened shaft twitched and as he sniffed her adoring lilac scent.

The arrogant grin was just unfolding across his face when she grabbed the back of his head and yanked him down for a hard kiss.

“You’re right, Mr. CEO, or Shawn W-whatever...” she murmured against his lips as he tasted her heavenly soft lips. “I’m not a good girl at all. I want more than anything to have you right here with me, drunk or not.

“Good, let’s go then. Elves Presly is waiting and we shall be married soon and have the honeymoon of our lives... deal?”

“Deal!”

Shawn’s shaft was hard before her tongue even entered her mouth. And when it did, sliding through his parted lips, it was his turn to moan. She tasted like wine and s*x, and he kissed her back hungrily, all the while conscious of the loud catcalls enveloping them. He was sure some of those shouts were coming from his colleagues, but he was too busy to wallow in their awe.

As his tongue slicks over hers, Shawn gently thrust one leg between her soft thighs. Letting her feel how hard he was.

“... You’re... d**n! Hard as a rock,” she mumbled. She halted the kiss, her eyes gleaming with pure passion and l**t. “Let’s get out of here and finish this somewhere private?”

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