

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 1 of Book 1

At six o'clock, Catherine Brown was on her way to the hotel where her boss, slash secret husband, Mr. Richmond, checked in. He called her yesterday and informed her that tonight was the only time he would be available, and if she wanted her job back as his secretary, they needed to talk about something important first.

Whatever it was, she didn't care any longer, and even though the devil said it would be purely business, yet here she was, driving under the rain in snarling traffic, and yes, she was drunk, but who cares? Catherine knew she didn't have to worry about anything other than business conversation. After all, Mr. Richmond never saw her as a woman, not that her yellow sweater and long skirt would make an impression, and besides, he liked his women naked, -f*****g all the time.

After ten minutes, when she reached the door, she strengthened and checked herself before knocking on the door of the presidential suite on the top floor. The woman at the reception said that she could go straight. After all, with her boring, non-s**y clothing, she surely couldn't be mistaken as a w***e. She didn't even put on lipstick or a little make-up. She was here for a reason that even the gods didn't know why.

How she ended up married to the billionaire playboy was beyond her. Two years ago, being drunk and stupid, she accidentally married him. Oh yes, it was just a mistake, a fuckin' stupid drunken judgment, not that she could blame herself. After all, being too drunk in Las Vegas and accidentally marrying a billionaire was never on her bucket list.

The man was nothing but bossy and demanding as hell, and out of desperation, he hired her as his secretary in exchange to keep their accidental marriage secret. Not that she had another choice. Being homeless, penniless, and heartbroken at that time made her desperate enough to accept his offer, but the devil himself fired her a few weeks ago, and now here she was in the b****y elevator thinking about how to strangle the man.

She knocked on the door many times, yet it seemed like either the devil was busy f*****g someone or he was fast asleep.

Another minute passed. She tried to nudge the door and realized that it was unlocked. She opened it slowly and noticed how it was too dark inside. What sort of sorcery is this? Why is it too dark here? She thought to herself, "Hello? Is anyone here? Mr. Richmond?" With a little step forward, she yelled again, "Mr. Richmond? It's me, Miss Brown."

Looking around, she was surprised by the grandness of the living room. A huge crystal chandelier in the middle of the ceiling brightens the place, and the sheer glass wall with a modern shade curtain made from a very silky smooth sheer fabric that both looked pale

and droopy was used on each side, which has made a great contribution to its grandeur.

Silence

He told her to come here, but the man probably forgot it again. “B****y annoying. What a waste of time.” She murmured under her breath but halted when she realized Mr. Richmond would not leave the door unlocked if he wasn’t here. Right?

“Shawn?” She blushed, saying his name out loud, and then felt silly.

A girl could dream.

However, Catherine walked through the darkened living room towards the glass door where the beautiful scenery was breathtaking, a view to die for indeed. Yet, the luxury in the room was to die for even more with the cream with gold accents and furniture pieces being bold additions to this open area, which made the color palette of the living room so relaxing.

She paused for a moment as she pushed open the door to the next room, seeing that the lights were still on and hearing the sound of water rushing out of the showers.

Well, that was weird. She knew this because he once told her that her Asian grandmother was superstitious and had never allowed him to take a bath or shower at night since he was a child. And, besides, this suite was closed and dark; who was taking a shower here? Was he f*****g someone inside, or did he simply forget to turn off the shower? Well, the second was believable. After all, he would not let her come here if he had a s*x escapade here, right?

But curiosity got the better of her.

Slinging her bag over her shoulder, Catherine walked towards the shower room, passing a huge hallway. It was welcoming from the open door to the wide aisle. On the sides were the paintings of a famous artist; the floor was a modern dark marble; a blend of deep homely light nude hues; and a pale gold that matched well with the colors in the living room.

However, all she could hear was the water, so she was beginning to think someone had just left it running.

She rounded the corner and froze. Yes, she stood there immobile, unable to even blink.

Mr. Richmond was naked, her f*****g secret husband, with white soap bubbles around him as he stood under the spray of the water. But it wasn’t that her ex-boss was standing without a stitch of clothing in front of her that made her gasp as she did, and it wasn’t even the surprise of seeing him in the shower room naked either.

No, what made her gasp out loud enough that Shawn's eyes snapped open and peered directly into hers was a gigantic f*****g d**k between his knees, both of his hands wrapped securely around it as he rubbed it up and down. OKAY! Maybe... her mind was just overreacting and caused her to gawk at it and be shocked?

However, it was exceptionally shocking, truly surprising. The man was nothing but enormous. It's massive.

How could she not remember how huge he was? After all, they already did it two years ago, right?

It was bigger than those pornhub thingies; it was more powerful than her f*****g forearm! Catherine was stopped dead in her tracks by its sheer magnitude as her eyes fought to believe what she was looking at. It protruded, thick and throbbing, from the blond patch between his legs, jutting out what had to be a f*****g foot. His hands could scarcely wrap around its massive girth, and the bulbous head throbbed scarlet and pulsed as he massaged it.

Her best friend's toys are not in competition with it.

Then, unexpectedly, Mr. Richmond's eyes sprang open at the sound of her gasp, staring right at her as they both halted, only seven feet apart.

"I- ..." He exclaimed, his massive shaft twitching as he dropped both of his hands off of it. "The, um, shower..." Catherine whispered. "I was under the impression that no one was using it..."

Shawn lifted his brows and nodded slowly. "So, Miss Brown, you didn't knock?"

"Um- I-I'm sorry...yes," she swallowed deeply, unable to take her gaze away from the monster shaft dodging heavily between his legs. Shawn barely mumbled the words out, completely enchanted by her wide blue eyes locked on his thick, lovely trunk; enthralled by it. He then smiled.

"I'm sorry, Miss Brown, but I'm in a private meeting with my little manager here," Shawn added, with a little smirk.

Little? You've got to be kidding me. She thought to herself as she jolted back to reality as she heard her name called. "Oh my god." She snapped her head up, meeting his gaze for a fraction of a second before her entire face turned crimson red. She wished she could just melt away and be done with her life. This was more than embarrassing.

"I'm sorry..." She practically yelled the phrase as she turned and hurried out of the shower room and back into the dim living area, and started pacing around like some foolish virgin woman from the f*****g 18th century.

It wasn't until the shower room's front door closed behind her that she realized, with a small gasp, that her underwear was completely moist beneath her skirt.

D**n it!

When she was this triggered to run or stay, it was so very hard to have self-control. It was like she was doing the actions. It was like her behavior had been nothing but foolish, but it was as if the gas pedal got stuck down and in that acceleration, in that momentum, the steering wheel gets all jammed up too. Her mind was like that, she was panicking, not because of how huge it was, but how shameful it was to just stand there and stare at it.

She was taken aback. How could she have forgotten those monstrous, throbbing monsters? Oh hell, I'm getting crazy.

Catherine felt like she was in the middle of a fight or flight and it was so disappointingly primitive, but she just couldn't override the warm feeling. It was unless she had a friend to help her, to guide her, to release that emotional pressure so that she could take back the steering wheel and make good choices.

"Wait, am I going to wait here or what?" She asked herself and nibbled on her bottom lip. She wondered how on earth she was ever going to be able to face him again now.

S**t s**t! It was natural to feel the urge to retreat, right?

But no, she needed a job, right? S**t! There was no turning back now. 'Catherine, you are brave. You can do this.' Her self-talk was not helping, but she didn't have a choice either, 'Catherine, when you realize you are good to your core, when you realize your self-worth, a solid sense of confidence would expand within you, so s**k it up and do not stare at his massive hard...'

"D**n it! I have to go," she murmured under her breath, and finally stood up. Then, out of nowhere, she heard his deep, exhausted voice. "You are not going anywhere yet, Miss Brown. Sit and I'll be back."

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