

## Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 19 “Catherine, what is your plan that sent you here in my kitchen? It’s b\*\*\*\*y three in the afternoon.” Shawn whispered in her ears, his heavy tone deep and raspy, as if he was in a race. Race to where? She thought, to her bed?

Yet he pinned her with his gaze. The tenderness of his lips was in sharp contrast to the fire in his eyes. “So? Have you changed your mind? I promise not to disturb you like this again. It was just a one-time thing. Let’s get this out of our system, Catherine.” Providing her a trail of heated, little kisses from her neck to where her pulse throbbed at the base of her throat, he waited long enough to say, “Shall we?”

“No!” She moaned.

“Come on, I know you need this too.”

So alone and so near to Shawn, Catherine could not breathe. This was a nightmare, this wasn’t supposed to happen. She should not have let him take advantage of her. However, she could not speak as his long lean fingers stretched, stroked, and sent devastating chills up and down the length of her arm. All remainders of reasonable thought were dispelled as Catherine found herself swimming in the familiar sandalwood and rain of the ocean current of longing.

Oh, so help me... Goddess of common sense, come and wake me up from this incredible nightmare... This man was amazingly seductive and he surely knew how to make her moan like a wanton s\*x-deprived individual who relied on doing it with herself for the past two years.

Then he smiled at her. Understanding her needs. “Why do you fight this, Catherine? We knew we both had this between us.”

Yes.

“No!” Catherine gasped.

“I can see how you fight this... I know you are wet for me, so ready for me,” he said, and his voice was low. It promised tender, hard, faster, warm caresses to a lovely love making. “Even more so excited for me.” “No, I am not. Mr. Richmond.” “Liar!”

Her eyelids lowered as she relented to the moment happening between them. A reasonable thought broke through her luscious mist. She could give him her body again and all of her heart, as she’d been secretly doing for two years now... and then what? He would’ve left her eventually. By choice or by force, he would too. When whatever was between them now disappeared, then what? Would he have left her broken heart shattered into even smaller pieces?

She had to avoid this while she still could.

Clearing her throat, she avoided his grip. Breaking contact with Shawn physically hurts. Her body revolted. “No, Mr. Richmond. We both knew that playing with fire would eventually get

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us burned. So no, the answer is no. I’m sure you’re busy. I’ve wasted enough of your time” She’d realized this would be difficult. What she hadn’t counted on was her heart being pulled from her chest. “First of all, thanks for helping me get through to my brother. I came here to work and nothing else. Husband or not, we both know it was just for a paper. So I beg you to stop this nonsense.”

His stare penetrated her. “Fine, but for now.”

She couldn't go there with Shawn She couldn't afford another broken heart. Mr. Richmond was nothing but a fire she desire to avoid, a moth like her would be burned in a second.

"Mr. Richmond, how did you... how did you know about my brother?" She inquired, changing the course of the discussion as she slowly fixed herself and Shawn stepped a little further." And how did you convince Dave to talk to me?"

"Shawn, call me Shawn, Catherine. And well, about your brother, I'm involved with his art clientele. That was the easy part." He smiled, his closed-mouth grin upturned grin.

"The second part was a bit harder, so I told him that by law, you are my wife and I won't let you worry about such a debt. Emptying someone else's life savings for his own gain must be punished, so we had an agreement. I'd help him, then he would pay every penny he took from you."

"Shawn is my brother. Yes, it was my... Nevermind, you never had money problems before, you won't understand, but thanks anyway. I- I came here to thank you, by the way."

She had no doubt. Shawn's abilities far outweighed hers. He had contact everywhere. Obviously. "I just don't want you doing it again."

"And why the hell not?" There came the seductive smirk again.

D\*\*n. He was playing further.

She planted her fists on her hips. "It's my problem. It doesn't concern you a bit. Worry about your company, not my mundane life."

Heat rose from her neck as she furrowed her brow. Surely Shawn hadn't threatened her brother or used her against him.

He waved a strong hand. "Alright, I won't. Besides, the gallery owner who accepted his art was my grandfather's associate. He also received the benefit of being selected for a future art

exhibit. I've made sure Dave is one of the top. He'll be given the opportunity."

"Ow... I- I'm speechless." Words fell painfully tight of the appreciation warming Catherine's heart. A selfish thought hit her. She wished she could be there to see for herself, Dave would be grateful after all she was his number one fan. Yet, she promptly quelled her hopes.

"What is it?" Shawn inquired, his gaze intent. A dawn of recognition lightened his features." You prefer to be there with him, don't you?" "I- I, of course, well... But no... I have work here, and I could never ask that of you. Not after what you've accomplished. I'll s-stay and work here as we a-agreed."

Shawn glanced at his watch. "His flight leaves in an hour."

"Dave? To where?" she asked, startled.

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"I've arranged for a helicopter to pick him up. He'll be accompanied by the Duke's personnel."

"What? W-why?" Catherine stutted.

"My grandfather has a friend, a Duke. The old man wanted your brother to paint the island and the castle." "He's going where?"

"St Michael's Mount, Cornwall."

"Wow, as in today?"

"Well, tomorrow actually, but of course he had to be there soon and the train would take

him 5 hours at most so I'd arranged faster travel-

"Why there?"

"The Duke wanted it. My grandfather suggested your brother. As you already know, the Duke wished it for his collection. Back in the day, all the folks clinging to Mont Saint-Michel threw their support behind William the Conqueror, the Duke's forefather. As far as I know, the first Norman king of England returned the favor by creating a Norman priory on a little island off the coast of the Penzance headland in Cornwall. And today, the fortress island is linked to the English mainland only by a slender man-made causeway. The coolest part of this Cornish gem, aside from the setting, is the beautiful castle, which has been in the hands of the St. Aubyn family since the mid-17th century. Now, are you coming? Would you like to go there?" "Now? How about work?" "Who began working on Friday? We will be back here on Monday anyway. So what do you say? She'd done nothing to deserve such compassion. "I'll never be able to compensate you for this." "Yes. You will." Shawn smirked. "Name it."

"Oh really? Hmp, I see you've changed your clothing. What you're wearing is a decent choice for what I have in mind," he mumbled as he turned his back to her.

"Huh? For what?" she begged, glancing down at her jeans, a dark winter blouse and a boring jacket, ignoring the quivers glinting in her senses at the spectacle of his muscled back. Her fingers involuntarily tensed with the need to touch the man. "We're going on a road trip. We can talk more in the car."

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