

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 20 Catherine was excited about the trip. Shawn had given her an hour to pack her luggage for the three-day holiday, and sure, it was not a tropical beach or island, but the change of scenery would do her good, and she was looking forward to escaping her obligations for two whole days. No morning calls, online meetings, or scheduling of her boss's too busy life. She would relinquish the holiday, because on Monday she knew the real work load was coming. For forty eight stress-free hours, without anyone or anything getting in the way.

When she was in college, she drove a beat-up old Toyota that Dave fixed up himself. Hell, her brother rebuilt the entire engine on that old thing-twice. Nowadays, she was not driving anymore; the subway, cabs, and buses were way, way better. Her amateur salary wasn't even that much compared to what other blue-collar females were raking in, and yet it was still more money than most people make in a year,

But Shawn's dark, expensive SUV lacks the charm of her old Toyota. The engine barely makes a sound, and when they're off the highway and driving on an uneven, unpaved road, the suspension proves just as efficient. The SUV barely moves as it coasts over various potholes.

Despite the peak performance of her ride, she let out a wistful sigh. "I miss my old Toyota." Shawn looked over. "You know how to drive?"

"Of course, who does not? I have this old Toyota, so old and rusty, but it was ours. My father actually, but I couldn't even bear to sell it. It's not working anymore, so it's currently sitting in my brother's garage. We both know I'll have to get rid of it eventually because it's just taking up space, but I'm not ready to say goodbye yet." "Hmp, then why didn't you fix it?" Shawn grumbled as he manoeuvred his expensive SUB through the traffic jams of London. They were still in the city, going out on the main highway.

"It will cost so much more than buying a new Toyota, so, no, I'm stuck with the train and bus."

"Hmp, does it have b**t warmers?" Shawn pointed out while grinning. "B**t warmers are the best, which is why I miss them so much," she said, her mouth curled into a smile.

"They are the best," he agreed.

A notification appears on the screen of Shawn's dashboard. Since his phone was h****d up to the car, his text messages were synced to it. "Mr. Richmond, should I read it?"

"Yes, please,"

"It's a text from Elizabeth," she told him. "Ignore it," he said, making a trickling noise.

"Maybe it's important?" She forced a smile. "No, that is my ex. She was terrorizing me and made a big deal about me being head over heels with her. Stupid woman!"

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"Ow! And you expect me to ignore that? I will report her." Her eagerness growled forward. After she tapped a button on the screen, Siri began reciting Elizabeth's words.

'My love, Why are you not picking up my calls? I want you back! Call me or I will make a mess. I will ruin you.' Catherine gawked, "Wow!" Shawn smirked. "An ex-girlfriend?"

"Yes," "The model? Or the actress?"

"Nope, the Duke's niece."

"Wow, and we are going there?"

"Yes, but she is in Paris now."

“Good, talk about awkward.” Catherine furrowed her brow.

“I know, I broke up with her months ago. Well, it’s not like we’ve been officially in a relationship. Yes, maybe a f**k buddy, but she had different notions about it. She wanted a wedding and, of course, I can’t give it to her. We are already married and I don’t love her. She was good in bed though.”

So typical of him! Catherine thought to herself as her jaw dropped! “Mr. Richmond, that’s not a problem, you know, you have the money, let’s get a divorce.” “No!” “Why?” “Catherine, let’s stop this nonsense, OK? I don’t want to talk about it anymore.” Shawn sighed. Catherine’s mouth was set in a hard line as Shawn pressed his lips together as if he wanted to say some more.

“OK! Note that.” She chortled stupidly. “It’s even worse hearing it from Siri. Oh, there’s one from your grandfather.” She tapped “next message.” ‘Shawny boy, did you tell her yet? Or should I tell her myself? Stop being an a*s and tell her about what we discussed.’

Shawn just jerked his head and sighed. “Don’t mind him, he is just being overdramatic.” Two hours later, they were finally in the countryside. Up ahead, the road gets narrower and windier, summoning a worried frown from Catherine. “Where is this place? Are we going the right way?”

“Shortcut...”

“A shortcut?”

“Oh, come on, I know the way, we will be there an hour earlier. Don’t give me that look, Miss

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Brown. It’s not like we’re going to be sleeping outside in a tent. I told you, we’ll have a huge bed, a roaring fireplace...” he waggled his eyebrows enticingly.

“I thought we were going to the f*****g island? In the f*****g palace?”

“Yes, but see? It’s almost six in the evening now. It is windy and a snowstorm is coming. We will have to camp.”

“Mr. Richmond, It’s snowing hard, it’s b****y cold and I don’t carry a tent in my f*****g purse!”

“That’s why I asked my butler to fix me one. It’s in the boot now. You’re really trying to sell me a fireplace.” He smirked.

Unbelievable!

“Fire! We need fire and we don’t have...Jesus! This is ridiculous. Because fire is a f*****g awesome warm we need and I wish we had one in the boot as well.”

“No, I don’t. They’re a fire hazard.”

“Oh, so help me God.” “Come on, you won’t get cold. I am a fire hazard.” He winked at her. “Because I’m so hot. I made you wet and scream for-”

“Shut up!” Catherine sighed. He smirked again. He smiled in triumph. He couldn’t be more obvious. He must be thinking of something. She recognized this kind of smirking. For the next five miles, they chatted and argued like cats and dogs about nothing in particular, until Catherine became nervous again. He acknowledged this unexpected turn of his boring afternoon captivated him.

“The snow is picking up,” she said. “We need to look for a camping ground soon, and it’s getting too dark. We can’t risk the road. It’s too hazardous.”

It was.

What started off as light flurries was now falling harder and was sticking to the road. The sun had completely set and the sky was pitch-black, the SUV's top-of-the-line headlights the only thing illuminating their way. Maybe it was good she didn't have her old car anymore-the right headlight was always flickering, and the left one was too pale. However, she might be driving blind right now if she was that worried about her ancient baby. It was a piece of s**t, but she loved it.

"Do you think we should turn around?" Catherine asked.

Shawn glanced at her. "And go where, Miss Brown?" Her bit her bottom lip. "Shawn, I am serious. Let's go back to the highway, probably?" "The highway's an hour away, wifey. And yeah, but according to my GPS, it was still another two hours and a half to the island. Technically, we're closer to the interstate, and I won't turn back. We can't just bail," He lectured, "We're not quitters, wifey. Besides, I like this place. It is very isolated, affords us solitude, the view is wonderful, and we are right in the middle of one of nature's most beautiful mountains, valleys, and rivers. In the distance, there is wilderness.

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It is perfect... What more could we want?"

"Are you serious right now?"

"Of course wifey!"

"Stop calling me that!"

"Fine!" He said as he held her hand.

She allowed him to pull her hand back into the safety of his. He was warm and vigorous. She could feel him rubbing through her, enclosing her, but the tension stayed. She didn't like the darkness, and she didn't know why. She scanned the outside, looking for something hidden, something unusual that might be making her uncomfortable. "But it's..." She trailed off.

"It's what?"

"It's dark and scary!" she wailed again. "Look out the window, Mr. Richmond. I feel like we're in a horror movie."

She was not completely wrong. Save for the two yellow stripes from the headlights, the road was dark and the snow was not letting up. If anything, the weather's only getting worse. The wind has picked up a deafening gust beyond her window. It was so troublesome that she

couldn't hear the d**n engine, yet she could clearly hear the wind.

"All right, hold on, let's figure this out," Shawn finally declared.

He clicked the emergency blinkers and pulled onto the shoulder of the narrow road.

Though he probably doesn't need the emergency lights, considering they haven't seen another car in ages. She grabbed her phone from the cup holder. She only had two bars, but it was enough to load the weather app.

"S**t," she mumbled a moment later. "What is it?" Shawn leaned toward her to peer at the screen and nodded his head. "Apparently, there's a blizzard tonight." She grumbled.

"What the hell. It said nothing about a blizzard when I checked the weather earlier." He roared under his breath.

"Did you..." She stopped. "Did I do what?" He demanded.

Catherine exhaled ruefully. "Did you check the weather for London or did you check the

weather for Cornwall?”.

He paused, and his smile faded. “London,”

“Seriously? You knew this all along?”

“Of course not! That was a foolish question.” He licked his lips in an excessively lewd way.” Want to whack me for being a bad boy?”

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