

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 21 Catherine chuckled softly. "In your dream, Mr. Richmond, why don't you just watch the road and stop that nonsense, I am not going to buy it." "My s*x appeal isn't for sale, Miss Brown. FYI."

He really loves teasing her. Catherine's cheeks turned scarlet and her cute little brow creased when she was uncomfortable, both know how much he loves dirty talking. Did she even remember their out-of-this-world, mind-shattering s*x two years ago? Though he was not shy about what he wanted and what he liked, Miss Brown has gotten pretty good at voicing her annoyance. That's why their boring boss/secretary relationship was so phenomenal. What made him hold onto their marriage anyway? Surely, their divorce settlement won't cost him that much. She even told him that she wanted nothing from him, not even a single dime. Maybe that's why he doesn't have the heart to stay away from her. She was one in a million. She doesn't even care about his money, she works hard to earn it.

"Please keep your eyes on the road, Mr. Richmond." Her face was growing serious.

"Let's focus, stop staring at me like I'm kind of a ninja." Look! She pointed out, "It looks like this area is expecting more than a foot of snow tonight."

He argued that, "They always say that, and it's never that much." "Oh really?" Surprised, she peered out the dark window. "I don't know... It's really heaping out there. See it for yourself."

"So what do you want to do? You want to turn around? Because I think we can beat the snow and get there before the worst of the hurricane hits. But we couldn't get there on time, just as you know."

She nibbled on her lower lip. It was a risk, but... Nevermind, she thought to herself, she was not a cat with nine lives so... NO.

Why was she doing that so often? Shawn thought it was so f*****g cute and adorable.

He was so tempted to lean over and kiss the hell out of her.

"Fine, let's do it," she agreed. "Just don't speed, okay? Drive slowly, I want to get there alive and in one piece, and the snow is so scary, I hate it." "Deal. I'll spare our lives."

She snickered.

He steered back onto the road, and despite its stupidly costly winter tires, the SUV actually skidded. Catherine yelped. "Jesus! Careful! Shawn!"

There again, his name! Why does he love it coming from her? Surely she didn't mean to scream it like her life depended on it, still he smirked.

"Hey, relax, I'm an expert. I'm not speeding, I swear. It's just slippery here. B****y hell!"

He eased up on the gas, proceeding to drive with more shock than panic. "Well it's quite too slippery."

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For the next ten minutes, they didn't talk. They were too focused on the road and the aggravating weather. Both held their breath. A wall of white sleet appeared in front of their car. All the snow" growing on the ground and on the hood of the SUV told Shawn a foot of it wasn't a farfetched measure. To make matters worse, this area was so secluded that he doubted any snow plows or salt trucks would pay it many visits.

Finally, the road became impossible, and it wasn't long before he was driving at a crawl.

"Shawn,"

"I know, dear," he said grimly as he concentrated. But it was too late to turn back now. The interstate was too far behind them. They won't reach it for many hours.

"S**t," he swore. "Okay. Keep an eye out, Catherine. Maybe we'll see somewhere we can stop."

"Where? There is nothing here."

Catherine's pounding heart nearly shattered out of her chest as the car fishtailed out of control. When it finally came to a stop, her hands were trembling, and Shawn breathed with relief. "Jesus!" He plastered his face against the window. All he saw was absolute darkness, broken only by the narrow columns of the headlights. They were pointing at a stretch of white. Nothing but snow fills his line of sight. "B****y hell." They were at the bottom of a small ramp, but it might as well have been a mountain. When he peered up to where he thought the road was, it felt impossibly far.

Catherine was breathing hard beside him. "Where are we? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. How about you?" Shawn asked if they hadn't hit anything. They were both in one piece, and so was their vehicle.

"Mr. Richmond, we have four-wheel drive, right? Can we make it back up to the road?"

"No, not in this sleet. We should walk a little and look for a house or anything that could give us warmth. I do not guarantee that the car's heater was enough for us in the long night."

"Agree."

Wearing another extra jacket and smitten, the two began their little journey.

Catherine hiked bitterly up the snowy mountainside. After twisting her ankle a few paces back, she was in a terrible mood. She flipped back her long blond hair and gritted her teeth. "You OK?" Shawn asked.

"Yes.... not too bad," They continued up the unfamiliar snow-covered terrain, hoping to see the lodge from Shawn's mobile phone before the signal went dead.

It said it was just a few miles away in the mountain foothills. However, surveying her surroundings, she saw the mountain up ahead, it was living up to its name, with periodic showers of snowballs raining down upon her. They were a little wet from the constant snow, Shawn held her hand as they walked. She didn't complain. They were both hungry and exhausted.

With all the reasonable paths coated with thick snow, she wasn't sure if she was on the correct trail or not. She had a sneaking suspicion in the back of her mind that somewhere along the line, they had turned off the correct path, The thought bothered them sickeningly in their

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heads. They trudged on, shielding their eyes from the snow, looking for the devious cottage, roughly a mile from the base of the mountain. They halted and looked for a place to sit and get their bearings. They found a long- dead stump and cleared over five inches of snow.

She consulted her watch and confirmed, with a tiny sigh of irritation, that it had frosted over. She rubbed her finger over it and knew that they didn't have much time to reach the lodge on time before another snow storm came in.

Almost an hour later, they were ready to collapse. The storm had picked up, and it was almost blinding them. They fluttered into the frontier and saw something that was huge and dark within the trees. "Look, Shawn... the cottage..." With restored hope, they

started limping up the mountainside. As they approached, she realized that it must be a house, although to her it looked more like a shack. They tried to scramble the last few yards and went to the door of the log structure. "Hello?" Catherine shivered from the chill.

"Anybody home?" Still no reply, "Maybe it's empty?" Shawn grumbled under his breath. "We will see. Let me take care of the door."

She turned the doorknob, and, although it was unlocked, felt it stick. She put in the last of her strength while Shawn surveyed the backyard. She pushed the door open and shoved her shoulder into it. The door burst open and she tumbled into the room. She called for Shawn and stood up and shut the door behind them. "OK, it looks like the owner is not here."

"Yes, is it weird? We are trespassing," Catherine mumbled as she looked for a light switch. "Thank God, it has emergency lights." "At the very least, the owner will not object. I'll leave enough cash to compensate for our stay. Anyway, shall I put the fireplace in?" He asked. "That's a good idea. It will keep us warm."

Then he went over and put some logs into the fireplace and lit them with a long match he found in a holder.

"I'll get us something warm to drink. Maybe the owner has a tea stash somewhere in the kitchen." Catherine thought this was a nice house, simple with only one bedroom but warm and cozy. It looked so much like someone's personal cottage. The fact that there were no personal effects lying around encouraged her as she rampaged through the kitchen. The structure had an ample room that appeared to serve as its kitchen, bedroom, and living room. There was a mattress built into the wall on the right hand side of the room, with the kitchen area and table on the left. The bed had a partition built onto the head and foot of the bed, giving the sleeper the feel of a room. The living area was arranged around a fireplace with a couch, an armchair, and a side table. There were four windows, two on the right wall and two on the left, overlooking the massive snow-covered trees. A few fuzzy blankets were folded on the couch and on the bed, ready for use. A tiny door led into a woodsy bathroom with a sink, shower, and toilet. She tested the water. It ran freely and became hot. "Good, thank God." She smiled to herself. She went into the hall and piled her belongings on the kitchen table, then stripped off her wet outer coats and stood in her dry sweater and boots.

After several minutes of looking for the electric kettle, she found it and later made tea for them as she went to the living room.

Now the room was a little warm, and next to the fireplace was an ample supply of firewood, as Shawn removed his own wet jacket.

"I'll have a warm bath. I can't risk getting sick." "Want some company, wifey?" Shawn winked.

"Unbelievable!" She mumbled and rolled her eyes. Then she went to the bathroom and got herself shampoo from the small container, took the unused soap and went into the bathroom. She pulled off her remaining clothes and stepped into the shower. She took a long hot soak and emerged feeling refreshed. She wrapped her slim body in a towel and went back to get her sweats.

She toweled her hair and hung the towels to dry. She grabbed some of the blankets from the couch and went to the couch beside Shawn to sip her tea. "I like this blanket." She mumbled while Shawn kindled the fireplace with more logs. "Hmp, I never thought

you liked yellow. It suits you well.”

Wow! For two years, almost all of her things had a yellow hue; her bag, even her tumbler, the color of her phone, and even the cushion of her chair in the office, and yet Shawn never noticed it, not until now?

Weird.

Looking at the blanket, she realized there was a yellow-green flannel sheet on the bed, and she was so exhausted that she didn't care if it was clean. “I'm going to bed. I'm so tired.” She spread the sheets on the mattress and pleated them in the corners. “You sleep on the couch.”

“No!”

“Yes, Mr. Richmond, you are sleeping there.” She eyed the couch and yawned. She slid into bed and yanked the blankets up to her chin, turned on her side, facing the wall, and fell into a deep sleep almost instantly, leaving Shawn staring at her back.

“Wow, she must be very tired.”

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Shawn thought he had never accomplished something that meant as much to him as his company, yet looking at his accidental wife and thinking about her working with him in the mansion starting on Monday would either be eventful or dreadful. He got to where he could make out the form of the mountain above them and smirked. He rushed up the hillside of the window, keeping a distance view of the road and his car shadows, as a smile formed on his lips as he realized that there were tendrils of smoke curling from the distant lodge. The moonless skies were a bit brighter with so many stars appearing and storms slowly disappearing.

He poked the sleeping form of Catherine.

“Miss Brown?” he demanded loudly. She rolled over and yawn. “What? Is it morning?”

“Nope!” “Then why did you wake me up?” “I'm bored.” He said, and smirked, that it was quite possibly the most beautiful shock he had ever seen. He awakened her to have some food. He found in the cupboard some noodles and some spam. She opened her luminous crystal eyes wide, and blinked. She sat up. “Did you just wake me up, Mr. Richmond, because you are f*****g bored?”

“Yes and no!”

“I thought this was a nightmare,” she stammered. He looked at her incredulously.

“Does this look like a nightmare, this handsome specimen of a human being?” he countered.

“I didn't know. Tell me your handsomeness?” She mocked as she thought. Did he just wake her up for that reason? Later, she noted to herself that she would kill the man.

“Come on Miss Brown, it appears that the storm is.”

“Mr. Richmond, this is my first time hiking this mountain. Your stupid GPS in the car told us that there was a lodge at the top and yes, I'm tired. Now that you've awakened my nap. What on earth was on your mind?”

He just laughed. As he laughed, Catherine began to take him in. He was indeed so

handsome and so hot. No question about it. He was a sandy blonde with deep, sparkling blue-green eyes.

“Number one, this is not our cottage. Number two, we are both stuck and I’m cold, and we are only quarters of the way up the shortcut and are on the opposite side of where we would like to be and lastly, I made a noodle and open some spam if you are hungry.” he muttered in his deep voice and smirked. Slowly she sat up and yawned again. She stood in front of him. “Food?” she asked. “Yes. Hungry? You can call me your savior. I can hear your tummy rumbling over a mile away, ” he said.

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“And you are...?” “Miss Brown, I did not put poison if that is what you are asking.”

“Good, not that it matters, because I am going to eat anything. I am sorry to have confused your cavalry for being a jerk. I’ll be out of there in a minute,” she murmured and took the blanket with her as she continued, “...is the s-storm that b-bad now?” She began to move toward her now-dry outerwear. The first step made her twist her ankle, made her scream out involuntarily and stumble on Shawn. He reached out to catch her. He caught her just before she hit the floor. He lifted her back to her feet.

“What the... are you alright?” he asked.

“No, for f**k sake. It b****y hurts,” she growled. She began to limp painfully over to her clothes.

“Hey, woman! Slowly, don’t put too much pressure on it. Stay in bed,” he growled, “the storm isn’t that bad, but we can’t risk walking back to the car with that foot. Let me see,” he helped her sit in the bed and took her foot.

“Ouch! That hurt.” “Oops! This is not good. It’s swelling now. It’s getting pink. You obviously cannot walk without a lot of pain, and it will be too dark in a matter of minutes under the oncoming storm. ” He added a white lie. He wouldn’t let her walk in the seven feet of snow with that foot.

“B****y hell, stop touching... It hurts.”

He put her down on the bed and disappeared into the bathroom, coming back with some bandages and tape. “Here I found it in the bathroom. This will do for now.” He knelt at her feet and took the sock off her right foot. He began to probe it gently with his fingers. When he hit the injured spot, he heard her draw in a sharp breath.

“Yes, you’ve definitely sprained this,” he said, wrapping the bandage around her ankle.

“Then let me search for some clothing to dress it up. Maybe the owner has more first aid kits.” He stepped into the cupboards one by one and rampaged through their contents, yet found none. “Nothing... this little towel will do.” He tears it into long strips and dresses it around Catherine’s foot.

“There, it would take us another thirty to forty minutes to go back to our car. Why don’t we stay here for the night, rest, and then go in the morning, it is still eight o’clock.” “How about the owner?” She sighed and moved her feet slowly back to the bed. “It hurts! I just made a rookie mistake, so I’m going to correct it by thanking you. I appreciate your help.” She said, picking up her coat. “But we need to go now. We can’t stay here any longer.” She started to walk back to the table to put it with the rest of her stuff when she stepped down heavily on her injured ankle. Shawn saw her bite her lip to keep from crying, but he thought he saw a tear slide out of the corner of her eye.

“Okay, that does it. You’re staying here.” He went over to her and lifted her into his arms. She began to protest. “Don’t move. I don’t care if the owner comes. I’m going to

buy this b****y mountain and this cabin if I need to keep you from walking out into that storm outside. You can't walk and that's final."

"Mr. Richmond, put me down. I'm fine," she said, struggling. "You are not OK. That sprain is not to be taken lightly." "How would you know?" she inquired waspishly. He brightened at her. "My grandfather knows and specialises in sports medicine, and I was his sidekick," he explained. This shut her up and she let his large, veined hands finish wrapping her ankle. He bandaged it with her clothing securely and replaced her socks. "Thank you," she said. He stood.

"No problem. The problem now is that I am hungry and I bet you are too. Let's eat the noodles and the spam." He said it with a broad smile. She allowed herself a tiny smile, flashing her white teeth. He could feel her warming up to him a little. Maybe she would start to calm down and accept some help.

"I am so hungry," she acknowledged.

"Good. Why don't you stay here in bed and let me get it," he suggested. Catherine nodded. Shawn got up and turned it on and she slid gingerly back under the covers. Minutes later, he had set all the food on the table and poured some hot chocolate frother over it with melted marshmallows.

He touched her shoulder.

"Catherine? Dinner is ready," he mumbled in a silent voice. She muttered and rolled over to face him. She opened her eyes and inhaled the wonderful smells.

"Oh, chocolate. Thanks," she said as she pushed off the covers, and Shawn helped her to her feet, hanging onto his arm. He supported her and assisted her to her chair, which he brought out for her. She smiled her thanks and he went to his end of the table. They began to help themselves to the small feast.

"I can't believe this is actually happening," she muttered, jerking her head. "This was supposed to be the most perfect, uneventful trip and relaxing holiday. And now I am stuck here in the mountains with you," she grumbled. She noticed his mood shifted to a dark look and she added shortly, "No offense, I thought we will be there at the island soon and sipping margaritas and me ...well, kicking my brother's b****s.

He brightened. "Don't worry, I had hiked a little before, and decided to tackle this mountain, which was not the smartest move I could have made," he said. She grinned.

"Oh, really?" Wow, the man knows how to... Nevermind, maybe she just heard him wrong, and why does it feel like she was seeing the other side of Mr. Richmond? This kind of cool-amazing side? "You must not have the greatest sense of direction with his sleet," she said, trying to be sensitive. He laughed at her "Oh, so Miss Brown trying to make me feel better?" "Take it, Mr. Richmond, while it lasts tonight." Both laughed. "I got it. Actually, you're being diplomatic here. I never could read maps well, even with those Chapter 22

stupid GPSs, but I am a perfectionist. I thought I could take the shortcut on this little mountain with no problem. I figured, hey, I'm a f*****g billionaire and snow is no big deal.

The mountain is only a little over a mile high. No sweat. And look where it got us." "You really right, being a billionaire would make you."

"Shut up, Miss Brown, you are laughing at me at my expense." He smirked. He watched her like a rainbow under the rain. She was glowing, and he liked it when she was at ease.

“Haha! I am not laughing.” She couldn’t help but smirk.

“Well, the owner is not here yet, so we are welcome to stay here until the storm clears, which may be a while. I’m no stranger to the couch, and I kind of prefer it to the bed, so we’ll be okay.

—

“I honestly do appreciate you helping me, and I apologize for s*****g up your holiday.” she said between mouthfuls.

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Chapter 23 Ten minutes later, by this time, they were finished eating, and he stood and cleared the table, rinsing off the dishes in the sink. Catherine stood and hobbled to the bed. She sat and looked at him, watching muscles tremble under his sweater as he hurried. She averted her eyes. Since when did he know how to wash dishes? And he was doing it right. Wow, she was that impressed

“Does it seem a little warm in here to you?” she inquired as he turned and furrowed his eyebrow

“No, actually I am all right. But you’ll be too warm with those sweats on,” he answered.” Especially since the floor is warm and the heat from your swelling will warm your feet, you’ll be warm. If your feet or face are hot, the rest of you will feel it. If you want, you can wear something of mine. I’ve got extra shirts in my pack until you cool off.”

She contemplated it for a second. “Well-”

“It’s alright.” Shawn got up and pulled open his suitcase next to the couch and fished out a large white shirt. He handed it to her and assisted her up. She went into the bathroom and shut the door. Ella held it up in the mirror. It was large, new and fresh. She slipped off her sweats and her bra, putting the shirt on. It was cool and soft on her skin. The sleeves were too long, and she rolled up the cuffs. She buttoned all of the buttons, reaching nearly to her knees. She looked in the mirror and unbuttoned the first two buttons. There, that was better, more comfortable. She crumpled her clothes and emerged from the bathroom.

Looking at the eastern window, Shawn marveled at the view below the valley. The cottage was built on a dominating small river down a small path, with trees all around, yards and snow coated grass everywhere. It was an unbelievably gorgeous neighborhood, far from people, the closest neighbors being numerous miles away. Hearing her out from the bathroom

Shawn gawked. Miss Brown looked sweet and adorable in his shirt! His little vixen had the first two buttons undone, and her nipples were noticeable underneath the cotton fabric. Her warm eyes were gorgeous and vivid, so fresh and innocent, and right now they were expressing a sweet longing that quickened his pulse. He shook it off and cleared his throat.

“Feeling better?” he inquired. Catherine nodded. “Thanks! I feel good now.” He helped her to the couch. She lay down, facing the armchair. Shawn took a cushion and propped up her ankle. She smiled her thanks. He kindled the dying flames, revitalizing them. “Well, it’s dark and windy outside, basically if this were my cabin, what I would do

is sit here with the fire going, the lights off, and drink. It's not fancy entertainment but I found wine in the cupboard earlier," he said.

She laughed. "Oh really? Confident? It's not even ours."

"Don't worry, I'll pay the owner over five times the worth of wine."

"That sounds fine, but I really don't drink that much. Even a little tends to give me a headache," she said ruefully. "I know, you are worse when drunk, remember?" He smirked, and Catherine blushed, remembering what happened in the bar in Vegas. She smiled with the same intensity as he did.

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"We can replace drinking with a conversation," he suggested. "No hangovers or headaches," She nodded, "But it's boring, yes?"

"Yes... but that's fine," he mumbled. He brought her a blanket and went to turn off the lights. "I don't want you to ask me for a divorce when you are intoxicated." He came back to the armchair and sat his large frame down easily. He grabbed a blanket and shook it out and over himself, his feet dangling over the footrest.

"Why? I know, we've been avoiding this talk but, it's been two years Shawn and yes I don't have bought financial capability especially now to file for a divorce but if-

"Miss Brown, I told you. I do not want to talk about it. Not now or sooner."

"Fine!" She sighed.

He watched her shift on the couch, and she repeatedly reached up to caress a spot on her left shoulder as she shifted.

"Miss Catherine, did you have a messed up childhood or what?" He asked good-naturedly. She gave a short laugh.

"Nope, a little, before my parents died from the home onslaught and my brother and I practically supported each other since then. How about you?"

"Well, yes... sort of. My parents had a messy divorce when I was fifteen, and then they had a car accident. I lived with my grandfather for a while, and it drove me to the point of depression. I realized it and went to live with my grandfather since then."

She reached up and briefly massaged her shoulder as she asked, "You like the old man that much, huh?" She sighed.

"Yes," Shawn replied, hating to remember those painful childhood years. He had a great childhood. He had younger sisters, and they all got along great. They were all a year apart, and they always had the same friends and school, but they had an accident and died from a bus accident. It was a memory doesn't want to remember. Shawn added, "Grandpa was always my best friend. He was good at everything. My childhood was pretty good, considering what a lot of wealthy families go through," he mumbled. He stopped for a second. Catherine smiled, "Not to pry, but I think you're not saying something," she said carefully. He laughed wistfully at her word. "I didn't know you had it in you. Prying my life?" "It's not like I didn't know about scandals and women in your life Mr. Richmond but this is your idea, talk rather than of the wine. Remember?"

"OK! There was this girl in college. Her name is Elizabeth. We went out all year and planned on getting married after college, but I found her cheating with my cousin and I broke up with her. Then, years later, I- I well, let's say I ended up in her bed again and now she was trying to h**k me into marriage knowing that I'm the CEO rather than my cousin.

"The one who... messaged your phone and tried to h**k you up with Siri's voice?"

"Yes." He answered and paused for a long moment.

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"So she is the reason why you don't want us to get divorced?"

"Yes and more." He said quietly, eerily reading her thoughts. He looked up. "How did you guess?"

"I didn't. It's not that difficult to figure out. From the type of lifestyle you profess to steer, it sounds like you wanted to stay away from this woman. Well, I can't blame you. I'd do the same if I were in your shoes." She let this hang in the air while he pondered the seriousness of her opinion.

"I guess you're right." They didn't talk for a long while, the stillness broken by the rustling of blankets as she moved to touch the spot on her shoulder.

"Tired now?" he asked. She nodded in response, stretching and kicking off the blanket with her good foot. He saw the hem of his white shirt rise on bare legs as she reached the spot in her shoulder.

"Is your shoulder bothering you?" Shawn eventually inquired, almost exhausted from seeing the repetitive action.

"Yes, a little," she mumbled. The purse was a little heavy. "Would you like me to rub it for you?" He volunteered, eager for a change in the discussion.

"That would be great." She let down the footrest of his chair, and she dropped from the couch onto the floor. There was a vast area rug facing the fireplace, and he signaled her to it. She moved onto the deeply piled rug, and faced the fire, her legs out straight in front of her. He moved in behind her and straightened his legs around her body as she watched the cottage. However, the old oak furnishings were intriguing, in good shape, and rugged, as befitting a cottage. Catherine wandered through the spaces, wondering what was awesome about it. Her belly was clenched in tangles, and she couldn't dispel the feeling of excitement and warmth in her spirit. Was it because she was alone with her accidental husband?

"Ok now... Where does it hurt?" Shawn asked. Her right arm came back and touched the sensitive area. He reached up and caressed the spot with his thumb. She instantly tensed, then moaned in delight. "Yes, that part."

"Miss Brown, relax, I'm not going to bite. I'll show you how just loosening up your muscles can make some of the discomforts go away. Sit up straight, but let your shoulders down." Catherine sat up, and let her shoulders droop. She could feel him rubbing her neck and shoulder, kneading her, but the tension stayed. She didn't like this physical contact, because she couldn't help herself to moan at the warmth of his hands. She imagined, she listened to the noise of their hearts beating in perfect unison. He was everywhere, enclosing her, overwhelming her with his manliness and his tremendous strength. The feel of his body over hers, in hers, was, honestly, very sensual. D**n it! She couldn't help but moaned and yes she did, so f*****g loud. She moaned about the sinful image on her head.

God, but he was h***y. He brushed her silky blonde hair from her shoulders, letting it filter through his fingers. He took his fingertips and pulled the collar of her shirt away from her neck so he could touch her bare skin. His breath caught in his throat, like molten lava moving through his blood as he massaged her neck slowly, earning the same moan he missed terribly,

spreading warmth of eagerness and fascination of fire to pool low in a hard, throbbing ache." Feeling better now Miss Brown?" He asked as pressed his lips to her ear and rubbed the side of her neck with his thumb gently.

"Yes." She groaned. "Oh yes... Ahh, that's it..."

Her moaning was not doing any good at his already engorged shaft. This woman was doing something to his senses, making him forget himself for a while. He hid his smile, knowing exactly what she was doing, what she was trying to avoid.

His hand came up to caress her hair, then moved to the nape of her neck. Shawn's lips moved over the back of her neck to find her pulse beating steadily if a little too fast. His tongue stroked once unhurriedly. She moaned. "Shawn!"

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Chapter 24 Catherine couldn't help but moan. She knew she was playing with fire now, and it was obvious enough to get burned by his wonderful warm touch. She felt warm fingertips start to massage the base of her skull and warm breath on the nape of her neck. She shuddered in anticipation, She felt her nipples harden against the fabric of his soft cotton shirt and felt a gentle heat feeling sweep through her. She wasn't confident if the heat she was feeling was all from the fire or from his breath.

He kneaded her shoulders and back, avoiding the sore spot. She felt the heat of his fingers through the fabric. He toiled with her tired muscles. After what seemed like an eternity of warming her neck, he went back to massaging her shoulder. It was then that he really noticed that she was sitting against his chest and the bulge in his trousers. He didn't even realize until he looked down that her hands were resting on his thighs. The throb and longing from their amazing sexual encounter two years ago were flooding back. Her writhing from his tongue, her moan, her warm, delicate touch. He only wished that Catherine was feeling it too.

"Feeling loosened up now? Just take a deep breath and close your eyes. I forgot to show you the pressure points," he whispered in a low, deep voice in her ear. "The first is here, at the base of your skull." He reached up and held her hair away from her neck. He leaned forward and placed a small but warm kiss where his fingertips had just been. She shivered, waiting. She felt him release her blonde hair and gaped as his hands came around her and unbuttoned the next button on his shirt. He glid the fabric down to her shoulder blades.

"There's one here," he whimpered, kissing her left shoulder blade. "And here," he said, kissing the right. She let out a small oh. Again, the warm, large hands came around her and unbuttoned the next two buttons. He hurried the material, and it fell from her shoulders. She caught it, holding it over her b****s.

"And there are a few minor ones here, and here, here too," Shawn let out a growl when Catherine moaned again, kissing them each in turn on both shoulders. She moved her head to allow him to kiss her skin gently. "Shawn!"

"Yes?" He blew hot breath on his fingertips and touched them to her skin. Ten spots of warmth made her moan and stretch. "W-we aren't s-supposed to be d-doing this..." She couldn't help but moan again when the warmth of his breath was back on her neck

again. Licking the sensitive spots.

They were sitting directly in front of the armchair. Shawn leaned back on it. "Lay back, Catherine... Just close your eyes," he murmured into her ear. She lay back on his powerful chest. He saw her gather the material of the shirt and pull it back onto her shoulders. He saw the valley between her sweet, delicate, and generous b****s, and could see each nipple against the material. He reached down and unbuttoned the last buttons. His hands were poised to brush the shirt off her, and he paused. "May I?" he begged in a whisper, "Y-yes," she whispered back. She closed her eyes. She felt the material being gently swept from her b****s. She tightened when he touched her.

"Catherine, don't think too much, don't think, just relax. If you don't loosen up, I won't do this," he said quietly. She immediately obeyed. She knew this was foolish, but could she

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blame herself?

Shawn moved his finger up the area between her b****s and saw her nipples harden into still red peaks. With her lying on him, both of his hands were free to do as she pleased. He placed his hands on her, tracing small patterns on her bosom and circling her b****s, "Shawn!" She heard her moan, as if telling him to stop or continue she didn't care, she wanted to release everything, and what entered Shawn's mind was her pleasurable moan.

When he finally ran his palm over the tip of her nipple, she took a breath and arched under his hand. He massaged both her b****s gently.

He wanted to change positions. He gently hoisted her away from him and laid her flat on the soft rug. She questioned him with her eyes, and he whispered, "Just relax." She turned a questioning look his way. With his eyes, he bid her wait, and she settled. Shawn was now lying straight to her. Barely touching her caused her to arch toward his hands. She moaned soft purrs throughout. He lowered his head to her nipple. He circled it with his tongue. Catherine gave a low cry of passion. As he proceeded to suckle her nipple, she never even noticed that he was coaxing down her silky panties.

When she realized what was going on, she bent her knees and lifted her feet, allowing him to slip them off. Shawn threw them away. He returned his hands to her, tracing lower and lower to her most sensitive spots. His fingers slid between her legs. Catherine parted them slightly to let him in. His fingers moved slowly into her, and she persuaded him in further by spreading her legs wider. He stroked the top of her furrow's small nub, making her groan with enough pleasure to last her for years.

Catherine let out a small, wild, and frantic groan as she called for his name. With excruciating slowness, Shawn's fingers worked their way downward. She felt one finger slide into her, then another. They began gently stroking in and out, curling at the tips to catch her g-spot with each movement she wailed. She withered around him. Catherine shifted her hips to match his movements, pressing up against his fingers. He began to accelerate further until she let out a long, drawn-out sigh of delight. He noticed a smile, white teeth piercing the soft darkness as her moan echoed through the cottage.

She opened her blue-green eyes and placed her fingertips on her lips. She rose to meet him in a passionate kiss. During the kiss, she moved until she was right next to him. He sat back and let her climb on top of him. She kissed him and knelt on his chest.

Curiosity moved down his sides and up under his sweater.

She lightly caressed his chest, feeling the soft hairs that covered his skin. She drew her

hands back and approached his face. She stroked his hair with her fingers, lightly tracing her fingernails over his scalp. Despite himself, he shivered, and her hands moved on. She began by tracing the outline of his full lips with her fingertips. He stared into her eyes until she drew his eyelids closed with her index finger. A hot tongue traced his lips. When he opened his mouth, their tongues met, the tips lightly touching. She stroked his outer ears and knelt to one side. She nuzzled his ear with her hot breath and quick fingertips.

He'd become incredibly hard beneath her. He knew she had to feel it because one of her thighs was between his legs. She'd done it. She paused her face-to-face interventions and slid a hand down. She squeezed

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his hard bulge, eliciting a groan. As she continued to massage him through his jeans, his arms wrapped around her and held her tightly.

He was desperate to let go. He made a move to free himself, but she outpaced him. She slid down between his legs and used her free hand to unzip him. He reached down and yanked the offending jeans off. All that remained were his gray Jockeys, which he let her take off. She was allowed to see his huge, massive, gigantic member. "Ow!" Catherine smirked, seeing that it was well defined and reasonably thick, just like what she remembered in his bathroom suite. He stood stiffly, almost twitching, waiting for her to do whatever she wanted with his c**k. She cracked a grin. She knew how to play this game instinctively. She stroked his length with her fingers. Another hand wrapped around it and stroked the soft skin. He was in a frenzy of silence, waiting for her to resume her exploration. She returned his gaze, and his expression revealed his impatience as he moaned and she smirked.

Catherine wrapped her hand around his shaft and stroked it hard. She enjoyed the sensation of him quivering in her hand. She could hear his breath becoming ragged, and she didn't want to push him too hard down this path. She wanted pleasure and torture him at the same time. She leaned her head back and only touched his throbbing p***s with the tip of her tongue. He arched beneath her, and she let him. She took him down one step at a time. She tormented him beautifully as she sped up and slowed down, drawing him close and then backing away. She applied pressure to various areas of his body, feeling the effects. She encircled him with her tongue. As she pushed him to the brink of o****m, two words came to mind: liquid velvet. That's how her tongue felt to him.

But he didn't want to go out in such a blaze of glory. He was excruciatingly hard, and he had to stop her. He drew his hand down and lifted her chin. He drew her back on top of him after she asked him a question. As he moved her into position, he could feel the heat of her bare p***y against his member. He reached down and lifted her hips, lowering her onto him.

She exclaimed in surprise at the sudden fullness. He slowly pushed her torso up, applying pressure to all the right internal areas. Her head was cocked, and her mouth was open. "Ahh! Shawn!" She couldn't help but moan so loudly as her b*****s hung heavy and ripe in front of him as she lifted her body off his shaft and back down, starting a rhythm.

Catherine took her time at first, getting used to the sensations. He penetrated her shallowly for the first few strokes, allowing her to establish her speed. She made herself

moan in pleasure when she finally brought herself all the way down. He could see how far she had fallen, and he was determined to push her over the edge. He took command. He grabbed her hips and began a new beat. It piqued her interest. He slowed, then accelerated. He brought her completely down each time in order to elicit a response. On the downstroke, he began buckling up into her. Her eyes widened and she formed an "o". Her tongue ran over her teeth as she clung to his broad shoulders for support. He began furiously bringing her down and his hips

| her tightening around him. The combination of her already tight folds and her muscles milking him was too much for her. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders, and she sobbed. This was a sign of the contract. Shawn had asked her to get this out of their system, and for now she didn't care anymore, determined to take him with her. She could feel it coming from deep within his shaft. He came in pulsing throbs as she drew him deep inside her as they both reached their peak.

The shared experience resulted in mutual moans of delight. She raised herself to allow him to

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breathe. He drew her back down onto his swollen chest. Catherine caught her breath, and they lay there for a long time. The fire was beginning to die out, and Catherine shivered on top of Shawn. His hands caressed her arms, causing goosebumps on her skin. He cocked his head and reached for the blanket next to his head. He grabbed it and threw it at both of them.

"Are we getting this out of our system now?" she murmured in his ear, breathlessly and disappointedly that made Shawn sighed knowing what she meant well. His arms crossed over her back, pressing her even closer to him in response. Sweet slumber eventually overcame them, and they lay there for the rest of the night.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 25 Early in the morning, they had managed to come up with the most stupid idea of leaving the cottage.

Now, they were both shivering and arguing in the car as Shawn pursed his lips, assessing their morning situation. The road had allocated ten inches of snow, and the storm had been breaking again, and right now, they were done ignoring each other, "See? What now, Miss Brown? I told you, we could stay in the cottage for maybe a few more hours, and yet, here we are? Jesus!"

"So it's my fault now?" How could he blame her? It was him who started ignoring her since they woke up, and yes, they had mind-shattering s*x, but the b****y jerk started to ignore her as if she had a disease, and maybe she was really out of his system now because he started being an arsehole again. Such a d**k!

"Ah, hell, I mean, we can try. Worst-case scenario, I'll get out and push and you drive."

"You're going to push this thing up a snow hill?" She said this in clear dismay and added, "Are you out of your mind? You'll freeze to death."

"Well, it's not like you don't want us to freeze to death; this is your idea, after all, remember?" "Mr. Richmond, stop being childish now and drive. Jesus, how would I

know that your car literally won't start? But I don't think you're strong enough to push this car."

"Wow! Do I look like a weakling now? After you screamed my name last night?"

Catherine breathed in and out. She wanted to just kick the hell out of him out of the car and leave him frozen in the cold. Instead, she rolled her eyes. "Prove me wrong, then. But let's do it now because I'd like to try to get out of here before we die."

"We're not going to die." But there's an urgent note in his voice. Miss Brown had been ignoring him since morning and had the audacity to complain. He told her that they would wait for more hours before leaving the cottage, and yet, she was in a hurry to stay away from him as soon as possible. He can't be serious, can he?"Dammit!"

He moves the gearshift into drive and gently presses the gas pedal. The car eases forward, much to his relief. "We need to go back. We can't risk this incoming storm."

"Good." She mumbled back, "At least we're not stuck in some inescapable snowdrift."

Shawn steers a few feet, then begins to turn toward the ramp. It's not at all steep, but the SUV clammers only about a foot before it struggles. Shawn hits the gas. The car won't budge another inch.

"S**t." He accelerated again and felt the tires laboring to try to gain some traction. But it's not happening. "Guess I'm pushing," Shawn said in resignation. As he looked on miserably, he reversed down the slope and put the car in park

It was by far the longest morning in Catherine's life, and yes, Shawn ended up calling a rescue

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helicopter that brought them straight to the castle, and by early afternoon, she was able to meet her brother and spend her time with him the rest of her stay, ignoring Mr. Richmond all the same.

Now, it's early Monday morning on Monday, and she was up early. Today was her first day of work and the first day of a worldwide lockdown. To say that she was disappointed was an understatement. After all, they had been ignoring each other, but of course, she was his secretary. It was time to work and it was time to own her stupidity.

It wasn't that Catherine was lacking in common sense. On the contrary, she was quite certain that she was one of the most sensible people. She noted to call Jane and Chelsea later, and maybe call Hugh for their canceled dinner date.

But like any thoughtful individual, she occasionally chose to ignore the little voice of reason that whispered through her mind. She couldn't deny how sleep was too hard to achieve the last few nights, of course, because Shawn Richmond had invaded her dream, not that she was complaining. Having a dream about someone pleasing you was by far the most...

"F**k it! I have to stop thinking about his... never mind..." She went to the bathroom and took a long, warm shower.

However, those thoughts kept occupying her mind, and yes, this could not, she was sure, be contemplated recklessness. When she dismissed this warning voice, it was a conscious consequence, made after a (somewhat) thorough calculation of her predicament. And to her credit, when she made a decision-to just ignore the man and work as if nothing happened between them, to ignore those mind-shattering orga-
"Dammit!" ones that most of humanity would consider beyond foolish-she usually landed

quite sprightly on her feet.

Except when she didn't. Like right now.

She glared down at herself in the mirror and at her companion. "I ought to choke you, Girly. Don't look at me like that. Stop being so judgmental." Her companion let out a rather unconcerned meow, a gift from Eddie, Richmond's butler.

Girly let out a rather unfeminine growl.

The feline assessed the noise, judged it to be beneath its notice and began to lick its paws. Girly might have thought about her own standards of dignity and appropriateness and decided that they were both overrated like her, so she scowled back at them with an immature glare. "Girly, stop judging my issues, OK? You'll know soon enough when you find someone who b****y ignores you after some mind-shattering s*x."

It didn't make her feel any better.

With a weary groan, Catherine finished drying her hair, did her little make-up, and went to the window and looked up at the sky, trying to gauge the time. The sunrise has been scarce these days, as little rain graced the window. She peered through the massive glass window on the side near the adjacent patio she and Shawn shared. The morning rays made her feel uneasy, but she had to squint to see the new rising of the sun-scorched yellow curtain. It was a beautiful sunrise, soft, orangey, and gray. She was still exhausted, even sleepy, after half a

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night of restlessness. Her eyes felt scraped with the never-ending headache. The heat illusions combined with periodic songs of birds somewhere in the garden and the little drizzling of rain weren't helping her either. In any case, the enormous panoramas of the lake on the horizon made it difficult to maintain an accurate perception of mind; she didn't feel as if her mind was streaking along at a mile an hour, but in any case, under the circumstances, she should have been thinking a lot slower and been bored to death while waiting for Eddie to announce her breakfast, yet she felt like she had come from a mile marathon as she went to the nearby chair in the balcony and tightened her robe and sat.

The sun was wedged quite firmly behind a layer of clouds, which confounded her boring morning duty, but it had to be at least six o'clock. She guessed she would have been stuck here for an hour waiting for breakfast, and then she'd go to Shawn's library, where her little office table was located at eight. If she factored in the time it took to eat, do some exercise, and walk to the...

Oh b****y hell, what did it matter what the time was? She was working at home. It wasn't going to get her off this damned roof.

"This is all your fault, Girly," she said to the cat.

Predictably, the feline ignored her. "I don't know what you think you were doing, but you are seriously judging me, yes?" she continued. "Any fool would have known it was so foolish of me, right?"

Any fool would have stayed away from Shawn Richmond, but no, she was that stupid to even think that the man would like her. "And I really don't like you for ignoring me, Girly." She said.

She was talking to a cat. This was what she'd been reduced to. Girly jerked her foot sideways to her already throbbing ankle and growled in protest. Her ankle, she reasoned, would be pain free by now. Or rather, her mouth screeched. She couldn't

help it. It still hurts.

She supposed it could have been terrible because last night, when Eddie gave her the cat, the feline ran into the garden and the tree, and of course, as stupid as she could get, she climbed after it. She'd been well up in the tree, easily a good eight feet above the roof of the garden shed, when Girlie hissed at her, flung out a well-clawed paw, and sent them both tumbling.

The cat, needless to say, had made its descent with acrobatic grace, landing without injury with four paws on the roof. Catherine, however, still wasn't sure how she'd landed, just that her elbow hurt, her hip stung, and her jacket was torn, likely from the branch that had broken her fall two-thirds of the way down.

But the worst was her ankle and foot, which were killing her. Another injury from her stupidity. If her brother was there, she wouldn't stop laughing at her, and she'd prop herself up on pillows and scream so loudly until her brother would be too eager to get out of her room. Catherine witnessed more than her fair share of twisted ankles—some on her own body, even more on others—and she knew what to do. Cold compresses, elevation, a sibling forced to stand by her side...

Where were her friends when she needed them? She might as well call them later and tell them how unfortunate she was.

But then, off in the distance, near the garden ponds and beautiful daisies and roses, she saw a flash of movement, and unless her mind was done playing tricks on her, it made her think about bigfoot, yet was quite clearly human. "Hellooo0000! Eddie, is that you?" Catherine called out, then thought the better of it and yelled, "Help!"

Unless Catherine's eyes were deceiving her—and it wasn't, it wasn't; even her best friends Jane and Chelsea admitted that her eyes wouldn't dare to be anything but perfect—the human in the distance was male. And there wasn't a male here in the mansion at night aside from Eddie, who could not ignore a feminine cry for help.

"Help! Eddie, I'm here." She cried out again, feeling a small bit of relief when the man paused. She couldn't quite tell if he'd turned in her direction—perfect eyesight only went so far—so she let out another scream, this one quite as loud as she could make it, and nearly sobbed in relief when the gentleman—oh, please let him be a gentleman, and not f****g Richmond, if not by birth, then at least by nature—began to stride in her path.

Except she didn't cry. Because she never cried. She would never have been that sort of female. She did, however, take an unexpected breath—a surprisingly loud and high-pitched immediate breath, the sort where Shrek found her true Shrek love.

"Over here!" she called out, shrugging off her jacket so that she could wave it in the air.

There was no point in trying to appear dignified. She was, after all, stuck on the garden roof with a twisted ankle and a mangy cat. No way! No way! Anyone but him. But of course, it was him. Because who else would stroll by at her lowest moment, at her most uncomfortable and awkward, at the one b****y time she needed rescuing? Oh, it was not Eddie. It's Shawn.

Dammit!

"Fancy meeting you here, Miss Brown? What are you trying to do now? Freeze yourself to death up there? "I- I was stuck and t-this c-cat... I- injured myself!" She all but hollered. Shawn smiled and said, "So?" The f**k? He was not planning on helping her? Fine! "Help! Please! I twisted my ankle." "Again?" The b****y gentleman's pace adjusted ever-so-slightly at the noise, and he looked up, raised his brows, and even though he

was still too far away for Catherine's perfect eyes to see his face, she knew. He put his hands on his hips and squinted up at her. "Why do you always have to murder your ankle?" he let out. She waited for him to add, "I might have known, you are careless as hell."

She rolled her eyes. "Can you rescue me again, you, m-my Knight and shining f****g armor?"

"Funny, Miss Brown." He grumbled, and somehow, that made her even more irritated. The world was not in balance when she couldn't predict every inflated, proud phrase that rolled out of his mouth.

"Getting a bit of moonlight?" he inquired. "Yes, I rather thought I could use a little more moonshine," she snapped. He did not instantly react as he regarded her with a steady, evaluating gaze. Finally, after carefully setting his mighty self down on what had once been a stone wall, he looked back up and said, "I cannot say that I'm not enjoying rescuing you all the time. Just a little bit."

Any number of replies danced on her tongue, but she reminded herself that Shawn Richmond was the only human being in sight, and if she wished to touch her feet to the ground before Christmas, she was going to have to be nice to him. At least until he rescued her.

"How'd you come to be up there, anyway?" he asked.

"Girly." Said in a voice that might generously have been described as seething."

Ah, the ginger cat. Welcome, by the way." "It came from you?" She asked.

"Yes and no, I hate cats."

Of course, he hates p***y! "It was in the tree," she explained, although heaven knew why. It wasn't as if he'd requested a further explanation.

"I see."

Did he? She rather thought he didn't. "It was screaming," she gritted out. "I couldn't very well ignore it." "No, I'm sure you couldn't," he mumbled, and even though his voice was flawlessly generous, she was confident he was chuckling at her.

"Some of us," she levered her teeth apart long enough to say, "are compassionate, considerate individuals."

He cocked his head. "Kind to small children and animals?"

"Quite."

His right brow arched in that monstrously worsening Donald Trump manner. "Some of us," he drawled, "are kind to big children and animals, especially to those with mini skirts and with wet p***y!"

"The f**k is wrong with you?" She shouted as she bit her tongue. First figuratively, and then literally. Be nice, she reminded herself. Even if it kills her...

He chuckled blandly. Well, except for that little smirk in the corner."

Are you b****y well going to help me down? Mr. Richmond? "After all, I am your secretary," she finally exclaimed.

"Such language," he berated. "You should learn from your brother. The man is a gem"

"Oh, I know," she mumbled. "I never could quite convince him that you were a jerk" "A jerk?" He asked, then turned himself down and stepped away from the shed. "Hey!

Shawn! You d*****d. Help me!" "Oh, help yourself, Miss Brown!" He shouted, then, after several painful minutes, his back disappeared under her twenty-twenty vision! B****y

hell! The nerve of a man. "F**k you!" She screamed!

"I already did! Miss Brown! And you scream my name as your life depended on it!"

Shawn's laughter echoed in the mansion.

D*****d! How dare he leave her there?

Of course, after ten minutes, Eddie with a ladder came to her rescue, and now, thinking about it and looking at Girly, all she wanted was to murder Mr. Richmond and strangle the cat, but of course, she couldn't do that.

The knock stopped her silent reverie and Eddie brought her some healthy breakfast.

"Enjoy your meal, Miss Brown. The boss is waiting in the library. He told me to tell you to schedule an online meeting for the rest of the shareholders by nine o'clock."

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