

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 36

Javier Longbottom, Shawn's distant cousin, reared back in his chair, glancing at the naked girls fanning out in all directions from the main room at his clubhouse. Extra young women had been brought in for tonight's celebrations because a dozen of them hadn't been enough to handle all the men on hand. This bullshit was the reason Elizabeth Grunt had left with her whiny a*s friend early this afternoon. It stunned the hell out of Javier how he admired the beauty of other girls, but only wanted to f**k one in particular. It was no secret that he was obsessed with Elizabeth Grunt or anyone that had been on his cousin Shawn's radar.

Despite his hatred for Sir Anthony, their beloved grandfather, and his hatred for Shawn, his obsession with his woman remained. And now that he has married his secretary, it won't be long before Javier needs to do something about it. For now, Elizabeth Grunt was his top priority. After all, the b***h had been concocting a plan to wreak havoc on Shawn Richmond's life and he wanted nothing but to see the b*****d on his knees and take all the spoon-fed wealth in his own hands.

He couldn't even imagine laying a hand on any other b***h now that he had Elizabeth. She'd turned his life upside down from the day they met, and he'd been obsessed with her. Not only did she stand up to him, but she also stood up for him. She saw him as a man worthy of devotion. Of course, he knew the b***h was just trying to win his heart, but how could he deny her? The girls seemed too disturbed to even look at him, with his massive bulging muscles, 6 foot 8 height, and his ugly scar on his face and cracked nose, but Elizabeth was different. She looked at him as if he deserved wild night passion, and she also knew how to f**k him very well.

Javier's men's laughter rang out, and he saw John leaning on the bar, his second-best man, a heavy giant of a dark-colored man, chatting up two tall, black-haired whores. Elizabeth had turned John's life upside down, too. He was the huge f*****g giant in the room, always hovering between her and Javier gave a mental shrug. Tough s**t. She was Javier's, and that was that. Not to say he didn't wish John shitloads of b***y happiness he did. Just as long as he kept his sophisticated bullshit, preppy massive f*****g look, and smooth shitty words away from his woman.

Javier tasted his rum, wishing like a m*****r he'd convinced Elizabeth to stay and wondering why the hell she hadn't called him yet. She'd been gone two b***y hours, twenty-two minutes and he glanced at his watch-five seconds. He pulled at his hair. Maybe she had a f*****g shopping spree, not that he cared using his black card. If she'd stayed, everybody would have noticed his possessive f*****g attitude towards her. Just because she had him crushed, like b***y-paranoid, and, yea, one could say a little insecure, didn't mean he wouldn't waver to do his duty to keep men in line who dared to touch his Elizabeth.

Take now, for example. His men had ignored Javier's loyalty and devotion to Elizabeth. Maybe, some of the others didn't know how much of a weakness Elizabeth was for him but his men in his club knew. So why did strange bitches keep coming up to him, offering

a d**k s**k or a quick f**k?

He was getting more pissed by the minute, his tone aggravated because he hadn't heard from Elisabeth at all today. He became more rude and harsh as a m*****r. He was still him. Had she gotten tired of it and taken this chance to leave him? With Elizabeth? Maybe he was just being stupid as he wished for a normal life? Hell, there was no normal in his life. Being the black sheep of the elite Longbottom and the one who made havoc amongst the rich, kidnapping, drugs, you name it, he had it. And no such scumbag could ever change him.

'You're f*****g losing it.' He thought to himself, of course, Elizabeth was his new girl. He had met her two years before she dated Shawn, and, no, when his cousin got himself into marriage, she ended up planning some havoc for Richmond and offered him a fifty-fifty

share. Could he deny her? Of course not.

But he was losing it, wasn't he? She was tougher now. She'd gotten her confidence after Shawn and even talked about drugs and killing. Some of his men saw how pleased he was and already had old ladies and kids on the way. Elizabeth had made pals with a lot of the new girls in the club. And though she stayed out of legal official club business, she'd managed to stick a frayed club back together. They commemorated things, even his birthday. Did more than throw p***y and assignments at recently mended members from the sideline. They were a feared gang again, brothers in every sense of the word. Because of her, because he was sure as hell didn't have an explanation of what the hell a family gang did, his parents despised him, and his own sisters disliked and ignored him.

All Javier knew about families was that they blamed him for s**t that couldn't be controlled-by them or him-and they didn't stick around in times of need. Yet with Elizabeth, his b***h had become the walls of this club. He had given them enough sense to stop killing each other, and he knew that whatever she requested, they would do it. Even if it involved the mighty billionaire Shawn f*****g Richmond.

"Hey, boss, why are you sitting in this big leather chair looking like you just lost your best f*****g girl?" John pulled up a chair, seized from a close table. He'd cut his blonde dreads, and now they just touched his shoulders. It seemed as if the man was stepping out of his brother's shadow and, little by little, changing his hair, couldn't do all with his face, though. He has an extraordinary resemblance to Shrek, just a little leaner and taller. "F**k off to hell, John."

He glowered at John. "Oh well, man..." I don't have to do things if I don't b****y feel like it."

A tall girl walked up to him and patted John's cheek. Shrek knocked his woman's hand away.

"Stop! W***e! I don't want your hands on my pretty face."

Javier laughed, wearing his trademark gang ring and diamond ear studs. "Such a p***y."

John shrugged. "Of course I like p***y." He signaled another girl over. Her face was as round as her body, and John checked her out from head to toe. "Isn't it lovely? Want her, boss? She was one fine m*****r, yes?"

She chuckled, and Javier rolled his eyes. Give him f****g strength not to kill the girl. He already hated her giggle.

After John gave the girl his direction, he went behind Javier and leaned his arms on the top of the office chair. Clearly, this was some f****g indication, because the rest of the group joined the group. "More kidnapping, boss?" John asked. Javier nodded as he supposed if his men hadn't been getting f****d, they would've joined him, too, and then he'd have all his mob at his side. As if he needed baby-f****g-sitting.

"When?" John asked. He thrust his chin out to one of the girls, ordering the Asian one, without words, to give up his seat. Once he sat down, he drew out a bud, lit it, took a couple of puffs, and began passing it around. "Are you not enjoying your day, boss?"

ie

"No. I'm not enjoyin' my fuckin' day," he snapped, "...not until Elizabeth returns."

"Boss, want me to trace her phone?"

"B****y no! She'll kill you."

"Where was she going anyway?" "To Richmond's doctor."

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 37 Javier was wondering where the hell Elizabeth was and what she wanted with Richmond's doctor. However, Javier walked out of the room and went to the VIP lounge whenever he slept on the premises. While the others spoke to some of the other

gangs, he'd intended to make some calls and try to get a bead on the assholes who would mess up Shawn's marriage enough that he would want nothing from his wife.

An hour later, Elizabeth returned with a smile on her face. "What took you so long?" He withdrew a cigarette from his pocket and lit it, his gaze never leaving the now naked woman on the bed. "Well, shopping, of course, it's none of your business, but well, I need a quick f**k to ease the tension, and I'll tell you about my plan with the doctor. Shawn's wife is pregnant." That b***h! She sneered as her smile faded, molten anger rolled through her, and rage gripped her upon thinking about the b***h.

Releasing the smoke, Javier thought about leaving her alone but halted when she grinned at him. "Good!" He did want her. First, he and Elizabeth had shared a heated kiss, and then he'd finger-f****d her while she jerked him off. In between those two clashes, he'd spent enough time with her to realize the person she really was. And he wanted every inch of her. But she didn't want him, not in that way at least. She wanted Richmond. She wanted his money and everything.

So be it.

After finishing his cigarette, he walked to his modern stereo system and slipped in an old Beatles DVD. Elizabeth stirred and sat up. Her hard pink nipples tipped into peach-colored, quarter-sized areolas and she stretched, thrusting her b****s out further. "Come my love. I want to forget the b***h!" She blinked when she saw him just standing there looking at her in a daze. Her silent questions didn't escape him. A husky voice to go with a lush body. The prospect of f****g her grew more appealing by the second.

"We will talk about our plan later, dear." He said as she combed her fingers through her hair, arranging the entire length over one shoulder, covering her delicate neck.

Javier folded his arms and crossed one ankle over the other, leaning against the desk holding the stereo system. He didn't have much in the room because he rarely spent nights there. A bed. A chest of drawers. A chair. That was about it.

As she silently continued to stare at him, he walked around, scanning beneath the lampshade on the side table for a hidden microphone or camera. He drew the drawers in the chest, eyed the inside, of his gun, and touched it before rubbing his fingertips against every inch of the wood. He repeated the process at his desk and on the headboard of the bed. "Seriously? Trust issues?"

"Yes. Be vigilant always." He smiled back.

"But I'm so h***y now," Elizabeth grumbled and touched herself. She studied him, confused, drawing her light and dark-colored brows together. She chewed on her full, bottom lip.

As the music began to play, Javier stilled, listening to the intense messages about the desire to show a son the real world and everything. His parents had played this song for his sister at the birthday celebration they'd had after graduation and ignored him as if he was invisible. He was literally unseen by everyone, and he hated them all as his nostrils flared.

"Are you alright, dear?"

Javier narrowed his eyes on her. Her brown eyes widened. Either she was a d**n good actress or she really didn't know that all someone had to do was ask him about his family and he would f**k their lives to hell.

He shook his head.

"Well..." She spat the last word. "I want to be on your lap now. To feel your e*****n. You wanted to f**k me, right?"

"What is it to me?"

"Well... a little assistance... hurt Shawn's feelings a little. Fair enough? After all, you hated the man too, right?" "If you think that, then you're a goddamn fool. But, if he wanted you, he would've f****d you and not cared who was watching. Why not move on? I can give you money..."

"Billions?"

"Maybe not!"

"Then, stop being an a*s and f**k me!"

She lowered her lashes and laid back on the bed, stretching her legs. Her bare p***y lips and glistening c**t flickered at him. He could lose himself in this woman, forget the distress of his family for as long as it took him to f**k. No passion would be exchanged. Just s*x. No more talking. Nothing but the sound of the music filled the room and the memories of Shawn f*****g his life were in his head.

Undressing in silence, Javier watched as she rubbed her c**t. He took a condom out of his desk drawer and gloved his shaft in it before climbing on top of her and settling between her legs.

Surprise entered her eyes. "We aren't going to kiss? My love?"

No. He hadn't kissed one woman since he'd tasted his sister's mouth. Instead of answering the beauty beneath him, he thumbed her c**t and she groaned. He bent his head and licked her nipple, rewarding her when her folds heated a little more. He inserted two fingers into her juiciness and he sucked in a breath. She arched against

him and groaned, swirling against his hand. He bit her nipple, boosted the pressure of his thumb on her c**t, the in and-out speed of his fingers. A keen groan started to evade her, but she bit down on her lip, catching the sound in her throat that his kiss could've made.

Holding her hips in place, he sank into her and she expanded around him, her velvety softness just the haven he needed. Her lips brushed against his chest and a shiver went through Javier. Elizabeth wrapped her long legs around his waist, clutching him tighter to her body, and lifting her hips to take him deeper.

"Just one kiss," she mumbled. "Please."

Her voice sent him over the rim, and he shivered and moaned, filling the condom and going still. He was breathing hard and heavy, but it surprised him at how satiated he felt. More satisfied than he'd felt in months.

Javier rolled off her and stared at the ceiling, at a loss for words. He covered his eyes with his forearm, hoping she got the message and would leave him now that they'd f****d. But, no, of course, things wouldn't be so easy. He felt the condom being pulled off his rod a moment before she covered her mouth around his trunk, allowing the head to hit the back of her throat. She loosened up her throat, took him deeper, and Javier grunted, lifting on his elbows to see her lips stretched around half his shaft, her cheeks burrowed as she sucked him hard. He fisted her hair and wrapped it around his hand, pulling on her head, hoping the small pain he caused would motivate her to s**k him harder and faster. He pumped his hips to her deep slurps and his head pulled back.

"Ah! F**k!" He tightened his grip on her hair and held her head in place, shoving it into her wet mouth as c*m spurted from him. He kept his rod in her mouth, her head in place until his breathing slowed. Only then did he pull away and release her hair,

"Now will you kiss me, Javier?"

Hands behind his head, he popped an eye open. "You want a kiss, darling?"

She nodded and smiled. "Come here."

She trudged next to him, her enormous pale b*****s hanging, drifting near his mouth. He crouched further up and sucked a tight nipple into his mouth while guiding her onto her back. She groaned, and he put forward his head.

"If you need a kiss, beautiful, I'll give you a kiss you won't forget."

Elizabeth's breath caught. He knew she expected him to go up instead of heading south. There were kisses and there were kisses. Some were the sweet, romantic kinds, with

Chapter 37

—
amour in the air and oh-so-gentle temptation involving two lips, two sets of lips. Others were heated, wicked kisses, comprising one set of lips attached to one mouth, one tongue, and a pair of slick, p***y lips.

He ran his tongue along the pale pink furrow of her folds, pushing her legs wide open. He circled her bare outer lips before opening them and licking his way around the middle folds, circling her c**t but never quite touching it. He speared his tongue into her folds and she screamed. “F**k! That’s it... that,” she grunted. “Who taught you to eat a woman like this? This is pure heaven. F**k!”

He smiled and yet he didn’t answer back at her, rather rejoicing in his c**t banquet. Removing his tongue from her hot body, he nudged the hood of her c**t back, exposing the most sensitive part of her and giving her what she asked for, a kiss. He pressed kiss after kiss against her before lapping. She flailed against him, tugging at his hair, her legs trembling through her massive o****m. “Oh, Javier!”

Oh, he wasn’t halfway finished eating her c**t. She wanted a kiss, then a kiss she’d get. Her juices clung to his lips, his chin, and his nose. She’d come all over the place. He inserted a finger in each part of her and began pinching his tongue over her c**t, massaging the thin sweet lips and keeping her in place by pressing his other hand against her belly. “You wanted that whore? You will get it.”

Her screams and whimpers pleased him, and when she came again, he eliminated his finger but not his mouth, sucking her c**t until she begged him to stop and he pulled away. He sat up to get another condom. He took her fast and hard, her feet resting on his shoulders, the sound of his movements in her soaked p***y spurring him to harder urges in her. Concealing his head against her shoulder, he closed his eyes and breathed in her smell: blossoms, coupling, and exertion. He bit her ear, pressed on her c**t until she had another o****m, then emptied the condom into the toilet bowl and flushed it.”

He remained inside of her for a few minutes, before relinquishing and getting to his feet to discard the condom in the bathroom. When he returned, she had sat up and looked so happy. He got his cigarettes and offered her one, but she declined with a shake of her head. “Now let’s get down to business.” She said with a raised brow, and bit her lip and smirked at him

He sucked on his cigarette, thinking about what would happen to her if she went back out there with no clothes on, looking as thoroughly used as she had been. He doubted the others remained in the main room. He yanked open a desk drawer and stopped short as a photo of his sister greeted him. B***h!

Javier swallowed, grabbed his gun, and slammed the drawer shut. He turned, still gripping it in his hand. Elizabeth let out a frightened cry. "What the hell." With a sigh, Javier shoved the weapon into the waistband of his pants.

"I don't kill someone, I feast... Who the hell knows what's going on out there by now? I might have to pistol-whip some assholes or shoot the s**t out of them as I escort you to your car... Let's go! Let's not talk about it here. Let's go to my apartment."

After finding her dress, he led her out of the room. Just as he suspected, the celebrations had heightened to an orgy with the gangs f*****g the hired whores wherever and however, they sucked d**k. Walking through the crowd, two naked girls approached him, ignoring the prostitute he was leading away: "Come, let's get out of here. Richmond will pay dearly, my love." He whispered in her ears, and she smiled.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 38 "Never thought you'd feel the likes of that on your skin again, eh, Sir?" Eddie, the mansion's butler, asked.

"Sod off, Eddie. The wife wanted to have a little sun... so be it!" Shawn smiled. They were in the garden, sunbathing with as little morning sunlight as they could find. It'd been two weeks since the two had slept together, and since then, Catherine had become moody and her morning sickness was getting worse by the day, and right now, they were both lying down in the grass doing God knows what.

Shawn turned his face toward the sun, closing his eyes as he let the warmth spread over his skin. "It's perfect," he murmured as he peered at his wife, who had closed her eyes and seemed to be fast asleep now. Her pale, smooth skin shimmered in the lights. "Or it would be if it weren't so b****y cold."

Eddie chuckled. "It's not as cold as that, sir. The lake hasn't frozen this year. Just a few patchy spots, not that cold."

Reluctantly, Shawn turned away from the sun and opened his eyes. "It isn't spring, though."

"If you were wishing for spring, sir, maybe you should have consulted a miracle worker." : Shawn regarded him with a sideways glance. "Seriously, Eddie? Do I pay you for such irrelevance?"

"Yes, sir, and fairly handsomely, too."

Shawn chuckled to himself as both men paused to enjoy the sun for a few moments longer, then he stood when Catherine began snoring and gesturing to Eddie to keep quiet.

"I thought you didn't mind the sun, sir," Eddie said conversationally as Shawn stood up and at once they'd resumed their walk to Shawn's vegetable garden.

"I don't," Shawn mumbled, walking along with the morale of an innate athlete. "But just because I don't mind an overcast sky doesn't mean I don't prefer the sun." He paused, thought for a moment. "Be sure to tell the chef to c**k something healthy for Catherine and tell the others to take the cat outside today. And by the way, she called her doctor for an appointment because she had been dizzy lately. And she said she just needs the sun... Anyway, tomorrow I'll be off to Norway. She might want to sunbathe again. She'll need warm coats, of course, and hats and mittens and the like, but she ought to get a little sun on her face. She's been confined far too long."

"As have we all," Eddie murmured.

Shawn snickered. "Indeed, this pandemic is a curse." He glanced over his shoulder at his garden. He probably ought to take care of his correspondence now, but he had some seeds he needed to sort through, and truly, there was no reason he couldn't conduct his business with Eddie in an hour or so. "Go on," he muttered to the butler. "You and I can deal later. You know you hate the garden, anyway."

"Not this time of year," Eddie said. "The heat is rather welcome."

Shawn arched his eyebrows as he inclined his head toward the sleeping Catherine. "Are. you calling my garden drafty?"

"All vegetable gardens are drafty."

"True enough," Shawn let out with a grin. He rather liked Eddie. He'd hired him years earlier to help with the mountains of mansion work and details that seemed to accumulate from the running of his massive property. Eddie was quite decent. Not too young and not too old, but good. And his dry sense of humor was absolutely welcome in a mansion where laughter was never in short supply. The servants would never dare joke with Shawn.

The children in the orphanage sometimes made Shawn laugh, but that was a different sort of humor, and besides, most of the time he did not know what to say to them. He attempted it, but then he felt too uncomfortable, too big, too powerful if such a thing were possible. And then he just found himself shooing them off, telling them to go back to their mother superior.

It was easier that way, yet now, soon to be a father, it was all peculiar, hard and easy at the same time, not to mention how Catherine could change her mood in a second.

“Go on, then,” Shawn said, sending Eddie off on a task he probably should have done himself. He hadn’t seen Catherine move from the grass yet, so maybe she was still sleeping and he supposed he ought to wake her up, but he didn’t want to spoil the day by saying something fierce, which he seemed to do.

He might as well call his lawyer. That would be a good idea. Then he could point out some sort of plant and tell them about it, and everything would remain flawlessly reasonable and benign.

Shawn entered his vegetable garden shed and shut the door behind him, taking a welcome breath of the moist air. He’d studied botany before in his spare time, even, and in truth, he’d probably have taken up business management if his grandfather had not told him to focus on the business instead.

He supposed it could have been worse. He could have been a landowner and a city gentleman, after all. At least here, he was able to pursue his botanical pursuits in relative serenity at his mansion. Maybe this lockdown has been a God-sent.

He bent over his workbench, examining his latest project—a strain of mushroom that he was trying to breed to grow fatter and plumper in the pod. No luck yet, though. This latest batch had not just dried up but had even turned yellow, which had not been the expected result at all.

Shawn frowned, then allowed himself a minor smile as he strode to the back of the greenhouse to gather his supplies. He never minded too much when his vegetable endeavors did not achieve the usual outcome. In his opinion, necessity had never been the mother of creation.

Accidents. It was all about accidents. No scientist would admit to it, of course, but most great inventions occur while one is striving to decipher some other situation completely. He giggled as he swept the shriveled mushroom aside. At this rate, he’d cure his boredom by the end of the month.

Back to labor. Back to labor. He bent over his seed collection, smoothing them out so that he could evaluate them all. He needed the perfect one for

He brightened and tipped out the freshly washed glass. A movement across the lawn caught his eye. Golden hair.

Golden. Shawn smiled to himself as he shook his head. It must be Catherine. Her hair was as golden as the sun, smooth and silky at the same time, and yellow was her favorite color, something that he’d always found different. Anyone who spent any time with her would have certainly thought she’d prefer something darker and more somber. He watched as she disappeared into the tulip and wood brush, then got back to work. It was unusual for her to venture outside. These days, she doesn’t often leave the confines of her room. Shawn was happy to see her out in the sun and enjoying her

morning sleep in the grass. Maybe it would restore her moods. Not entirely, of course. Shawn didn't think even the

sun had the power to do that. But maybe a brilliant, calm, semi-warm morning would be enough to draw her out for a few hours and bring a small smile to her face.

Heaven knew she could use that. Not that her weird craving had been nothing but odd. Shawn knew that she was having a hard time and was not made up for by him.

He sighed, a wave of guilt washing over him. He was not the sort of husband she needed, he knew that. He attempted to tell himself that he was doing his best, that he was achieving his only purpose when it came to parenthood-that he would not behave in the manner of his own grandfather.

But still, he knew it wasn't enough.

With resolute motions, he pushed himself away from his workbench. The seeds could wait. His wife could probably wait, too, but that didn't mean she should. And he ought to take her on their nature walk, not Eddie, who didn't know a decent tree from a conifer and

would most likely tell them that a tulip was a rose and... He glanced out the window again, reminding himself that it was almost spring. Eddie wasn't likely to uncover any sort of blossom in this weather, but still, it didn't excuse the fact that he ought to take his wife on their nature walk. It was the one sort of pregnant activity at which she truly excelled, and he ought not to evade the duty.

He strode out of the garden shed but then stopped, not even a third of the way back to the mansion. If he was going to fetch her, he ought to take them out to see the lake. She craved his company, even when he did nothing more than kiss her on the lips, which he wasn't complaining about. Yes, he should surprise her and escort her to the lake. A nature walk would be even more effective.

But he knew from experience that he ought not to make presumptions about Catherine's state of sanity. Just because she'd not vomited earlier did not mean that she was feeling well. And he was not there for her during one of her morning sicknesses.

Shawn turned around and headed out toward the stone pathway where he'd seen Catherine disappear just a few moments earlier. He walked at nearly twice the speed of Catherine; it wouldn't take very long to catch up to her and ascertain her attitude.

He walked through the planks, easily following her path. Where the hell was she going? The ground was moist, and she must have been wearing heavy boots because her prints had sunk into the earth with a clear description. They led down the slight ramp and out of the timbers, then onto a grassy patch.

“What the hell,” Shawn muttered, the phrase barely distinct as the wind picked up around him. It was impossible to see her footprints on the grass. He used his hand to shade his eyes from the sun and scanned the horizon, looking for a telltale scrap of golden blonde hair.

Not near the abandoned old cabin near the lake, nor at Shawn’s field of experimental grains, nor at the large boulder that Shawn had spent so many hours clambering upon when he was a child. He turned north, his eyes narrowing when he finally saw her. She was heading toward the lake.

The lake.

Shawn’s lips parted as he stared down at her form, moving slowly toward the water’s edge.

Meanwhile, Catherine smiled and enjoyed the scenery. With a water bottle in hand, she started her excursion. Anyway, Shawn was gone, so now he won’t mind her little adventure. Besides, she was bored as hell and wanted to see the lake. Nothing could go wrong. Right?

For ten minutes of slow walking, she enjoyed the sight of nature, which gave her sudden energy. She wanted to explore her new surroundings and breathe in the fresh air.

So now she took the path that led through the small brushes. The landscape was mountainous and amazing. The mansion was a mile behind her, and the woods were thick but not dense with underbrush. Sometimes there would be a break in the trees, and she’d be cautious over a grassy meadow, thick with wildflowers and root crops. She couldn’t find any clues about another human being nearby. Well, not that she wanted a companion anyway

Morning scarlet clouds cast elegant shades on the lake, as they chased away the noon. Catherine’s hand stroked a crooked rock as she reached out to steady herself, coming to land in a patch of overgrown green grass on a jagged, uneven path down below.

It was after she’d been wandering for almost half an hour that she reached the lake. There was strength, a sense of power and brilliance in the peacefulness, a place of serenity even in the outcry of the water.

Catherine watches the streaming water even in her sleep, a beautiful infinite dream. “Oh goodness me, I just want to play with the water.” She was a bit bored and exhausted. She wanted to find a spot to rest. Also, she sauntered downstream along the bank of the lake until she came to a spot where a meadow opened up on her left. To her right, on the far side of the stream, was a tall limestone ridge. Below the little cliff, the gush had cut a massive slump in the boulder that was filled with water. A natural lake, trees nearby filtered the orange morning light. She dipped her hand into the enchanting water

and found that the water was quite warm. She took a glance around, biting her lip. "Good, I'm all alone here." She whispered and smiled to herself. Yes, swimming at last. She thought to herself.

She was dared and tempted to do something she'd never done before. With her heart thumping hard, she yanked her white shirt over her head. It made her feel exposed to be sitting there in her bra. And then, with another careful glance around, she slid off her bra. It made her feel even more exposed and vulnerable, but also independent in a way she'd never felt before.

She might as well enjoy the water.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 39

Being completely naked, with an almost visible baby bump, in a mildly cold lake was beyond Catherine's comprehension. Of course, she wanted adventure, and she got it. Stupid, yes, but this isolated privacy was all she needed, of course, to think about her life as she had immediately tucked herself in the warm, cold embrace of the lake as she shivered, unable to even fathom her foolishness, but was crazier? Shawn had become nothing but sweet and overprotective of her, not that marrying her and bearing his child was any weirder, but yes, now she had more questions than answers. Besides, she heard him talking to Elizabeth, and it was not civil enough. She believed that the b***h was threatening her life and the child's life. Where she had come to know puzzled Catherine even more. Not that Shawn's treatment of her had done anything but threaten her heart, and though she wasn't expecting more, expecting too much of his sweet, caring demeanor towards her made her uneasy. But of course, she knew better than to expect.

No, to be fair, that wasn't entirely true. Her heart flipped from the reality that Shawn was kind because of his heir. She'd known more in a month's similarity than many husbands and wives did during the entire course of a marriage. Yes, they argued a lot, but in the end, they ended up f*****g each other, so what was the point of denying her true feelings? And yes, she denied it herself to the moon and back.

But still, a girl could dream, right?

Catherine thought about her and Jason's relationships. Even Dave hated the man, and she'd refused to believe how naive she'd been over the years. How many breakups have there been? At least three? She couldn't even remember why she'd refused to believe her friends and even her own brother. No reason, really, except that Jason seemed to be perfect for her... yet, he f*****g betrayed and cheated on her.

But perfect?

Shawn Richmond was perfect. More than perfect. He was the epitome of a man who could shatter an already broken heart. Catherine knew for sure, nothing involved Shawn didn't end up in tears, and right now she was waging a battle she knew she could never win.

Was that so much to expect?

She shook her head, aware that she sounded silly and spoiled. No, she didn't need someone perfect. She just needed someone perfect for her, and Shawn was perfect for her. Perfect to hurt her all over again, right?

She knew what the common sense of stupidity said about her. She was too demanding, worse than foolish. She'd end up a spinster-no, they didn't say that anymore. They said she was already far beyond that, which was true months ago. One doesn't reach the age of

nothingness without hearing whispers behind one's back.

Or thrown in one's face. Not that Chelsea was any better-of course, her yoga classmates were *way* worse, but... Mr. Perfect was too hard to find.

But the funny truth was, Catherine didn't mind her circumstances. Or at least she hadn't, not until recently. Being pregnant and secretly in love with her husband was something..

so out of the ordinary.

It had never occurred to her that she'd always be a fool, and besides, she enjoyed her life quite well without a man in it for two freaking years. She had the most marvelous friend one could imagine-a brother in all.

But lately...

She sighed, unexpectedly feeling quite a bit more exhausted about fighting her feelings towards Shawn. She wanted to tell the world she loved him, but... she knew it was a risk she couldn't take for the love of God. Lately, she hadn't been feeling so cheerful, not that their every night lovemaking was any better. In fact, it gets better and better, and she was not about to be complaining about it either. It was perfect... more than excellent.

But recently, she'd been starting to think that maybe those old fears were right, and she wasn't going to find herself a man who would love her. Maybe she had been too unlucky. too determined to follow the example of her friends, all of whom had found an intense and serious love for their spouses. Maybe a marriage based on mutual respect and companionship was better than none at all.

But it was difficult to talk about these feelings with anyone. Before Shawn's proposal, her brother had spent so many months urging her to find a boyfriend; as much as she adored Dave, it would be difficult to listen to him when he was nothing but like Shawn, who changes girlfriends like he changes his clothes. Her brother would have been no help whatsoever. But Dave would probably have taken it upon himself to personally select a suitable boyfriend and then browbeat the poor man into submission. But he was too much of a dreamer, and besides, he rarely came down to London anymore, preferring the quiet of the country. As for her-well, that was another story entirely, quite worthy of its own paragraph.

She reckoned she should have discussed Chelsea or Jane, but every time she went to see them, they were so b****y happy, so blissfully in love with their boyfriend and husband and Jane's life as a mother to her line of two. How could someone like that possibly offer useful advice to someone in Catherine's position? And Chelsea seemed half a world away, off in Scotland. Besides, Catherine didn't think it fair to bother her with her stupid discomfort. Chelsea had been single every week for heaven's sake. Catherine's fears and worries seemed insignificant by comparison.

And maybe all this was why her resemblance to Shawn had become such a guilty pleasure.

Richmond was a large family, rich, elite, wild, and raucous. It was nearly impossible to keep anything secret, especially from Shawn's cousins, though she had only met three of them at the wedding, and Sir Anthony, Shawn's grandfather, could probably have won the war against Covid 19 in half the time if the scientist had only thought to draft him into the intelligence assistance.

The old man was, in his own strange way, very pleased to have her as a granddaughter-in law. The one thing she'd never expected from the old man was that she was too kind to him, joking about his health, even worrying for him as a real granddaughter would do. She was always with him on his hospital visits when Shawn couldn't accompany him. Yet his decision to marry her off to Shawn was shocking.

And because she had actually secretly loved Shawn, she'd been able to create him as her perfect man in her mind. If ever there was a perfect man, surely it had to be the Shawn Richmond of her imagination.

And now he wants the child? But he never told her about his feelings for her, the status of their relationship? Yes, they f**k almost every night.. maybe more than she could count, but he never told her about his feelings. Was he scared of hurting her? Or was he just too preoccupied with his heir? And ruin what was supposed to be the perfect, no-strings attached relationship?

But then the impossible occurred. Jane was married. And what's more, she'd married a lawyer and was happy ever since. Well, maybe not too happy in the bed department, but who cares? The man loves Jane so much. And Catherine wanted that kind of love...

But if f*****g superman had suddenly dropped from the sky and landed in her back garden, Catherine could not have been more surprised. Of course, she was happy for Jane and even happier with Chelsea. Truly, she was. And she was happy for Dave, too. They were quite possibly her three most favorite people in the entire world, and she was thrilled that they had found happiness, Jane with her family, Chelsea with her career and Dave with her arts... No one earned it more. But that didn't mean that their achievement hadn't left a sunken spot in her life. 1

She deemed that when she'd been considering her life as the unlucky one, and trying to convince herself that it was what she really wanted, the three had always been there in the picture, crying with her, and were happy right beside her. It was acceptable-almost encouraging, even-to be late twenties and unmarried as long as Chelsea was twenty-eight and unmarried, as well. It wasn't that she hadn't wanted Chelsea to find a husband; a real husband, of course, it was just that it had never seemed even the least bit likely. Catherine knew that Chelsea was amazing and considerate and gifted and funny, but the men of the ton never seemed to notice her as the right girl to marry. In all her years in society, in all Chelsea had not received one proposal for marriage. Not even a whiff of interest, of course, she hated the idea either

RTUG-OUT

In a way, Catherine thought, she had counted on her friend to remain where she was, what she was-first and foremost, her friend. Her friend was single like her, but this sudden marriage was never in her plan, nor was the accidental marriage in Vegas. And the worst part, the part that left her wracked with grief, was that she'd never given a thought to how Chelsea might feel if she married first, which, in truth, she'd always assumed she would do, but she knew she was happy with this marriage. Even as fake as it was. Right?

However, she must have thought that this convenient marriage was a wonderful thing. Nevertheless, she was alone. So alone with her worries and pain in the middle of crowded London, in the middle loving friend It was hard to imagine a lonelier spot.

But suddenly, Shawn's bold proposal-tucked away at the very bottom of her heart, she was not expecting anything more because she knew him. He was the playboy of the century, and she would never risk her heart for that matter but she knew she already had... She put her hopes at the bottom of her broken heart, locked away in newly purchased confidence, just so that she wouldn't be tempted to think about it ten times a day-well, it seemed a bit more fascinating.

More intriguing by the day, actually, as she grew more and more restless, more disappointed with the lot in life she had to admit she'd chosen. And so one day, after she'd gone to visit her doctor, only to be informed by the butler that the mansion was not able to receive visitors, uttered in such a way that even Catherine knew what it meant, Shawn must have thought that this COVID-19 was a risk for her child, so she made a decision. It was time to take her life into her own hands, time to control her

future, rather than attend to the boredom in the vain hope that the perfect man would suddenly materialize before her, never mind that there was never anybody new in ten miles radius, and after a full month of lockdown. So instead, she enjoyed the scenery of the lake, Shawn's voice came

from nowhere.

"You are going to freeze to death, sweetheart!"

Rate this Chapter