

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 23 The next morning, Chelsea dragged herself out of bed after a restless night's sleep.

Her new king-size bed feels so foreign and uncomfortable. Last night, she and Jane ended up so wasted that Shawn and Catherine brought them home. How could she not drown herself in the martini? Dave had just left with the bimbo and she was not happy about it.

However, waking up to her new princess bedroom with its imported curtains and designer walls was still crazy too. Of course, she was used to this, but it had been the other side of her that she buried in Kenya. The famous model and elite Chelsea was gone.

Flashes of last night's awkward dinner and meeting Dave at the party skip through her brain, and she feels a sting in the pit of her stomach. Her tense meeting with Dave, the silence from Sebastian, and her sister's pathetic attempt to get them all to become one happy family were all equally unpleasant, not to mention his appearance at Catherine and Shawn's party.

Although, she has to admit that Dave was partly responsible for her sleepless night. His still model-like physique, handsome face, and statuesque figure were enough to make any girl daydream. The very last thing she expected was for him to be here in London. She thought his so-called business central office was in Paris.

She knew the attraction between Dave and her still seemed so intense after their heated exchange. It was still there. No one could deny it. The mixture of tension and desire was driving her crazy. She had no choice but to leave the room after dinner and leave the party so drunk

Then there was the matter of working under him that had her so flustered. On the one hand, she needs a job, but on the other hand, she despises the idea of working for the corporate elite.

Her thoughts ricochet between her morals and her current situation. Of course, she had enough money after paying off her father's debt. But it won't make it for another year and living in London was not easy either. A year volunteering in Kenya took an enormous chunk of her own savings, and the last thing she wanted to do was scab off Christie and her "billionaire fiancée".

She supposed she could view being Dave's PA as a way to make money off Sebastian and Dave. Thus, making her richer? She mentally shook her head.

Yes, that was exactly how she should think of it. Having decided that she will give the position a shot, she now has to figure out how she is going to juggle her attraction to Dave with his arrogant, self-righteous attitude.

She pledged to never let her guard down with him and to never reveal any emotions whatsoever. She will just do what the job entails and avoid any type of personal interaction with him.

Yes. That was a great game plan!

She was happy with her decision and let her eyes dance around the bedroom. Soon, a realization hit her: among all the fine furniture and fancy linen, she was the item that did not belong

She was the alien here.

Everything else matches and has its place in this mansion, except her. She wanted to be alone.” But there were so many what-ifs: his father’s former associates, those who wanted her dead, or perhaps... oh god, so many what-ifs. Maybe she was safe here in Sebastian’s home?

Her mind drifted to her sister, to Jane’s upcoming second wedding. Maybe she was too hard on herself. The drastic change in her lifestyle in Kenya forced a cold feeling upon her and, unfortunately, she became her own punching bag. But no matter how angry she might still be, she should make an effort to understand the change in her sister’s life. After all, as long as she was happy, why Sebastian? Why him and why Dave?

“Argh!” she muttered in silent anger. She hated the b*****d.

After all, this was her life now. She heads into the en-suite and marvels at the marble floors, exquisite gold sunken bath, and double-headed shower. Next to the shower was a lavish black counter and a crystal vanity mirror surrounded by bright lights. The classy and spacious bathroom reminds her of a fancy hotel Shawn owned. After her shower, she descended the luxurious staircase again and headed towards the dining room. Chelsea wondered where everyone was? The thought of Dave still being an a*s made her anxious and somewhat giddy. Sleeping under the same roof as her ex was too weird.

When she does not find anyone, she ventures out into the courtyard overlooking the infinity pool, and it takes her breath away. The statuesque trees and immaculate garden reminded her of a scene from a fairytale.

“Excuse me, Miss Chelsea, would you like some breakfast?” She hears a polite voice say, behind her. She whipped her head around; startled that someone might have been watching her this entire time.

She immediately locks eyes with one of the head servants. He looks sharp in his formal penguin suit, which is complemented by pristine white gloves. She was not expecting the staff to be dressed so formally this early in the morning. In all honesty, this whole mansion could have come straight from the set of Downton Abbey.

The thought occurs to her that Sebastian may have a very strict hold over his staff. The idea of servants still irks her, but she will refrain from voicing her opinions. "Oh, good morning. If you could just show me where I can make some toast, it should be fine," she answered casually. "Oh, that won't be necessary, Miss Chelsea. Your breakfast is prepared and waiting for you in the dining room. My name is Marcel, and I am here to escort you."

Unlike her future step brother-in-law, she was not surprised by such silver service, but rather than put Marcel in an awkward position, she followed him back into the mansion.

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Chapter 24 In just a few short minutes, she was back in the dining room looking down at a spread of hot buttermilk pancakes, bacon, ham and eggs, fruit, freshly brewed coffee, and a selection of freshly squeezed juices. Her eyes widened in awe. "Is this all for me?" she asked Marcel. "Yes, Miss Chelsea, and Mr. Brown left a note for you." He pointed at a white envelope placed on a small silver tray beside her plate. Her name has been written in cursive in the middle of it. "Is there anything else you require, Miss Chelsea?" "No, Marcel. That will be all. Thank you. And please, just call me Chelsea," she said with a warm smile.

He nodded and left her for her breakfast. She sat down slowly and gazed again at the array of breakfast items in front of her, but soon her interest returned to the envelope. What could Dave have written in it? B*****d. She thought.

The nerve. Minutes later, she found herself devouring a lot more breakfast than she anticipated. Not eating much last night has apparently caught up with her. After she thanked Marcel and the rest of the servants as they cleared the remaining food and utensils, her eyes drifted back over to the note. Okay, you have refuelled with a good, hearty breakfast. Just open it already, Chelsea. She reached out for it and carefully opened it. Inside is a single piece of paper: Chelsea, her offer is still open. I hope you will reconsider the position. In your room, Marcel has laid out an outfit for you to wear to the office. her driver, Eddy, will take you.

– Brown

What a f*****g nerve? He couldn't possibly...

D**n it! It was tempting.

Letting out a sharp breath, she began to sweat with both dread and anticipation. He wants

her to start work today? When she only just got back into the country yesterday? How could he be this inconsiderate? She sighed and closed her eyes for a minute. After rising from her seat, she made her way back upstairs to her bedroom.

As soon as she walked in, true to Dave's word, was a gorgeous pressed little black dress, a pearl

necklace, a pair of diamond-studded earrings, and some expensive heels. This is

her work uniform? How could he be such an a****e? He knew she would love it.

”

She almost does not want to put this all on. What these items cost could feed her kids back in Kenya for the rest of their lives. Maybe even their education. God. Her stay there changed the very essence of her belief in life. It certainly mends the missing pieces of her broken heart.

Giving in to her alter ego, who reminds her of why she took this job – to steal money from the rich or to break her heart even more – she went to shower and dress. When she looked at herself in the mirror, she was in total awe of her transformation. It's been

a year since she indulged herself in luxurious clothing. In Kenya, she was limited to a pair of worn-out jeans or shorts and a few tank tops. The unbearable heat left her with very limited options for clothing. She also got used to not caring about her appearance. There was no need for makeup or to shave her legs all the time. Not that she was ever the type to get dolled up anyway. But as she stares intently into the large full-length mirror in her bedroom, she has to admit that she has never looked more stunning again. The old Chelsea was back And for the first time since arriving at the mansion, she let herself smile.

Then Dave's driver, an old Asian man, glided the sleek, silver pearl Range Rover away from Sebastian's mansion and into downtown London. She cannot help but feel like a VIP cruising down the highway while adoring fans wait anxiously to catch a glimpse of her gorgeous face hidden behind the tinted windows. Well, her time being a celebrity was long gone, and now she hated the idea of being in the chaotic world of modelling After almost thirty minutes on the busy road, they finally pulled up outside a large skyscraper in the middle of London. “Here we are, Miss Chelsea,” Eddy says, turning his head back to her. She remained firmly seated in her seat. Her palms were sweaty and she was way too anxious. Not that a call from Jane and Catherine would be nothing but chaotic. The latter arranged a dinner meeting and talked about Jane's upcoming second wedding.

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“Welcome to Brown Inc., Miss,” the old man continued. “I do hope you enjoy your first day.” “Thank you, Eddy. That makes two of us. Do I just call you when I am ready to be picked up?” “Oh no, Miss Chelsea. Mr. Brown has informed me that you will be accompanying him back home.”

“Oh...okay,” she answered back, somewhat startled by the statement. Me and Dave? In a car together? Alone? Oh, God...

After she stepped out of the SUV, she peered up at the massive building soaring above her. It took her a minute to get her nerves in check and she walked toward the rotating glass doors.

She was greeted by a pleasant blonde seated behind a circular desk with the words “Brown Inc.” written in bold cursive behind her.

“Hello,” Chelsea said, trying to sound chirpy. “I’m here to see Mr. Dave Brown. her name is Chelsea”

“Oh, thank God. You are here. Welcome Miss,” she responded, a perfect smile etching across her face. “Mr. Brown is waiting for you on the twentieth floor. The elevator is just over there to the right.”

She pursued her eyes over to the silver elevator doors just across the way. “Thanks,” she muttered with a weak smile.

Her heart speeds with every passing floor. Her mind was a whirlwind of uncomfortable questions.

What will her job description be? Personal Secretary? PA? Would he regale her any differently from his other staff because his friend is marrying her sister?

Would he be an authoritarian or a more laid-back boss? Assessing his behaviour last night at dinner, and at the party. She was counting on the latter.

Chelsea has never held a corporate job before so she has no idea if she would even be qualified for the position. And further to that, she still has not come to terms with the idea of working for Dave. Her ex.

Their working relationship might turn out to be a disaster or a curse, otherwise, she doesn’t have a choice. She needed a job as soon as possible. Before she knew it, the elevator dings and she steps out onto the twentieth floor.

A slender young blond woman with a neat high bun and flawless makeup instantly greets her. She was dressed in a white chiffon blouse and dark pencil skirt, which

highlights her envious size zero body. “Good morning, Miss Chelsea. My name is Diane. Mr. Brown is expecting you. Please, follow me this way,” she stated. Chelsea nodded and pursued her along a short hallway to a see through office, all made of glass. Her heart races when she grabs open the door and they trudge inside.

Her eyes locked with Dave instantly. He was sitting on the shelf of his expensive swivel chair and an oak-type desk and had his arms crossed, depicting some very toned biceps through his shirt.

He was, of course, dressed stylishly in a pressed white business shirt, charcoal tailored trousers and a faded scarlet tie that made his eyes glow.

D**n it!

He was, even more, gorgeous than she remembered. She glided around the glass office in astonishment. The bay-like windows provide a panoramic view of the metropolis below while the rest of the room was so immense that her apartment could almost fit in here.

Regarding the décor, the room was entirely bland and lacked personality. It only has an enormous desk, some chairs for clients, a leather couch, and a massive liquor panel by the

door.

The whole office reeks of corporate refinement, which, in Dave’s case, appears to suit him to a tee. What the hell was she even doing here?

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Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 25 Dave brown grumbled, “Chelsea, I’m so glad you showed up. I wasn’t sure if you were still interested in the position,” he mumbled, his voice firm but with a trace of wit. “Well, I’m still not either,” she replied coolly, eager to hide all signs that she was still not over him. “Really? But you’re here anyway?”

“Yes. I’ll see how the day goes,” she stated, carving a fake smile. Dave responded with a sly grin, indicating that he finds our banter amusing. “Come with me. I’ll show you the rest of the building.”

He escorted her out of the office and back to the elevator. She took a quick breath in before entering.

“Brown Inc., doesn’t it just occupy this floor?” She asked although it is a multi-billion dollar company, stupid question, Chelsea.

“Oh, no. I own the whole building,” he grinned, a little too pompously.

“The heart of the company occupies the other floors, and then there’s the lounge up on the penthouse level, and the cafeteria on the ground level.”

There was a brief silence as she made a mental picture of the place in her head.

“I have to say, you look stunning in that dress,” he added. “I knew it would be perfect for you when I saw it.”

“You picked it out yourself?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, I did. I wanted to.”

She gives him a confused nod and goes quiet. D**n it, that smile could melt her already hardened heart.

Dave keeps his eyes on her. “Why did it take you so long to come up? Eddy was parked downstairs for a while.”

Gazing back up at him, she creased her forehead. “I didn’t realise I was being watched?”

“Well, I was waiting for you.”

“And it’s a long drive. What did you expect?” She did not intend for it to come out as a snap, but it does.

Before he can conjure up a feisty remark, the elevator dings and they step out onto another floor.

This one was a lot louder and had a lot more people. The sound of phones ringing, files being swapped, and business chatter is almost deafening.

People move about with haste and seem to attack their tasks with tenacity.

“So, I take it these are the people that do all the work while you stay up in the penthouse and collect all the profits,” she says, trying to sound more jokey than sarcastic. She still feels a little bad for snapping at him just now. He lets out a small, genuine laugh. “It doesn’t quite work like that, Chelsea. You really think I just parade around in an Armani suit and live with it?” “Well, don’t you?” “I work in the field, and I guess you know what I’m talking about here.”

He seems to blush under her stare before he leans down close to whisper in her ear, “You think you have me all figured out, but I might just surprise you yet.” Suddenly, Chelsea felt his hand on her lower back, pressing into it ever so gently. The sensation

sends an electric shock right down her spine. They turn to lock eyes with him, and they continue to stare at each other with silent words until someone interrupts us. "Mr. Brown, you need to sign this. It's the contract for the new artefacts from Iran," a flustered man in a cheaper suit than Dave's states, inches away from them.

"Did we get them to agree to our terms?" Dave's voice was stern and demanding. His focus fades from her completely, and she watches him in action.

His back turns away from her as he and both men step aside for a private, intense discussion.

She finds the commanding tone in Dave's voice so s**y and cannot help but be impressed by the respect he receives from his employees.

"Sorry about that, Chelsea," he says, returning to her side a minute later. "Let's continue with the tour, shall we? And I'll explain your duties." For the next hour, Dave shows her all the regal offices of Brown Inc., "So what exactly is this office all about, aside from treasure hunting?" She asked.

"This is all the papers and legal matters that occurred. I have dozens of men all over the world looking for ancient artefacts and sometimes I go with them when the job needs a better expert or something extremely important."

She nodded as he introduced her to managers, associates, secretaries, and ordinary employees in almost every department, all the while enlightening her on her heavy workload.

Her job definition includes everything: organising files, screening calls, managing his appointments and conferences, running chores, briefing reports and presentations, and many other obligations she can't even remember right now

By the end of the trip, she was drenched and exhausted to the bone.

She confesses that she didn't take the role or Dave seriously at first, but after seeing the "lay of the land," she was fascinated.

Dave was the true captain of this distinguished ship, which seemed to sail flawlessly in a corporate sea.

His employees, or "team members," as he calls them, work hard and appear to respect him. Unfortunately, it makes her less furious and more charmed with him. She just conducts tiny activities throughout the day. Dave advised her to simply settle in because it was her first day. She will begin working on anything major the next day. She gets ready to go for the day at five o'clock. She stood up from her desk, which was directly in front of Dave's office.

II

Within seconds, he walks out and approaches her. "So Chelsea, what do you think? Are you ready to become a Brown team member?" he asks. Spoken like a true boss. Does she have a choice? The workload was a bit heavier than she anticipated, but all the tasks seem doable. Now that she knows her job description, her lack of corporate experience actually does not seem like a problem at all. "Time will tell," she said indifferently, sticking to her hostility towards him. He drew closer to her, his face inches away from hers. She can detect the strong and seductive perfume of his macho cologne. His penetrating blue eyes stare down at her, rattling her nerves all over again. "Chelsea, don't you think it's time you dropped your tough girl persona?" She scowled at him, her diabolical glare slicing him into little pieces. "No, but I believe it is time for me to leave." "We can go together. After all, we're not exactly headed to the same place." "I would rather Eddy pick me up," she says with a wry smile. He stands there watching her with a seductive expression. She needs to get out of here before her cheeks start going red. "Suit yourself," he says sharply before striding straight back into his office. Shaking her head at whatever that just was that happened between us, she turned on her heels and exited the floor.

When Eddy arrives downstairs, she looks up towards the building one last time before climbing into the back of the SUV.

Even though she cannot see Dave, she can feel his eyes on her, surveying her like a king up there on his throne. Well, she bowed to no one.

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Chapter 26

One week later.

Dave became nothing but a pain in the a*s.

And it was mere luck that the man was gone for a meeting, so here she was, manning the phones, trying not to die of boredom, hunger, and second-hand entitlement from all the assheads who thought that 'personal assistant' was an archaic English word for 'person put on Earth to cater to Dave's every whim and whom it was appropriate to scream at if she did not immediately divine his exact wishes through telepathy.' Goodness, the man was a jerk. How did she even fall in love with this a*****e anyway?

She could see one of those female field assheads approaching, and it was with considerable relief that she saw one of the phones light up. She grabbed at it like a lifeline.

“Brown Inc., how can I help you?” “Hey, Chelsea, it’s Catherine. Time to gossip?” Wow, she didn’t call her on her phone, but here in the office. “Sure thing, ma’am, I’ll walk you through that right now. It should only take about an hour,” she mumbled sweetly.

Asshat made an annoyed face but moved off to look for someone with a more open schedule to harass.

”That scared her off?” Catherine asked and giggled...

“I still don’t know how you did that job before with Shawn. I had just one jerk yelling at me all day, and that practically had me running for the hills.”

“Dave is yelling at you? Tell me and I shall bite the hell out of him for being rude.”

“Nah, he ignored me since day one when I didn’t go home with him,” Chelsea muttered and mentally rolled her eyes.

“In Sebastian’s mansion?”

“Yes, now Dave lives in his apartment.”

“Good, so are you OK with him ignoring you?” “Of course, it’s better than trying to be nice, Catherine.”

“Oh really?” Catherine asked.

“Like you’ve ever run for the hills in your life,” Chelsea added. “I bet you don’t even know where the hills are. Anyway, yeah, the hyena’s headed out in search of different prey. What’s up, girl? Any news with Jane?”

“About that, I’ll tell you later. Let’s not talk about her. But let’s talk about you.” Catherine let out with excitement.

“I have nothing to talk about but children in Kenya.”

“Oh, OK. Fine. Well, I cannot believe Shawn talked me into a business trip right after the party,

” Catherine complained. “I’m so hungover I can’t even get excited about being in London yet. Thank goodness I have the week—I’m going to make time around the meetings to see the Globe Theatre, and at least a few museums.”

“Are you going to hang around the BBC headquarters at all?” Chelsea asked. “Maybe see some of those old spy-fi show stars you love?”

e.

“I wish,” Catherine said with a sigh. “They tore down the old headquarters awhile back, though.”

They chatted some more about her travel plans, with her occasionally going into fake professional – speak when someone walked by or putting her on hold when someone came up with an issue that actually fell into her job description.

Meanwhile, she occupied her hands by sketching some new designs, mostly things she was toying with for Jane’s trousseau. She didn’t usually work with leather, but she knew Jane had a thing for the spy team of Steed and Mrs. Peel, and she thought she could put together a sort of homage to one of Mrs. Peel’s kinky leather catsuits. The trick would be to find leather that had been tanned and cured until it was soft as velvet – maybe she could line it with real velvet as well. She would have to cut it just right so that it gripped and defined without chafing.

An instant message from Jane popped up, ‘Girl are you done with the design?’

“Ahem.”

Chelsea looked up, automatically closing the message as she did so, though she wasn’t sure if the speaker had already seen it. Her face didn’t give me any clue either. It was the accounting manager, a middle-aged woman whose expression always suggested that she was sucking on a lemon while trying desperately not to let on how much she wanted to spit it out. There were two HR flunkies behind her; she hoped they didn’t have two different requests, or she could be stuck helping them for a while.

“Yes?” she inquired. “Can I help you with something?”

“Just come with me,” Miss Lemon’s face indicated. Her voice sounded a little worried, the way a rookie cop might as he trapped his first suspect,

“I’m sorry, ma’am, I’ll have to call you back,” she said in her I’m-definitely-talking-to-a-real-client-voice.

“Have a pleasant day, and thank you for doing business with Brown Inc.” She looked back up at the Lemon again, who was fidgeting like someone had relocated an entire anthill to her pants.

“Seriously, what’s up? Is it performance review time again? Because I have to say, I think you have been doing an excellent job.”

Usually, she can get a smile out of anyone, even her new friends, with the way she rattles on, though okay, the woman’s smile usually looks a little nervous like she thinks the thought police are going to rappel down from the ceiling and disappear her for having fun at work. This time, though, she didn’t smile at all. Neither did the HR flunkies. Wait, were they all together? Like, as a group? For her?

“Let’s just go discuss it in my office, Chelsea,” the Miss Lemon beauty said.

“Uh, sure,” she answered back. “But I’m supposed to be manning the phones, and”

“Lea will do that,” Miss Lemon said, gesturing to a mousy little intern so short and unassuming that she’d dismissed her as Miss Lemon’s shadow. “If you’re not in the middle of anything Oh, just wasting company time talking to my best friend and setting up appointments for my other friend, she didn’t say.

Instead, Chelsea stood up and held out her wrists like a suspect being collared. “You got me, dear!”

Lemon’s lips thinned. “Please, Chelsea, try to be professional.” “Yes, ma’am.” Chelsea could feel the eyes of the lobby on her. She followed Lemon, the HR flunkies hanging back a second before swooping in behind her, like security detail at the parade.

Chelsea sat down in the folding chair in Lemon’s office, which was really a glorified cubicle since she only ranked about a head higher than her on the corporate totem pole. Peeling inspirational posters peered down at her from the walls, and the fluorescent light over her computer hissed and spat, blinking on and off so rapidly it looked like it might be in Morse code. Miss Lemon sat down at the desk and nervously shuffled some papers, while the HR cronies took up positions flanking her like bodyguards. She waited for her to say something. And waited.

D**n, those pieces of paper were getting thoroughly shuffled.

“Look,” Chelsea said when she couldn’t stand the suspense any longer – “What is this about? Is it about that coffee spill on Graham from Accounting? Because first of all, that was an accident, and second of all, he was harassing me and he had it coming-“. Lemon cut her off with a wave of her hand and hemmed before finally beginning to speak. “As you know, we regularly monitor CCTV—”

“What?” Chelsea blurted, too startled to keep from interrupting her. “I didn’t know that!” Lemon heaved a sigh, and settled back into her chair, seeming more comfortable. Ah, the familiar old ground of having to explain something to her. “It was in your employment contract.”

“Oh. Right.” So sue her, she hadn’t read the employment contract. Yeah, yeah, she knew that wasn’t smart, but give her a break; the thing was as thick as three Twilights and didn’t have half the human interest. She’d figured she could pick up most of it as she went along, and so

far, she’d been right.

“As I was saying, we monitor the company’s CCTV, and, well. There’s no easy way to say this.” Lemon took a deep breath like she was about to plunge into a deep and roiling ocean.

“We know you and Mr. Brown had a past,” she said, in the kind of portentous tone used by heretical prophets in cheesy movies with bad CGI. She took another deep breath. “We know about your past and everyone here is affected by your silent war.”

What?

What the hell was she talking about?

And what does CCTVs involvement in this?

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Chapter 27

Dear Diary,

To say that I was surprised by my officemate’s observations is an understatement. I ended up denying everything. What can I do? How do I tell them that the CEO is indeed my boss? Of course not.

The next morning, I was awakened by the sound of my alarm clock. On the digital screen, the bright red number 6:00 blink. I sit up in bed and take in my surroundings. Outside, it is mostly dark, with only a few rays of sun filtering into my bedroom. Along with the gentle swishing of the trees, I hear the birds whistling and am reminded of Kenya. I close my eyes and immediately see snapshots of my kids. They’re bright, smiling faces playing under a clear blue sky. A loud knock on my door forces me out of my nostalgia. “Miss Chelsea. Your breakfast is waiting for you in the dining hall. The driver is on standby to take you into the city,” Marcel says warmly. Ah, yes. Today will be another day at the office. The realisation hits me like a ton of bricks and I slump down lazily under my covers to avoid my reality for a bit longer. Clearly, my defiance towards Dave was child’s play to him. He knew I would take the job.

“Okay, Marcel. Thank you,” I sing out, my voice slightly muffled from being halfway under the comforter. I have no choice but to get my b**t into gear. My breakfast is ready; my ride is already here and in true Brown-style I am sure another outfit is primed and pressed for me in my walk-in wardrobe.

I make my way sluggishly towards the bathroom, where I enjoy a hot shower. Feeling somewhat rejuvenated, I slip on my fluffy white robe and make my way toward the wardrobe. I open the white double doors slowly and my jaw drops to the floor in astonishment. It is decked with all new work clothes, designer heels, and accessories,

All my old clothes from Kenya have been pushed to the side and I feel like I have just stepped into a fancy Beverley Hills boutique.

Yes, I anticipated a few brand new outfits for work. But all this? Dave has clearly outdone himself.

My initial shock finally disperses and I grab a few items and the same red heels I wore yesterday. By the time I am dressed and ready to head downstairs, I look in the mirror and see another transformed girl staring back at me. She is much different from the girl who spent a year volunteering in Kenya. This girl is wearing makeup, high heels, and tighter clothes, yet she is confident, sassy, and opinionated. She is back to herself. I do have to admit, I kind of like her. I missed her.

Exiting my room, I head down the hallway and stop at the top of the stairs. I look down and see my sister, who I have not seen in what feels like forever.

apter 27

“Chelsea, sweetheart. You look divine! Sebastian told me the good news about you accepting the PA position. Come, let’s have breakfast together.” She smiles gleefully at me and squeezes her hands together in delight. Unfortunately, I do not share her excitement and find her over-the-top, high-pitched tone annoying. I make my way down the stairs, tightly gripping the rails so I do not trip on my heels. In the dining room, I am greeted by the same lavish spread as the day before. I am no longer shocked by all the gourmet food, but I still find it unnecessary. In Kenya, a hot meal was considered a luxury.

“Oh, Marcel, you know I like my coffee hot. This one is lukewarm. And please make sure my toast is gluten-free and that you take the yolk out of my eggs before you make my omelette,” Christie states with a biting tone, already in her seat.

She smiles at me as Marcel leaves the room to fulfil her request. I am not impressed by it. “So, Chelsea. Tell me how yesterday went? Are you excited to become a Brown team member?” Oh, goodness. She sounds just like Dave. “No,” I say dryly. She glares at me with disbelief. “Chelsea, you think I haven’t noticed your unbecoming attitude since you got here? What’s gotten into you? It’s not like you to be acting this way. Sebastian has been so good to us and I am appalled at the way you have been treating both him and Dave.”

My eyes narrow in on her, anger and frustration welling up in me. My chest rises and falls slowly as I gear up to fire back at her.

“Good to us? We were not destitute and homeless, Christie! And how dare you talk to me about change? Since when did you become a stuck-up debutante that only eats gluten-free bread and has a chauffeur? Was our life before not good enough for you? Since when is shopping your only hobby, and since when do you have the audacity to

command others? Do me a favour....remove that stick from up your a*s and get a grip on reality because, in case you haven't noticed, you don't seem like a nice person anymore." I pause to take a quick breath.

"I don't know what Sebastian's interest in you is, but he's from money, and in my experience, people like that always have specific reasons for why they choose to keep others around. I bet he doesn't even care about you that much. You're a trophy wife to him, Christie. Nothing more.

Although I am completely aware that my statements must sting like a hot poker, I cannot apologise for them.

Christie's eyes swell with tears, and in one swift motion, she rises from the table and dashes out of the room.

A surge of distress comes over me. I have never spoken to her like that in my whole life. For years, we have had a close bond. She has always been my best friend and confidant. But now when I look into her eyes, an outsider looks back at me.

"Miss Chelsea." I look around quickly to find Marcel not too far away.

"Yes, Marcel?" I ask, my voice trembling. "May I take you out to the car?"

"No, thank you, Marcel. I'll go by myself in a few minutes," I say with a slight smile.

Here I am in a ball of misery and in a couple of hours, I will be face to face with Dave again. It is not exactly the kind of day I am looking forward to. As I re-enter the luxurious SUV and the driver begins to drive away from the mansion, I can't help but contemplate my actions earlier. It is heartbreaking to see my sister so distraught. But am I sorry for hurting her?

Do I feel any empathy? To say yes would be a complete denial of how I feel about things. A part of me believes that she is not crying over our souring relationship, but how I insulted her prince and their "fairytale" relationship.

As I continue to contemplate my dwindling relationship with Christie, time passes way too fast.

Soon, the intimidating towers of Brown Associates come into view.

For the most part, everything associated with being a PA I could handle-the paperwork, reports, presentations, and even the tight skirts and high heels.

But I can not handle Dave. I cannot handle his deep azure eyes, his sweet-spiced cologne and his adorable dimples. I cannot handle the way he strides around the office like a king, and the way his voice changes when he talks to his employees.

But most of all, I can not control the way my heart races whenever I am around him. "Here we are, Miss Chelsea," the driver says with a soft and comforting smile. "Good luck with today. I'm sure you will do great work." I sigh and gaze up at the high-rise building in awe, much like I did the day before. But this time I'm afraid to leave the confines of the vehicle. "Thank You," I mutter pleasantly and find the courage to exit the car. I enter the building and make my way over to the elevators. Once inside, I take a few moments alone to calm myself down. Maybe I will hardly see Dave today? Maybe he will be too busy?

I exhaled deeply for about the hundredth time this morning.

You can do this, Chelsea. Just don't be intimidated by him. He is just a snob with way too much money.

The elevator dings and I step out, only to almost crash into Dave. My body tenses with adrenaline. He stands before me, serious, and way too s**y. His hands are wedged in his pockets and he looks at me with a smirk that forces me to look away.

D**n him for catching me off guard. I should have known he was watching my every move

from the moment the driver pulled up outside. "Well, if it isn't my newest Brown team member. Glad you could join us again, Chelsea," he states, his smirk widening.

I return my eyes to his. "Look, Dave, I'm not here to play games. I'm just here to work I really don't want any of your witty banter right now." He stares at me wide-eyed for a second but then grins. "Still trying to play the tough girl I see.

"Oh, I'm not playing with you," I snapped. For a moment, I do not know whether to slap him or kiss him. "Anyway, Diane here is going to take you through your tasks...she will explain everything that we didn't cover yesterday."

Diane, once again, is impeccably dressed. She is wearing a formal pink-coloured dress, knee length dress, and extremely high stilettos. Her hair is pinned in the same tight bun. Dave certainly has dress criteria for his female staff. He makes all of us look like corporate Barbie dolls.

"Okay, good," I reply, eager to get away from him and get on with my day. It's the first time I have spoken to him without sass on my lips. "Well, I will leave you in Diane's capable hands," Dave says before walking off in the direction of his office.

I release a huge sigh of relief and then notice Diane's curious eyes on me. "You know, I've never seen Mr. Brown look at anyone the way he looks at you."

"I beg your pardon?" I asked, taken aback by her comment.

Diane chuckles. "You heard me."

I do not want people to notice the weird chemistry going on between Dave and I. Is it really that obvious?

"Come on, show me how to get this job done so I can get out of here on time today," I tell her, deliberately changing the subject. I spent the next four hours going over files, organising documents and covering all information on Brown Associates. She has given me the lowdown on all the details, from how Dave likes his coffee to the gossip on what happened with his last assistant.

"She gave out all the company secrets to our competitor... so, of course, Mr. Brown sacked her," she says, widening her eyes for dramatic effect. By the time the afternoon rolls around, my orientation session with Diane has left me feeling upbeat. After a while, she leaves me to prepare a presentation for one of Dave's meetings tomorrow. To my total surprise, the day is actually going quite well. I am getting the hang of this corporate stuff and I feel almost comfortable in my surroundings. Knock, knock

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 28 Warning Rated PG+18

"It's open, Diane. I'm just finishing up the-" "It's not Diane," comes Dave's silky, masculine voice. "Oh..." I say, a little embarrassed. "Sorry to disappoint you." "It's fine," I reply, dropping my gaze back down to my computer. "I was wondering if you would like to join me for lunch? There is a really nice coffee shop just down the street."

I am not sure if I should accept his offer. I am petrified about my mixed feelings for him and getting too close might ignite a fire that neither of us can diffuse.

But on the other hand, I am so intrigued by him that I kind of want to get to know him.

I want to see if there is another side to Dave Brown. A side that does not include dapper suits and an arrogant attitude. "Okay," I finally said, daring to look back up at him. He chisels out a broad smile. "After you..." "So, how is your day going?" Dave turns to me while leaning against the back of the elevator. I clasp my hands together and avoid eye contact. "It's going pretty well...surprisingly. Diane is great and I am getting the hang of things." I manage to flick him a smile, looking up at him briefly.

He is grinning at me, and I cannot help but blush again. "Glad to hear it." The elevator arrives at the ground floor and we make our way onto the busy sidewalk. A gush of wind whips my hair in all directions and I feel Dave's hand tuck some loose strands behind my left ear. The act is endearing. He looks at me with a gleam in his eye.

Soon, we arrive at the quaint little coffee shop he had mentioned.

“Hi, Mr. Brown, the usual today?” The girl behind the counter asks.

“Yes, thank you, Kath. Can I get a menu for my friend, please?” “Sure.” She smiles at him with a twinkle in her eye.

“Friend?” I ask playfully.

He laughs. “I think we can go with friends instead of ex-s. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes, a friend is better.” The change of environment allows me to relax a little.

“You know, Chelsea. I’m not one of those bosses that operate like a dictator. I have a very good relationship with my staff and I have the utmost respect for what they do. I hope you can see

that.”

I realise my brash words and attitude have actually affected him over the past two days. Interesting

“It wasn’t my intention to misjudge you, Dave. It’s just, you have to understand, that me coming back to New York, learning that my Christie is getting married and living in a mansion, is a huge change for me. I apologise for coming off rude and stubborn, but everything hit me all at once and I have become extremely resentful about it.” It feels so good to finally admit the truth to someone. Dave remains quiet and listens on. “The relationship with Christie is going downhill, and it kills me. I’m trying my best to stay afloat in the midst of all this craziness. I’m hoping that with this job, I can make some money for myself and move back to the city to get my own place.” I did not anticipate revealing so much information to him. But something about him is making me open up. I noticed his expression becoming downcast. Before I can question him on it, Kathy comes over to take my order. “What can I get you, hun?” “I’ll just have the smoked salmon bagel, thank you,” I tell her with a quick smile. After she walks away, Dave continues the conversation. “Well, I do hope you will stay working with us, Chelsea. I enjoy seeing you both in and outside the office.”

“Hmp.”

“Can we talk about our past?” Chelsea raised an eyebrow. “NO!” “OK! That’s nice of you to say. And speaking of outside the office, how come I rarely ever see you at home?”

“Oh, I have my own apartment in the city. It’s too much of a commute from Richmond most mornings. But I try to go home and have dinner with Cathy and the kids.

I nod. He really does consider family to be important. A few minutes later, our food arrives, and we dig in. It is not long before I have polished off the delicious smoked

salmon with cream cheese, capers, and red onion bagel when he suggests we head back to the office.

“No problem,” I say, wiping my mouth with a napkin.

Dave smiles. “I appreciate you getting right to work today, Chelsea.”

“Oh, that’s okay. It’s my job now, after all,” I reply with a sweet smile.

He looks at me with flirty eyes before he rises from his seat. “Shall we?”

We make our way back to the office and into the elevator. Both of us stay silent.

We make our way back to the office and into the elevator. Both of us stay silent. The sexual tension between us is thick with I**t.

ter 28

Our shoulders brush against each other slightly, and I sense him leaning into me. The doors close and we are alone in the small space. My nerves grow jittery as if they can sense something is about to happen. As soon as the doors close, Dave pushes me against the back of the elevator and slams his lips onto mine, pinning my wrists above my head and pressing his chest into me. “What the hell are you doing?” I moan over the sensation of his tongue invading my mouth, and my eyes close instinctively while my body begs for more. He holds my head steady with his strong, warm palms while his lips continue. He lets out a loud groan as days of unleashed desire finally unravel between us. The elevator dings, startling us both. He breaks away from me just before the door opens. We both look like mischievous school children caught in the act. We bow our heads and walk toward his office, giving each other one last fleeting gaze before we go to our separate desks. A few minutes afterwards, I was still floating on Cloud Nine. D**n it. It’s not supposed to happen. Concentrating on my work is proving to be futile. My mind dances with thoughts of Dave’s touch. I graze my lips with my fingers, trying to relive the moment of impact. “Mr. Brown needs to see you right now!” Diane suddenly says, sternly, standing in front of my desk. My dreamy thoughts come crashing down. “Okay...” I say, puzzled. Her pleasant demeanour from this morning has vanished. I rise from my seat and walk past her to Dave’s office, desperate to find out what could possibly be so urgent. When I approach it, I notice the blinds have been pulled down to cover the glass.

As soon as I reach for the handle, the door swings open and a strong masculine arm tugs me into the room. Before I can even protest, he closes the door and slams me against it, my wrists pinned together above my head again and the entire weight of Dave’s six-foot frame shoved against me. I feel the sensation of his tongue sliding into my mouth and my heart races with desire. “Dave... please... we can’t,” I moan, trying to take deep breaths in between the frantic kissing. He pulls his lips away and grabs both sides of my face with his hands, staring deep into my eyes.

“I need to have you now, Chelsea. I can’t bear it any longer.” His breath tickles my ear and he begins to leave tiny kisses from the nape of my neck down to my collarbone.

The hairs on the back of my neck rise and I lose all sense of reality. At this point, my resistance level is nil.

I am at the whim of Dave’s craving for me and I do not want to be freed.

His arms wrap around me and lift me up so that my legs are wrapped around his waist. He continues to kiss me passionately as he carries me towards his desk

With one hand still fastened around my waist, he uses the other to shove the piles of paperwork violently off his desk. He then slides me down onto it and exhales loudly.

He manoeuvres his large frame over mine, and I become lost in his faraway eyes. He begins to undress me, pulling my skirt up over my hips and sliding my stockings and panties down like he is in a fever. After that, he yanks down his trousers and pants, his thick, e***t shaft springing out in all its glory. My body quivers as our bodies connect. He kisses me insistently as the motion of his hips picks up the pace and he thrusts his shaft harder into me. A few minutes later, neither of us can hold out any longer, trying to keep our voices low while our bodies explode into climax and we c*m together. We collapse onto the floor, panting, as my head rests on his chest. I listen to his unsteady heartbeats while he plays with my hair. I close my eyes to the sound of his soft breathing. I have never experienced anything quite like this in my entire life and I am literally shaking. “I want you again, Chelsea.”

I took Dave by surprise when I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him. I trailed my fingers down his back, over his coat. Then I slowed down. He was so quiet that I was afraid that I did the wrong thing. For a moment, I quit kissing him and leaned back. In the pale green light, I could still see him. I leaned up to kiss him again. I couldn’t fight the pull of his warm, strong mouth. My left hand slid up his chest to his shoulder and clutched his hair. It felt as if silk was around my fingers while his tongue flickered with sheer power and softness against mine. I was so turned on that I thought for sure I’d go mad.

His eyes turned warmer, his body loosened, and his kisses started to match mine. I was pushing against him, my thigh brushing against his knee and rubbing against his leg. My hands found his small, cute a*s and pulled him closer to me.

Then we both remained motionless, staring at each other. My eyes lifted to meet him, and I hoped he wasn’t going to judge. Awkwardness seemed to fill the space between us. I knew if I held still it was going to be way too uncomfortable. My hands reached inside of his, Dave trying not to shake, trailing my fingers down his chest, and then I gently rubbed his nipple with my thumb through his shirt. Shudders rippled through him and he raised his hips forward. My fingers roamed over him, feeling his nipples and caressing the powerful muscles of his chest. Easily I slipped my hands, the hairs tickling

my arm. This was the first densely covered hairy chest I had ever felt. His body began to relax and his hands found my chest. Gently he held me and tenderly squeezed my nipples. Our mouths came together, gently caressing each other's tongues and running our fingers through each other's silky hair. He was a better kisser than I had ever dreamed of.

His body pulled me closer, and I leaned against the door, ceasing all thought. On the narrowness of the soft couch, we lay close together. I led the way by stroking his hip, nervously rubbing the curvy boneyess of his pelvic bone. We were so close to each other that his eyes were almost looking into my mind.

Dave's hand rested on my bare stomach. At first, my body twitched against his hand, but his touch was light and I tried not to move. His fingers roamed the plains of my abdomen. The slight roughness of his fingers reminded me of his job, I'd watched him work so many times. He was good, very good, and rarely didn't know how to fix a machine. The same intellect and strength seem to be showing now. His fingers moved slowly to meet my smooth silk bra. Points came out through the material, creating miniature mountains of hard, wrinkled flesh on top of the two very large globes. His touch was so gentle that my body felt like it was burning and my folds were already drenched.

!

His eyes widened and, as my legs started moving in pleasure, his body became hard again against me, including his rod. With a curious eye, I slowly moved my hand down to his hip, trailed my fingers over his pelvic bone, and slid my hand against his thigh. He smiled and did the same in return.

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an to come from

A shiver of pleasure caused a moan to come from the back of my throat, causing my back to arch forward, pushing my chest against his and moving my hand up to the warm hardness between Dave's legs. The crystal blue globes of his eyes disappeared for a few seconds, and he smiled at me.

Strong fingers reached around my back, moulding my sides like clay beneath his hands, and unhooking my bra. His mouth descended upon mine, and our tongues seemed to dance against each other. His mouth seemed to direct mine, leading the way and caressing my lower

lip.

Four pops sounded, signalling the release of the top half of my body as my bra was pushed off. For a moment, his eyes looked into mine and then descended down to my chest. I smiled. This was my most joyful asset, but I didn't expect him to just stare. In the green hazy light coming from the radio's clock on the dashboard, I saw his hands slowly cup the undersides of my b****s and lift them to attention. Dave seemed to be astounded at the size of my t**s. "Miss it?" I asked. An odd grin came over his face. "Yes!" he half choked, half laughed, "Yes, I do!" His tongue descended upon my chest, flicking the tip of my nipple with his tongue in such powerful strokes that it sent currents of electricity through my body. No man had ever had this effect on my body before.

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Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 29 Warning Rated PG+18 The adrenaline that was pumping through me collided and mixed with the alcohol I had been drinking earlier. I more than knew what I was doing, though. Dave was a s**y guy, and I took the opportunity that had been given. By pleasuring him, I would be making myself happy and hopefully him too. That was it and nothing more. .

My hand trailed across his chest again, letting my fingers run between the hairs on his chest. The muscles in my pelvis tightened as my fingers fell onto his now hardened shaft. He was hard and huge, and I was instantly transfixed by it. However much I may have wanted to go slowly, I couldn't. My fingers found the buttons on his shirt and pulled on the restrictive fabric. After a slight struggle, the button was freed. My mouth found his neck and massaged the tendons there with my tongue. He smelled so good and aroused a mixture of the ocean, woodsmoke, and cologne that seemed to be making me so h**y I was almost dizzy.

When I moved my hand, a smooth, extremely large, very hard shaft rested in my palm. "D**n, "I thought, "I figured he'd be huge, but, Hell! he seemed bigger than the last time I remember, Dave" He leaned back, exhaling, and I took the opportunity to kiss him. My left hand roamed the back of his neck. My fingers ran through his hair, pulling him to me as his fingers flowed through the river of my hair and held me to him. His chest hair tickled my t**s and I felt my nipples become even harder. His shaft was a heavy, fragile thing in my hands. I was so excited at seeing this wondrous creature that I could hardly contain myself. This marvellous thing was gorgeous and I instantly wanted it in my mouth. In some strange way, he turned me on. In some odd way, from the very first time I dreamed about him, I knew that he would

Dave's long boney fingers, slightly callused from overuse, trailed down my arm and cupped my hand, making me hold him even tighter. Waves of electricity flowed through me like never before. I'd never been so turned on and so wanting to bring someone else more pleasure than was humanly possible.

I began kissing his chest, allowing my tongue to roam across his nipple, then to the other, licking it teasingly, then trailing a path down to his belly button, and then back up again to his nipples before kissing him again. With one last kiss and both of us pulling on the back of each other's necks with desire, I leaned down to look at his shaft for the first time in plain view. It was very muscular and good-sized, but extremely long, the longest I had seen, and it was just perfect for sucking. His hand pushed against my head. I guess he didn't know how much I enjoyed doing this. Tiny kisses flowed from my mouth, starting at the head of his shaft and down to near his b***s. While his left hand was still clutched around my head, his other had begun to rub against my nipple, not grabbing it, but holding it in his hand and rubbing it against his palm. I inhaled deeply, and he smelled wonderful. I finally kissed his head and opened my mouth and let him slide inside.

A slight moan was all I heard, and then nothing. My tongue followed in line with my mouth, rubbing across the underside as my mouth slid up and down. In a minute, he hadn't moved much, just pushed his hip toward me. He was so silent I was worried he didn't like it. First

times happen with everything. As I leaned back my head and looked up, he began to move and his eyes were looking down at me with a fixed grin on his face. When his fingers started running through my hair, I knew he liked it. I sucked as hard as I could, flicking my tongue along the underside of the head of his shaft. He moaned, and I slid my mouth down his wonderful shaft. I had to struggle to get him down my throat. He was so long and I still had room left! He moaned again and an incredible shiver of pleasure ran through me as my quiet, powerful, intelligent. Dave relaxed and let me take over as I proceeded to try to bring him as much pleasure as I could.

He was sitting so perfectly still that I didn't know if he liked it for sure, then his hands moved to my shoulders and rubbed them lightly. His left hand suddenly moved and clutched the bottom of the steering wheel. This was my chance to see how good he thought it felt. My right hand grazed gently across his wrist and had barely touched his hand before he held mine tightly. Slowly, I forced my neck muscles to move my head in a faster rhythm. Every downward motion caused his hand to hold mine tighter. His shaft was tasting better every second, and my legs couldn't hold still anymore. I hadn't been this turned on in a long time from merely sucking like that, and I hadn't enjoyed it this much in a long time, either.

His hand was like a vise over mine now, but it didn't hurt in the least bit. He let go and held onto the wheel again, I guess he thought it was hurting me. My left hand replaced my right, caressing his shaft with my thumb and fingers while moving at the same pace as my mouth. His right hand trailed down to my bare arm, his fingers running over my left elbow. For once, the touch didn't bother me in that sensitive spot where my arm had been broken years ago, leaving a scar that no one could touch. I moaned and as his long boney fingers wrapped around my breast and two fingers rubbed against my nipple, I moaned. I moaned his name as I caressed his extremely hard shaft in my mouth, but I don't think he understood me.

On the verge of desperation, I set up, still rubbing his stiff shaft in my right hand, and held my left nipple near his face. His eyes looked through mine, I could almost understand what he was thinking. Dave had been fairly close, close enough that he didn't want me to stop.

His tongue flickered across my t*t and the whole world was centred around his mouth. "You have the kind of mouth that a woman would love to have to eat her folds," I heard myself say before I realized exactly what I had said.

Dave just smiled. For the first time in a long time, I realised that words were not the most important thing. I felt wanted, more wanted than I had felt in a long time, and it was making me extremely h***y. When he spoke, it was like when Scott had spoken, the words went straight into the very depths of my soul and I was powerless against them.

He stopped my hand, moaning and closing his eyes. His grip on my chest became even tighter and his tongue licked my nipple more insistently, but yet lighter and stronger than anyone's ever before at the same time. His eyes raised to me as if to demand what I desired. I pushed my hips forward and I think he understood. Together, we pushed off my jeans and underwear and both of us discarded our shoes onto the floor as we took off our pants completely. I was finished first, sitting awkwardly. When he was done, I started sucking his shaft again after moving slightly so his fingers could reach my folds, this time sucking him with all of the passion I had in my body. This man, this friend, was touching my body like it had been longing to be touched but had never before.

His left hand rubbed against my knee and trailed slowly down my bare thigh. It seemed like

forever before his strong hand reached my folds. But he wasn't rough like I was used to being touched; in fact, his one simple finger barely touched me. That simple touch, however, sent shivers throughout my entire body. This gorgeous man, a real man, was tempting my body in ways no other had in my entire life. I pushed against his hand with my hips, but he was insistent on the persistent light touch. I thought I was going to go mad. Dave leaned his head back, his eyes tightly shut. I smiled as he did. My lips grew even tighter around his growing shaft, getting even bigger than I could believe. My tongue rubbed harder against his source of pleasure. I wanted to hear him growl like he was making me. With all of the suction, I could possibly create, I slowly pushed my mouth down the length of his shaft. I started licking gently around the curves of his head, loving every piece of his huge tool. My eyes trailed down his chest, made even sexier by the yellowish glow, and rested on the wonderful creature in front of me.

To my shock, his shaft was dark pink, probably eager, and the veins were almost popping out. To that point. I had never seen a man's shaft look like that, but then again I'd shaft that large before. His right hand rubbed against my cheek and then my ear. I let out a deep breath deep inside myself as his long fingers grazed along my forehead, ran through my hair, held the back of my head for a short time, then almost unexpectedly rapped his fingers in my hair strongly and then pulled my head back down on his shaft.

His finger pushed against my c**t with more strength. The way my body was quivering inside, I thought I was going to c*m right then. His legs were shaking underneath him, and I steadied him with my right hand as I held onto his perfect a*s.

He groaned and said he was close. I tightened my lips and rubbed my tongue softly against the now huge head of his shaft and the underside of his large length. My right hand moved across his hip to his chest. His thick hair and gorgeous body turned me on even more as I pulled my head closer and pushed his wonderful shaft even further down my throat.

Dave moaned and muttered, "Almost!" Warmth filled the space between my tongue and his shaft. His body was shaking and he was c*****g more than I could believe. His left hand left my c**t and clutched my head. I didn't have very much room to move but used my tongue and

swallowed every bit of the best c*m I had ever tasted in my life.

He was still shaking when he let go of my head and leaned back. I sucked every last bit I could but decided to slow down. I wasn't done. Dave lay down with his head against the couch arm. My head lay on his chest with one of his hands in my hair and the other clutching my chest. His nipple was within my tongue's reach, and I traced the line around it, through this fine but dense hair.

We talked for a little bit, but not much, mostly about work and small stuff. He started to lean up and say something about what time it was when I shook my head no. I moved my left leg gently over between his hip and the seat. My bed would have been more appropriate. Carefully, I straddled above him, all too conscious of my frame versus his. My hands moved up his chest and I hovered above him. Tenderly, I kissed his muscular shoulder and then his neck. Soft kisses were placed up his neck to his lips, his wonderful lips. My tongue traced his top lip, and he opened his mouth to return the wonderful kiss.

My hips moved gently against his, and my shaved folds slid against his shaft. His reaction was instant against me, but his eyes seemed to open wider with wonder.

The head of his shaft hit my c**t and I moaned from deep within. The rest of the thoughts were drowned out by kisses

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 30 Warning Rated PG+18 Dave's rough but light hands moved over my hips to reassure me, moving me even more against him. His tongue moved to my t*t, making me squirm even more against his growing shaft. The gentle feel of the hair that so sexily framed his shaft rubbed against the insides of my legs and my a*s. His shaft, which had

never completely gone limp, was growing again, parting the lips of my folds completely around his smooth length. His powerful hands held my t*t up to his mouth, while the other clutched my a*s, grinding my folds against him even more. His tongue was burning up my t**s while his shaft was pushing harder and harder against my aching folds. Never in my life have I been this out of control on the inside. My eyes closed again. I felt light-headed from the amount of blood flowing to my folds. His wonderful shaft was slick from my own juices, rubbing in a steady rhythm against my c**t that was about to make me scream in ecstasy. I felt my own hair slide down the back of my a*s where his hands were pushing me against him. I was leaning backwards again. God, did I always do this when I was overly turned on? Every forward movement began to make me moan.

“Move over!” he instructed, having me sit on the couch. Before I knew it, he was between my legs again, half-standing and leaning against the armrest. The head of his shaft rubbed against my c**t softly. I tried to push against him, but I couldn't do very much. His slow, steady rubbing against me almost made me c*m right then. I started moaning and rubbing his hips, trying to pull him closer. He seemed persistent in teasing me, and I loved it! His mouth on mine was insistent, but his eyes were almost hesitant. We both knew it was wrong, but it was too late to care. The desire to feel his shaft deep inside of me was starting to overpower my senses. The tower of his massive shaft slid along my folds, getting deeper each time and making me shudder every time he became closer to pushing inside of me. He smiled as I moaned, almost relishing the fact that he was driving me deeper into insanity with every small thrust. My body was turning from a leader to a helpless victim of my deepest desires. I wanted Dave more than I had ever wanted anyone.

Finally, he gave in and the head of his shaft slid halfway inside of me. He was even bigger pushing into my folds than he was in my mouth. I heard myself moaning and saying his name as I clutched hold of his shoulder and his head while his tongue caressed mine. He seemed like he was waiting on me, so I pushed the rest of the way, moaning from the pleasure, and soon half of his length was inside me. I moaned so loudly it caught both of us off guard. He was just so big! I held him, kissing him as his shaft gently started moving inside me. The next stroke sent his shaft deeper inside of me, forcing my body apart. I moaned and screamed against his mouth at the same time. His shaft stopped moving but his mouth was persistent against mine.

Then he stopped and moved my legs, which ended up with my feet resting straight up flat against the coffee table as I was scooted down the couch. He repositioned himself above me and started moving inside me again, so gently, that it was driving me absolutely crazy. Nobody had ever been so gentle. He didn't push further into me like most men already would have, just slowly moving even deeper as his shaft became even slicker inside of me. I tried to move against him, but I couldn't do it very well. This actually turned me on even more because

I couldn't move. He was hitting my G-spot and I began moaning even louder. My folds were absolutely on fire, becoming so absolutely wet as my muscles started to twitch and

contract, even in my legs. I was moaning almost every other thrust, clutching his hip and trying to pull him closer to me. I wanted him, deep inside of me. "Please, Dave," I begged, "let me on top!" He laid back down and I took his shaft in my mouth again for a few minutes, rubbing my tongue over his shaft head and down his shaft. He seemed almost to be holding his breath from the pleasure, then pulled me forward and I moved back over him. His hands grabbed my t*t and my shoulder. My body started to slide against him again, then tilted, and the next forward stroke missed my c**t and nudged my folds apart. He pushed against me and he was inside of me again. I heard myself moaning and saying his name as I clutched hold of his shoulder and his head while his tongue caressed mine. When his mouth left mine, it trailed down to my chest. I started to loosen against him. His tongue circled my nipple and flicked across at his wonderful fast pace. I couldn't take any more when I felt his hips moving from side to side, his hair rubbing against my c**t. I pushed down, his shaft impaling itself into my body. Our eyes seemed to be simultaneously widened by the intense pleasure that suddenly surrounded us. My hips took over in a way they never had before, circling around the base of his shaft, sending shivers through my body as my c**t ground against his body also, then up to the tip, which was almost forever, then back down again, unbelievably deeper. His hand clutched my a*s, pulling my body to him and digging his fingers deeper into my skin. My body began to shudder as I sat up and ground my c**t into his stomach. His hand softly held my t*t as the other held onto my hip, holding me down on his wonderful shaft that was still growing inside me. I felt like he was slicing me apart. I held myself down and squeezed all of the muscles I possibly could in my folds. A small growl came out of his mouth, but his body shook and his hips lurched forward like a wild beast.

Suddenly, my body lurched forward on this wild ride, our mouths coming together, barely able to hold myself up. Dave clutched hold of my hips and pulled me down further onto his monstrous shaft. My body lost total control when my stomach exploded and my folds caught on fire. My hips instantly sped forward to a gallop, but his powerful hands held me in place for several long, slow strokes. A wild hurricane swept across my folds and down into my legs, making them shake uncontrollably in the most powerful o****m in my entire life. Our mouths parted with the moan that was escaping my lips and becoming muffled by his shoulders. Even the minor aftershocks shook my body as Dave pressed me against him. When the shaking stopped, his hips slowed until they were barely moving. "Sit up, Chelsea," I set back, letting his legs move from under me and laid back against the armrest. In the yellowish light, his body seemed to glow over me. "Get on your knees!" He said flatly, with deep passion in his voice, It was the controlled manner I was used to seeing him at work. I turned quickly over, backing up to him in a doggy-style position. However, he was the one who began to rub his shaft against my now extraordinarily wet folds. He rubbed against my a*s down almost into my waiting folds but moved to rub against my c**t. I held onto the back of the seat and the door, half-setting up, allowing all of his shaft to rub against me at the same time.

Then his head wedged inside me and I pushed back against him, his fingers clutching hold of

my a*s roughly and turning me on like crazy. It seemed like he'd never be inside me completely, and then I felt him pull on me to barely fit the last inch inside of me. Slowly, he wiggled his way back out, rubbing against spots inside of me I never knew I had. His hands slid up my sides, cupping underneath to hold my t**s for a few tantalising strokes, then trailed down my back like raindrops sliding down leaves. My eyes became even wider as his hands came down the base of my back, massaging the weak spots in my back from my accident. Then, his wonderful, powerful hands flowed down to clutch my a*s for a few more powerful strokes that made me struggle to muffle the scream that escaped from my lips. I felt myself falling forward, still moaning and on the extreme verge of c****g. His b**s fell into my hand as my thumb slid against my c**t as my other hand gripped hold of the edge of the seat." F**k!" I screamed, regretting the wrong choice of words, while I was moaning like a crazed woman. His smooth b**s slid from my hand as my legs and arms shook, moving my hand and letting his b**s**t my sensitive c**t. Dave's long shaft seemed to grow and push to a new depth and press against a pleasure point I didn't know I had.

My body exploded before I even realised it and I could feel him clutching my hips, making sure that I wasn't going to part from his monstrous rod. My eyes clenched shut, seeing silver streaks, then flew back open to stare at the soft red upholstery. I felt like I was going through an earthquake that had no end. Then the shaking slowly subsided in the rest of my body as he slowly moved inside me, making the o****m seem all the more intense. "Lay on your back!" he ordered, a deep sense of urgency in his voice. I obeyed, laying flat on the seat with my head resting against the driver's side door. He knelt between my legs, rubbing his shaft against me again and rubbing my nipple. The head of his shaft slowly rubbed over my h**y c**t, I already felt so close to c****g again so quickly that it amazed me. I was holding onto his shoulders so tightly, begging him to shove his long shaft into me again. "Please Dave, I want you!" The head slipped inside, wiggling around inside me, making me scream, and then pulling back out again. "Please, your rod feels so good inside my folds. You make me so hot. Please shove it deeper!" The sensation was so exquisitely beautiful that I screamed as he gently guided himself back into me, the head of his shaft softly rubbing against my insides, making me shake, as I approached the verge of ecstasy once again. To my surprise, he still wasn't all the way inside of me. "Please, Dave," I pleaded, "deeper, please..." Slowly he sank into me, not all the way at first, but teasingly. The pleasure was almost more than I could take as I held him so tight I was afraid I might hurt him. He lifted my legs up, almost straight, and I raised my hips up to him. I thought I'd cry as his shaft slid through my folds, hotly forcing his way to rub against my cervix. "F**k, you feel so good," I moaned, barely clear enough to be understood. I raised my hips and pushed against him, rubbing the head of his shaft somewhere deep inside of me. My left hand pushed against the seat, helping me to push up against him. My right hand grabbed my nipple, holding it and letting the motion pull it gently as we moved together. His hand moved down to my c**t, barely touching it as I stared, moaning even harder. His movements inside me were slow, out to the tip and then half of the way in for a few strokes and then deep inside me. The feeling was exquisite. I thought I'd lose it from the sheer pleasure that was totally unlike any other I'd ever had before.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 31 “F**k that feels good.” His touch became even harder as we pushed against each other. I couldn’t speak anymore, the feeling was too overpowering as I started having trouble moving, and then I couldn’t move at all. Suddenly I began writhing underneath him and putting my hand on his chest. I pushed my head back against the pillow and then was turning my head from side to side involuntarily as my body spasmed, squeezing down hard on his shaft even tighter as I came. I could barely make out his face through the haze, biting his lip and moaning slightly. He let go of my ankles and I held him close, unbelievably, still c****g as his body started jerking. We moved together as we kissed passionately. I pushed against him as he shuddered all over, enjoying the last few shivers going through our bodies at the same time as we caught our breath and my eyes started readjusting. Suddenly, there comes a loud knock on the door and we both jolt up in surprise. “Mr. Brown. Your three o’clock meeting is about to begin in the boardroom.” “S**t!” Dave exclaims, jumping up to put his pants and trousers back on. I cannot help but laugh at the sight of him.

“It’s not funny, Chelsea,” he says with a chuckle and places a small kiss on my forehead. “Come in, it kind of is,” I quip, following suit by getting dressed quickly. He places one last quick kiss on my lips while I head towards the door, adjusting my clothes just before I open it and step out.

Luckily for me, all my tasks have been completed for the day and I do not have to hang around for Diane to come asking questions with that attitude of hers.

I gather up my things from my desk and make my way downstairs. A part of me almost does not want to leave. I would have liked to stay until Dave finished his meeting and we headed to Sebastian’s mansion together. No, better yet, I want to still be laying with him in his office, wrapped in his arms and listening to each beat of his heart.

“Miss Chelsea, Mr. Brown is downstairs. He would like to see you.”

I freeze at the sound of Marcel’s voice outside my door. I have been locked in my room since I returned from the mansion a few hours ago, away from the prying eyes of my sister.

But I am not ready to face Dave or anyone else.

I need more time to think about what just happened back at the office.

I need more time to process my feelings. I need more time to figure out what the hell I just slept with my soon-to-be stepbrother.

What I did was so uncharacteristic that it has left me somewhat ashamed. Having s*x in my boss's office, with my boss, my ex, in the middle of the day was for slutty secretaries.

"Miss Chelsea?" Marcel repeats when I do not answer

I have no idea what Dave wants to say to me, but I know he is not accustomed to waiting. It is only a matter of time before he bypasses Marcel and knocks on my door himself.

"Tell him I will be down soon," I call out, trying to sound indifferent. I cannot risk Dave being up here in my room. Not in such an intimate setting. It would be too tempting for both of us.

Composing myself and taking a few deep, calm breaths, I venture downstairs.

When I approach the top of the staircase, my pulse quickens. Just this morning, I blasted her for being a trophy wife and ridiculed her for being engaged to a billionaire like Sebastian. And now, here I am, falling hard for Dave again while being his PA.

Perhaps Christie and I are not so different after all?

Dave stands at the bottom of the stairs and gazes up at me. He looks regal and sophisticated as usual. As I make my way down to meet him, his blue eyes appear to zoom in on me with every step. "I have been waiting for you for almost ten minutes," he says, his voice thick with agitation. "Sorry... I wasn't decent," I lied. I have to fight the urge to reach out and touch those soft lips of his.

"Fair enough. I can accept that. Now, will you go on a date with me?" The question bewilders me at first. Did he just ask me out on a date?

"I beg your pardon?" Dave chuckles. "Chelsea, will you go out with me. Marcel is bringing a few dresses to your room for you to choose from." My eyes widen as my jaw drops. "Right now!?" I ask, my voice rising to a surprisingly high volume.

"Yes."

"Dave I don't think I can."

He leans in to whisper in my ear. "Please, Chelsea. I need to be close to you. We have no privacy here."

I let out a deep sigh when I feel his breath in my ear. In a split second, I go from resisting his request to accepting it. My desire to be with him too overpowers all logic. "All right," I murmur as my knees grow weak. He locks eyes with me. "Go get dressed.

I'll be waiting here for you." I make my way up the stairs quickly, trying to rewind what just happened in my mind. It all happened so fast.

When I enter my room, I see two gorgeous dresses laid out on my bed, one red and one black; each accentuated with matching accessories and heels.

Something tells me this date has been planned long in advance. Dave knew I would give in to

his request. I cursed myself at my lack of restraint towards him, but when I felt the sensation of his hot breath against my skin, I lost all sense. I am a little mad about the way he has crippled my emotions and the effect he has on me. I need to build some defiance again, and I need to do it before I lose myself to all his advances. But despite my conflicting feelings, when I step in front of the mirror, wearing the black dress, I cannot help but be impressed by my reflection. It accentuates my curves in all the right places and the heels give me the kind of height reserved for runway models. By now I have also mastered how to do my makeup and my face shimmers with beauty. When I make my way into the living room, Dave stands over by the fireplace. His face is turned down as if he is lost in deep thought. I stare at him for a few moments. He seems so withdrawn and distant. "I'm ready," I say softly. Dave looks up and seems impressed by the sight of me. "My goodness, Chelsea. You look simply stunning." I feel my face flush red and shift my feet uncomfortably. He always knows how to bring out my shyness. "Thank you. The dress is beautiful." "I knew you would like it," he says, beaming. "Shall we go?"

He walks over to me and offers his elbow. I slip my arm through it, our arms now interlocked. In only a few days, our relationship has developed so fast that it is hard to remember life before him. The tension and animosity I felt towards him when we first met, has now been replaced with fervent desire. And as much as I try to deny it, I am crazy about him. I'm going to get my heart broken again. She knew it. But ignored it nonetheless. He leads me outside to the waiting SUV. "Wow, Miss Chelsea. You look splendid," the driver says pleasantly. "Thank you," I smile sweetly. "Hey, hands off the driver. Chelsea is mine for this evening," Dave jokes. We enter the lavish car and Dave sits close to me. I cuddle up to the warm fabric of his suit. Our fingers entwine right before his lips press against the skin of my neck. I shiver as they travel the length of it and then back up to my lips. His tongue crashes into mine and I melt in his embrace. His fingers slip into the cleavage of my dress, cupping my left breast firmly. The passionate kiss continues for a few moments before he releases and I reluctantly pull away. We stare deep into each other's eyes. My vision is foggy and my breathing is heavy. We say nothing for the rest of the journey.

es.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 32 The driver pulls up at what appears to be a very swanky restaurant. Two large white arches align the brick building labelled Grasso's, one of the most expensive restaurants in the city.

Dave helps me out of the car and leads me into the establishment. The gold ceiling is dotted with crystal chandeliers, while bright red lighting gives the large space a seductive feel. The mood is quiet, private and intimate, with most couples staring lovingly into each other's eyes.

It's perfect for our first date. I smile on the inside and tighten my grip on Dave's hand as we walk through the restaurant.

"Your table is right this way, Mr. Brown," the hostess says, apparently familiar with my date.

She directs us to a private section that is only accessible through a large white door. My nerves are jittery with anticipation of what will be revealed next. Perhaps a candlelit dinner overlooking the city? Or maybe I will be serenaded by someone playing the violin? But when the door opens, I almost have to do a double take. "Hi, sweetheart! Wow, you look stunning!" I am shocked.

Speechless.

"Christie? What are you doing here?!" I turn around and snap at Dave. "You seemed to have forgotten the tiny detail that you also invited my sister to dinner!" "Oh, no, Sebastian is here too. He's just tipping the valet," my sister answers instead.

Ignoring her, I look back at Dave. "What made you think this was okay? Do you really think I want to spend the evening with our sister and her fiance? Why didn't you tell me they were

coming?"

"Come on, Chelsea. Jane and Catherine will join us later." To quell my anger, Dave's hand rubs gently against my back. "I heard about the fight you had with your boss this morning, and I thought we needed a do over of that dinner we had at the weekend," Christie added and winked at Dave.

I do not respond. Instead, I stabbed him with my eyes.

My first instinct is to run. Something about this situation does not seem right. I am not buying Dave's "Games about Sebastian, his friend and business partner mantra."

This all feels like more of an ambush and I want out.

“Yes, I think it’s a great idea, Chelsea,” Sebastian suddenly says behind me. “I think we could use a little family bonding.” I ignore him as he takes a seat at the table while Dave follows his lead.

Everyone is seated except me. And I still had no intention of staying. “Come on, Chelsea,” Dave says, clearly annoyed at my resistance.

When the waiter enters the room, I give in and reluctantly sit down. I still have a few choice words to unleash, but I do not want to cause a scene.

“So, how was your second day at Brown Inc.?” my sister asks. “Well, I-”

“I would say it went pretty well” Dave chuckles. I chose to ignore him. “It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. I’m getting the hang of the whole corporate world.” “I’m really glad to hear that, Chelsea. At Brown Inc., we treat our employees with the utmost respect and strive for a positive environment for everyone. Dave has done an excellent job of making everyone feel special and appreciated,” Sebastian states. “Well, some are a little more special than others,” Dave winks at me.

What on earth is he doing?!

Is he trying to make it obvious what we did? I continue to ignore him. “As I was saying, I’m getting used to everything and the other staff are nice.” “Chelsea’s desk is right outside my office, so I can be close to her. Although, she didn’t spend that much time there.” “Oh really? Where did you spend most of your day, sweetheart?” my sister asks innocently. I find it hard to concentrate on her question because I am appalled by Dave’s behaviour. “Naked. On top of my desk,” he says casually. The table falls completely silent. I feel my palms becoming sweaty as the heat in the room rises to the level of hyperventilation. I need air or, better yet, an object to smack Dave in the face with. I glare at him before looking over apologetically at my sister and Sebastian. “Excuse me. I suddenly have to use the ladies’ room.”

It was my only way out of the unbearable and embarrassing situation. What the hell kind of game is Dave playing? Where did the kind, gentle Dave go? I desperately try to control the tears threatening to pour down my face. I am unable to wrap my head around what Dave has just said. Even I do not fully comprehend what happened between us today, and yet here he is, revealing it to the world.

Everyone is chatting animatedly when I return a few minutes later to the table.

Okay... that is weird.

Clearly, I was the only one distraught over the situation.

“Chelsea, Dave told me you both had lunch at a coffee shop and that you told him some of your concerns about being back in London.”

I remain silent. Dave obviously has no filter when it comes to our personal lives.

“You and Dave make a cute couple. I am so happy for you. It’s about time, don’t you think?” My sister says giddily. Whoa... back up the fricken’ bus.

Couple? What on earth did he tell her when I was in the restroom?

“Christie, you do realise that Dave is boss?” I state this with sheer annoyance.

“That doesn’t matter, sweetheart; love is love.”

“Well, I don’t love him!” I snap. “We’ve only known each other for like three days.” I turn and glare at my so-called boyfriend. “I think it’s time I leave.

“But we only just got here,” Dave says, a pensive expression on his face. “I don’t care,” I tell him before turning on my heels and marching right out of there. I have had enough “stupid time” for one evening, and I need to be alone. And far away from Dave. The nerve? How could he be such a jerk? “But we only just got here,” Dave says, a pensive expression on his face. “I don’t care,” I tell him before turning on my heels and marching right out of there. I have had enough “family time” for one evening and I need to be alone.

And far away from Dave.

Yes there were some more questions that needed answers a year ago. Why the hell did he want her gone? And Sebastian? Brown Inc.? How did he become so rich?

When morning comes, I wake up feeling crappy and restless.

I am so apprehensive about seeing Dave today. I plan to go to work, as usual, to try and gather information about what the company is doing in Kenya. But what does that mean for the dynamic between Dave and me... I have no clue.

By the time I drag myself out of bed, have a shower, and throw on another designer outfit, I hear Marcel call out my name.

“Miss Chelsea. The driver is out front.” “Thank you, Marcel!” I shouted back.

I hastily get my belongings together, throw on some makeup, tie my hair in a loose ponytail, and race down the stairs.

“No time for breakfast, Chelsea?”

When I land at the bottom of the stairs and pass the dining room, my sister is seated at the dining table. In true high society fashion, she is surrounded by a platter of delectable food,

along with coffee and freshly squeezed orange juice. The sight makes my stomach churn. Is she really this naive?

Or does she choose to ignore what is going on right under her nose? “I see you’re in a rush, Miss Chelsea. Your breakfast has been packed for you to take for the ride. The driver has it in the car,” Marcel states before I can answer my sister.

I was going to tell her the details I overheard last night and ask if she knew her soon-to-be husband and business partner were malicious billionaires.

Lucky for her, I am running late.

“Oh, thank you so much, Marcel,” I say with a small smile, then walk out without even speaking to my sister.

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