

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 33 "Running late this morning, Miss Chelsea?" The driver chuckles, opening the door to the SUV.

"Yes. I'm afraid I am."

"Not to worry. I'll get you to London as soon as possible."

"Thank you. You're a lifesaver."

Not that I am excited about going to work. But I also do not want to make things obvious by being tardy.

For now, I just want everything to be normal. At least, until I have gathered all the dirty facts about the company and maybe dug something Just under thirty minutes later, the driver pulls up to the familiar Brown Inc. skyscraper.

"Thanks. Pick me up at five o'clock as per usual, please," I say, jumping out of the car.

"Okay, Miss Chelsea. Have a good day."

I race to the elevator and wait impatiently for it. When the bell rings and I enter the tiny space, I am relieved to be alone with my thoughts again.

I wonder what Dave's behaviour will be towards me? The last time we spoke was in a verbal brawl. But something tells me that he might play it cool, especially at work; after all, he does not want to appear tyrannical in front of his "oh-so-respected employees.

When the elevator doors finally open, I am greeted by another typical workday scene at Brown Inc. Perfectly dressed employees are milling around the offices, sifting through files and talking on the telephone. I notice Diane at the front desk She has on her usual bright red lipstick and her hair is pinned in a perfect bun. "Hey there! Running a little late I see," she says playfully.

"Yeah...sorry about that." "Oh, you don't need to apologise to me. But Mr. Brown wants to see you. He told me to send you in as soon as you got here. My heart begins to race. I was not expecting to be summoned to Dave's office the moment I stepped through the door.

My biggest fear is another heated argument and that things will get out of hand between us. I desperately want to know more about what he and Sebastian are doing in Kenya. But that conversation can not take place here.

I pause when I reach his door. My palms become sweaty. I grip the handle tightly, turn it, and make my way inside.

Upon entering, I hear Dave mumbling while seated at his desk. He is hunched over some documents while he talks on the telephone.

He lifts his head, locks eyes with me, and signals for me to sit.

As I wait for him to finish the call, his beauty suckles me in. His slender fingers are scribbling something down on a piece of paper, and his hair is waxed back neatly. I focus on his full lips as he continues to speak. No wonder my mind is amuck.

In a matter of seconds, I go from furious to lustful for him.

I shake my head to suppress such thoughts and straighten in my seat.

“Sorry, Chelsea, that was an important business call,” he finally says, hanging up the phone. His demeanour is cool and calm; much more relaxed considering what took place last night. “No problem,” I say, indifference abounding. Dave rises from his chair and walks over to the door, locking it before he heads back to his desk and sits down. The action makes me nervous. He clears his throat and studies me. “Chelsea...” he exhales deeply. “I want to talk to you about last night...you didn’t give me a chance to explain.” “Dave, this isn’t the time to discuss this.” “You’re right, this isn’t the time or the place, but it can’t wait. I need you to know that it’s not what you think. Sebastian and I are respectable businessmen, and we would never exploit anyone.”

“So I just misheard everything that you two were saying?” I can feel my anger boiling up again.

Last night, when she went to the powder room, she heard them talking about an important artefact that was in Kenya, Sebastian, planned to use children in the many orphanages there to look for the important artefacts and not to raise any questions from the authorities. She knew something had gone so wrong one year ago, and she was on a mission to find out what it was.

“No, it’s just that there’s a lot more to it than that. Just know that whatever we’re doing is legitimate. We aren’t corrupt people.” Just as I go to question him further, the phone rings and he lets out another deep sigh. He is clearly agitated by the interruption.

“Chelsea, please. I don’t want there to be any tension between us. Just trust me; we aren’t doing anything ruthless.” He speaks with haste as the phone continues to ring. “We can talk later, back at the mansion. I’m sorry, I have to take this call.”

He picks up the phone and starts talking, leaving me with so much more to say.

How could he deny their actions? I remember every word they said last night, and nothing about it sounded good. As I rise from my seat and make my way to the door, I feel Dave’s eyes on me.

A part of me wants to believe him, while another part thinks he just wants to convince me otherwise so I can keep quiet. Oh, and then there is the third part that wants to kiss him.

I know he is afraid I might air the company's dirty laundry. But for now, I am going to put the conversation behind me and get my work done. The next few hours go slow. I am completing all of my tasks, but my mind is astray, consumed with the thoughts of Dave, Sebastian, and Kenya.

I have not seen Dave since this morning, and in some ways, it has made my day easier.

I realise that despite my strong convictions about Kenya, I still have emotional feelings for Dave, and I wish this whole situation would just end up positive so we can resume our romance. As I sit at my desk, eating a cold turkey sandwich for lunch and watching everyone roaming the busy city streets from my sixteenth-story window view, Diane appears out of nowhere.

"Hey, Chelsea. My printer is down, and Dave needs me to print a file for him. Can I use yours?"

"Yeah, sure," I say, swallowing a mouthful of food. "Okay, great. I'll email it to you in a few minutes."

"Not a problem."

I finish my sandwich and then go to my computer to check my email. Within minutes, I receive the notification of Diane's email. There are three documents attached with the title, Kenya Artefacts.

I zoom in on the screen as curiosity floods my veins. I have not opened the documents yet but will proceed with the printing.

As they start to come out of the printer tray, I rise from my seat and pick them up.

One by one... My eyes scan through the words quickly before Diane comes to collect them.

My knuckles turn white as I clench my fists. It is all there in black and white – the company's plans to exploit children in a remote part of Kenya and pay the workers almost next to nothing. They are looking for something that was stolen from an important ex-government official in the Montblanc Mountain Range one year ago; an important document.

Among the papers is also a contract signed between Brown Inc. and the small hunter's company in Kenya.

My breathing becomes uneasy as I gather up the documents and storm towards Dave's office.

Good luck explaining this to me, a\*\*\*\*\*e...

"Oh, Chelsea, did you print those files for me?" I brush past Diane, almost knocking her over on my way to Dave's office. I grip the handle and swing the door open so violently that the force of its vibrations vibrates against the glass walls.

Four men in suits glare at me while Dave's eyes bulge out in disbelief.

"Chelsea, what are you doing? I'm in a meeting," he says under his breath. "I need to speak with you now!"

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## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 34 I do not recognise my voice. It is thick with animosity. My hands are shaky and tears are threatening to spill from my eyes. Appearing to realise the seriousness of the situation, Dave turns to his colleagues. "Gentleman, please excuse me for a moment?"

He gets up and strides over to me, gripping my forearm as he gently pulls me out of the room. We walk down a short corridor and into an empty office. Dave shuts the door and glares at me, anger fueling his eyes. "What the hell was that, Chelsea?!" he states, his tone biting. "Explain this to me!" I half-shout, flinging the documents into his hands. "You lied about what the company is doing in Kenya. You have plans to use children? and exploit the people in an area that is too d\*\*n close to the orphanage I volunteered at. And you plan to pay the workers practically nothing!" He begins to scan the papers, his eyes darting back and forth hastily. "How did you get this?!" he asks, puzzled yet still furious. "What does it matter? It's out in the open now! I know the truth and you can't hide it anymore!"

"You weren't supposed to see these papers, Chelsea. They are confidential documents!" "Is that all you care about? The fact that I saw something I wasn't supposed to? You don't care that your men will use children? Only a few miles from the orphanage? You don't care that the men you'll be hiring are people's sons, partners, and brothers... who are desperate for money to support their families. You are taking advantage of them and putting their lives at risk! And your biggest concern is how much you will profit!" Fresh tears spill down my cheeks. Talking about Kenya, the orphanage, and any damage done to my beloved community, horrifies me.

"Chelsea...this isn't about you." His voice has become soft, and I can tell he is trying to calm me down. But it is not going to work. "You don't get it, do you, Dave? The reason why the community I volunteered in is struggling is because of big companies like yours

coming in and taking away all the men to force them into hard labor. These men have no choice but to work. They need the money.” “Chelsea, please. You don’t understand.”

“No! You don’t get it, Dave! You don’t understand that what you’re doing is going to destroy villages, homes, and families... How could you be so cold? You’re not the person I thought you were! You are not my Dave anymore.”

“Chelsea...” he reaches his hands out towards me in an attempt to console me but I back away.

“I’m leaving. I want nothing to do with you or your company every again!” I say through a flood of tears before making a beeline for the door.

I grab my handbag from my desk and head straight for the elevator.

“Chelsea!” I heard Dave’s commanding voice shout from the corridor. He is storming towards

me like a man on a mission. Just before he reaches me, the elevator doors open and I jump inside, pushing the close door’ button repeatedly until it finally complies.

Goodbye, Dave... and good riddance. I storm violently through the massive white double doors of the mansion.

The temper that ignited at the office is still burning inside of me. My heart is racing and my steps are heavy as I stride into the immaculate home. My cheeks are stained with tears, my fists are clenched and my eyes are red with anger.

The mansion is quiet. I hate this pompous place and everything that it stands for. I despise its false display of wealth that has been ruthlessly acquired from the toils of the less fortunate. Now that I know the truth, I need to get out of this hellhole.

I make my way up the staircase, taking two steps at a time to hurry the pace. I curse myself for not listening to my instincts. From my sister’s sudden marriage to my distaste for Sebastian and this empty home; I always had an uneasy feeling about it. A my finger on why. But I know exactly what I need to do. I blaze into my room like a furious tornado and drag my suitcase out from the top shelf of my wardrobe. Then I pull apart my drawers and begin piling clothes messily into the suitcase. When it becomes full, I drag another one out from the top shelf and fling more clothes inside.

Sweat beads form on my forehead as I work myself into a frenzy. Thoughts of my conversation with Dave refuel my rage. How could he lie to me? How could he be so ruthless?

So callous? This situation has left me hurt, angry, and confused, along with a whole heap of other emotions. Could Dave really be the same, loving person I had s\*x with? Is he the same person whose charm and piercing blue eyes left me drooling for his touch?

I shudder at the thought that he ever had such an effect on me. "Chelsea! Chelsea!"

I hear my name being screamed by a familiar voice, but I ignore it. I knew Dave was hot on my tail the moment I left the office. I knew it would only be a matter of time before he found me, hence my haste.

But the last thing I want right now is another confrontation with him, and I cannot afford for him to delay my departure. The cab I called on the way back to the mansion should be here very soon.

"Chelsea! What the hell is going on?"

Suddenly, my door swings open and my sister shuffles into my flustered room. She is impeccably dressed in her designer gown and her hair is pinned up in a tight bun. She scans my room and takes note of my suitcases on the bed.

"Chelsea.. What in the world are you doing? Where are you going? And why aren't you answering Dave? He's screaming your name downstairs!"

I continue to move around my room, packing more and more items into my suitcase. I am more worried about my awaiting taxi than answering my sister's questions.

I struggle to lift my suitcases off the bed at first but find the strength. I then shuffled past Christie and clumsily made my way down the hallway. "Chelsea! I'm speaking to you! Why won't you answer me?" She yells after me, but I continue to walk onwards.

When I reach the top of the staircase, I see Dave and Sebastian staring up at me, puzzled. My hands are strained from the weight of the suitcases; my cheeks are red, and my hair is completely disheveled. If I had known my exit from the mansion would have demanded a crowd, I would have dressed the part.

"If you must know Christie, I'm leaving this corrupt mansion. And if you know what's best for you, I suggest you come with me!" I turn and half-bellow at my sister. She is standing in the middle of the hallway, fixed in place.

"Chelsea, please don't do this..." Dave's voice below is shaky, yet desperate. He stares up at me with sympathetic eyes, but I do not yield. His presence has gone from making me feel like a giddy schoolgirl to an angry pit bull.

"Chelsea, what are you talking about?" Christie asks edgily, still staring at me from where she stands in the hall.

I began to speak, but not at her. My gaze is directed downward at Dave and Sebastian. "I'm talking about the filthy deeds of your billionaire husband and his devious partner!" "I beg your pardon, Chelsea!" Sebastian states. It was the first time I heard a high-pitched spike in his voice.

"Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about, Sebastian! I know all about your company's plans to raid the poor villages of Kenya for cheap labor. I know every detail about how you plan to overwork the villagers and pay them next to nothing, so that you can fill your bank accounts, find important documents that are worth millions, drive fancy cars, and live in mansions like this one." My chest is falling and rising as I grit my teeth at them.

I turn to Christie, who is visibly shaken by my outburst. "Your life here is a lie, Christie. Brown Inc., is not the productive mining company you think it is. It's only a disguise for the horrific practises that Sebastian and Dave are conducting in Kenya. He's been lying to you this whole time! I saw everything for myself this morning in a confidential document!"

"Don't you listen to her lies, Christie. She doesn't know what she's talking about!" shouts Sebastian. I am not surprised by his desperate plea to my sister to believe him.

Tears spilled down my sister's cheeks. Her forehead is sweaty and her hands are shaking. Fear is written all over her face, which is just what I expected. I just revealed that everything about her fabulous life is a lie.

I walk towards her in an attempt to shut out Sebastian's cries to not listen to me. "Everything is a lie, Christie. This house, the company, and perhaps even your engagement, it's all a facade. Sebastian is a liar and a con man. He's marrying you so he can appear to have the perfect family. He wanted to cover his tracks so no one would suspect his activities. He's using you and I doubt he loves you." "Are you sure about this, Chelsea?" Her voice is frail as she sniffs against fresh tears.

"Yes... I read about it all at the office. It's all there, written in black and white." Staring into her sad eyes, the weight of the situation overwhelms me. Then, I felt a tight grip on my arm.

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## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 35 "Chelsea, don't do this. You don't know what you're saying." I feel Dave's strong hands around my right arm tighten. I glare up into his blue eyes. Our eyes interlock, and for a brief second, I am contained by l\*\*t. But the moment ends swiftly, and I pull my hand away, pushing him violently against the wall. "Don't you touch me!" I hurl at him. I take a large step away from him and turn back to Christie. "Come on, sister. Let's get out of here!" "I can't, Chelsea, Sebastian is my fiancée." "So you're

choosing a man over your own sister?" I stared at her in shock "Chelsea, please don't do this," Christie cries, her tears running wild down her face. Now is the time for me to make a quick exit. My suitcases thud on each step as I hurl them down the stairs. My sister trails behind me, upset as ever. "Chelsea, wait! Please do not leave!" Just as I reach the large white double doors, I drop my suitcases and turn to face her again. "Why don't you just ask Sebastian Christie? Ask him if he's really going to exploit poor villagers in Kenya, just for the sake of finding some documents?"

Her breathing is unstable as she turns to face Sebastian. "Sebastian... is this true? Are you really going to pay the workers next to nothing? And use children?" He is finding it difficult to answer her question. From where he stands near the staircase, Dave is just watching the scene.

A few moments pass, and Sebastian still does not respond. "I asked you a question, Sebastian!" my sister yells. I have never seen her so distraught. "Yes... well... somewhat" of it is true. But this isn't your business, Christie! Or Chelsea's!" he shouts, raising his head to glare at my sister.

"Who cares if it's my business? You have been lying to me this whole time! I care just as much about charity and Kenya as Chelsea. How could you do this?!" "It's business, Christie! What About That, Don't You Understand?" His tone becomes calmer. "If you want to leave, there's the door." Sebastian strides away, disappearing in the direction of his study. His verbal assault appears to have left everyone stunned. Even Dave. I get the feeling no one has ever heard him explode like that before. But it is just what my sister needed to hear to be convinced.

She turns to face me, and I see hurt and angry woman. "Chelsea, please wait here while I get Peter and my things. I'm coming with you," she says calmly. I nod and turn to head outside.

"Chelsea, please wait!" I let out a deep sigh. I should have known Dave was going to try and stop me again.

"Just quit it, Dave! Your partner just confessed to everything. I am just glad my sister has finally seen him for what he is. For what you both are!"

Just then, my sister comes barreling down the stairs with some of her luggage. That was quick. She looks dishevelled and exhausted. My heart goes out to her.

"Tell your partner the engagement is off!" she snaps at Dave before we tumble our suitcases out the door.

I knew she was angry, but I had no idea she was this furious. Thankfully, the cab has arrived. We load our luggage into the trunk, and then Christie and I jump inside.



I feel Dave's eyes on me, but I keep my attention focused ahead. Within seconds, the cab speeds away, leaving a solemn-looking Dave alone on the marble steps of the mansion. I whip my head around to stare at him, taking one final snapshot before we separate forever. "We're here, Chelsea," Christie whispers as we stand outside the door to our old apartment. I still cannot believe how Christie was able to buy it back from the new owner in less than a week. A part of me knows she must have used some of Sebastian's money to persuade them.

But all's well that ends well, right? Christie and I are surrounded by luggage and are both physically and emotionally exhausted. We are still hurting from the men who ripped out our hearts, but at least we have connected

again. I am so grateful to have her back by my side. Christie nervously turns the doorknob of apartment sixteen, and we enter nice and slow, as if somewhat afraid of what we will find on the other side.

The apartment is barren, which leaves a sinking feeling in the pit of our stomachs." Tomorrow we'll get our stuff from storage. Until then, we'll just have to make do," Christie says softly, noticing my solemn demeanour.

Although I am ecstatic to be home, the change from living in a luxurious mansion to a tiny two – bedroom apartment suddenly hits me. Not to mention all the drama and emotion that went along with it. Christie wraps her arm around my shoulder and pulls me into a big hug. "What do you say we give the apartment a fresh new makeover this week? You were always good with interior design." "I love that idea!"

"Great! Well, welcome home, sweetheart."

"Welcome home, sis," I reply, hugging her and Peter tighter. After we settle in with the few belongings we have, night falls, and before we know it, we hit the hay. The small mattress Christie and I have to share makes for very limited movement. One slight shift to the right and I encounter the cold, hard, dusty wooden floor. A shift to the left will leave me face to face with my sister and Peter's gentle snoring.

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Outside, the half moon hovers above my window, glimmering among the dark clouds that blanket the stars. I can almost see the top of some of London's most famous high-rises, and it is my fixation with them that perpetuates my insomnia. If I listen closely enough, I can hear the faint sounds of cabs honking their way through the bustling streets, no doubt taking drunken Londoners home after a big night out. The thought of partying again with friends makes me feel a little sad. Tomorrow she will call Catherine and Jane. I continue to toss and turn, only to find my thoughts drifting to Dave. He is so s\*\*y yet devious. The hurt I feel towards him is unlike anything I have ever felt before. It was the betrayal that hurt the most.

I am embarrassed to admit that, despite the deception, I am still harbouring love-like feelings for him. Every time his lips engulfed mine...I was his. I never got over the effect of his touch and how his slender fingers caressed my body, sending shivers down my spine. But how can I long for someone that has betrayed my trust? How can I be in love with someone who will take advantage of workers in a country I care so deeply about? It doesn't make sense! I'm caught in a battle between my mind and my heart. I turn to face my sister. Now that the makeup, designer clothes, and handbags are gone, I see her as who she used to be. Behind the wealthy mask she wore, she is just a woman who wants to be loved. I imagine that was the reason why she fell so hard for Sebastian in the first place. My sister and I were in the same boat. I woke up and sat up. The rays of sun streaming in through the windows immediately blind me. My vision is blurry and my hair is in utter disarray as I gather my senses. I instantly notice that there is a space on the mattress where Christie and Peter should

be.

I blink twice; I am alone in the apartment. Where the hell are they?

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 36 The space is considerably more apparent now that I am alone. Christie and I don't have any furniture, food, or money. And neither of us is employed. It will take months to restore this property to its previous glitzy splendour. I have no idea how to get us back on our feet, and I am quite frightened about starting the process. Christie, I'm sure, is as well. In that case, where are they?

I get up from the floor mattress and walk to the bathroom. I let the water run over my fair skin and blond hair.

Despite the heat, I find the water really calming. As it rushes over my body, the water represents my freedom. It envelops me, drop by drop, freeing my confined senses and conflicting emotions. It reminds me that I have returned home and am no longer burdened by the dreadful life I had at the mansion.

I hurriedly exit the shower and grab my towel. I walk on tiptoe across the white tiles, around the empty flat, to my bag in the corner. I pull on a pair of jeans, a plain white t-shirt, and my favourite Converse shoes. I pull my hair into a messy ponytail and smile. It feels wonderful to be out of those stiff corporate clothes and be back on my own.

I feel like me again.

Just then, the door swings open and Christie and Peter walk in, carrying two brown bags. She is dressed in black leggings and a bright red exercise top. She appears flustered but natural. I quite like this look on her.

“Hey, sis!” I say excitedly. I run over to her and help with the bags, setting them down on the kitchen counter.

“Hey, honey! Don’t you look cute! It’s been a while since I’ve seen you in jeans and a t-shirt.” “Are you sure? “By the way, I love that look on you,” I remark softly as I select an apple from one of the bags and put myself up on the counter. “What happened to you two this morning?” How is your candy hidden in your pocket, Peter? Could I have some?”

The youngster smiled and dashed to the restroom. “Mommy, I need to pee.” The little boy grumbled and disappeared into the hallway. “Oh well, I simply had to go for a walk.” It was really lovely outside. I missed taking walks around the neighbourhood. I had forgotten how lovely the mornings are here. Then I went to the farmers market for some goods after checking on our belongings in storage, which should be delivered in two days.”

She lets out a deep sigh. I could tell being home was making her emotional.

“Oh Chelsea, it’s so good to be home. I am sorry for everything that has happened, I.” “No, Christie, it’s okay,” I interjected. The last thing I want her to do is ruining the mood by diving back into the mess with Sebastian and Dave.

“No, Chelsea let me get this out,” she states firmly. “I thought about everything during my

walk this morning and I need to apologize. I am sorry for putting you through everything that happened. I should never have dragged you there. You were right about everything...” she pauses as her voice wavers.

I reach out and rub her arm in comfort.

She takes a sharp breath in and speaks again, “Sebastian never loved me and I didn’t think it through before I decided to get engaged and live with him. We had such a wonderful life here. I never should’ve given it up. And to think, if it weren’t for you... I wouldn’t have found out the truth. I’m so sorry for arguing with you and I’m even sorrier for making you work for the company.” I hop off the counter and embrace her in a warm, tender hug.

“I am so disappointed in myself, Chelsea,” she continues. As your sister, I should’ve known better. Please forgive me, sweetheart.” She sniffles, holding me tighter.

“Chelsea, please stop crying. You don’t have to apologize. I’m sorry for being so mean to you. There were times when I was so out of line and disrespectful.” I pull away and stare into her cloudy eyes., “Oh, sis. It’s so good to have you back.”

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Two days later.

“Hey... slowly... That couch goes over there!”

“Watch out for that!” Christie yells. It’s only 10 a.m., and the movers have already arrived with our furniture, which has been in storage for a few months. Christie went into director mode as soon as they walked into the flat. She’s now yelling orders about where everything should go, so I can get started on the design layout of the facility. As soon as an item or box is placed, I move it around and add my own decorative touch to make the flat feel homier. I’ll be finished with the living room soon. It has the same dark rug we’ve had for years; a polished coffee table, a plush white sofa, and a few family photos and Kenyan portraits on the walls. I next hung pale cream curtains above the sliding door that leads to the balcony and added a few vintage lamps to give the flat a distinct appearance. I must confess that I enjoy seeing the transition. I’m entirely in my element when it comes to decorating each room. While Peter entertained himself on the balcony. Decorating also brings back long-forgotten memories of Christie and me. I can’t disguise my delight at seeing her command the movers like an expert. She was hurrying around the place, her face sweaty and her hair in a high ponytail. There is no trace of luxury handbags, makeup, or chauffeurs. My sister was in her element. Christie and I are still rearranging things long after the movers have left. Christie is working on the kitchen while I concentrate on my room.

While the workload is full-on, I could not be any happier. Just as I move my dresser up against

the wall opposite my bed, I hear a soft knock on the door.

“I’ll get it!” Christie calls out from the kitchen. “It must be the last mover dropping off the fridge...” I peered out of my bedroom window to see her hop over some boxes, rolled up wallpaper, tools, and other miscellaneous items. When she finally reaches the door, she swings it open and freezes. “Christie... who is it?” When she did not answer me, I let go of the dresser and walked out of my bedroom. As soon as I am close enough to see the person at the door, my breath catches in my throat. What the hell is he doing here?

Chelsea is immobile in the doorway. “Oh...” is all I can say as I cover my lips in shock. Christie has yet to move or speak. Dave shifts his foot in agony as the stillness lingers. “I hope I’m not imposing,” he finally replies softly. With his hands tucked in the pockets of his ankle-length khaki pants, he appears young and innocent. His blue-buttoned shirt’s long sleeves are pushed up to his elbow

is tanned forearms and a little Celtic tattoo I’ve never seen before.

His dark wavy hair is slicked back in the usual style, although the London wind seems to have misplaced a few strands. I’m out of breath just looking at him. It’s the first time I’ve seen him in casual wear, and he’s hot. I feel like I’m meeting him for the first time. “No,

Dave,” Christie responds kindly. I can see she’s surprised to see him out of his formal attire. But he looks much better with this outfit. My breathing is still laboured as he enters the apartment. I’ve been trying to forget about him since we left the Hamptons, and seeing him in our home is weird. “Please accept my apologies for arriving unexpectedly..” As he speaks, he moves further into the apartment and stands directly in front of me. We lock eyes, and his intense gaze sucks me in like it always does. “I really need to speak to you, Chelsea,” he continues shyly, as though surprised by my reaction. But my tongue is stuck between Dave’s beauty and my pounding heart. I collected myself after a few more moments. “Dave... what are you doing here?”

“Well, I wasn’t pleased with how things went down at the mansion,” he exhales deeply. I can tell there is a lot of significance tied to the words he is attempting to speak. I don’t recall ever seeing him so tense. It’s a far cry from the poised Mr. Brown who runs Brown Inc.

I’m sorry, Dave. Can I offer you a drink? My apologies for the state of the apartment, we’re just trying to get things organized,” Christie cuts in.

“Oh no. I’m fine, Christie. Thank you. I just need a word with you and your sister.” His eyes are locked on mine, and I flinch under his penetrative stare.

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## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 37 Christie welcomes us to the living room. As we sit on the sofa, Dave takes another long breath before speaking. “I feel like we left a lot of things unanswered the last time we saw each other. I don’t think anything was cleared up in the midst of all the yelling and screaming. But first and foremost, Christie, I need to apologise for Sebastian’s harsh tone toward you. I can’t claim to know what he was thinking at the time, but he had no right to speak to you in that manner.”

“He is an a\*\*\*\*\*e, Dave, and the way he treated Christie is the same way he will treat those workers in Kenya.” The animosity in my voice is clear.»

“Listen, Chelsea, I know you’re angry.” He turns away from Christie and looks back at me.” But I need you to understand that I still care about you deeply and that everything we had was real. The truth is I know all about my partner’s activities in Kenya. But I’m not as involved in it as you think I take care of the paperwork. But it doesn’t have much to do with me. He partners with other companies for the equipment and works with some corrupt Kenyan leaders to ensure cheap labour and even exploit children. He holds separate business meetings to make sure no one in the company finds out. I just drafted the contracts.”

“That doesn’t mean you’re innocent,” Chelsea spit as he dropped his head in shame.”

“No, you’re right. It doesn’t. But he’s my partner. I don’t have the heart to go against him.”

For a moment, the room is silent. I am not angry and neither is Christie. I think we both feel sad for Dave and how conflicted he feels. “Dave, come with me. I want to show you something.

I entangle my fingers with him in a simple yet electrifying move. We hadn’t spoken in a long time. His skin is soft and silky, as I recall, and he immediately relaxes as he feels it. I walk him to a huge box labelled Kenya in the centre of the chaotic living room. It houses all of my images, letters, and mementoes from my trip, as well as lesson plans and gifts from my pupils. It is my most valuable property, yet I rarely show it to anyone.

I dig through the box and quickly find a stack of pictures. “Wow, is this Kenya? It’s gorgeous...” “Dave says, breathless. I show him pictures of the gorgeous landscape with its rolling hills, deep valleys and lush fields. But the picture he holds is one of my favourites. It showcases the Kenyan landscape, with the sun shining brightly on the horizon while a few elephants mill about in the background. “I took this picture on a break from one of my classes at the orphanage. Isn’t it beautiful? This was my view every day and I never tired of it.” “I wouldn’t tire of it either. It’s beautiful.” I smile at him, quite smitten by his childlike awe over the photographs. “I bet this is the side of Kenya your partners never speak about or care to see.”

“You know Sebastian has never been to Kenya, right?”

“WHAT!” I shouted. My head whips around and then darts to Christie, who shares the same expression. “Are you serious? He’s never even been there and yet he’s planning an operation?”

He operates everything from London. He says Kenya is too dirty for him.”

“I can’t believe that...” Christie says, looking horrified by what she has heard. I feel my blood

boil, but I try my best to control it. Dave is not my target and I cannot allow myself to attack him for the faults of his partner.

“Are these your students?” I stare at the picture in Dave’s fingers. I am so transfixed by the people in it that I take it from him and immediately begin to feel the tears well in my eyes. Their faces are dark and their clothes are old and tattered, a symbol of their troubled childhood.x “Lada was the smartest girl in my class. She had to travel the furthest distance, and she was always on time, despite not having any shoes. Her partner died in a mining accident a few miles from the orphanage. Her sister took his death extremely hard. She was unable to bear the burden of having to take care of three kids on her own. She was both unemployed and uneducated. But she was a fighter, though. She battled with the heads of the mining company and even the

government for compensation, but they refused.” My face floods with tears as I desperately try to finish the story, but I am too overcome with sadness. I completely forgot that this picture was in the box.x”A few days after this photo was taken, we got a call from one of Lada’s neighbours, telling us that Lada’s sister had hung herself from a tree. I guess she just felt that was her only way out,” I cry. “I drop the picture and feel Dave’s strong hands caress my shoulders, the sensation easing my pain somewhat.” I’m sorry, Chelsea,” he whispers. I rest my head on his broad shoulders and am comforted by his presence. It feels wonderful to be so close to him again. “Dave, we need to stop Sebastian. Look at this!”

I sift through the stack of photos until I come to the one I need. “This picture is an aerial shot taken from a hike just a few days before I left. It’s the result of a mining company’s activities. They destroy the land and leave the landscape to wither. Look, it’s completely red and the air is polluted as well because the water and solid waste are everywhere. Rivers and valleys are a deep red colour. The red water often seeps into the pipes of people’s homes and even the orphanage. The kids drink it without realising that the water is contaminated and they become sick”>

“My goodness, Chelsea. I had no idea...”

Well, it’s hard to see the damage from over seven thousand miles away. Sebastian will destroy the land, Dave, and make communities sick. And he doesn’t even care!” “You’re right. We need to stop him... together.”

“D\*\*n right we do,” I answer forcefully, quite enlightened by his proposal. I don’t think you should get involved with this, Chelsea. It’s too dangerous. And no offence, Dave, but I’m not sure we can trust you.” Christie’s voice startles us both. We turn around to face her. “I assure you, Christie, I’m not ruthless like Sebastian. In fact, I’m nothing like him. Chelsea has opened my eyes to a side of Kenya I never knew existed. The people, the communities, the workers, their families... they’re all at risk. We can’t allow him to hurt them.”

“He’s right, Christie. We have to do something, and we have to do it now.

Christie nods, but I know she is not entirely convinced. The pain from her breakup with Sebastian still haunts her too much. But with her approval or not, I will do whatever it takes to save my beloved Kenya.

Christie goes to bed a few hours later, leaving Dave and me alone in the living room. His

unexpected arrival has triggered a flood of emotions in both me and Christie.

We also discussed the past, specifically why he pushed me away a year ago.”I did it to protect you, Chelsea.” Since what happened at Sebastian’s safe house, I’ve been pursued not only by my enemy but also by the authorities, and Sebastian assisted me

by going into hiding for months. Then an innkeeper told us about the important documents she stole from Sebastian's former associates, and Sebastian became obsessed with them. "We dug deeper and discovered it as part of the documents. Then Sebastian sold it for millions of dollars, and the Russians, as well as Americans, wanted us to locate the last remaining documents that were very important in American history, which I can't divulge any further. We started the company, a fake mining company in Kenya, with the millions we had because our data pointed us there. The documents were buried in their mountains, but Sebastian became greedy when he discovered that mining there would make the company more money than treasure hunting. Then he used your sister, so I can't say no to him. You two become his leverage." "Then why didn't you tell me?" "I don't want to burden you with all my problems, Chelsea. I want you to be safe above all."

He must have figured out that we would come back to London for a fresh start. After all, I did tell him how upset I was over Christie selling it when she moved in with Sebastian. As we sit on the sofa, the chemistry reignites between us. I tremble at how close we are to each other. My stomach is full of butterflies, and my heart is racing with nervous excitement. Last night I endured hours of insomnia, my mind relentlessly spinning with thoughts of him. And now, at this moment, he is mere inches away from me. Without notice, he rises to his feet and leans casually against the front door. My heart sinks. Inside, I am pleading with him to not open it and leave.

There is still so much that I want to say. But there appears to be sadness in his eyes that I have never seen before, and I desperately want to uncover the reason behind it. He faces me, his demeanour shy yet needy. It was almost like a coy lost boy again, desperate to be loved. It melts my heart and I fight the urge to throw myself into his arms. I get up and join him at the door. All feelings of anger and resentment towards him have completely dissipated, and I am consumed with passion and desire. I desperately want him to stay. I cannot bear for him to go. His body seems stiff and tense like he is nervous. Time seems to stand still as we continue to stare into each other's eyes. "So... Are you going back to Sebastian Mansion tonight?"

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 38 "Yes but not tonight, maybe tomorrow," Dave said, shifting in his heels. The thought of him leaving without any intimate contact is driving Chelsea crazy. And I may just find myself running after him. I wait with bated breath for him to continue.

"Actually. I booked a room for a few days at a nearby hotel. I'd really like to see you tomorrow, Chelsea. Is that's okay? I want to talk more about us." I stare at him like a young child opening presents on Christmas morning. "Sure, I would like that," I say, releasing the smile I can no longer contain. "There's a great place just down the street where we can go for lunch." He grins. "Sounds great. I'll pick you up around 11?" "Sounds good." "Okay, well, have a good night's sleep, Chelsea."



“Goodnight, Dave.” I closed the door behind him and leaned back against it. My heart is giddy and my hands are shaky. He wants to talk about us? As in our relationship? Now that I am face to-face with the reality of how much I want and miss him, it scares me. Last night, when thoughts of him kept me awake, that was just a glimpse into the feelings I have kept buried for so long. But who could blame me? Everything about our lives screams that we should stay as far away from each other as possible. But... my heart has other ideas. It was so easy to be mad at him when I found out about the contract. But now that he’s in front of me, with his tall, regal-like frame, tanned skin, and ruggedly handsome appearance, I want nothing more than for him to devour me. I yearn for the passionate romance we once shared. Now that Dave is on my side, it is now okay to tear down the walls I have built around my heart. He is no longer the bad guy; he was just a loyal partner doing what his partner wanted him to do. Finally, he sees his partner’s mining company in Kenya for what it truly is. And together, we are going to bring it down.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the streets of London, it’s a gorgeous Saturday morning. Christie and I are dressed for fitness and jogging around the park across the street from our flat. While fellow joggers and yoga groups join in the early morning workout activities, birds sing sweetly in the woods. As Christie and I make our way back to the apartment, fatigued and drenched in perspiration, the sun is just starting to break through the cloudless blue sky. Fortunately, Peter was still deeply asleep when we returned. Our bodies are aching because we haven’t gone for a morning exercise in a long time.

When we finally reach our apartment building, we collapse on the front steps and take in the gorgeous view of the city.

“Ugh. I can hardly feel my legs,” Christie whines loudly between breaths.

“Me too. I feel so out of shape!” I say, realising that it has been over a month since I have

exercised

“So Chelsea... don’t keep me waiting. Tell me what happened!” Christie adds, bursting with anticipation. The minute we rose at six a.m. to begin our jog, she unleashed a barrage of questions about Dave and what took place last night. But I told her to wait until we finished our run and then I would answer her. I inhale deeply as my mind recalls the events of last night.

“Nothing happened, Christie... We spoke briefly and then he left.” I fiddle with the laces of my shoes to avoid her gaze. When I look back over at her, sure enough, she is still looking at me, unconvinced that is all there is to the story. I chuckle with amusement.

“Come on, Christie, what do you think happened? We made out like h\*\*\*y teenagers.” I quip, but she does not look amused. “I don’t know, Lil. Dave is a lot different... Can’t you see that? He loves you, he saves us one year ago... he is the brother of your best friend, he is perfect.” “You are exaggerating a bit,” I say, as she adopts a more serious tone. He’s a lot shyer than other guys, and he seems troubled by something. “He cares about you, Chelsea,” Sebastian told me that he had never seen Dave look at anyone the way he looks at you.” The sincerity in her voice moves me. “So, are you going to see him today?” “Yes, we’re having lunch this afternoon.”

“Ha! I knew it!” She squeals. “I knew he wouldn’t leave without asking you out.” I look at my sister, stunned by her reaction. I had no idea she was so enthralled by Dave and I’s relationship. But then again, we have never really spoken about it before. And now that we are back on good terms, I want to tell her how he makes me feel, how much of a good kisser he is, and how much I missed him. I want to tell her all the things a girl wants to tell her sister about the guy she likes. “Are you two going to discuss how you’re going to take down Sebastian? We can’t let him get away with this.” “I know, Christie. Dave and I will discuss it. But we need to get a few other things out of the way first.”

I stood in the centre of my bedroom, clothing and cosmetics scattered everywhere, a few hours later. I haven’t been this anxious since my first date in high school. I still feel the same way I felt when I was a shy adolescent girl dating one of the most popular boys in school. I’m afraid, as I was with that jock, that I’m not good enough for Dave. I sighed and sat back in my bed

Among the chaos, Christie is nowhere to be found. Instead of helping me with my plight to find the perfect outfit, she left the apartment after receiving a phone call from an old friend who still lives in the neighbourhood. For some reason, being alone makes me more agitated. But why? I am going out with the same Dave that I worked for at Brown Inc., and who made love to me on the desk of his office. But then again, whom am I fooling? Dave has always had this effect on me.

She loves him just the same.

Ever since he walked in looking like a model on that warm Sunday night at the mansion, I have been hypnotised by the sexiness he exudes. Again.

Finally, after much thought, I settled on an outfit: a pair of blue jeans and a pink crop top that shows the tiniest glimpse of my stomach. I then opt for a pair of dark sandals instead of heels to keep things simple and casual. By the time I pull my hair into a loose bun and put on a touch of lipstick, I hear the doorbell ring. My heart flutters. I have spent so much time deciding what to wear and overthinking everything that I did not realise how fast the time was passing.

Hours turned into five minutes and now Dave is here. I quickly gather my keys and purse and give myself one last glang in the mirror. You can do this, Chelsea. Just breathe, smile, and be yourself. I let out a deep breath and opened the door. My eyes

dance at the sight of him. Although his attire is somewhat similar to yesterday's, he seems a lot more relaxed.

"Hi," I whisper as a smile forms on my lips.

"Hello, Chelsea. I thought you might like these." He pulls out a bunch of white roses from behind his back. I turn a bright shade of pink at the thought of the thought he put into such a gift. "Dave, they're beautiful!" My eyes widen as I take the flowers from him and inhale their delicious scent. He returns a bright smile and all my nervousness disappears. I quickly place the flowers in a vase on the dining table and join him in the hallway. He extends his elbow and I hook my arm through his.

"So, I figure we can walk since the coffee shop is just around the corner," I say.

"Okay," Let's go." We step out into the bright, sunny day, and I realise how happy I am to be at home and to be with Dave. "You know, I was really nervous about coming by yesterday," he says as we make our way down the street. "I went back and forth a million times in my head about coming." "Well, I must admit, Christie and I were shocked to see you. What made you decide to do it?" "Well, like I said yesterday, I didn't like how things went down at the mansion. I hated seeing you so angry. But more than anything, I had to see you. I missed you terribly, and I knew I couldn't let you slip away. Even though I was a bit scared of your reaction." Dave's words hit me right in the middle of my heart. I missed him too, and I am so grateful that despite the insecurities, he still leapt to come. "I'm sorry too, Dave. I shouldn't have exploded on you like that. But no, I didn't deserve to be treated that way." I grip his arm tighter and he uses his other arm to rub my hand. I lean further into him and rest my head against his shoulder as we walk side by side. We turn the corner and enter the artsy coffee shop a few blocks from my apartment. The space is quiet and cosy. The wooden walls are lined with antique paintings. The few patrons are busy reading or typing feverishly on laptops. The smell of fresh coffee brewing fills my lungs. We ordered and found a booth in the back corner. "You know, I asked Sebastian to come with me because I knew it would mean a lot to Christie, but he refused." He's such a different man. I don't even recognise him anymore."

"You and your partner are nothing alike." I can't believe his lack of compassion for people, especially people that don't have anything. Now that Dave is in front of me and leaning in

close, I am sucked into his piercing blue eyes and chiselled features. The chemistry between us inflamed as the gap between us closed. Both hands are resting on the table, just an inch or two apart. My fingers are entwined with his. "You're right. We're nothing alike. Now that I have seen what kind of destruction the company will cause in Kenya, I am furious at him. Unfortunately, it doesn't look like he has any desire to change. He still wants to go ahead and mine there, and it's right near your orphanage." It was like Dave had dropped a bomb in the middle of the table.

“Are you serious?” I ask, fear ripping through me. “Look, Chelsea, we’re going to do something about it. Don’t worry.” He stares deeply into my eyes. “We’re going to stop him. I won’t allow him to do it. I nod. “But did you tell him about the pictures I showed you and about the orphanage and the families?” “Yes, but he doesn’t care. We just need a plan, and we need to do it fast. In a few days, the company will start mining.” “Do you have a plan?” I asked impatiently. “Yes, I’m going to get him down here. I’ll tell him that we have an important business meeting with some new partners who want to invest in the company. I’ll be in the meeting, but I’ll be wearing a wire. The p

wire. The police will be undercover outside the hotel, listening to every word. The new partners will be actors. They will ask questions about Brown Inc and mining in Kenya and the documents. Without even knowing, he’ll be giving the police all the information they need to arrest him.” “Dave, are you sure this will work?” “Yes, I’m sure. Sebastian is always hungry for new money and partners. This is the perfect way to get him to spill the details.” “Okay, when is this all going to happen?” I ask nervously, “Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow!” I half-shout in a panic. It’s now or never, Chelsea. We have to move fast. He gently brushes his hand against my cheek and pulls my chin close to his, grazing my lips in a soft kiss. When he pulls away, his voice is firm. “Now, drink your coffee. We need to tell your sister everything.”

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 39 Dave encourages me not to worry on the way back to the flat, but it is difficult. No matter how many times he assures me that we will stop Sebastian, I have my doubts. I knew Sebastian was a horrible person, but I never dreamed he was capable of such atrocities, especially after Dave showed him the photographs of the community and the orphans. What will become of my darling children?! I push back the tears that threaten to spill from my eyes. As we carefully ascend the stairs to the apartment, my fingers begin to tremble. Dave walks quietly beside me and grips my hand tightly, silently reassuring me that everything will be okay. “Chelsea,” he whispers as we stand face-to-face at my door. “Chelsea, look at me...” He slips a finger under my chin and lifts my head to gaze into his eyes. I finally let the tears flow, the gravity of the situation too strong to overcome.

Chelsea, we’re going to fight this. Trust me...” I sniffle and gaze into his piercing blue eyes that offer some comfort.

“How do you know, Dave?” Sebastian is a powerful man. Do you really think we can stop him?”

“Yes, we can, Chelsea. And we will. Besides, I already asked for Shawn’s help. He had men who were willing to help me in Kenya.” He answers with conviction. I search his eyes for a trace of doubt, but I find none. His intense gaze compels me to believe him.

Besides, I have no choice. Dave's plan has to work and I will do everything in my power to help make sure it does. "I'm going to need your help on this, Chelsea. I need you to be strong." I nod forcefully and straighten up my shoulders. "What do you need me to do?" "There you are," he says with a loving smile. "There's the strong, determined woman I know."

I blush.

"Thanks."

"Okay. So, I have to head back to the mansion and get a few things in order before tomorrow. I need you to tell Christie everything. I also need you to get on the phone with the people that run the orphanage in Kenya. Let them know what is happening and encourage them to protest against Brown Inc. Tell them to spread the word... contact their leaders, the media, and whoever else they can... the more they spread the word, the greater the chance any operations will be halted until further notice."

I nod feverishly, trying to memorise his instructions in my head. It is all so overwhelming, but he is absolutely right. The more people who know about what Sebastian has planned, the better chance we will have.

"I'll call you tomorrow regarding every stage of the meeting with my partner. As soon as the police have heard enough, they will step in."

Suddenly, my heart begins to race and I am immediately concerned about his safety. This scenario resembles something out of a mob movie, and it usually does not end happily. "Hey!" He snaps me out of a daze.

"Everything will be alright, don't worry."

"But what if something goes wrong, Dave?" His hands grabbed both sides of my cheeks. "Everything will be okay, Chelsea. Do you understand? Now get some rest and wait for my call tomorrow."

His warm lips meet mine before he lets me go. The wonderful sensation of his tongue diving into my lips and touching every crevice of my mouth melts me instantaneously. As his warm body crushes against mine, I close my eyes. My fingers fumble with his wavy hair and urgently draw him in closer as they cross the length of his chest and slip seductively around his neck. My body craves him... It has been deprived for far too long. He pulls away as my knees threaten to buckle as if to prevent himself from having his way with me right here in the corridor.

"Would you like to come inside?" I inquired, my gaze longingly fixed on his. I'm not prepared for him to depart. He groans.

"I can't. But I promise you, after this is over, you may have me whenever you want." He holds me again, pulling me into him with a seductive smile that melts my heart. His gorgeous audacity appeals to me. Before he goes away, he gives me one more passionate kiss. I'm frozen by the door, reeling from his touch. Dave, please be right. Please let things work out.

The loud, deafening sound of my cell phone startles me out of my sleep. Instinctively, I sit upright in bed and glance outside. It is barely dawn. Who in the world could be calling this early? I grab the phone and, with tired eyes, make out the name on the screen. It's Dave. For him to be calling me at this hour, it must be serious.

"Hello," I answer, my heart skipping a few beats.

"Chelsea! Change of plans: Sebastian is planning to go to Kenya early tomorrow morning! That means we have less than twenty-four hours to execute our plan!"

"What? But Dave... I haven't even spoken to anyone in Kenya yet or Christie for that matter. We need more time!"

"We have no choice."

After he hangs up, I immediately spring off the bed and race into Christie's room.

"Christie! Wake up!!

"Huh... Chelsea?..."

"What's going on?" she groans, lifting her head up from the pillow. "Get out of bed and throw on some clothes. "Dave will be here soon!" But she just stares at me with confusion. "Look, Sebastian is planning to go there tomorrow and start their project near the orphanage I worked at in Kenya! Just get up and I'll tell you everything." "Chelsea, my goodness!" she exclaims with horror before she leaps up out of bed. I make my way to the living room while she dresses. I reach for the phone. Dave gave me strict instructions to alert the people of Kenya about what was happening, and that is my priority right now. Soon, Christie joins me in some sweatpants and a crumpled blouse.

"Chelsea, tell me what in the world is going on?" She asks, sitting down on the sofa beside me. "Sebastian is planning to start, near the orphanage. By this time tomorrow, the whole

community will be affected." I am still holding the phone in my hand as I speak to her. Christie's jaw drops in shock.

"Dave is going to get a group of people to pretend to be potential investors." But they are actors wearing wires. Sebastian thinks he's meeting with them and so will divulge all the details of his operations. When he does, the police will swoop in and arrest him.

“Chelsea... I can't believe this! I can't believe I actually loved that man. How could he be so evil? Where's Dave?”

“He'll be here in just under two hours.” Right now I have to phone the people at the orphanage and let them know what's going on.” “What do you need me to do?” “Just be ready for anything that might go wrong.” When I get in touch with some of the teachers at the orphanage, they tell me how they heard rumours about the mine but were not sure if it was going ahead. Now that they know for sure, they will hold a huge protest, which will be all over the news in Kenya. Our plan is now officially in motion. It is time to start praying. “Chelsea! Where are you?”

“In here! I'm getting dressed.” Dave appears at my bedroom door in a pair of blue jeans and a white shirt. He looks flustered and exhausted, yet he is still incredibly handsome. His breathing is heavy like he has just run a marathon. “Did you call your contacts in Kenya?”

“Yes.”

“And they're going to protest?”

“Yes,”

“Dave, now it's your turn to relax,” I say, noting the panic in his eyes. “Okay, we have to move now. Sebastian is on his way to the meeting. We need to get everything in place before he gets there. The police are already in position.” Before I can respond, Dave grabs my arm and leads me towards the door, where Christie is already waiting. “Wait, where are we going?” “We need to get you and your Christie to a secret location.” Just in case anything goes wrong. I don't want his goons to hurt either of you.”

“You think Sebastian would really do that to us?” Christie speaks up. “I don't know, Christie. He is a stranger to me now.”

We jump into a black SUV with tinted windows in the building's parking lot. The driver is new to us. He is dressed formally in a pressed suit and dark spectacles, and he has a solemn expression on his face. He doesn't say anything. Dave pulls out his phone and contacts someone as the car accelerates away. His tone is tough and unpleasant. I have no idea where we're going, so I don't ask him. Dave is the captain of this ship, and I'm simply trying to stay afloat. We arrived in a deserted parking lot a few moments later. A few additional black SUVs are parked along the side.

A big brown trailer sits in the middle of the vacant lot that faces an old brown building. The structure is about ten stories high and has a haunted feel to it. When the car stops abruptly, Dave jumps out of the passenger seat and opens my door. I stared at him in disbelief. “Chelsea, get out,” he demands, his hair blowing wildly in the wind. “Dave, where are we?” “I have to go in now. Sebastian should be here any minute. “Over there is a trailer that you, your sister and the police will be watching everything from.

“Dave, I’m worried.”

In all of the talk of strategy, it is the first time I fear for Dave’s safety. His partner is a dangerous man. Who knows what he is capable of? I step out of the car and fly into Dave’s arms, holding him tight as fear consumes me. “Chelsea, everything will be okay,” he whispers tenderly in my ear. He pulls away slowly and stares directly into my watering eyes. Then at Christie, who was still sitting in the back of the SUV, “You both just get inside the trailer.” The police will intervene if anything goes wrong.” I nod in an attempt to reassure myself more than him. “Fine, but be careful. I don’t want to lose you again.” He gives me a tender kiss on the forehead and motions for the driver to escort Christie and me to the trailer. Immediately, Dave speeds off, jogging towards the building, but not before two members of the police in black police gear join him, complete with bulletproof vests, guns, and walkie-talkies. My fear intensifies.

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

### Chapter 40

The trailer is damp and dark. Two solemn-looking officers sat on a table piled high with walkie-talkies, badges, and cold cups of coffee, facing a giant monitor. The fan in the corner does little to cool things down, and the whole place is wired shut like a prison cell, with no windows and thus no connection to the outside world. It’s much smaller than I expected from the outside, and I find myself frozen in place for a few moments after entering. “Chelsea,” Christie says behind me, placing an arm around my shoulders. “Everything will be okay, sweetheart. The orphanage will not suffer, and Dave will be alright.” She appears nervous but still manages to calm me down. That is my sister, brave as ever. “They’re in!” shouts one of the agents. Christie and I shuffled our way around the table. We stare earnestly at the big screen, focusing on each movement while holding our breath. Inside the building, the two actors pretending to be investors are dressed to look the part perfectly. Their hair is neat and they are both in stylish-looking business suits. They sit around a large rectangular table in a barren room with the paint peeling from the walls. Dave had mentioned before that Sebastian insisted the meeting take place here, as it is where he does his “off the books” transactions.

Inside the trailer, everyone is quiet and tense. All the agents’ eyes are glued to the screen. My thoughts are only of Dave. He is somewhere in the building, but I have no idea where. I try to recall the details of the plan, but my memory is sketchy because I am so panicked. “Look,” Christie whispers, pointing at the monitor. I look up and see Sebastian walking into the room. He seems a lot thinner than when we last saw him and has a scruffy, untamed beard. By the looks of things, the business has not been going well for him. Not surprisingly, Brown Inc. has taken a big blow over the last few weeks. Not only has Dave left the company, but a lot of his other employees have followed suit and resigned over the rumours of Sebastian’s illegal activities. More will undoubtedly



follow once they turn on the nightly news later. This, I imagine, is a last attempt for him to get at least a fraction of his company back “Gentlemen... please sit,” Sebastian instructs. Let me just begin by saying that I know you’ve heard rumours about my company. But I assure you that it’s all hearsay and a pathetic attempt by my competitors and, unfortunately, my partner, to ruin my reputation. The actors stare at him and nod. “I can assure you that Brown Inc. is an outstanding company that takes care of its employees and does not indulge in any illegal activities.” Well, maybe for a few here and there, “he laughs.”

“What kind of activities are you referring to, Sir?” one of the actors asks in a calm, business voice. “Bear in mind that if we’re to invest, we need to know the dealings of the company we’re partnering with.” “Yes, of course. Well, as you know, mining is not an easy business. Not to mention when you are operating in a foreign country. “Look,” he leans forward, elbows resting on the table, his eyes focused on his potential partners.

Sometimes the best places to mine are well... not exactly ideal, but I run a business here and I

have to do what is necessary at times. “And what does that require?”

Well, it requires mining near residential areas, neighbourhoods, and communities where people live. Do you think Brown, Inc. became so successful because we dug where everyone else was digging? No! We had to stray from the pack. We had to venture out on our own and dig where everyone else was afraid to.”

“That’s it!” one of the agents shouts beside me. “We got him!”

Sebastian, your competitors don’t mine in residential areas because it’s illegal. I am sure you’re aware of that.” Sebastian leans back in his seat and folds his arms across his chest. His relaxed attitude indicates that he had no idea what was going on.

“Yes, but how successful are they?” “Success is paramount to me, gentlemen. I have spent my life doing whatever it takes to achieve success, even if it means displacing a few people. Listen, it’s not that hard. All you do is mine in the neighbourhood and then, a few years later, build a school or health centre. By then, they would have forgotten ever being misplaced.” “Move now!” I’ve heard enough of this son of a b\*\*\*h!” the police agent beside me shouts. The next thing I know, the police, secretly waiting in the building, storm into the meeting. “Police! Don’t Move! Police!”

Sebastian appears visibly stunned beyond belief. Within seconds, an officer cuffed him and read him his rights. “Wait! What’s going on? What is this? I have done nothing wrong!”

“Game’s over, Sebastian,” Dave suddenly says, striding into the room. “Dave!” I should’ve known you were behind this!” Sebastian screams at his son. I’m just revealing the truth to you, partner. You had to be stopped!” “Stop what exactly? I’m just doing

what everyone else is afraid to do. How do you think I live in the mansion with you and your expensive apartment and drive a fancy car? How did you think the company was so successful? It's all my idea. Everything is mine. I just used your name and connection. Do you believe that we did it by playing by the rules?"

"You acquired all those things by ruining people's lives, Sebastian! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Dave, how could you? After all that I have done for you?" Sebastian spits with what looks like hate in his eyes. By this point, the officer is dragging Sebastian across the room. "You ungrateful little p\*\*\*k! I'm your partner!! How could you?" His screams echo through the monitor. I turned to find Christie sobbing uncontrollably.

"I can't believe I ever loved him," she whimpers.

"It's okay, Christie. Don't blame yourself. You had no idea he was like this. Now he's going to be locked away for good." She nods, but I know it will be a while before she fully gets over it

all. For now, she will just have to take it day by day. Suddenly, the trailer door swings open and Dave appears. I impulsively leave Christie's side, dash across the trailer, and jump out into his arms, wrapping my legs tightly around his waist and snuggling my face in his neck. "It's okay, Chelsea," he murmurs. "I told you we'd stop him." I stare into his eyes while mine fills with tears. He kisses me with urgency. "I've wanted to do that since I saw you this morning." Behind us, all the agents piled out of the trailer to regroup with the others who were in the building.

"I think I'll leave you two alone for a bit," Christie says with a suggestive smile before she follows them. As soon as we are alone, Dave pushes me back into the trailer and gets himself in, pulling the doors closed behind him. Before I can even ask what the hell he is doing, he swipes all of the items off the table and moves the monitor onto the floor. He picks me up again and lowers me down gently onto the table and begins to unbutton my blouse and trousers. He kisses what seems like every part of my body, from my collarbone to my nipples and lower back. I tilt my head back in ecstasy. "I've missed you so much..." he whispers in my ear before he climbs on top of me. He unzips his pants and slides his long, thick c\*\*k inside of me. My back arched on impact and I let out a small cry so no one outside would hear. "Oh... Dave," I moan, my nails digging into his back. He glides his shaft in and out of my wet p\*\*\*y with quickening speed. A few minutes later, neither of us can hold on any longer and we explode into euphoria. Just as I catch my breath, I shoot him a devious smile.

Rate this Chapter

**Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 41 Over the next few weeks, I take Jane and Catherine's advice and try to turn off my brain. Dave and I started going out together as a couple. Nothing explicit is said. We don't wear little badges, but our interactions make it obvious. Jane and I were planning to finish the design of her gown, and I started going out with them. While Dave had started his own business, Christie and her son occupied our old apartment while I went to Dave's apartment in the city.

When we're out, Dave always touches me, but not in a way that makes me feel like he's trying to mark his territory or show off. He's just super physical. If I'm near him, his hand is somewhere on my body. Usually his palm is glued to the top of my a\*s, but sometimes he brushes my hair back or dangles his fingers over my shoulder. He kisses my temples and cheeks. Not once do I feel like he's holding me back

The most important thing is that we're happy-way happier than I've felt in a long time. Which is f\*\*\*\*\*g mind-boggling. If someone had told me two weeks ago that Dave Brown and I would not only be dating, but happily dating? I would've laughed my a\*s off. "What do you have going on after Jane's rehearsal tonight?" Dave asks from the bed. He's lying against the pillows, hair tousled, looking like the s\*x god that he is. I refocus my eyes back to the mirror and away from him so I don't accidentally stab myself with the mascara wand

"Nothing. I'll probably just grab dinner in one of the meal halls. Why? What are you up to?"

"I've got an errand to run."

My stomach falls a little. Not see him tonight? I force myself not to show any disappointment Just because we're together doesn't mean we need to be joined at the hip. "Want to meet for dinner after?" he adds. My heart flips over. "Sure." "Cool. Can you come to the office? There's this restaurant nearby that I think you'd like. It's an Italian place, but it's got all this fun old-time movie memorabilia." His hand wanders underneath the blankets, which are pulled down to his waist.

I poke myself in the eye. "Would you stop touching yourself?" I drop the mascara tube on the table and pick up a tissue to wipe away the smear of black I just made at the inside corner of my eyelid because I can't keep my freaking eyes off Dave.

"What's wrong, baby? You jealous? I was thinking of how hot you look." He rolls to his side. "You make a little circle with your mouth when you put your eye makeup on. It's basically begging me to stick my little dave in there."

Little? Hell no.

Nope, there's nothing warm and squishy about my relationship with this guy. I shoot him a disbelieving glance. "We just got done having morning s\*x," I remind him. I apply two

quick swipes of the mascara before Dave's hand can do more damage under the bed sheets.

"That was thirty minutes ago. Since then, you've showered, waved your t\*\*s and bare a\*s in

front of me while getting dressed, and then made little b\*\*\*\*\*b circles with your mouth. So yeah, I'm h\*\*\*y again. Sue me."

I throw my coat on and lean a knee on the mattress to kiss him goodbye. "You'll have to jerk off then because I have a meeting with Jane, the flowers and her gown need more Chelsea time, and I don't want to be late."

He curls up and kisses my neck first, then my lips. "I'm going to rub one off now so that I can last longer tonight."

He went to the bed and raised a brow.

D\*\*n it. Now I'm h\*\*\*y.

Fine!

\*\*\*\*\*

Week later, on the beach. Dave rolled over until his body was half blanketing Chelsea. He

framed her face with his palms and looked down at her, looking into her eyes. "Have I told you that I love you?" His wide shoulders blocked out the sky, and then his face was descending slowly toward hers. She could see his long lashes and straight nose, the compelling hunger in his eyes. He always managed to make her heart beat a little faster and her body just melted, right there in the sand, soft and pliant and accepting. She took a breath and he kissed her long and leisurely, his hunger growing as he fused their mouths together. She pressed her body closer, wishing they were skin to skin, wanting the feel of his chest rubbing against her aching b\*\*\*\*\*s. Her fingers settled in his thick, wavy hair, and she gave herself up to the pleasure of his marauding mouth. It took moments-or hours-before she realised he had somehow opened her blouse and exposed her b\*\*\*\*\*s, and was now making his way down her throat and over her sensitive skin. A jolt of electricity went from her b\*\*\*\*\*s to her womb, so that she felt the clutch and the emptiness and needed him to fill her.

"Undo my jeans," he whispered and bent to feed at her b\*\*\*\*\*s.

With his teeth and tongue wreaking havoc, her fingers fumbled at his zipper. It took forever for her clumsy hands to free him from the opening. At once, she felt the hot

brand of his heavy e\*\*\*\*\*n lying along her thigh. Now she needed her clothes gone. All of them. She desperately wanted to feel him against her skin.

Dave lifted his head from the soft pillow of her b\*\*\*\*\*s, and let his gaze drift over her flushed, aroused body. He slid his hands inside her shirt, feeling the heat of her soft skin, inhaling her scent. Elle. He just wasn't whole without her. His fingers slid around to her ribs so he could lift her slightly, forcing her b\*\*\*\*\*s to thrust upward toward his mouth. She looked beautiful, exotic, so s\*\*y his blood heated, sizzled, and rushed through his veins like a drug.

She moaned when his mouth closed over her breast and his teeth tugged at her nipple. Her body writhed under his. She was so sensitive. So responsive to him. Her fingers slid up and down his shaft, stroking and caressing, nearly driving him out of his mind. He could feel her heartbeat against his mouth, along his palm, and knew she could feel his heartbeat through

his pulsing, eager shaft.

He bit her ear and then her neck, tiny little nips that took her breath and then he licked and kissed each spot. "Chelsea ... You are so beautiful."

She could only give him a little whimper as he rose, dragging her with him, leaving the blanket behind. Her b\*\*\*\*\*s spilled out of her shirt and he pulled her around after three steps and kissed her, his hands cupping the soft mounds, thumbs sliding back and forth in small caresses.

They never made it into the vacation house. They were too hot for each other. Even the breeze coming off the ocean did nothing to cool the heat raging between them. They got as far as the deck and he shoved the shirt from her shoulders so that it floated to the deck a little distance away. He caught her around the waist and brought her up on her toes, kissing her again and again, welding their mouths together, his tongue stroking and caressing, while his hands tugged down her jeans. Without taking his mouth from hers, he ordered, "Take them off, kick them away."

She couldn't think with his mouth raging against her, devouring her, so hungry he was ravenous. Her body throbbed with need, wet and hot and desperate for his. He never stopped kissing her, as she struggled to kick away her jeans until her body was bare and she was pressed against his. His shirt was long gone, but his jeans still covered his legs. It didn't seem to matter and there was something a little primitive and s\*\*y about being totally naked when he was partially clothed.

Chelsea could hear the blood pounding in her ears, a roaring, a need that wouldn't stop. She couldn't get close enough, her hands cupping him, stroking and caressing the thick hardness, so velvet soft and hot. She groaned and felt the shudder run through him as if she'd ignited a fuse. He simply lifted her, taking a step so that her back hit the wall and steadied her.

“Wrap your legs around my waist.”

His voice was hoarse-s\*\*y, so needy she felt another rush of welcoming liquid. She h\*\*\*\*d her ankles together around him and clasped her hands at his nape, head back, hair cascading in a long fall. His body was so hard. So perfect. The air on her nipples added to her arousal, the wind teasing her over her body like fingers.

Dave was slightly shocked to hear a growl rumbling in his chest and throat. He felt like a mad animal, consumed by l\*\*t and love, a need to be inside her so strong he brought his hands to her hips and, using his strength, pushed her hips down hard, impaling her on his thick shaft. He felt her body sheath his, drawing him in, so hot and tight and wet, gripping and squeezing and taking his breath.

As he drove upward, he felt the resistance of her body, her breath slamming out of her lungs, and the thrill of pleasure in her mind that went from b\*\*\*\*\*s to belly to her hot core so that her muscles clamped around him hard. The pleasure burst through him, shook him, consumed him until nothing mattered but driving deep into her, over and over, feeling the hot clasp of her body, the tight, burning sheath gripping at nerve endings, determined to drag his release right out of him.

Her body tightened. She shuddered, her eyes going wide. A whimper slipped from her throat. As his hands forced her down, she moved her hips in a tight circle, riding him, rising and

falling, matching the intensity of his frantic rhythm while her body coiled tighter and tighter around his. Her body was scorching hot now, a fire that roared through his veins and pulled every part of him to the center of his body. Mind and blood and strength. Building ... building. He heard her moan, and his body jerked in response. He knew she was close. That soft sound was a musical symphony to him, a song he played in his mind, and he wished he could transfer to the keys on the piano and hold forever to him.

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Chapter 42 – Ending Another rising moan. Chelsea chanted his name. Soft. A whimper. She threw her head back again, her soft hair sliding over his arms, her face flushed with arousal. Dave loved her like that. That perfect moment before her body clamped down like a vise on his, drawing out his hot release. Her unknowing song, her heat. The look on her face. It all combined to give him a fierce, primitive satisfaction and added to the wicked pleasure swamping his own body.

The first wave hit her hard, consuming her. He drove deep, his shaft stretching her tight channel. A ripple went through her, from her womb to her belly and up to her b\*\*\*\*\*s. He actually felt it. Another loud moan and her entire body locked around him, a vise that clamped down so hard for a moment that he couldn’t separate pain from pleasure. She

shuddered again as another wave built. He felt the contraction move through her, through him, swelling like the tide, a shock wave jolting outward from her feminine sheath, surrounding him, vibrating through him. He felt her heartbeat against his.

He thrust again, heard her soft cry, her moan crashing in his ears, and then there was that moment, that perfect, glorious moment when he felt the power coil in his body, gathering,

and his blood roared-the sound of thunder-racing up through his body, his b\*\*\*s tightening, his shaft rocketing pulse after pulse of hot seed deep so that his body shuddered with hers as the burning pleasure washed over him and her tight muscles gripped him hard, milking his shaft until he was empty. For a moment, everything blurred around him, and he felt spent, deliriously happy, and totally, completely at peace. Chelsea pressed her face into his shoulder while her body trembled with aftershocks, each quake rushing through his body like an electrical current, spiralling pleasure through him. He waited for the air to come back into his lungs and for his legs to get their strength back. He kept his body tight in hers.

“I dreamed about you for years, Chelsea, of this, taking you over and over. I love hearing your moans and that little whimper you give when you can’t talk anymore. Your eyes go unfocused and you have this s\*\*y as hell dazed look on your face. I see you like that every time I close my eyes and my shaft gets hard as a rock and I’m desperate to be inside of you, I see you soaring into another place.”

He stroked his hands over the curve of her bottom, revelling in the feel of her soft skin. “I swear, Chelsea, you really were made for me. We fit. You’re so d\*\*n perfect I lose my mind when I touch you.” Chelsea licked at the hollow of his damp shoulder and then pressed kisses up his shoulder to his neck. She nibbled and bit at him, her body moving in languid circles, still coming down from her powerful o\*\*\*\*m. “You make me feel as if I’m flying,” she admitted, her voice drowsy. “I’d better get you inside before you catch a cold out here.” “Christie says the cold air doesn’t give you a cold. Germs do,” she murmured, snuggling closer to him, not attempting to put her feet on the ground. “Besides, can’t you feel? I’m still

hot.”

DD-42 Ending

“Scorching,” he agreed. “And you’ll always be that way to me.” She moved her hips in another long, slow circle that sent waves of pleasure rippling over him. He was grateful she was so petite. It was obvious he was going to be carrying her inside. He managed to find the door handle and get it open, and he staggered in through the bedroom, collapsing on top of the mattress. Chelsea kissed his neck again and rolled away from him, her naked body sprawled across the bed.

“You think you’re going to sleep?”

“Mmm.”

Dave laughed and went back to retrieve their clothes and the blanket. He stood over her for a long time, wondering at the miracle that had been handed to him.

Chelsea stirred, turned over, and opened her delicate eyes. Her gaze moved over his face. She held out her hand to him. Chelsea with her soft, welcoming body and a mouth made in heaven. Chelsea with her loving heart.

“Turn toward me,” he instructed softly. She obeyed him without question, without hesitation, uncaring that she was tired, only wanting to give him whatever he needed. She made him humble with her generosity. He pushed his pillow away and laid his head level with her b\*\*\*\*s. Soft. Warm. Amazing. One arm circled her waist and he pulled her body to his, sliding one leg between hers. His hand slipped over the curve of her bottom, memorising the texture and shape of her before sliding up her thigh to cup her warm mound. He waited, but Chelsea didn't protest. “God, baby, I love you.” He whispered the admission against her throat, kissing his way to her breast. He felt her heartbeat. Her breast was warm and soft as he gently covered it with his mouth, tongue sliding over her nipple. He felt the answer ripple against his hand. “I love how you want me, Chelsea.” “Always,” she murmured, pressing a kiss against the top of his head. She drifted on a tide of pleasure as he suckled at her breast, his fingers exploring hidden shadows.

“Will you marry me?” Dave asked.

Chelsea smile. “Yes.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Two hours later, they were back at their place. It's Chelsea's turn to pick a movie, which means Dave has time to take a shower because it always takes her a ridiculously long time to decide what she wants to watch. He wandered into the living room ten minutes later to find her snuggled, fiddling with her phone. Her mouth falls open when she sees him. “Oh my God, Dave. Why are you naked?”

“I don't like shirts.”

“What about pants?” she raised a brow. “Got something against those too?”

Dave crosses the room and drops his naked a\*s on the couch, then grabs the edge of the blanket and throws it over his lower body. Chelsea watches him in amusement.

“What?” Dave says defensively. “I've never met anyone who's so anti-clothes. It's so weird.”



He takes her hand and brings it under the blanket. Placed it directly on his semi-hard shaft.” Weird, or awesome?”

She rubs her thumb around the head of his shaft, and then sighs. “Awesome,” she amends.

“So what’d you pick?” He gestures to the TV screen, all the while enjoying the slow, lazy strokes beneath the blanket.

“Oh, you’ll like this one!” Her hand stills as she turns to beam at me. “It won an Oscar.” A groan slips out. “No, baby doll. No. I refuse to watch another one of your ‘Oscar winners.’”

She clicks the remote with her free hand, and his eyes widen in delight.

“The Exorcist?” He blurted out. “The f\*\*\*\*\*g Exorcist?” The hand job he was getting doesn’t even register anymore. He was too pumped that she chose a horror movie, and Little Dave is paying the price for his non-sexual-based happiness. “See what a good fiance I am? I’m all about the compromises.” She grins. “This relationship rocks.”

“D\*\*n right it does.” He kisses her cheek and then sucks in a breath when something occurs to him.

“What is it?” she says, concerned.

He turned to her with even wider eyes. “Dear...are we boring?”

Chelsea raised another eyebrow. “Did you really just ask that?”

“Yes, I f\*\*\*\*\*g asked that.” He waved a hand around the room. “Look at us. It’s Friday night, and we’re on the living room couch, talking about how great our relationship is. That’s the most boring thing we could be doing.” He sighs loudly. “Is this our life now? Doomed to stay

in and cuddle every night? Is the excitement over?”

“The excitement isn’t over,” she assures him.

“Are you sure? Because it kinda feels like-”

“Hey.” Catherine’s voice cuts him off, and they both look up to see her standing in the doorway

“Yes, dear sister?” He wrinkled his brow. “I thought you were hanging out with the kids tonight.” “Plans char! “She enters the room, taking in the sight of them under the blanket. “Is Jane around?”

He shook his head. "Nope."

"S\*\*t." She drops her hand to her side. Her strained expression is alarming. So is the way she keeps shifting her feet like she can't find the right position she wants to be in.

"Everything okay?" Chelsea asks lightly

DOLCE 42 Ending

Catherine hesitates. "I... D\*\*n it. I was hoping the others would be home so I could tell everyone at once."

"Tell us what?" Dave's uneasiness grows.

"I...uh..." She stops and closes her mouth. She opens her mouth. Stop again. Then she lets out a breath that sounds like it's sucked right out of her soul. "I'm having a baby again."

Silence crashes over the room.

From the corner of Dave's eye, he saw the wide o of Chelsea's mouth. Her shock is as palpable as his.

Like an idiot, Dave stares at his sister's abdomen for a good ten seconds. "You're having a baby? Again?" Dave's mind continues to spin like a carousel. It was never bad news.

Catherine meets his confused eyes and says, "Yes, Dave, and it's a triplet..."

And beside him, Chelsea starts to laugh.

He swivels his head toward her, but her laughter keeps sputtering out, low and wheezy until finally she catches her breath and gives me a wry look. "The excitement is over, huh?" The End