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# BILLIONAIRE'S ACCIDENTAL WIFE

## Chapter 10

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Sebastian could then do with the information what he saw fit, delivering it to the higher ups, or possibly

someone else if necessary. Levi really just wanted to be the delivery boy and be done with it at this

point. He'd been thinking about it for a long time.

He shook his head to shake off the chill and flicked the gas from his vehicle down the final hundred

yards to the clearing and the promise of a warm bed, a nice meal, and a good night's sleep.

Levi felt he heard another disturbance in the woods, possibly a second deer. Whatever it was, he didn't

hear it again, but his nerves were on edge until he entered the clearing and heard voices within the Têxt © NôvelDrama.Org.

small building.

He got out of his jeep and walked up to the modern wood inn. Blood rushed through his legs, causing a

tingling feeling throughout his entire body. He bent down toward his toes and stretched to restore

normal circulation before standing up straight and fastening the satchel at his side.

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As he headed toward the door, he took the gun from the belt attached to his seat and propped it over his shoulder.

Levi pressed against the door, which squeaked open with a loud, gritty screech that would have scared any animal brave enough to venture too close to the inn.

There was a countertop to the left of the fireplace inside. A big dark iron kettle rested over a

smouldering mound of crimson coals, steam billowing up from the top, as expected. The odours he'd

noticed outside were far more potent indoors. His stomach grumbled once again as the steak, onions,

peppers, and other veggies simmered. There was one patron sitting at the bar with a half-full glass in

one hand, probably filled with cold beer of some kind.

Levi smiled when he noticed Mrs. Goldsmith standing behind the counter.

"Madame, good evening. I

hope everything is going well for you. How are the grandkids?" She gave him a friendly grin that was

tinged with anxiety. "Sir Levi, they are good... in school now," she said, with a friendly Spanish accent.

At least Levi felt the sound was pleasant. He appreciated his visits to this location and wished he could

do it more frequently. The "Montblanc," as the locals called it, provided plenty of outdoor adventure and

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natural beauty.” It’s great to see you again,” she grumbled, extending her arms as if to hug him but without coming over the bar to do so. “Can I get you something?” “I’ll have a beer or something stronger if you have one, and some of that fine stew I see cooking back there.” He took off his pack and set it next to a chair at a little square table off to the side of the room. There was a window close by, though the shutters were closed. He thought it odd but didn’t make any mention of it. There was no need to have the windows shut. It was a beautiful night out, and there were no clouds in the sky. Then maybe the Goldsmiths were just attempting to make the property feel cosy so that any visitors who stopped in would want to remain.

“Do you have my regular room?” Levi inquired.

Mrs. Goldsmith nodded as she finished pouring beer into a large glass. She handed him the frothy drink and placed it on the table. “Sure do. If you want it, it’s clean and ready.” She sounded upbeat. Perhaps business has been slow recently. Their outpost was in the middle of nowhere, which might be a good thing or a bad one. A facility like this could be a lifeline for someone who is tired and desperate after a long trip. Then again, how many of those passed through this area?

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The path was notorious for rape, theft, and murder. The bandits who lived in its forests and

neighbouring hills were infamous for their cruelty. Levi could handle them as long as they weren't too

numerous. He'd once taken on four robbers on his own, killing two and maiming the other two for life.

He'd never told anyone about it, but he believed the two surviving bandits would take care of it. When

travelling on dangerous highways, it never hurts to have a little tale about you spreading "Where are

you headed, Sir?" Mrs. Goldsmith asked as she returned to the fireplace and picked up a bowl. She

grabbed a long wooden spoon and dipped it into the iron pot, scooping out a hefty portion of stew.

"Sebastian... I miss the bastard," he said. His right hand slipped down to the satchel again, fingers

rubbing over the worn leather. "I have to meet with him." She grinned at him and placed a spoon in the

bowl of steaming food. "You know he's not in the corps anymore, right? I heard he went into hiding

again... Or has being out in the wilderness knocked you out of your senses?"

He chuckled as she set the bowl down on the table in front of him. He rifled through a coin

and produced enough money to cover the meal, the room, and a little extra.

Levi had always been

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generous when it came to his accommodations and the people providing them. Maybe it was due to the fact he didn't care about money or material possessions. That was one of the most stressful facets of being a ranger. He felt more at home in a small cabin or in a tent in the forest. Civilian life, it seemed, was better suited for someone else.

Sebastian had seemed to adapt to it fairly well, but not Levi. "I wish that were the case," he said.

"Unfortunately, I've been imprisoned behind a desk these last few years. There's been almost no time for adventure, save for when I come through these parts."

"You sure have a lot of courage to be travelling the trail at night, that's for sure." "Courage or

foolishness," the patron at the bar said, his voice full of gravel. He was an older man with a greying

beard that stretched down to the top of his chest. His wiry hair protruded from beneath a leather cap.

An old winter coat hung on the back of the chair behind him. Levi couldn't make out the stranger's face,

but something about the voice sounded vaguely familiar. Probaby a Russian but he was not sure

Levi didn't take it personally. "Perhaps both," he said, clutching the handle of his mug and taking a long

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swallow of the ale. He was pleasantly delighted to discover that it was cooler than predicted. Beer

tended to be a little warm in the summer, which was excellent for getting drunk but not so great for the

entire tasting and drinking experience. Beers and malts were much colder and more flavorful in the fall and winter.

Before placing it down, he drained about half the glass.

Levi's drinking had become the norm. Some of his mates were concerned that he'd developed a

problem. He did, in fact, have a problem. The only thing that took his mind off it was drinking. As far as

he could remember, his anxiety had been at an all-time high. It began after he returned home from the

mission, when he realised he would no longer be an outdoorsman or a soldier. He'd be a stooge for

propaganda.

That was half of it. The other half came from the knowledge laid bare in the important documents at his

side. What would Sebastian say? What would he do? Would he give the information to someone else?

If so, what would happen after that? Maybe it was nothing. Maybe the secret he'd discovered in the

west was no big deal, something that could be brushed aside. Deep down, he knew that wasn't the

case.

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He scooped up a spoonful of the stew, blew it off to cool, and then shoved it into his mouth. Levi took a second to enjoy the salty and savoury flavors. He chewed a piece of beef and then swallowed before splashing another dose of ale down his throat. Then he repeated the process, making quick work of the hearty stew.

Levi hadn't realised how hungry he truly was until the food was set in front of him.

Mrs. Goldsmith was cleaning a mug when she looked up to see him finish the meal. "Hungry, were you?"

"Yes, madam. I suppose I was... this one looks amazing."

"Would you like another bowl? On the house?"

"You never gave me anything in the house," the Russian grumbled.

"And you never paid the way Levi does, you ingrate." He muttered something under his breath and then

took another swig from his mug. Levi laughed at the exchange. Then he hefted his glass and finished

off the beer "Thank you, madam," he said and stood. "I appreciate the hospitality. I'm exhausted,

though, and need some rest." "Should I show you to your room?" He smiled weakly. "No, thank you. I'm

fine, and besides, you're busy." The inn wasn't large. It consisted of one floor with the kitchen and bar

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in the main area, and some smaller guest rooms at the other end of the building. Levi had always stayed in the same room and didn't know what the others looked like, though he figured they were identical. He knew that Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith occupied one of the rooms. "Have a good night, siri." "Thank you so much. He turned and headed to the door on the left, but he couldn't help but detect an odd tone in her voice at her last sentence. It sounded almost... dangerous. A warning. He had to be insane. It was only an overactive imagination caused by a lack of sleep and being on the road for far too long. Nothing a good night's sleep in a nice bed can't fix.

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Levi opened the door, entered the bedroom, and shut it behind him.