

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 18 “Mr Richmond, these are my problems and my family. You don't have any right to get yourself tangled up with my own concerns.”

“How naive can you get, Miss Brown?”

“Please stay away from my problems. I'm keeping things going. You have a company to worry about. This COVID 10 will take a toll in the hotel industry. We must get ready” came out in a sigh. The muscles between her shoulder blades pulled taut.

His expression loosened up as he stared at her. “How are you really? You looked tense.” Shawn thought he knew Miss Brown was anxious about her brother, a lucky bastard Shawn never had someone like her to worry about him. Aside from his grandfather, his many cousins and relatives were nothing but leeches and parasites. In his 30 years of existence, he and his relatives had lived a privileged, wealthy life, but he lacked security and love. For them, he was nothing but an ATM. However, Shawn's upbringing has been one of constant power games and betrayals. He now runs his family's fortune as the CEO, and yet many see him as cold – hearted and standoffish, but that's just to protect himself because he was nothing but weak and alone.

He was so alone that when this woman in front of him accidentally married him two years ago, he didn't have the heart to divorce her. He even took her as his secretary, just because he didn't want to be alone anymore. Now, he even offered her his mansion. After his grandfather's critical situation and his stage four lung cancer, the old man became bold. Yes, Shawn was believed to be the cruelest businessman in the city, and he had a sharp mind and had his own set of secrets. He was frail and frequently ill from birth, but to his grandfather he was nothing but still a child. The old man had a wish and wanted to see his grandson marry a caring, wonderful woman before he died, and he was rooting for Catherine. Could he ever tell Miss Brown that it was the reason why he offered her her job back? No! It was too risky and for now, he had to wait for his grandfather to get a little bit better before asking the old man to stay here in the mansion and tell him everything about him and Catherine.

She mumbled, “Tense? I'm not tense, Mr. Richmond.” Tense? She was more than tense. She was worried, stressed, and wet at the same time. Anyway, opening up about her true emotions came as natural to Catherine as peeling the skin off a fuckin' durian, but there was no way on earth she should be peeling it in front of Shawn. She'd agreed to stay and work here. There was nothing in the contract about hanging around with her boss while she was here.

“Oh really now, Miss Brown? Why do I feel like you're lying?”

“I'm fine, and I'd like to freshen up,” She nudged her chair away from the table, excused herself, and walked away. Sliding into the warm spray of the shower, she wished the water would rejuvenate her tangled muscles,

Her hand trembled when she reached for the strawberry shampoo. The pink bottle slipped through her fingers, clashing with her foot, she dropped the vanilla-scented soap no less than two times. “Dammit!”

A while later, after so many swear words and a Britney Spears song, she towelled off, towed

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her hair in a tight ball, and picked up her wooden bamboo toothbrush. However, the

band of her hair fell, her hand with the toothbrush hit the mirror, and landed in the sink in four pieces. "F**k!"

Battling back tears of frustration, she scooped up the pieces and threw them into the bathroom bin. She found a new toothbrush and brushed her teeth furiously, as if she was battling a demon tooth. Catherine settled into her bed and booted up the laptop, took the new tablet, and checked her boss's schedule for tomorrow: meeting, lunch, more meetings, and a dinner party. She shoved loose ringlets of hair out of her eyes and powered up her computer. She was willing to put up with his huge, hot, massive, giant bulges for that long if it meant saving her brother's art.

Wait, what? I must be so crazy to even think about it. She thought to herself. The laptop's screen was black. What now? It was not booting up? She unplugged it, pulled the charger out, then back in, and tried again.

Nothing. F**k it! What the hell... Dammit! She couldn't boot up her laptop correctly anymore? D**n those bulges. The second attempt gave the same outcomes. She searched her laptop bag and quickly realized she didn't bring the charger cord either. She'd packed in too big a hurry. She left it in the office?

Obstructed and disappointed, she pressed the heels of her hands against her eyes and screamed. "Ahhh!" Why does everything have to be so impossible lately? Was she cursed? Those bulges were cursed?

"Ahhhhhh!"

A few calming breaths later, she grabbed her mobile phone and began to call Chelsea. Before she could dial in her number, Shawn knocked on the open door. His phone was to his ear. Her heart stammered as she paused for him to say something. He mumbled a few "uh-huh's into the receiver, then focused on her. He said, holding out his mobile phone. "There's someone you should talk to. Your brother." "What? Are you sure it's him? It can't be. He's not speaking with anyone. He was not even answering my calls. "Well, yes, I'm sure. His mind has changed." "Seriously? He blocked my calls," she mumbled, still perplexed.

"Talk to him now. That won't arise again. I think you'll find he's prepared to talk to you now."

How on earth? Catherine didn't waste another second trying to comprehend how Shawn had toiled to create this wonder. She received the phone, and she left her and closed the door, winking at her at the same time.

"That the hell is wrong with you, Dave? Where the hell are you? I'm going to kill you... Hey, answer me... What's going on?"

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An enormous sigh hissed. "Cath, forgive... I have no choice... I'm sorry. I figured I'd hit the door before telling you, because I know you'll start worrying about me, even more so for a change... I keep it from you, I thought I could sell the art as soon as possible. Then I'll return your savings. I'm sorry."

"How dare you? I don't care about the money. OK, maybe a little, but are you lying to me about Scotland? That's unforgivable. Where are you now? Don't do that to me again ever. Okay?" Another painful breath. "I won't... I'm back at our apartment... your husband."

"What?"

"Mr. Richmond, I mean, he told me," another sigh, ".. and wait a minute, why the f**k are

you married to him? i thought you hated the man-

“Shut up Dave... This is not about me. This is about you.” “Oh yeah?”

“Dave, stop this nonsense. I’ll tell you when I see you. Okay? We are not even yet, you arsehole... But are you OK now? Want me to come over?” She feigned again, figuring he needed encouragement more than absolute truth. Catherine didn’t know how to quit. Thank God she had her mother’s inherited cynical sentiment.

“Cathy, I’m sorry. I promised to turn the money back.”

“It’s OK. Just use it wisely. You are my only family, Dave. Please take care of yourself and stay away from trouble.” Catherine couldn’t bear to think about her brother giving up. But he knew he was not going down without a fight. His art was his everything. But why couldn’t he fight alone? If not for himself, then for her. Of course, she didn’t tell him that.

“I will be saving again for our future, maybe a holiday in the Bahamas,” Dave muttered with confidence she didn’t own. At least she knew why he’d tried to push her away. It was his way of protecting her from his own ruins. Tears burned Catherine’s eyes. “I- I looking forward to that... But I need you, and not in the pits of debt, Dave. Nothing else matters. Just be safe and continue your dream. I have trust in you.” Her voice quivered. “I didn’t mean to upset you. Cathy, think about what you’re doing though. You’ve spent too much on me already, I’m so guilty.” She wiped a tear as it streaked down her cheek. For now, get some rest. You’re all I’ve got in the world. Don’t give up hope. Believe you’re going to sell all your art and you will.” 1 “I hope so.” With the energy drained from her, Catherine hung up the phone. Her mind was racing. With her laptop battery dead, work was out of the question. She was entangled in two situations and was not legible enough to be helpful. Not exhausted enough to nap. She put on her robe and snatched her sleepers. The heater hadn’t kicked on in the bedroom since she’d been inside. The chill had increased to the point of being terrible. It must be about to snow again as she watched the distant lake, now misted with white snow. Catherine sighed at the breathtaking landscape. It felt as if the long summer days lingered in her memories,

wa
nature rested its rainbow palette. It brings out the colors of the lakeshore and woodland in the lake place, soothing her heart in a quiet reflection

She managed to put on a winter jacket and jeans and decided to leave her room to search for him. She needs to ask him about her work schedule that officially starts tomorrow II for no other reason than to ask how he got her brother to speak with her so quickly

It didn’t take long to find him in the kitchen. He wore running shorts. His shirt was off. His body gleamed with a thin radiance of sweat from a workout. Was he not even cold/ From the window, she could see the snow creeping in like dust already

Attention skittered across her restless nerves, D**n, the man was really hot Desire and warm feelings circled like a whirlpool, centering between her thighs, Catherine fought against the unwanted sexual emotions overwhelming her. She was never like this to Jason, yet to Shawn she felt like a teenager again. 1

In a heart beat, the distance between them vanished. A moan fled before she could suppress it Catherine needed to strengthen self-control. She willed her body to loosen up

Before she could mumble a revolt, his strong hand closed on hers and pulled her closer

“Hmp, surprise? Or are you just taking in the scenery? I know one answer... We can get this thing between us gone in a jiffy.” He mumbled, “Let’s work this out; have s*x with me,” as he gazed at her eyes, and just like the outside view, it was beautiful and perfect, like a winter sun that brought out the innocence of the heaven-given snow, as if it were a blank page for his happiness, inviting the feet to play and the spirit to laugh, “In your dreams.” She mumbled, trying to take herself away from those bulging arms. His deep baritone blended with her excitement. She battled against the spurt of wanting his touch and needing his warm body against her. Even after a workout, his scent this close heightened the electric imagination that had ignited in every cell of her body. D**n, she wanted him so badly. She thought to herself.

Disappointedly enough, the warm hands claspings her chest slackened as his arm slid around her waist until his hand rested on the small of her back. She gasped. “What are you doing? Let me go. Mr. Richmond.”

“No, not yet, wifey.” He replied, as he breathed in her strawberry shampooed hair. He had been addicted to her scent and all he ever wanted was to get near her all the time.

“You know what? I love how our bodies weave together and show our deep realities. I say this is body chemistry, it is, and I think for that reason, I’m in my element with you. You bring out my elemental essence, the part of me that is hidden to others. To say that those are puns is a sort of shallow take on it. For me, their connection is as poignant as ours. Don’t you think so?”

What the hell was that? Since when did Mr. Richmond become so poetic.

“Have you been watching romantic movies? Or is that your way of getting the woman in your life to your bed.” 1

“Well, no! As you know, they were the ones who invited me to their bed.” “Of course, I know all of those women. So now you know this. I am not one of those women. Get yourself away from me now, Mr. Richmond. I don’t want to play with you.”

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“Who says we’re playing?” “Come on.”

“Miss Brown, I bet you like it when I kiss your neck.” His head dipped, and his lips pressed gently against her electrified skin as she moaned.

D**n it, Catherine, you are not supposed to moan. You pathetic human. Her inner demons managed to complain, and yet here she was, moaning again. She struggled to breathe against the surge of excitement filling her chest.

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