

# Billionaire's Accidental Wife

## Chapter 2

“S\*\*t!” Catherine mumbled under her breath, ‘Is it too late to back out now, right?’

Shawn turned around and gestured for her to sit down on the couch.

She didn’t look at him, or rather when he was still staring at her, yet of course she did feast on his still wet, water droplets’ back when he turned around and firmly closed the door to his dressing room. ‘D\*\*n those buttcheeks’

She sank into a chair, slipped off her nude one-inch sandals, and realized she was suddenly sweating, not because the air conditioner was warm in this room—in fact, it was too b\*\*\*\*y cold just a few minutes ago, but because she felt like she was in a desert land, devoid of water and thirsty for something.

However, even without him here in the living room, she could feel him. Somewhere close, always watching, “Hell, I’m getting crazy. I need to stop those images.”

Catherine wiped off her invisible makeup and waited, her heart beating, her lungs barely breathing. She knew he was near, and she was uncomfortable, anxious, and couldn’t think straight. Shawn must have known, too, that she was not comfortable, right?

A fine mist streamed under the door, collecting in a spiral close to her. She held her breath. Instantly, the handsome, ruthless ex-boss of hers shimmered into a solid mass beside her. Her heart slammed. Of course, she was just exaggerating his appearance in the doorway as he raised his brows towards her. Yes, she was unbelievably daydreaming of some vampire trying to taste her warm blood. ‘Oh for the love of God, this is getting too crazy.’ She thought to herself. She better be thinking straight now or risk pouncing on those delicious red lips of her ex-boss, slash secret husband.

Up close, Shawn was frightening and shockingly hot. ‘Oh my God, why didn’t I notice how enormously powerful this man, before?’

His finely chiseled features were seductive, hard, yes, very hard. And long, and thick, and... ‘Stop staring at him, Catherine...’

Oh hell, I might need a shower later, a very cold shower.

Looking at the man who appeared to be smirking at her, and knowing that he had his fair share of countless victories in battles over women, those skinny-to-the-bone Victoria Secret models. And looking at him now, he had this set of confidence that his broad shoulders and the fierce composure of his face couldn’t deny. He was strikingly handsome and immeasurably intimidating at the same time.

Did she mention huge? Yes, she did, so many f\*\*\*\*\*g times.

Catherine's tongue touched her suddenly parched, dry lips. "So, Miss Brown, here you are... hmm, too awkward to even look at me. May I remind you that you did not knock?"

"May I remind you that you did not lock the door either, Mr. Richmond?" She fought back, then gasped when she realized what she had done. F\*\*k, goodbye 'take my job back'. The man must have thought that she had the nerve to answer back.

But who the hell cares? She saw him naked! And I saw his...

Shawn's body clenched at the sound of her voice. It was warm, soft, and shy all at the same time, yet it had an edge of sarcasm that he missed. After all, she had been her loyal secretary for years, and he knew when she was nervous or when she was just utterly annoyed.

Nonetheless, what never left his mind was her half-naked body yesterday when he went to her small apartment to tell her that they need to talk. Those little flappy towels did nothing to cover that magnificent beauty that she kept hidden for years, and he wasn't even aware of it, not that he remembered their s\*x escapade two years ago. After all, they were both drunk.

However, hearing her words now seemed to seep through his skin, wrapping around his heart and, most likely, his d\*\*k. "Miss Brown, I could do nothing other than to tell you that this is my suite, my hotel, so you know I can do whatever I like and I think you know that, right?"

"Of course I know that Mr. Richmond," She recognized his annoyance from a mile away, so she relented, and her little dismay showed in her soft, rich cobalt eyes.

Shawn's hard mouth softened, his deep ocean blue eyes warming at her needless dismay as he sat on the single couch on her left side. "So about what I have in mind: Let's go back to the issues at hand. As you already know, this COVID-19 has made a mess, especially in the hotel industry. So what I'm asking you to do is to come back and work for me again, but this time, until the COVID protocol is lifted, you work at..."

She intruded, "You mean, you want me to work at home?"

"Yes, and no. What I have in mind is that you work with me, but in the comfort of my home."

"What?! Are you kidding me?" Did she hear him right? How the hell could she manage not to stare at those bulges in his home? And the comfort of his home? Nothing is comforting about it.

“No, Miss Brown, do I look like I have time to joke around? I made a promise to you yesterday that I would give you your job back, and I fully intend to honor it.” His voice dropped another octave, his eyes consuming her as he spoke. “Work with me, you won’t regret it, and besides, I know you, and I trust you.”

Oh really? But not enough that he fired her, right? Without even seeking the truth first? How could he manage to believe the w\*\*\*e’s lies? Without a doubt, it was disappointing, not just because the b\*\*\*h accused her of giving outsourced data to their rivals, but because Mr. Richmond knew better that she would never commit such fraud. Yet he b\*\*\*\*y fired her a\*s just because the b\*\*\*h couldn’t get her hands off of him.

Man-w\*\*\*e!

But wait, oh my god, did he really mean it? But he never apologized to her, right?

“Wait a minute, Mr. Richmond. You mean, I’m going to work with you in your mansion?”

“Yes,” he replied immediately.

“How about your current secretary?” She asked while her brows furrowed. After all, the b\*\*\*h was the reason she got fired.

“Do not worry about it. I have already fired her.”

Oh really now? Tired of so-many-blow-job? She thought to herself, then asked, “Why? I thought you liked her so much that you believed her words more than mine... I mean, not that I’ve worked my b\*\*t off for years and...”

“I know that Miss Brown, and it came to my knowledge recently, the w\*\*\*e, tricked me into firing you so she could have me. But do not worry, the job is still yours.” He smirked, looking at how his secret wife raised her eyebrows and gaped at his words.

‘The nerve of a b\*\*\*\*y man’. Catherine thought to herself, that Shawn was indeed had a huge inflated ego, worth a f\*\*\*\*\*g planet, yet she felt her heart jump again. Every cell in her body cried out to just say yes. His gaze was a smoldering heat she could not resist. There was so much hunger in him, such dark intensity, burning for her. The devil tempted her.

Resolutely, she shook her head. “I’m not sure about your offer—”

Mr. Richmond stopped her words by simply enveloping her smaller hand with his. When did he come so close to where she sat?

But it all went to waste, her mind racing somewhere far beyond her common sense.

His touch sent darts of fire racing up her limbs and through her body, taking the very breath from her lungs. “I grow weary of knowing that I have fired my best and most loyal secretary, and those lies weren’t welcome in my office. Hearing how she managed to trick me into firing you was beyond me, and I apologize.”

‘Oh, b\*\*\*\*y hell,’ she said, gaping for sure. The man never, ever apologized, and yet he did. F\*\*\*\*\*g now, while his hands burned on hers.

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