

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 30 Thirty minutes later, Shawn shook his head, trying to forget what Dave said before he went to the door. He decided to evaluate the reception at the ballroom instead.

There was, at least, a bartender in the mini-bar behind the pink and white garland-covered area. He thought that the more he needed to have another drink, the more confused he got. Looking at the grandeur of the reception, he sighed and signaled a drink to the bartender. He sat at the white table and looked at the expensive flowers and sweet-scented candles. The bartender glanced up at him, then went back to his duties after giving him his drink and continuing his conversation with the man in a dark suit sitting on a stool at the minibar drinking.

Shawn saw no waitress. Everyone was busy in the reception main ballroom, but obviously someone had waited on the men in the booth, so he figured the waitress would be right back or the bartender doubled and waited tables too.

He looked up as someone cleared their throat near him. He nodded. It was Dave and Jane's husband, with a toddler in his hand, eating a huge neon oblong candy. Dave nodded and sat beside him with a heavy sigh. He was wearing a white shirt but with a truly outlandish tie. On his feet was expensive leather. What made Shawn smile was that he had a neon candy stain over his left shirt arm and he had the silliest bore look on his face. "I swear the ladies will kill me one of these days. They couldn't even stop talking about lipstick and the color of the shade of those... ah-mascara, whatever it was. I'm so bored!"

"Don't worry, ten minutes more and the ceremony will begin. Because Catherine deserves the limelight as well, I decided to change the venue rather than have it in my library. The media was in a frenzy." He said and looked at the little boy. Shawn couldn't help but stare at the child and his beautiful dimple. He was probably three to four years old, unaware of the messy candy residue in his mouth. "Hey! Uncle S-Shawn," Simon grumbled under his breath, licked his lips, and offered Shawn two different kinds of candy. "Want some? The beautiful waitress gave it to me, so I'll stop asking her."

"Simon, probably because her make-up was so ugly?" Dave added. "Shut up Dave. You are giving him a bad idea. Jane will kill me... And the lady was not ugly. Maybe a little bit... But, Mr. Richmond, please accept my apologies. His mom was busy, and I ended up looking after this young man here." Simon's father mumbled and looked around, then gestured to the bartender and asked for a drink. "Oh, it's nothing. I love kids." Shawn messed up Simon's hair, and Dave halted. "So Shawn, where is the honeymoon? Any plans for a kid yet? I'd love to have little Cathy." While the father and son went to the small seating area minibar provided, Dave asked.

"Shut up Dave. You know better than that!" He smirked, knowing full well that whatever he said earlier had made an impact on her sister's husband.

Then an Asian wedding coordinator grumbled at their back. "Gentlemen, it's time." The two men stood up, with Dave extending his hand to Shawn. The men shook. "I'll tell you one thing," Dave said, "It's going to take some getting used to having a brother-in-law that's way more annoying than your wife." The laughter that followed broke the tension. Jane's husband and son took the opportunity to go, leaving the two alone. Dave caught Shawn glancing again at the old Vegas wedding ring on his hand.

"It's the right thing, Shawn. She will take care of you with all she has. She wanted your grandfather to be happy, and guess what? I was the best man for you then, and I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't think it was the right thing now. But hurt my sister and you'll know to never mess up with me." Dave added.

Shawn looked at him in the eyes, nodded and watched his grandfather in the wheelchair being escorted by his private nurse as he smiled and nodded his head. "Can I just have a minute alone, Dave?"

"Sure, we can't start this without you anyway. Take all the time you need."

Shawn watched Dave and the coordinator leave quietly. He didn't doubt his intention for Catherine or his grandfather's love for him. He just... He will miss him. Looking at his frail body, the pain in his heart heightened. Earlier, they had a long talk about what the old man wanted for the company, about him having a family soon, about having children, and looking at Simon's made it all the more difficult because he knew Catherine wouldn't agree to another contract, especially one that would involve having a child. Why was it so difficult to make things right? In the business world, all he needed was money, power, and confidence and he could have anything he wanted, but with Catherine, everything was too difficult.

Shawn went to his grandfather and gently kissed him on the forehead. "Ready, old man?" "I was born ready, Shawn! How about you? You looked scared, young man." "Yes, grandfather, I am more than scared." He smirked as the old man checked him once again, "... of course you are, I felt the same. Go now! It's normal to get scared." They hugged briefly, then headed for the main ceremonial area, pushing his grandfather's wheelchair.

At seven o'clock, the guests were all waiting for the newlyweds to enter the ballroom where the reception was being held. The not-so-private ceremony ended a while ago, but one of the yoga girls popped in afterward with the update that they were taking some pictures and would come down shortly.

The ballroom currently holds about fifty guests with pink facemasks, many of whom were the bride's yoga classmates, Shawn's associates, and some of the media in all their fitted suits. Not Dave, obviously. He rocks a suit like nobody's business. Jane and Chelsea were wearing a pastel -pink dress that matches their eyes and silver stilettos

that give Jane some height and make Chelsea's legs look endless. Dave couldn't take his eyes off of her. After all, it was no secret that he once had a little crush on Chelsea, and she dwindled it down before it became too

awkward. Her blonde hair was pulled back in an elegant twist, revealing the diamond studs in her ears.

"Are you drooling, Dave?" Jane asked with a smirk.

"Shut up!"

"You are too obvious. Aren't you over her yet? Jesus, that was a long time ago, and still, you fancy her? Yes?"

"I swear Jane if you won't shut up, I'll give Simon more sweets... you won't like it." "Fine enough, but wait, is this from the new Brioni Vanquish II collection?" Jane asked, running her small hands over the front of my very expensive suit jacket. Well, fine, it wasn't his but given by Shawn, and probably cost more than five of his paintings, but one can't go around pawing at a man's tailored wool, cotton, and silk blend. "Yes," he answered smugly. "Jealous?" "Yes, John Cena, I'm so jealous," Jane replied, dramatically rolling her eyes. Then she sighed, "Actually, yeah, I kind of am. You look better than I do tonight." "Thank you for acknowledging that," he said with a wink. Chelsea came to their side and shook her head. "You two are crazy." "Ignore her," Jane told Dave. "She doesn't understand expensive clothing the way we do, because, for her, she wears it f*****g every day anyway." She was right. Chelsea would be happy ignoring and not acknowledging expensive brand clothing for the rest of her life because she was used to it. She would never be amazed by a designer wardrobe as they did. But it was one of the many things Jane and he had in common, along with their boring taste for clothing. Yet, it was nice to have Chelsea back after her long weeks of modeling work in New York. After her contract there next month, she will move here.

"I can't wait till we're both in the city together again," Chelsea said, but wait, where is Hugh? Was he not invited?" as if reading Jane's mind. Dave replied, "actually, I saw him earlier at the mini bar, alone and drowning in the expensive wine. *Maybe* trying to think about that stupid hard yoga post again."

Chelsea corrected him, her expression shining brighter. "You're just jealous because we are all crushing over him."

"Oh, hell no! He looks gay to me."

"Of course not!" Jane and Chelsea grumbled at the same time.

A murmur rippled through the crowd.

"They're here," someone said from behind them. "Everyone, don't take off the f****g mask The paparazzi are on the way. We don't want to be bullied on F*****k for not wearing a mask " Jane added. The two rolled their eyes and adjusted their face masks.

All gazes focus on the wide double doors in the arched doorway. A minute later, they hurled open, and Sarah skidded into the ballroom looking like an angel diva in a pink little dress with a full skirt, silver and pink tiara seamed into her ginger hair, and a beaming smile on her cute

little face, while Simon appeared to be like a prince in his little pink suit.

Then Jane scampered after her kids, reprimanding, "Simon, you were supposed to wait for your sister... Come on, give me that candy." Laughter breaks out, which turns into a sequel of gasps when Catherine and Shawn appear.

"OW... she's so pretty," Chelsea breathes. "I know she possibly dislikes everyone gaping at her, but look at her. She looks so happy."

She was correct. Dave thought his sister looked lovely in a simple white gown with a hollowed neckline, revealing some fine, scrumptious cleavage that he despised. Her golden hair cascaded over one naked, delicate shoulder, with a diamond flower brooch fastened to the side. Shawn stood well over six feet tall and towered over her, even in her incredibly high shoes. As they walk into the ballroom, they hold hands. Shawn was beaming, Catherine was blushing, and Dave deeply envied him at the time. Nonetheless, he was aware that it was due to the numerous paparazzi who were blinding Catherine.

Dave squeezed Chelsea's hand, and when she squeezed back and slanted her head toward him with a smile, his heart clenched tight. "Fancy a date?" He couldn't help whispering the teasing words in her ear.

She laughed softly. "Jerk! No way, you are Cathy's brother. No way I'm breaking your heart. She'll kill me." She answered. For a second, Dave faltered. He wanted to ask her to define "break your heart," but that would have hurt his pride, so he maintained his teasing tone. "I don't know... Maybe I'll be the one breaking your heart, but Cathy disowns me? In fact, I wouldn't be against seeing you break your heart into a million pieces sooner rather than later. You'd be surprised." "Huh? Me? No way! I'll tear your heart into billions of pieces, obviously," she replied, and he grinned. Her confidence rivals his. It was one of the reasons he loved her secretly.

"Want to bet?" Dave graciously. Chelsea's expression grew thoughtful as she studied his face. He didn't know what she glimpsed there, but whatever it was, it carried another laugh to her lips. "You might want to hold off on that. Because no way, you'll win. I mean, it'll probably take you a while to convince Cathy, but the answer is no." His sister? She noted his blank look. "Oh, sweetie," she tsks, blue eyes dancing. "You know

you'd have to ask for her blessing, right?" His stomach sank. Does he have to ask for her blessing to break her best friend's heart? How awful was that?

Oh, hell, yes!

No!

Taking pity on him, Chelsea laced her fingers through Dave's and tugged him forward. "Stop over-thinking it. Come on, let's go congratulate the happy couple."

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 31

Since she was a child, Elizabeth Grant had known she would be the richest, most popular, and best-known among her group of privileged friends.

Young Elizabeth had never had cause to ponder her own importance. Her early years had been a young girl's perfection, right from the very day of her birth. It was true that Elizabeth was the heir to an old and affluent nobility, but unlike most other lordly families, her parents, Lord and Lady Grant were an odd couple. Married without love, they hated each other to death. Both were resentful, rude, and selfish. They saw their daughter's birth not as the arrival of an heir, but rather as that of a child who would save their already failing business and wealth.

And so there were celebrations, fêtes, and festivities other than those of a mother and father staring in wonderment at their new daughter.

The Grants were young parents-Edward was barely twenty-two and Vivian had just turned twenty-but they were practical, ambitious, and strong, and they had ambition for their young daughter Elizabeth with fierceness and commitment that was often seen in their social circles, and they contributed to the prevailing attitude of young Elizabeth.

Growing up being spoiled, aggressive, arrogant, and suspicious. Elizabeth liked to think that her relationship with her parents was business-like, simply because she'd known them as unemotional and untrusting. After all, no matter how long their jovial circle of friends had known their parents, Elizabeth would always have something on them. She was their ticket to save their bankrupt businesses, wealth, and state.

But growing up, everything she did, every accomplishment, every goal, every single hope and dream-it was all for her parents' affection and approval. And then, one day, everything shifted. It was maybe fate, she reflected later, how one's life could change in a minute, how one second everything could be a certain way, and the next it's simply... not.

It happened when Elizabeth was fifteen, home for the summer and preparing for her pajama party. She was to belong to an elite faction of teenagers, as her mother had before her, and her life was as bright and dazzling as any rich fifteen-year-old had a right to enjoy. She had discovered women and the joy and pleasure they brought, more so than those of her past failed relationships with boys, and perhaps more splendidly, they had discovered her. Without her parents' knowledge, she began dating a woman as well, and she was more than happy about it. Unbeknownst to young Elizabeth, her parents at that time were struggling and slowly losing their business empire. Elizabeth did her best not to roll her eyes when she passed her father in the hall talking about ruin and losing their financial ability to host parties. She thought. How impossible was that? Maybe her father was inventing a drama to net her to ston shopping. Right?

Nonetheless, who was she to doubt her father's insight? Maybe he, too, would want more gatherings to display his financial security with his friends.

However, when Elizabeth found out the truth, it was late afternoon. She was returning from a long and bruising ride with one of the girls and had just pushed through the front door of their mansion, the ancestral home of the Grunts, when she saw her mother sitting on the floor. Elizabeth stopped short when she saw her. It was unusual enough that her mother was sitting in the middle of the floor in the main hall. It was even weirder that she was crying.

Lady Vivian never cried.

"Mother," she mumbled hesitantly, too proud to know what to do with a crying mother and wondering if she'd ever learned, "what

But before she could finish his question, her mother lifted her head, and the shattering, heartbreak in her large green eyes cut through her like a knife. Elizabeth stumbled back a step, knowing something was wrong, terribly wrong.

"He's dead," Vivian whispered. "Your father is dead. For a moment, Elizabeth was sure she'd misheard. Her father couldn't be dead. Other people who died young, like her uncle the duke's cousin, had been small and frail. Well, her uncle was at least weaker and feeble than her father.

"No! You're wrong," she told her mother. "You must be wrong, mother. What nonsense are you talking about? Is this about my shopping spree yesterday?"

Lady Vivian shook her head. "His doctor told me, he was... it was a..." Elizabeth knew she shouldn't shake her mother while she sobbed, but she couldn't help herself. "It was what, mother?"

She couldn't help but stare at her for a moment. Finally, her voice hoarse and barely recognizable, she said, "A man doesn't die from stupid heart failure, mother. He is strong as a horse. That's impossible. He is too young to die."

Her mother said nothing, just sat there on the floor, her throat working convulsively as she tried to control her tears.

“He hid it from us...” Lady Vivian said in a hollow voice. “The gardener saw it. One minute he was just standing there, and the next he was... he was...”

Elizabeth felt something very strange building within her, as if her muscles were about to jump through her skin. “The next he was what, mother?”

“Gone.” She looked bewildered by the word, as dazed as she felt.

She left her mother sitting in the hall and took the stairs, two at a time, up to her parents’

master bedroom. Surely her father wasn’t dead. A man couldn’t die from a stupid heart attack, right? It was impossible, utterly foolish. Lord Edward Grunt was young, he was strong. He was tall, his shoulders were broad, his muscles were powerful, and by God, no insignificant heart failure could have killed him. Right?

But when she reached the upstairs hall, she could tell by the three or so housekeepers who were all still that things were bad.

And their sympathizing faces... for the rest of her life she’d be haunted by those pitying faces. She hated being pitied.

She’d thought she’d have to push her way into her parents’ room, but the housekeepers parted as if they were dropped in a f*****g concert, and when she pushed open the door, she knew

The doctor was sitting on the edge of the bed, not doing anything, not even making a sound, just holding her father’s hand as he rocked slowly back and forth. She knew the doctor was his father’s lover, and seeing him almost too miserable for her liking confirmed her suspicion.

Her father was still. Unmoved

She didn’t even want to think about the word.

“Doctor? Is this some kind of a joke?” She choked out. He turned, slowly, as if hearing her voice through a long, long subway.

“What happened?” she whispered. “My father is healthy as a bull.” She shook her head, her eyes hopelessly far away. “He keeps his situation from all of you.” the doctor said. His lips remained parted by an inch or so as if he’d meant to say something more but then ignored it.

Elizabeth took a step forward, her movements were awkward and jerky. "It's impossible! What should I do to pay for my credit card?" She grumbled under her breath, which made the servants gasp at her words. Her debts, her everything?

"He's gone," she finally whispered. "He's gone and ... What h-happened to our b-business? Both my m-mother and I are useless. We will be bankrupt. This is madness." She looked as if she might shatter from the inside out. She choked back the tears that were burning her eyes and stinging her throat. Then again, nobody had looked at her.

Nobody could have known-the doctors kept saying, over and over, that her father died of natural causes until she wanted to strangle them all. Eventually, she got them out of the room, and she put her mother to bed. Then Elizabeth walked into the room where her father's body was still lying and looked at him. She stared at him and glared, watching at him for hours, without blinking..

And when she left the room, she left with a new vision of her own life and new knowledge about her mortality. She will never be like him. She will die in the bed of money.

Edward Grunt had died at the age of thirty-seven, penniless, but Elizabeth promised she would have her own riches no matter what.

Now, at twenty-five, she had reclaimed their wealth, but it was not enough.

And Shawn Richmond was, quite simply, the very center of Elizabeth's world. They dated for months, and soon, the b*****d disregarded her just like his many ex-girlfriends. Of course, he doesn't love the man, though he was her ideal guy, tall, his shoulders were broad, s**y, hot and he could ride a horse as if he'd been born in the saddle. She will go to any length to make Shawn Richmond hers.

However, the topic of him marrying his secretary has, of course, been previously discussed in her social circle, and his wedding became the most talked about topic in town for weeks.

Elizabeth Grunt was once again an issue of ridicule among her mates, those youthful and immature. Yet she flaunted her exploits, behaved with the utmost confidence and thought herself dangerous to men. Shawn's wife, the naive, poor, boring, and tasteless human being, wouldn't see it coming. She would regret ever marrying Shawn Richmond. Yet, Elizabeth plans it carefully, slowly. Now she doesn't show her exploits anymore because she doesn't need to. She knows she will be whispered about by men and women alike, and in fact, she'd rather they didn't whisper about her at all. She doesn't behave like an idiot for the simple reason that she isn't an idiot (any more so than must be expected among all members of the elite). Elizabeth has little patience for the foibles of society, and quite frankly, most of the time, her mother cannot say she blames her.

Looking at the happy faces of the wedding guests, the smiling faces of Shawn Richmond and his bride from a distance and surrounded by paparazzi made Elizabeth's fury twist inside of her. She was a ball of pure anger about to explode with resentment and madness.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 32

Shawn and Catherine were on edge a week later, after their extravagant wedding, they slept separately, ignored each other, and rarely spoke except during office hours. Catherine was fine with it; at least she wouldn't have to hide her situation from him. Thankfully, she had been having mild morning sickness.

Today it was Monday morning and Shawn had been swearing, yelling at his laptop while doing a Zoom meeting online. However, looking at the man who was wearing his favorite white shirt and navy suit... that was a problem. Not because he doesn't look good in it. He absolutely does. For Catherine, Shawn was the hottest guy in existence, and she was not saying that as his wife. Like, objectively, she didn't think a better-looking man existed. And he looked good in anything. Swim trunks, which were her favorite, sweats? He totally killed it in those khakis—he was a walking catalogue model. But when this man put on his designer suits, it was dangerous. Seeing him now, with furrowed brows and a furious face, it was clear that he was a force not to be taken for granted.

As it was, Catherine was having a tough time controlling her libido, blaming it on her pregnancy hormones, which was still a secret, by the way, as she groaned at the sight of that wool and silk-blend jacket stretching across his broad shoulders. The crisp white shirt was unfastened at the top to reveal the strong column of his throat.

But the fact that Shawn was wearing his special occasion suit and had arranged for a romantic lunch at the garden later tells her she has probably messed up something. Big time... Yet, of course, it was still ten in the morning, and their lunch would be around twelve, and now, she couldn't help but think about what the hell his intention was.

Did she forget something? Did she mess up his schedule? Meeting? Planner? What occasion was she missing, d**n it? She didn't think it was their accidental anniversary either, although that date was trickier to pinpoint because, well, she was trying to forget those dates when they h****d up for the first time, which she didn't count. After all, they were both so drunk. Granted, they were not that drunk to know what they were doing. Personally, she considered their accidental anniversary the first time she became so naive and stupid, which then her heartaches occurred a few days after Jason's cheating episode. Either way, neither of those dates were promising.

“Catherine,” he yelled. “Are you listening? I need the Japanese contract now!” Shawn wailed and went back to his meeting. Of course, she scampered around, went to the cabinet, and rampaged through the list of contracts. A minute later, she found it, walked to his area, and slammed it on the table. He raised his brow and stared at her. She ignored him.

“What the hell was that?”

“That is the contract you yelled about.” She answered, which was when she realised it had been nearly two silent minutes of her lost in her thoughts, trying to figure out why they were having dinner. She was so absent-minded lately or her libido was talking.

“Seriously?” His highness just smirked at her. And then, because she was always honest with him, she clasped her hands on the side table and sat in the front chair, mumbling, “What’s with the lunch, Mr. Richmond?”

He pressed a button on the laptop and looked at her, “Well, Mrs. Richmond, what is that all about? Why? Can I have a romantic lunch with my wife?”

“Cut the c**p!”

Amusement flickered in his blue-green eyes. “Okay, how so? I’m just asking for lunch. What’s wrong with that?”

“I don’t know why for!” She wailed and sighed, as if bitten by a thousand giant ants, “I know you well enough. You won’t go into telling Eddie to arrange the garden like you were about to propose, because FYI, we’ve been married twice already.”

He chuckled. “What is so surprising about that? It’s just lunch, it’s no big deal?”

“No, I mean there in the f*****g garden, decorated with expensive flowers and a table covered with yellow thingy... Those aren’t just for lunch, Shawn! You better tell me now or you are going to eat there alone with your koi fish!”

He smirked and headed to the window, where he watched as Eddie and his team were busy managing the tables and decorating according to his instructions.

Catherine closed her eyes and breathed. She was running out of patience, “Eddie instructed me to meet you there and informed me that it was a special occasion and that I should dress appropriately. And now I’m wearing this dress, and we’re having an argument, and I don’t know why. Is this for the spring bank holiday?”

“Spring bank holiday?” His forehead creased. “Hmp, no but... I mean, I didn’t think about that... but we could start celebrating that if you want.”

Catherine huffed out a hopeless breath. “Are you planning to murder me in the garden?”

“What?!” Shawn widened his eyes and his mouth fell open. “Why on earth... what? Why the f**k would you think that?”

“Well, because I’m running out of ideas and reasons... oh, is it Girly’s birthday?”

“Who’s Girly?”

“My cat?”

“No and why the f**k would I celebrate a cat’s birthday?” Shawn asked and went to his table to sit and shook his head.

“Well... fine, I’m totally lost here.”

Two hours later.

They were now settled in the garden shed. The poles were covered with an exaggerated display of tulips, daffodils, and carnations that made Catherine gasp at the over-the-top decoration. “Is this necessary? I mean... I felt like I was about to be buried alive.” Catherine grumbled as she scanned the food on their table. And yes, it felt like it. “This felt like my last meal...” and yet Shawn ignored her never-ending complaints.

The far east side of the garden was bordered by a beech hedgerow that was deeper than her meager self and arms stretched wide. In it nested a community of birds, taking shelter and doubtless finding food there too. Yet that hedge waited until early June to become fully green. “Catherine, can we just enjoy our lunch, please? It’s not for any occasion, but can you relax and stop thinking about morbid things? Look, I got your favorite garlic bread.

He managed to get her favorite things. There was a gross amount of pasta on the table. Well, her hormones say she hates it, though she loved it before getting pregnant. Grilled zucchini and mushrooms over fettuccini alfredo. Penne and spinach-stuffed chicken baked in mozzarella-laden tomato sauce. She was supposed to love all of this stuff, but all she ever wanted was to puke over the smell of tomato and cheese. She heaved as she tried to decide what she wanted to ignore first. Normally she wouldn’t allow herself to think and eat those loads of carbs, but it was different now, “Oh god, the smell... the garlic...” she covered her nose.

“What’s wrong? Do you not like it?”

“Yes, no! I- I C-couldn’t stand the smell... It stinks so bad I want to-” And yes, right there and then, she emptied her stomach in the beautiful garden, and Shawn was stunned, and even Eddie and Lendy unexpectedly halted on their way to deliver more of the food.

“Oh,... Are you OK? What’s wrong? I thought it was your favorite.” Shawn grumbled under his breath and asked Eddie to get some warm water and some extra napkins as he patted Catherine in the back and held her hair.

“Arrgggh! Please take the garlic and everything away... arrggg!” Catherine said, with another heave. T-the smell.. I can’t handle it.”

Shawn gestures to the servants to take the food as Eddie and Lendy look at each other, and the woman smiles as if she knows the reason behind Catherine’s horror that made Eddie crease his brow. Urgently, the two scampered around and removed the food, and clean the mess.

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from the table when Catherine stopped puking and breathing deeply, “Drink this warm water... or would you like some wine?” Shawn offered.

“NO!” Lendy and Catherine answered together and made the two men look at each other. “I – I’m fine now,” Catherine murmured. “Sorry about the mess, Eddie... I’ll help you clean up later.”

“No, worry Catherine. We can handle this... how are you feeling?”

“I’m OK now and”

Shawn stood and yelled, “Is there something wrong with the food?” Shawn exclaimed at Eddie and Lendy as he went to their table and frowned at the butler, “You better tell me now or I swear I-”

“Shawn, stop, it’s my fault... It’s not E-Eddie’s food, they look delicious.... but... I-d-don’t feel too well.” Catherine intervened as she took more napkins and wiped her lips. She hasn’t eaten since the morning, and Shawn said to make sure she has an appetite. Looking at the empty table as her stomach growled, she blushed when Shawn raised a brow? “So what do you want to eat for lunch?”

“Can I have fish and chips? And tuna salad? With lots and lots of lettuce and some ube ice cream and mango juice?”

He gawked, “Are you sure?”

“Yes!”

Lendy smiled and winked at Catherine as she blushed.

“You heard the wife... I want it ready ASAP or you risk being devoured by her anaconda who doesn’t stop growling.” Shawn added and sipped his wine.

Did the man just make a joke? Weird.

Ten minutes later, Catherine digs in, piling food on her plate and eating the ice cream at the same time, while Shawn doesn't follow suit. Instead, he watched her eat until she finally shifted in discomfort. "Why aren't you eating?"

Shawn just stared at her and watched the almost empty table. "Are you just going to sit there watching me eat? That's weird you know."

"What's weird about it? Besides, it's not like I can eat all those weird combos you had."

"It's different, yes, but it tasted so delicious to me! Pick up your fork and eat something."

Shawn gestured to Eddie, "Get me something."

Catherine exclaimed, "Don't you dare give him that garlic pasta and those tomatoes, or I swear I'm going to skin you alive, Eddie. I'm b****y serious. I don't want to vomit again."

They just stared at her as she held the fork like she was about to sword fight Eddie.

"Sir?" Eddie stepped back and looked at Shawn. "You heard her. Give me something else.. fish and chips, perhaps." Shawn said, albeit rolling his eyes while doing it. A while later, his throat dipped as he swallowed a piece of chip.

"Soooo good, yes?" She uttered through a mouthful of chips. "Try dipping it in my ice cream."

"No!" Shawn was watching her again, this time with hooded eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Except she knows exactly why. Because, maybe, or yes, her mouth was full, and he was entirely picturing her giving him head.

"I'm picturing you giving me a b*****b," he grumbled when Lendy and Eddie left.

Catherine almost choked on her food from laughter. "Seriously? Is that all you can think of?"

"It's not like you didn't enjoy it," Shawn answered, and she blushed.

"I'm just kidding,"

"I know," she replied, with another spoonful of ice cream. "You don't have to try to make me feel better about ah- earlier, though. I already told you I'm not sick... I just don't feel well lately." "Oh. Yeah. Of course. Are you OK now?"

"Yes, now that I like what I eat."

“Good.” He halted for about a minute, which made her grow conscious as he looked at her lips?

“What? Did I have something in my face?”

“No, but I’m about to talk about some changes in our contract. I have another proposition...

Where on earth was he going with this? Catherine thought to herself.

Shawn took a small sip of his wine, then wiped his mouth with a linen napkin that probably cost more than half the furniture in his brother’s apartment. It always feels so surreal when she comes to this multimillion-dollar mansion, not to mention that it has an honest-to-God skating rink on the grounds, and more than one pool, aside from the enormous, beautiful garden and lake behind the house, it was a place to die for.

But unease crawled up her spine as she studied Shawn’s face. He was acting odd again.

She would rather like it when he acts like the boss she was used to rather than being this weird.

One of his pale big hands moved from the table to rest at the top of his abdomen as if he was about to slide it down to his pocket and

Holy s**t.

Oh no. Wait! Not again... How many f*****g weddings does this man have on his bucket f*****g list?

He was not actually going to... right? When he reached into his pocket, she realized, Oh yes, he was. Suddenly, it all clicked in her brain. Fancy lunch in the f*****g garden, with all of her favorite dishes from her favorite spots in the garden. In their fancy dress attire. Shawn’s hand was about to emerge from his pocket when she stopped him with a sharp, “Don’t you f*****g dare.”

He freezes. “Dare what?”

“Is this a fake proposal again?” she demanded.

The sheepish gleam in his eyes was all the confirmation she needed.

“Seriously, Shawn?” It was a warning.

“What?”

“Why are you doing this? And today of all days?” She asked.

Confusion clouds his face. “Why? because it’s a spring bank holiday? Hell, I didn’t realize you cared so much about-”

Catherine sighed, “I don’t care about that! I care that we’ve had a bunch of conversations about this subject. No more b****y contracts. We talked about it, Mr. Richmond.” Frustration stuck to her throat, making it difficult to speak. Along with it comes a burn of irritation that she knows she probably shouldn’t feel, but... seriously? Had he not listened to a word she said during all those conversations? She told him she wouldn’t accept any compromise again “What the hell are you thinking, Catherine?” Shawn asked and removed a paper from his pocket.

“What is that? Another contract?”.

“Yes,”

“Shawn, as I told you, I don’t like any more b****y contract from you. I’m sick of it!”

“Listen, Catherine, this marriage... we both know this was just... well, marriage in papers, right?”

Ouch! Somebody help her. Someone just stabbed her heart with a f*****g sword and cut it down to a million pieces’ again. She just wanted to melt there and sob her heart out. Nevertheless, it never showed on her face.

Shawn saw only irritation in her eyes that made him disappointed. Was he expecting something there?

“I want a child.” he said instead, which made Catherine’s jaw drop.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife

Chapter 33

Shawn questions his own naveté. Of course, Catherine would not allow it nor agree with him if he made another contract, but his grandfather had been telling him about wanting to hold a grandchild soon and he wanted nothing but to make the old man happy. After all, he would do everything to make him optimistic. Shawn knew he was dying and he wanted to give him everything before his dying last breath. But somehow, money couldn’t

save a life...

He had been born with a golden and silver spoon in his mouth, and even after his parents' accident, their memory had been too far away now for him to remember. Still, he was more than delighted to be supervised by his grandfather. Since his parents had passed away for many years, he was never forced to economize because his grandfather owned a hefty

sum of states and businesses, but everything would be useless if he couldn't give the old man his final request, right? And who was he to ignore his last wishes?

He explained, "Catherine, please read the contract first. Of course, I'll give you five million afterward if you agree with it." Shawn couldn't help but add, his face was so serious and he saw how surprised she was as well. Maybe furious? Or disappointed? He couldn't read her well nowadays, she became a puzzle for him to understand.

"Do I look stupid to you, Shawn? This is not what I wanted. I don't want any contract anymore." She growled and stabbed the lettuce with her fork as if she wanted to mince it into tiny pieces, never looking at his eyes. How could he ever approach her in that manner? Wasn't it as if everything was just a business proposal? When was the last time he saw her as a woman? As if she was a decent human being, like how a typical husband treats his wife?

"Listen, please read the contract first..." Shawn thought he was doing this for his grandfather's sake, right? Or maybe not, maybe just to himself? Of course not! He did not need a woman in his life, nor did he need a family.

His convenient wife might not be the most interesting person in London, but she was someone who spoke with her heart. She never treated him like what the others used to deal with him like he was the master and they were all striving to win his approval and tried to please him all the f*****g time. Catherine was different. With her buttery sun kissed-colored hair and startlingly pale blue eyes, she had already been unique; he even nicknamed her in his mind as 'azure'. He supposed there were worse secret monikers than that; at least no one had yet begun calling her "Mine." Which was a lot closer to the truth, not because he was jealous; no, of course, he was never jealous; those emotions never existed; but anyone who dared to call her that would definitely pay, severely pay, because she was his, and his alone. And yes, he was that possessive. And he never wanted anything to happen to her either, so whether she remained at his side forever or he offered

contract after contract to make her stay.

At thirty-two, Shawn was a bit long in the tooth to be enjoying his first marriage, if one could call it an ordinary marriage. He was adamant about not thinking about relationships. or giving any women an opportunity to get to know him. He devoted all of his efforts to his business and the needs of his company, leaving no time for serious dates since he believed that commitment would only lead to pain, deception, and grief that would ultimately destroy him. This was especially true after he had so many failed

relationships, too many women to even count on, but he swore that he would never entertain any serious relationship in his life, nor would he consider finding a wife in the future, and yet Catherine came two years ago. And yes, it was as beneficial to have her as his secretary as well. At least she was as determined as he was to keep their marriage secret. But why did he not divorce her anyway? And what about her? It was a question he didn't even know how to answer. It was a puzzle he realized he didn't know how to solve.

But there hadn't really been any other choice. He doesn't want to be stifled in a relationship where a woman could bring him to his downfall, and the convenience he had carried with Catherine was just his own way of dealing with the shareholders' trust and his grandfather's request. Two birds in one stone, he reckoned.

He certainly wasn't ready for the child either. Yes, he liked them. He had lots of nieces and nephews from his cousins' side, but he never imagined having his own, yet he needed to have one soonest. How ironic was that?

awn

Meanwhile, she was lost for words. Catherine wanted to just stab him with the fork. She was hurt and insulted. For five f*****g million? No way! She would never tell him about the

thought as she held her stomach and silently prayed to God that Shawn wouldn't know about it. Not yet. Nevertheless, she needed to think more about her situation first. Above all, she knew he wanted an heir. Of course, this was all about the heir, right? Was he paying her five million to bear a child? Did he expect her to leave her child in his care when this marriage contract ended? Was he that insane?

Yes, she was poor, they needed money, and she owed Shawn about Dave's opportunity to let the world know about his unique arts, and yes they had struggled for their everyday lives since her parents' deaths, with too many jobs and sacrifices, but she would never sell this child... wasn't that what it was all about? The heir to the Richmond empire.

Long before, with their straitened finances, she and Dave could manage the funds for only one of them to go to college at once. Renting a small apartment and an old beat-up Toyota, they needed more money than they could afford to spend twice. As it was, they'd had to save for five solid years to be able to afford Dave's college. And if he wasn't successful in his arts, no one was going to clap them into debtor's prison, but they would have to look forward to a quiet life of civilized poverty in some charmingly small apartment. Often, the two of them were forced to celebrate their birthdays at the same spree. It had been decided that the most logical way to save money was to buy only one cake for the two of them. Yea,

it was already a luxury for them.

And growing up, Catherine knew from the outset that she wasn't the sort who would attract the attention of the men. She wasn't super pretty enough to overcome her lack of expensive clothing, make-up, shoes, and rich friends, and she'd never learned to enjoy parties. She never learned how to socialize and walked delicately, as if she had to glide. She used to walk fast, or run, afraid of being late. She never had time to do all those things other girls seemed to know at their age. She always stood with her shoulders straight and tall, couldn't sit still if her life depended upon it, and walked as if she were in a race-and why not? she always wondered. If one was going somewhere, what could possibly be the point in not getting there quickly?

As for Catherine and Dave's situation in London, she didn't even like the city very much. Oh, she was having a good enough time, and she'd met quite a few nice people, but a London season seemed like a horrible waste of money for her brother, who would have been perfectly content to remain in the country and find some sensible job and would accept his arts but she knew, for him to expand his audience, they needed to be in the city. But Dave would have none of that. When they lost their parents, she vowed to take care of him and bring him up with all the care and affection she had given to a child of her own blood. He could be happy and secure in the countryside, but she wanted the city life so she could give him a better education. She had countered that there were more opportunities from which to choose in the city, insisting that he would be utterly miserable without his arts, and since Catherine could never bear to see her brother unhappy, her fate had been sealed. She did everything to be able to afford his college, sacrificing her happiness, and so here she was-sitting in a somewhat extraordinary garden in a mansion in an elite area of London that was almost fashionable, and not her cup of tea.

She sighed and was furious at the same time. She was about to s****h a fork and stab the man who just stared at her. "Catherine, I need you to know that my grandfather's day is coming to an end!" Shawn shrieked, his eyes popping out at the unfinished contract on the table. "He is dying."

"I no! But Shawn, why do I get the impression that everything you did was just a dull business proposal to you?" Catherine inquired, clearly disappointed. "Besides, there's no way I'm signing that contract... I'll never abandon my child." She exclaimed.

"What?" He exclaimed.

"I'll never accept your five million dollars in exchange for my own child." Her eyes, which were typically associated with tranquility, glinted sadly as she shed a tear.

"Exchange? Abandon? Why in the world would you think that? Didn't you even read the contract?"

"Why should I? It's clearly useless. You wished for an heir, for a child, right? But did you

think about how I would feel? My feelings? I will not, under any circumstances, leave my child behind once our contract expires.”

“Stop! Catherine,” his eyes widened, “... what on earth are you thinking? I would never ask you to abandon our child, and I have no intention of divorcing you.” “What?!”

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 34 Shawn sat on the couch across from his bed and stared at it hard as he swallowed another mouthful of the expensive, rich brandy. There was something wrong with him, he thought. Earlier, when he explained to Catherine about the contract, the latter did not agree yet, asking him to give her some time to think. Yes, it was hard to imagine that he would end up asking a woman to bear him a child. Under different circumstances, the ladies would be queuing to give him an heir. After all, it would be a ticket to a wealthy life, but of course, being Catherine, she didn't just ask for a decent time to think about his proposal, but she had her own request and changes.

How was it too hard to make her just say yes? Well, they just have to sleep and f**k, then voila! It was not that hard, yes? But d**n if he was not confused.

Yes, Catherine was different in many ways. It wasn't supposed to happen to him, but it was supposed to happen fast, no questions. He was the b****y Shawn Richmond. Everyone in London trembled when he passed them by, and he was having a b****y recurring agony of convincing his wife?

“B****y well figures,” he mumbled as he looked out the window. The night was still high in the sky, and he knew dawn was still far off. It was much too early to rouse his driver, or even the butler, for that matter. With a shake of his head, he stood, walking swiftly back to the bed. Placing the brandy glass on the table beside him, he threw the blankets aside and climbed in.

A few minutes later, he had made himself as comfortable as he could get. He sighed and closed his eyes. He was going to sleep well and be done with it.

Maybe this was a dream or reality, he doesn't know. But it felt so real?

Catherine was in his room. The lampshade gave him enough light to see that it was really her, with only a very thin silk fabric that covered her lascivious body, sitting on the bed. She was staring at him from the bed. Her eyes were a vivid cobalt blue, accented by her dark blonde wavy hair. “Shawn...” Her voice sounded more like a moan than anything else. Maybe this was a dream because there was no way she would moan his name like that. He knew he should go to her, but he also understood that he couldn't. Despite what he wanted, his body arose to follow its own consent.

As he stepped forward, she set herself back on the bed, her bare, satin-covered, lush body exposed to him. Her b****s were full, high, and perky on her chest. Shawn felt desire and lust curling within him as he walked forward. She parted her legs, revealing to him

here? My beautiful Catherine..." Shawn groaned as he lowered his lips to taste her supple flesh.

She wailed in delight, arching her back and clamping his head to her breast. "Shawn!" He moved his hands over her body, touching, brushing, grabbing. She bucked in vicious elation at his touch as she moaned his name. "More, Shawn I want more of you." He teasingly moved his hand to her mounds at her thighs. Dampness greeted his touch as he slipped a finger between her full lips to touch her. She marked her nails across his back as he flicked her c**t gently. "Oh, Shawn." Moving up, he kissed her hard as he undertook his tender, sweet invasion. Shawn couldn't stop himself from caressing her in the most appropriate way as her lips tasted like honey and milk and her body moved in such suggestive ways, took his time and kissed his beautiful wife.

Unhurriedly, he extended a long finger into her safe passage. When she moaned and arched her hips against his touch, he looked for that sweet spot. That ledge that he could stroke inside her would propel her over the edge of her own climax. He found it. Desperately, he maneuvered his hands. He stroked it lovingly, swallowing her gasps of pleasure into himself as he kissed her. He caressed her until he felt her near the edge of fulfillment. Moving above her slowly, he parted her thighs further and rested his chest against her lush b****s. "My wife, you are mine, only mine..." He whispered as he positioned himself. –

Unhurriedly, he pushed himself into her tight, wonderful haven. Moaning, he began a quick, short progression of pushing in slightly and then withdrawing almost entirely. That made Catherine growl at his ears, "Why are you a tease? I want all of you, Shawn." It was the worst tease he had ever given himself, but it would ease her completely. When he had let himself inside her enough to feel her deeper, he groaned. If he wasn't careful, he was going to come sooner than expected. He was deeply addicted to her moans. He was intoxicated with the slightest of her touches because in those moments he let the profoundness of his soul become all of her. She became his soul, just like a green meadow. She was every flower, every petal, bright and beautiful.

Pushing up, he sat on his knees between her thighs and heaved her closer to him. Her eyes were closed with an unknown excitement, and he knew if he moved any further inside her, they would fly open with pain and alarm. Licking his thumb, he placed it on her c**t and began to tease her. She groaned and bucked her hips against him. He gritted his teeth and continued his gentle assault. He felt her passage tightening on him as she began to climax. As her world shattered and she came, he pushed past her barrier and buried his seed in her warm womb. He wailed at the pleasure, promising his love and affection with every shout. She, in turn, answered with her own promises of love and devotion.

Shawn woke up with a start. He'd had the dream again. D**n it. He told himself no more. It was torture beyond measure... It was painful. And he wasn't a fan of torture and pain.

"F*****g rubbish." With that, he stood up and rang for his butler. "Eddie, I need coffee now!"

Meanwhile, he woke up from the dream with a start. It had seemed so real. But it wasn't, she told herself, chiding herself about dreaming of something embarrassing that she knew was wet beyond compare... Was it her hormones again? Being pregnant made her so eager and so... Hell!" This is so embarrassing."

Flopping back on the white pillows, she stared at the wall across the room. The morning sunlight shone through the glass windows slightly, making the wall across the room a dazzling array of stripes. Every other morning, she loved to lie in bed for as long as she could get away with it and just watch the flecks. Today, she couldn't wait to get out of bed. She felt like some massive elephant was sitting on her body. She felt rather exhausted and so hungry..." oh...goodness me, I've never been this hungry before." Thinking about her pregnant belly, she halted as she felt herself slip into a bed again and sob. For some frantic reason, she was grieving her shattered heart. She had loved him, she knew that, she thought a bit wildly that he would never see her as a wife, only a convenient contract, just like a business deal. Yet she loved him, and she couldn't be with him. He was so close and yet so far, money, pride, and many things separated them in more ways than she could bear to count.

Pushing the blankets aside, she hurried out of the bed and winced. Leaning down, walking to the bathroom, she cringed as she felt dizzy all of a sudden. She had to go into the office today, Shawn had a full schedule of meetings and more meetings. She made a mental note to contact Ashton for assistance. And she had a doctor's appointment in the afternoon. Great. Taking a shower, she got dressed and did her little makeup in record time, went to the kitchen and asked for a full breakfast.

"Good morning, wife!" Shawn's voice echoed in the kitchen. "Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

Her heart began to race as she stared at his face, his hard body, and knew. Knew in her bones and every other part of her, that this man would never see her as a wife. This was the man who fathered her child, the man who stole her heart. The man she had never hoped to become a part of her but unknowingly did without her even realizing it.

When she looked up at the man, she almost fell back. He was dressed in a b****y pricey suit as usual and he was killing it with his smile. "Oh, are you supposed to be this early in the morning?" She started and then stopped.

"I owned this mansion. I can do whatever I want, remember?"

“Right” She mumbled and rolled her eyes. Looking up at him fully, she stumbled backward and fell onto her hip. She was so dizzy and the world appeared to be turning like she was on a roller coaster..

“Catherine?!” Like a shock, he shouted and went to her side, rushed out before he realized what he was saying, “Wife?!” He took a hesitant step forward and stopped himself. What were these feelings that were flooding over him? They were the same emotions he felt for

her in the dream. Longing... and something else... with the same worry and dread.

“Eddie call a doctor!”

His voice was the last thing she heard as she succumbed to oblivion.

Rate this Chapter

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife

Chapter 35

Warning, Rated PG 18

One week later.

Yes, it was simple. She collapsed in front of Shawn, and, of course, he phoned the doctor, who informed Shawn that she was two months pregnant after a series of laboratory tests. To say Shawn was shocked was an understatement. He was so angry at her for not telling him as soon as possible that it took him two days to talk to her again when she went to the kitchen in the middle of the night to look for something to eat. Shawn had awoken and walked to the kitchen, where he discovered her eating a chocolate cake. To make matters more awkward, he ended up asking her about everything, even what she wanted to eat

and how much she disliked eating food with garlic and cheese, and Shawn has been spoiling her ever since. Even asking her to stop working as his secretary resulted in an argument, but he eventually relented.

Catherine sat at her desk, staring at her phone. She had completed her morning routine of scheduling and completing every department report. But all she wanted was that one phone call to say he’d found it. As she drifted off thinking about their last encounter last night, when they finished watching a movie marathon in the living room, to say they watched Fifty Shades of Grey was beyond awkward, yet Shawn was teasing her the entire time. And, yes, they decided to take things slowly and be civil to one another; to say she was surprised was an understatement.

She thought being civil was like... conversing like they were normal acquaintances, but he ended up being too intimate, sweet, and touchy. If giving her a shoulder massage was civil enough, and always being by her side, touching and caring for her was his way of being friendly, she was at a loss for words. Shawn, on the other hand, was always there when she had an episode of morning sickness, sneaking out onto their shared porch and sleeping by her side, then taking care of her when she puked her heart out in the bathroom sink.

And now, waiting for him to return when she mentioned that he wanted Durian Candy was truly awful because she knew that almost all candy shops were closed due to the lockdown, and she could only hope that Eddie and Shawn would find it in the grocery store.

However, thinking about Shawn made her feel aroused. Maybe her pregnant hormone level was way way abnormal or normal, she didn't know.. But before she could snap out of her reverie, her phone rang. For once, the high-pitched ringing was a welcoming sound, and she answered quickly.

"Did you find it?" She knew who was on the other end of the phone.

"Yes, and do you want anything else?"

"Nope, just that... Can you make it quick?" Her voice already carried the sound of longing. for his body to hold her. Yes, she wanted the f*****g Durian Candy, but she wanted Shawn even more.

"I can't wait. I want you-I mean, I want that now." She could almost hear his gasp and she knew this was ridiculous, denying her longing was absurd when in reality she wanted nothing but to hold him and be with him, his massive shaft buried deep inside her while she- 'Oh hell! Snap out of it, Catherine.' but she couldn't wait. It had already been too long.

An hour later, when a knock came, she opened it, let him in, then slammed the door behind her, and he took that as the final word. Smiling, "Did you have it?" Catherine asked.

"Yes, I told Eddie to sanitize it first..." he raised his gaze to her blushing face. He was beginning to love how she looked so beautiful day by day. "Ok!" She answered and walked back to the table. He took his time, allowing her the space she needed, looking at her back, his heart beating hard, though, at the thought that she'd been waiting for him-that she cared enough to open the door.

He stepped closer as Catherine sat in her chair and looked at him for what seemed like an eternity, his eyes gazing into hers. He walked over to her and gently kissed her, his breathing warming her face. "So... anything else?" His voice was tender as he wrapped his fingers around the nape of her neck and drew him to her.

"I- um... well," she said, wrapping her arms around Shawn and pressing her face against his chest as she grumbled. "Thank you."

He stroked her hair, loving the way her body melted into his like liquid velvet. She would always remind him of the ocean, stormy and gentle, welcoming and extraordinary. Like the waves against a rock, he could break into a million pieces, scatter into molecules and tiny specks, and fall whole into the warmth of her embrace all over again.

Then he kissed her deeply. It was hard and passionate, full of longing and l**t as his hand glided over her waist. She looked up at him and those deep cobalt blue eyes were drenched in l**t.

As they kissed, she slowly stood up, their lips meeting for what seemed like the first time. Her hands slowly slid down to his pants, and she felt his hard manhood. He brushed her hair back and bowed to entice kisses from her. Her lips were trembling, and he caught her full lower lip between his teeth and tugged gently. She opened her mouth to his, taking as much as she gave. Her slender arms circled his neck, holding his head to hers, her body pressing into his.

She longed for him so much that she wanted him now. She kissed him more passionately and felt his hands wander up her thigh, then gently under her skirt to her wet panties."

Shawn, please..." Catherine whispered into his mouth. She kissed him with growing hunger, each kiss longer and more demanding.

He could feel her breath quicken. Shawn deliberately twisted his finger around her panties and felt her moist shaven passage. He began to stroke her c**t, as she moaned, "Shawn!" He inserted one finger deep into her wetness. He knew from her small moan that she wanted this. "What wifey?" He walked around her, drinking her in. She didn't move as he circled her, his fingers caressing her waist, then her hip, rubbing her buttocks and the seam where her thigh and bottom met. He loved stroking her soft skin. He loved the way she completely provided herself so completely to him.

Back in front of her, he slid his hand over her b*****s and flicked her sensitive nipples on his way to the junction between her legs again. His hand caressed, fingers sliding deep and then coming shallow to circle, so that her body flushed and her breathing changed. He felt the heat of her channel close tightly around his fingers, and her hips moved in an instinctive reaction.

He closed his eyes and savored the feel of her silken heat. For him, it was a welcome warmth. Her hands came up to his chest as she rocked against him and she licked at his flat nipple. As if on an electrical wire, the sizzle ran from her tongue to his groin. His heavy e*****n grew even fuller and pulsed in anticipation

"I want you..." Catherine's mind was in ecstasy as Shawn's finger was now working its way in and out. She hurried him over to her desk where she jumped onto it and opened her legs. He kissed his way from the corner of her mouth to her breast, one hand cupping the soft weight in his palm while he tasted her again and again. He trailed his other hand across her bare tummy, the pads of his fingers stroking gently. There was possession in those long, spread fingers as he teased the underside of her breast, enjoying her response, the shudder of passion, the tiny shock that ran through her body, and the small moan that told him she was already wet for him.

He slid her wet panties off and continued to stroke her haven. Catherine leaned forward and unzipped his slacks, feeling his hard member through his cotton dark boxers. His face reviled that this was a favorable spectacle, so she slid her hand under the boxers and began stroking his massive shaft, finding it hard to resist pulling it harder as he proceeded to finger her deep wet haven.

After a while, he pushed her down onto the table, clearing every piece of paper as it scattered on the floor. He couldn't take it any longer. He wanted her, he needed to be inside her. As she went down, she pulled his pants and boxers down, leaving his shaft to stand fully. Her face blushed as she saw it. Indeed, it was massive, and in exchange, she began to unbutton her blouse, but Shawn's hand came to hers and halted her. She glanced at him worriedly. He wanted it all to end, but he looked down and finished what she had started.

He gazed longingly at her firm b****s as he released them from the black lace bra. Then he kissed her and went down to her breast. He began to s**k her nipples, licking them until they were both e***t, indulging himself, kissing her over and over, devouring the sweet taste of her, reveling in the way she opened to him and took him in. He swallowed her moan, that soft sound that hardened him even more. He dreamt of that sound sometimes, and woke up hard and aching. When he turned to her, she always, always met him with eagerness.

Catherine's eyes darkened, and she laid back, beckoning with her finger. His hands parted her thighs and just the warmth of his breath made her groan, "Ahh!" Then he lapped at her, a cat after cream, using his tongue, driving her up hard and fast, taking her right to the verge and then pulling back again. He liked the way her body shivered, the way her hips tugged and the way that faded, breathless music played in his ears. She tasted, sweet like honey, wild and free, and his need for her grew each time she squirmed and whimpered. He breathed in her fragrance, the scent of his woman, and rubbed his lips between her thighs, watching the ripples of arousal move up her legs to her passage and even her belly, where the muscles bunched tightly in reaction.

The moaning plea he'd been waiting for, sounding like she was coming undone, that he'd pushed and spanned her limits just a little more. "Shawn, I'm coming."

He climbed onto the desk above Catherine and stared into her eyes. He ran his hands over her b****s and then began to push his hard, throbbing shaft into her. Her folds

were tight, but she began to groan as he entered. She gasped as he pressed the throbbing head of his shaft into her wet passage. She pushed back, trying to impale herself on his thick shaft. He caressed his fingernails gently down her back and over her buttocks. Again, there was a ripple effect; her legs shaking, her body trembling. He gripped her hips and slammed home.

Slowly, he began to thrust in and out of her, every time her moans caused him to push harder. Her body took him into her tight, hot haven, wrapping eagerly around him, stroking and caressing as she slowly, almost reluctantly, allowed his invasion.

She ran her fingers down her back and began encouraging his thrusts by pushing him deeper into him.

“Harder. I need you,” she moaned. And he obeyed. The faster he went in to her, the more he could feel her folds pulsating, and he found himself getting closer to o****m. There was always that exquisite moment when she was so tight that he was uncertain if he could force his way into heaven, but the petals unfolded and allowed him entrance, burning hot and full with needs. She was tight and constricting, gripping him as he swelled deeply, then withdrew and drove home again and again as she screamed.

He began to go faster and deeper, licking her firm b*****s as he did. He could see how close

Catherine was. She was almost screaming with pleasure now. Her mind was a blur, and between her legs was a burning sensation. She moaned for more, asked for more, and for it to be faster, deeper and harder. As she came, she whined, and he continued to drive his shaft into her. She couldn't breathe properly, and the room was spinning. He felt her tighten but carried on pounding into her. She was so wet it made him want to go harder. Her nails dug into him as she screamed. Shawn continued thrusting harder until he groaned and came into her. He pushed her into her, one last time as his c*m filled her.

They laid there for a while and then got dressed. He smiled at her and then kissed her softly. “I can't wait for you to tell me to go to the grocery store again for some candy. If this was the payment, I would be glad to do it every day.” .

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