

# Billionaire's Accidental Wife

## Chapter 5

Two Years Ago

“Welcome aboard!” The Asian flight attendant smiled. “Going home to Las Vegas, Miss?” As Catherine made her way through the aircraft to her seat in the third row, she mumbled under her breath, “Well, ... Not voluntarily, but needed if I want my friends back in my life.”

She smiled back as she stowed her bag in the bulkhead and crammed her five-foot-seven-inch frame into the business, first-class seat near the window, acknowledging that yes, she enjoyed spending time with her friend, especially now that her wedding is approaching.

Oh, such busy moments, flowers, invitations, meals, church, dress, etc. It was all very stressful. And yet, this was an unplanned flight. Her two best friends, Jane and Chelsy, bought tickets for her to follow them to Las Vegas to celebrate her bachelorette party. She might hate this idea, but does she have a choice?

Of course, she didn't have a choice; after all, the two would have disowned her. It's just that she didn't want them to weigh in on what her next step should be. Or what she should do with her busy schedule. Besides, she already asked for sick leave. Working as a receptionist in a hotel was too tiring and stressful, so this little vacation was needed and is now highly anticipated.

Yet, this decision was hard enough, and Jason, her amazing fiance, was more than happy to let her go and let her enjoy her final days as a single person. For such a kind, wonderful man, what could go wrong? He was perfect. Her fiance was nice and considerate.

She and Jason were childhood friends who grew up to be lovers and shared practically everything. They were born into a wealthy, affluent British household with plenty of freedom. After all, what good is wealth if they can't enjoy it?

She has her own room, amazing devices, and phone. He had his own car and a good monthly allowance. Their parents practically never refused them anything, and they had their total trust. After all, Catherine was a decent, kind, and loyal daughter, youthful, brilliant, and sophisticated. This meant that though she was allowed to date, the boy had to be from their own community.

She had her fair number of boyfriends in high school, but she had lost her purity to Jason. And he was a footballer who loved her and was a decent f\*\*\*\*r. But all the p\*\*n and s\*x novels she read when she was young had raised her expectations.

But losing her virtue was a disaster. She felt relieved when it ended. Jason e\*\*\*\*\*d on her folds and then tore her hymen with his finger. It was physically and mentally difficult for both of them. It was a disaster, a nightmare. Nonetheless, he stayed with her longer, but something was missing, badly lacking. It wasn't like a romantic f\*\*\*\*\*g novel. There was no warmth, desire, longing, or whatever the romantic novelists call it. It was missing, but this was her reality. This was life, not a b\*\*\*\*y romance novel.

Long before, Catherine's parents and her brother Dave lived in a nice, decent suburb back then. A delightful small playground with a garden was her joy and passion. She had worked on it since they came in, and it was stunning. Catherine had added a small rockery, playground lights hidden in the flower borders, enormous fragrant roses, juniper trees, and a garden swing. Her father with his notebooks and papers, her with a school book, her mother singing something on her headset, and her brother playing the guitar.

And there was reasonably little to disturb their neighbors, who were thoughtful, considerate, and friendly. Not until one fateful night, when a burglar ransacked their home and murdered her father and mother. She and her younger brother sold their homes and relocated to a small apartment in a less affluent neighborhood. They switched schools and worked part-time to fund their education until they could attend college. When she met Jason again in her senior year of college, they had an up-and-down relationship, and now they are planning a wedding.

And if someone asked how excited she was? Well... no, she was scared as hell.

Anyway, yawning and trying her best not to sleep before takeoff, she surveyed the cabin area and noticed an expensive-looking, gorgeous man in a navy power suit who'd been sizing her up from a distance ever since she arrived at the gate earlier.

She's noticed him, too. It's difficult not to, with such a stunning hot d\*\*n, a model sort of a man, who looked rich and influential, with eyes so blue and powerful that they seemed to gaze at her and take her soul away. Yeah, that sort of thing. However, she was used to this kind of person. After all, her job at the hotel was an ideal place to meet his kind. Yet, she was a little insecure watching him with his suit that screamed money, not just because she was wearing a boring white shirt and skinny jeans and red rubber shoes, but because her supposed gorgeous face, a mane of long silky hair brushing against her shoulders, and a smoking-hot body were covered by stress and sleepless nights and a jacket.

However, the man had been talking on his cell phone nonstop and was still on it as he stepped into the cabin. He continued down the aisle, checking his ticket for his seat assignment like some first time fliers as he walked, with a thousand-watt smile, pointing her way, oblivious to the three backpack-clad college ladies queued up behind him.

Phone to his ear, one hand trying to retract the handle of his suitcase while still managing the equally roomy suitcase over his shoulder, he said, "... have to go... Yes,

yes, I'll call you as soon as I land in Las Vegas. Not to worry, but make sure to take the f\*\*\*\*g a\*s of yours in my jet before I burn your mansion down, you d\*\*\*\*\*d." He laughed softly, and raised his brows while shooting her another glance and lifting his suitcase with one hand into the overhead compartment. "F\*\*k you, Walter.."

Annoyed, Catherine turned her attention to the tarmac and was watching bags being loaded into the cargo hold when, in the aisle behind her, a sudden commotion erupted.

"Hey, if you all could just wait a minute, until I can—b\*\*\*\*y hell!" He grumbled.

Catherine heard the gorgeous man stumbling toward her, yelping as his pricey leather suitcase fell from his shoulder and landed on her feet. While the man's face landed on the pair of her exquisite b\*\*\*\*s as she yelled in surprise, his elbow landed hard on the side of her head, just above her ear. And only the quick defensive movement of the handsome right arm kept Catherine's head from smashing into the wall above the aeroplane window.

"Of f\*\*k!" But nothing could be done, however, to prevent his full weight from flopping inelegantly on her thighs, while the trio of eager college kids responsible for the incident, excused themselves and unapologetically went giggling toward the plane's end.

As their gazes connected, the man lifted his head with a surprised expression on his face.

Catherine's heat swept her shocked face. While the man was still holding her side of the head.

She inhaled a whiff of sandalwood and—fresh ocean, maybe?

"Oh, s\*\*t!" The man mumbled.

However, all she knew for sure, she thought, as she heard his groan softly in disappointment and felt her own body heat in response, was that everything about this man was incredibly s\*\*y, hard, and amazingly seductive.

Too s\*\*y, too hot, too tall, too everything.

"Miss, I did not... b\*\*\*\*y hell! Those kids..." The man muttered under his breath as he hurried forward and stood, dusting an invisible dust from his immaculate suit and retrieving his suitcase, not even looking at her red scarlet face that made her groan.

Catherine snarled, trying not to imagine what it would be like to sleep with this ocean fresh-smelling bundle of masculinity, still too shocked to utter a word.

With effort, the man called on every ounce of manners he had, sucked in a breath and looked straight into her wide eyes.

“Are you alright? Miss? Is your head hurting?”

With an embarrassed nod, Catherine realised that this was not how her day was intended to go. She was left speechless, not just because the man’s face was on her breast earlier, but the fact that he never apologized, nor did he feel embarrassed or even ashamed.

But completely without social skills or enough balance to stay on her mind no matter how hard she’d been shoved was beyond her. Maybe the man thought she was so naive and stupid that she couldn’t even yell at him.

Furthermore, it wasn’t as if the man had wanted to be here in the f\*\*\*\*\*g plane. In fact, looking at him now makes Catherine feel like he hated the idea of being on public transportation.

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