

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 100 Warning

Shawn turned himself around, and now Catherine was on her back. "Shawn, I'm not even done yet." She bit her lips as he kissed his way over to her breast and gently suckled on it, as well as

to play with the breast just left. "Later, wife, for now, it's my turn to make you scream." "Shawn, I already came earlier, let me..um-" She moaned her words as he slowly kissed his way down the beautiful length of her body until he reached her glorious shaved love nest. Shawn thought how she smells like roses in the sunlight to him, just a wonderful, delicious scent that fills his nostrils and has him wanting to dive right in.

But, alas, he held back, and gently nestled his face into her warm, hot haven, flicking his tongue back and forth across her sweet c**t, feeling it begin to get hard under her tongue. Breathing hard, he lifted her up, "That was amazing, wife," he said as her breast bounced at his face, exposing her tanned, soft b****s with their pinkest nipples. He caressed them, pinching them gently and causing her to gasp and shudder. He stooped in front of her, his hands gently grasping her waist whilst he kissed each nipple, then sucked and nibbled them hungrily as she whimpered. "Oh, God, Shawn I can't take anymore, but that feels so good," she whispered, her hands running through his hair. Her nipples tasted sweet and tender, and her b****s smell wonderful. He kissed and licked their undersides; his hands were now enthusiastic as his fingertips ran over the incredibly soft skin of her buttocks, feeling her warmth. Kneeling slowly as he planted kisses on her body.

She sighed and pushed her hips against him as he kissed her belly and thighs, the heavy musk of her folds reaching his nose, a heady, potent scent of s*x and needs, desires and passion mingled. His hands ran up and down her firm thighs, touching the soft, soft skin. Shawn kissed her at the top of her folds, his tongue just touching her again and again which made her shiver. Catherine groaned and shuddered as she pushed against him, her hands pulling his head towards her as she whimpered. "Please, Shawn..." He finally succumbed to her desire and parted her haven's lips with his tongue, flicking it across her c*****s as she cried out. First one, then two fingers, slipped into her hot, wet slit, parting her lips as he licked her. His tongue worked on her as his fingers slipped in and out of her. Unexpectedly, he stood, grabbed her, turned her toward the bed, and gently lowered her onto it. Again, he knelt between her legs, spreading them wide as he dived back into her, his tongue spreading her lips as his fingers re-entered her, making her moan and arch her back. Catherine's head moved from side to side and her legs trembled as he ate her, sending feelings up her spine through her belly to her b****s. She lost all track of time as he delved into her being with both his hands and tongue. She grabbed her b****s, massaging them before pinching her nipples hard until she could no longer take the pain. Her hips gyrated madly and her loins were on fire with excitement. She wanted him to never stop what he

was doing but knew it would happen. However, she only wanted his shaft in her when she reached her peak.

Abruptly, she screamed out, "Shawn, f**k, please... I need you in me now! I can't take it anymore... I want you now," before forcefully grabbing his hair and pulling him towards her.

Shawn gently slid a finger into her wet spot and immediately was rewarded with an amazing mind-blowing o****m again. He smiled, he loved to play with her folds as he licked it with delight. "Enough..." she grumbled under her breath. Her moistness brought him back for more over and over again. "Shawn," she moaned, echoing the four niches of the room.

He loved hearing her call his name out in the heat of the moment, begging for something more, in the throes of her passion for him like how he loved the way her body was reacting to his touch.

The room however had large open windows with curtains in them, allowing the cool mountain air to pass easily through. The large bed, filled to its center, beckoned them to enjoy each other's warmth as it was the only witness of their passion. When she could hold it any more o****m he took her in his arms and kissed her deeply, his hands ran slowly over her body, her hands first took to his shoulders before running down to his back. Then slowly kneeling before him, he smiled down at her as her soft hands stroked his rising manhood.

Shawn felt her breath on it as she slowly caressed him. Her warm, wet mouth engulfed him then, as he groaned aloud, her skillful tongue wrapped itself around it, teasing him a little as she pulled back, just the tip of her tongue running lightly over the tender underside of his shaft. Catherine's hand caressed him with enthusiasm as the other ran over his thighs and neither region causing him to shudder with anticipation.

Catherine started sucking in earnest, her mouth taking almost his entire shaft in with each stroke. The sound of her mouth working on his rod, slurping, and sucking, filled the room. She pulled back, stopped, and licked it even more until he reached his peak and was surprised because he was hard again.

He helped her move to the center of the bed, then climbed up and over her, looking down at her as she grabbed his hips and pulled his hard member towards her hot c**t. Shawn held himself back, kissing her neck, his hands digging into the short mane of curly blond hair, his thighs spreading her legs wide while he just rubbed his hardness against the opening to her deep, hot insides. She moaned and grabbed his hips, trying to make him enter her. He looked down at her in the dim light, and only then did he enter her, meeting her passionate, needful gaze with his own burning look of desire.

His shaft slipped gently into her hot wetness. He groaned as he pushed it in a little at a time, pulling it out and then back in. Finally, he was all the way in then. Holding her

head in his hands, he kissed her as he pressed harder, his shaft seeking the bottom of her love tunnel. She groaned through his kiss. Her hands grabbed his a*s and pulled him in before her legs automatically wrapped around his a*s to continue the containment. She met his thrust with her own strong thrust, their pubic bones grinding together as they slowly started thrusting. He pulled his shaft only half out, then in, then out, hitting her c**t each time, rocking his hips to grind it into her. Shawn lifted himself up then and started to f**k her faster, his rod pistoning in and out of her hot, wet folds, her tight folds grasping and sucking at him as he f****d her, luxuriating in the feeling of her.

They became one then, their bodies melding into one creature, their minds seemingly working together as their bodies met, combined, and joined. She arched her back, her entire

being concentrating on the feeling between their bodies, the feeling in her groin and belly taking over as she neared her o****m. It was coming faster than usual, but it was intense and incredible as it grew and overwhelmed her.. He joined in her rising passion, feeling her heat, the shuddering in her breath, the shaking of her legs as she neared an earth-shaking o****m. Finally, she could not hold it back any longer and started to moan and then scream as she came and came, her c**t wrapped around his shaft, sucking on it, willing him to c*m, which he did as well, his hot, white s***k shooting into her hot, wet c**t, filling her as she cried out, and he answered her with a groan and a shout of her name. It took several moments for them to stop, but finally, they were done, their bodies spent, as they held one another and kissed a long, hungry kiss, their juices flowing out of her together. With a heave he rolled off of her, his proud shaft once e***t and throbbing now having felt the cool light wind blowing across his body now gently succumbed and dribbled as he lay there, his heart however continued pounding and his breath still came in short gasps. They lay there for a time, catching their breath. She turned towards him, draping an arm and leg over his body in an embrace, then kissed his cheek before stroking his chest with her free hand. "That was great for a playboy man," she mumbled softly as she whispered in her husband's ear. = == "Best one yet, wifey?" he quizzically asked. "Yes... the best, come one, let's clean up," she said, dragging him off the bed. Naked, they made their way out of the bed to the bathroom as he took her in his arms and kissed her. Returning his kiss, her hardened nipples pressed lightly against his chest, hardening his manhood. "So you think you're up for a second round, you randy billionaire git?" She muttered whimsically, and with that, they laughed, then slowly returned to the bed.

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Chapter 101 It had only taken the dark Range Rover five hours to make the drive through the rolling highlands and roadside ranches to the nearest airport, but they were unable to take off because of the incoming storm that would take a day to cease, so they looked for a nearby town that wasn't too crowded with tourists.

The next morning, the gang was able to fly through Thailand, and after fourteen hours of flight, they arrived at Bangkok international airport.

Then they rented a car for their first stop, the ancient city of Muang Boran. It was located 30 km outside the center of Bangkok, in the Samut Prakan district. Their open-air museum offers more than 120 replicas of monuments on larger or smaller scales, but often at the actual size of the most remarkable buildings in Thailand or neighboring countries. Inside the rented car, Dave was amazed by the beautiful scenery as he muttered to the boys, "Did you know that there are also some original creations of Buddhas and ancient buildings that you will only find here?" Dave grumbled and received no response from Javier but he continued anyway, "and, guess what? Muang Boran is a little Thailand, a little Laos, Cambodia, China, and Myanmar all in one place. And I must recognize that the work they did here was remarkable. You are all welcome. I know you guys don't have any idea. Lucky you, I am here as your guide." "Shut up, Brown! Hell, you are a pest. S**t the f**k up." The giant of a man shouted something that made Javier smirk when Dave's eyes widened. After twenty minutes of travel, they arrived at the boundary of the ancient community, whose grounds were located in a very rustic neighborhood. A series of one-room log cabin replicas, hundreds of century-old repositories, and meeting galleries dotted the meadows surrounded by the locals' spiritual woodlands. Dave had hardly glimpsed the extraordinary scene of evening fall hues during the journey. His mind had been busy considering when his luck would turn on him. Shawn had made it this far, so maybe they knew that he had been kidnapped by Shawn's relatives? Not that he couldn't blame Catherine for not telling her husband what truly happened. So far, things have gone his way. He couldn't help but feel a sense of defeat, though. It was motivating that Shawn and Catherine were on the trail, but how would Shawn know how to interpret the runic symbols on the chambers?

Javier guided the rented car into an empty spot right outside of the park's wooden local gallery shop. Two other small automobiles sat idly by to the right. The gallery was constructed to keep with the rustic country aesthetic of the area. Unbending shafts angled up from outside trusses, and dry paint covered the raw paint siding of the whole building. It was crowned with a cedar-shingled roof. A massive patio was built around the entire guise of the facility and wrapped around the right side. On the long patio, old-fashioned rocking chairs were silently laid out, unoccupied.

A dozen crows loudly wailed from some high branches overhanging a cakewalk area, while six younger people were hastily throwing a volleyball in a field nearby. The evening's frigid air was replenished with the aroma of a tall stand of pine trees behind the gallery. "We might as well have a look." Javier inquired as the four men simultaneously set foot on the

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ground, exited the vehicle, and settled into a nearby small lodging inn, and by the next morning, Dave nodded his head in the direction of the museum. "I guess we should check in there. They will have a lot of information about the area. Maybe we'll find

something.” The group casually walked up the front steps toward the building. Upon entering, they were greeted with what Dave considered to be a pleasantly familiar smell. Muang Boran Museums of differing types always seemed to have a similar, unique odor. It was only natural for Dave to associate the scent he was now inhaling with the vision of ancient relics, pottery, weapons, or ordinary daily devices and utensils that people thousands of years ago would have taken for granted. After all, the Ancient City was a setting where one could vividly see the Siamese past. Where they would like to share the makings of the Ancient City itself. Every ounce of hard work and dedication was put in to ensure that Thai culture lives on.

Walking with only a slice of bread and tea earlier made Dave want to just go to the nearby Thai restaurant, but he knew it was not possible.

Behind the welcome desk, an Asian man with reddish-tan skin and short black hair stood in a green polka-dot, short-sleeve, button-up shirt, and green local pants. He was busily typing on a computer that sat on top of the information counter. The nametag on his shirt read, “Arthit.” His job must have gotten boring.

By now, Dave assumed the keeper would be able to play a round of solitaire at record speed. During the week, he was presumably not used to guests who weren’t part of a school group or on an informative trip.

“Can I assist you?” With a Thai-English accent, the man was questioned as he paused what he was doing and turned his attention to the four men, smiling brightly.

Dave was nudged forward by Javier. Dave swallowed his saliva and tried not to sound like a captive. “I was just showing some of my buddies about the area,” he continued. “They’re not from around here,” he added, pointing to the other three, who exchanged puzzled looks. “I thought it would be fun to show them a little bit of the history of the area.”

The man appeared to be convinced. “Well, you’ve arrived at a decent time. Please feel free to explore our museum by entering through those doors. Right here on the property, you may find a wealth of information about our rich history, as well as many items that have been uncovered over the years. If you’d like, we have a twenty-minute film that will be shown in a few minutes,” he continued.

Why would they show a movie at a specific time if no one was there to view it? The question was not posed by Dave. The man appeared to be eager to share knowledge with someone who had not arrived on a student bus.

“Thanks, we’ll just take a few minutes to look around and maybe go for a walk in the park.”

“Alright. Please let me know if you want any assistance or if you have any questions.” The keeper returned to whatever he was doing on the computer after completing his task.

Dave nodded and led the two flat tops and Javier into a tiny museum section through the massive double doors. They were met by six-foot-high posters depicting ancient Thais in full colorful regalia once inside. Smaller paintings littered the walls, each with a nameplate and a brief description.

The “museum” was more akin to a vast single room divided by a man-made barrier. Perhaps the park thought it would appear larger if it were divided into two sections rather than simply one. A variety of antique relics were displayed in display cases on the floor. In the first little place, there were eating utensils, scissors, miniature bowls, sewing needles, and a few other interesting things.

As the group made their way around the room, they found containers displaying arrows and spearheads made from flint. Small Buddha statues, bows, arrows, rifles, pistols, and various other weapons were displayed on the walls behind these glass boxes. A few rusty knives hung precariously next to a picture of a sallow-eyed local in what looked like a local suit a leader or chief may have worn in the early 1900s. The name under the picture read “Lek-Mraphai.”

The museum keeper, Arthit, appeared on their back and explained in his Thai accented English, “Thai culture has constantly grown prosperous. It would have been meaningful for our past and present if the cultural splendor, through our knowledge and wisdom, could have lasted forever.”

Javier nodded, pretending to listen to the small man as Arthit continued, “The question is, why has such precious culture been undermined?” He asked, then continued when no one bothered to respond. “Well, is it because of people’s oblivion of their national culture, or are there other significant factors hidden behind? But after thinking thoroughly about this matter, it is obvious that Thai cultural prosperity has gradually been wilting away because our cultural essence has never been properly acknowledged among modern people through proper means. We never have a proper way to make modern people thoroughly understand their cultural essence.”

“Oh,” Dave nodded as he listened intently, while Javier and his men appeared bored to death.

“With rare opportunities to learn about the long-inherited culture, how can people appreciate and acknowledge it? Being aware of this, we must act right away and do everything we can to support our cultural mission. However, as the cultural scope is expansive, being composed of various aspects including philosophies, beliefs, literature, arts, history, people, ways of living, etc., We, therefore, are obliged to continue our mission determinedly and confidently.” Dave smiled and let out a snorting laugh when he heard it. The Russians guarding him must not have noticed or even cared about their

prisoner's private thoughts. Javier interrupted the moment. "What are we looking for?" He said this in a direct tone. Dave cast him a "buzz off" glance. "We're just looking at this point. Something that resembles a f*****g chamber, which was one of the most important spots in the native's life. Logic would suggest that if the chambers exist, there is probably something that links to them here."

The answer to his comment was the feeling of a gun being shoved into his left kidney. "I would suggest, Mr. Dave, that you look faster. Time is of the essence." Shivers went through his body, but Dave remained calm. "Take it easy," he replied and took a few steps toward a large standup of Lek-Mraphai. The story of Mraphai's life played out next to the image. It was a tale that Dave knew well.

The man had been the primary leader and the founder of the ancient museum. Which rumors used to house massive gold bullions, statues, and the real Buddha before it vanished and was relocated to Europe? He and many white members of the British family of keepers had fought the removal of the real treasure from their ancient lands for years before succumbing to a betrayal by a minority group acting on the Thai's behalf.

Along the causeway, the images of other great Thai leaders hung from the walls. A lot more display cases had what looked like a lot of different kinds of art, like ancients and weapons, as well as drawings and paintings.

Both the guards had a lost look on their faces. Dave was unsure whether indifference or misunderstanding caused the blank looks on his captors' faces, but he didn't really care either way. His eyes roamed around the area, scanning all the shelves, hoping that whatever it was he was looking for would pop out like one of those 3-D pictures that were so popular in the late 90s.

After a few minutes of searching, he eventually saw it. In the shadows by the exit doors, a small glass case stood alone on a pedestal with a single flood light shining onto it at an angle. In a few long strides, Dave was standing in front of the exhibit. Wonder filled his eyes as he ran his fingers along the edge of the glass next to the "do not touch" sign. The men watching him were momentarily alarmed at how quickly Dave had moved toward the exit, but when he stopped in the corner, they're-holstered the pistols drawn a second before.

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Mesmerized by the exhibit resting in front of them, the four men stared into the case. Within its confines, a piece of clay pottery, about the size of a typical flower vase, sat inconspicuously in the pale light, and behind it was a painting of a gigantic diamond ring.

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Chapter 102 Dave squatted down to get a closer look at the painting. It looked more like it had come from an ancient Middle Eastern society than a Thai one. On the frame, fluid snakelike carvings adorned the side in shapes that crisscrossed like a complicated puzzle. As he scooted around to the back of the display stand, he beheld an image of two Buddhas, almost identical to the ones in the four chambers in Poland he had discovered. "This is it," he whispered. "I think this is the next clue." Javier appeared unimpressed. "That? What on earth are we looking for anyway? What does it mean?"

Dave had grown tired of these under enlightened men. Nothing annoyed him more than naive treasure hunters who only scanned because of the prestige and wealth antiquities might bring. Yes, before meeting Anthony, he was one of them, naive and uninterested in a world of uniqueness, but everything changed when the old man began to see glimpses of the real adventure and history that treasure hunting might bring. When he had lost everything in Scotland and took the lifetime-saving of his sister, it was Anthony who helped him. The old man taught him, educated him, and spent hours upon hours listening to his adventures. Yea, he was like a babe with a bar of chocolate waiting under the campfire. Since then, he changed the course of his life. Yes, from time to time he would paint, and sell his art, but his heart belonged to the treasure world. Though at first, when Alfonso had kidnapped him, he had no idea what to do and where to start, the clarity was beyond him. It was like finally succeeding in an impossible puzzle.

He rose from his squatting position and sighed, "This is actually a very rare piece of history. Maybe there is a real ring. We need to find it to find the real chamber. As far as I know, only one of these has ever been discovered. One of them was found fifty or so years ago and is called 'The Keeper's Ring.'" It had been in the hands of the Buddha's keeper for protection, passed by their ancestors. Until now, I have never actually seen one that painted anything close to that ring." "And how is this clay ring going to help us?" Javier looked bewildered.

Dave pointed to the front first. "You see, if you look closely, that ring had a hollow circle in the middle that appeared like a sort of entrance, a-hole... That was found to be all of the runic

symbols in the fake chambers, and they had almost identical snakelike drawings. But it did not have the key designs on the back, like this one, but rather it was sort of a key. We needed to find the ring." He motioned at the carvings on the rear side of the pot. "So where is it?"

"Probably the keeper has it," Dave said, and rolled his eyes, with a smile, knowing how foolish they were.

Clearly, the man still had no idea where he was going with this.

"The image that I found had the exact same rings, and the circle in the middle was carved into it. Don't you see?" His voice begged while his hands extended outward. This

means we are on the right track. The fact that this painting and the images from Leba's chamber have the same

designs means the clues are related!" Dave was ecstatic about the discovery. "So, what do we do? Take the painting?" Javier took a step closer to the glass case, removing the gun from his jacket.

"No, no, wait! Hold on a second, we need to find the real ring. This painting just says that we were on the right track, but we don't need this painting." As Dave got in his way, he put his hands up to hold the blonde man back, a move his captor did not seem to appreciate, as evidenced by the warning grimace on his face. Backing off a foot, he continued cautiously, "Hey men, look, we don't need to take it. Just give me a minute. I need more clues to find the real ring." Javier re-holstered his weapon, seemingly willing to wait and see what the archaeologist was going to do next. Dave took a step back away from the display and looked around. Immediately, he noticed that no history placard or nameplate was identifying where the pottery had come from or why it was there. He retraced their steps through the corridor, looking to see if there was anything that contained information about the vessel, but he found nothing. Finally, he said, "I need to get the guy from the information desk in here." Javier looked at him suspiciously, deliberating over the request. Then, he nodded his approval. Dave strode back over to the giant exit doors and gently pushed one of them open. The hinges obviously needed some kind of lubricant as the portal creaked loudly. He poked his head out and noticed the park ranger looking directly at him. The squeaking must have gotten the man's attention.

"Done already?" the man inquired cheerfully with his thick Thai accent.

Actually, not yet, my friend. See? We had a question about something here. Would you mind?" Dave made a motion with his hand for the man to come over.

The Thai looked around. For whom, Dave had no idea. Then he said, "Sure. What would you like to know?" He walked over to the doors and pulled them open to find the three men standing around the corner exhibit. For a moment, it looked like the sight of the huddled group startled the man, but he recovered and continued into the museum. "So, how can I help you?"

The three Russians remained silent. Again, it seemed like Dave would do all the talking. "We were wondering about this piece right here." He gestured to the vase. "How come there isn't any information about it? We thought that was strange. It sure is a spectacular piece, though."

An unusual look traversed the man's face. "OK, my friend, what exactly do you want to know about this painting aside from that it is just a wedding ring?"

The mood of the man's voice had shifted from thoughtful to almost sinister. Whether Dave thought it was real or not, the smile that had attended his cheerful mood had also gone away.

Staggering through his words, Dave apologized, "Sorry, but well... where did it come from? How old is it? Who made it? You know, stuff like that?"

The smile returned to the crooked face, but there was something unique about it.

He eyed the other three men with a look that seemed to be revulsion. When his gaze returned to Dave, it held a look of threat, though his voice had become pleasant again.

"It is not just a regular painting that was kept here in the ancient city for a very long time. As to who made it, no one really knows. But it is an excellent example of early 15th-century artwork."

Dave looked wary; something didn't seem right. "I'm sorry," he mumbled after a brief pause. "Did you say that it was the early 15th century?"

"Yes, that is correct. The natives were of a very cultural lineage. There was a whole ancestry of artisans, sculptors, and painters. Creativity was encouraged by our culture." Dave hindered him. "Yeah, but I don't think that this is actually from the 15th century. That can't be right." An aggravated look crossed the man's face. "I assure you, we have had the best experts in the area examine this, and they have all agreed to the same timeframe. We even had a man from Europe, I heard he passed away. He was famous around here." "Who?"

"Sir Anthony Richmond, that painting had been missing for God knows how long, and Mr. Richmond brought it back here. The man was heaven sent." Javier raised his brows. Dave smirked.

"Well, I don't know who these experts are, but I can tell you one thing: that painting predates the 15th century by at least, oh, I'd say a hundred years," Dave added. For a minute, the keeper's eyes fluttered. Dave's statements appeared disrespectful rather than prying. "Seriously? And what makes you think such a thing, if I may ask," he reacted, crossing his thick, tanned arms.

"Well, first of all, as I was explaining to these men, this is an example of your ancient ancestors' masterpiece. It's from the early Egyptian Age, at the youngest. But from the expression of the lines and the kind of color and dye that appears to have been used, I'd say this thing is way older. In fact, it resembles some items that I have seen at a dig site in Iran. They... I mean... they discovered some paintings that look very identical to this one. And those were about a thousand years old." Dave attempted not to appear too much like he was amending the man, but this was an area in which Dave considered himself to be a foremost expert after Sir Anthony had mentioned this to him before.

Again, the look on the Thai's face changed. This time, though, it was an acknowledgment." Impressive, sir."

Dave was not sure how to respond. Before he could, the keeper proceeded.

"It is certainly much older than the 15th century. Although I'm not sure how old it was. Since you seem to know much more about our history than the average individual, actually you know this painting has a real ring, right?" The last comment urged a reply. Nodding, Dave replied, "Yes, I know that now."

Seemingly delighted, the man proceeded while the two giant Russians and Javier looked at each other, bemused. "This particular piece of work has an interesting history. Originally, it was brought here by the oldest of the keepers. It was said that they kept the bones of a great tribal governor within it. As the tale goes, this man was more of an emperor than a general. He sanctioned enormous lands and was a great warrior. When he died, those who took over for him believed that if they kept his remains, the kingdom would be blessed for all eternity and that he would watch over it from his place in the afterlife." The man stopped talking for a moment and looked at the unassuming display, lost in thoughts that drifted through time. "This land we stand upon was considered sacred by my ancestors for thousands of years. Then, in the early 18th century, the whites came and took everything away. Their passion for our wealth and treasure and land pushed the keeper to keep the treasure away from them, in secret places all over the world."

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"But the painting remained here." In a moment of reflection, Dave slipped the question in.

"Yes."

"How about the real ring?" "No, I have no idea about it, no one does," Arthit's reply was vacant as the man shook his head, knowing that this British guy knew something more and that the massive guards were after the ring of the keeper. "The ring does exist, but it has been missing since God knows when."

"Maybe take it to a safe place?" Javier asked.

The Thai grumbled something they didn't understand and nodded his head.

"Yes. The Buddha's keepers kept their secret," he said, motioning at the wooden representation of the old Thai ancient chief. "They knew that the people had been betrayed by some of their own and that soon the whites would force them to leave their

land. So, they took their most sacred relic to the only place he thought it would be safe... a secret chamber.”

Dave’s eyebrows furrowed at the revelation. “Another fake chamber?”

“The man looked at him with a blank stare. Then Dave sighed, “My friend, I don’t understand. Why didn’t they just take it to the real chamber?”

“I don’t know.”

“But to open the real chamber, we need the ring?”

“I think so.” The Thai chuckled under his breath. To him, the answer was obvious. “This painting is as much a part of this land as the trees and the dirt beneath them. It was brought here by a great tribal leader, and here it must stay for all eternity. Even though many traditions were lost over the years and several white culture ones were adopted, there are still others that remain and will remain until the end of time.”

“But if the white settlers could not be trusted with this, how did your ancestors know that they could trust the keepers full of white people?” It was a good question. The Thai thought to himself before answering. “There were many historians, as well as average, everyday citizens, who wanted the relocation to happen. They employ white keepers for the sole purpose of keeping them under their noses. The Buddha was our national treasure and there were dozens of looting attempts at its wealth, so it was hidden in plain sight. No doubt, those white keepers were in the majority. But some local people rallied for the whites’ cause. One of those was Mr. Lek-Mraphi. His family was one of the Buddha’s keepers for centuries, and he was the one who befriended the parents of Sir Anthony Richmond. Mr. Lek-Mraphi was the founder of this museum, and as you may know, the legendary real chamber of the Buddha still exists today, but no one knows the exact location. Mr. Lek-Mraphi developed a friendship with the Richmonds over time and grew to trust the man as if they were brothers.”

“How did you know this?” Dave asked.

“Well, he is my great-great father.” “Mr.Lek-Mraphi?”

“Yes, and Sir Anthony Richmond is my friend. The man was an angel. He loves to do charity and the children love him. But guess what? Did you know that Mr.Lek-Mraphi... Was.... shall I put...um-the oddity?”

“Why?”

“Because, um-in fact, there was a rumour that the Richmonds had even gone through the blood ceremony to become forever united with their new friend.” The Thai stopped again and looked out through the double doors to make sure no one was waiting at the desk, a move that startled the two Russians momentarily.

Ignoring their jumpiness, he began again while Dave listened eagerly. "Back in the early 19th century, a few days before the other settlers' troops moved in, my great-great-grandfather um-went to Richmond. He walked in during a service and presented this painting to his friend.

There it was kept for over a century until this park was established. Knowledge of this painting's importance to my ancestor was passed down from keeper to keeper. When it was announced that this ancient city would become a protected museum park, the then leader of the keepers, Richmond, graciously returned the painting to where he believed to be its proper resting place."

"So, what happened to the real chamber? Does Richmond know its exact location?"

"I don't know, I can't answer that, but the Buddha is rumoured to have been buried somewhere safe, but the location remains a mystery, much like the chamber itself."

As fascinating as the whole tale had been, none of it really helped them with the bigger picture of finding the chambers. But Dave couldn't help but feel like this simple museum keeper knew more than he was letting on. But how to get it out of him?

The man interrupted his thoughts with a whisper, just loud enough for Dave's ear alone to hear, "You shall not find what it is you seek. Though you have come further than any before, the chamber will remain a secret."

"What and why?" He was confused by the sudden confirmation and denial all in one breath.

Javier leaned in to hear the exchange between the two men.

The Thai stepped back, resolution in his face. "You are not the only one looking for it," His finger extended toward the now angry-looking Javier. "You will not find the chamber. Only death awaits you and your allies."

"Believe me, I'm already a dead man, my friend."

The Thai looked at him in understanding.

Pulling his gun from his jacket, Javier stood in front of the man and pressed the gun to his forehead. He'd heard enough. "Tell me where the ring is, Arthit, and perhaps I will spare your life."

A sick grin came upon the reddish face. It was followed by a deep, slow chuckle, becoming faster and louder until the whole hall was filled with a dreadful sound. "Death is no threat to me. The dwelling of the Buddha's chamber will only be conveyed to the pure soul. Your soul is

black at night. I can see it in your eyes. It cannot be yours.”

Dave attempted to interfere and stepped toward Javier. “Javier, don’t do this! He’s the only one that can help us. If you kill him, then we will never find the chamber. We need him.”

Javier cocked his head narrowly. “Hmm. Really?” Then, with a matter-of-fact look, he turned his attention back to the museum keeper and said, “Well, if dying doesn’t change your mind, perhaps the anguish will.” A split second later, he had lowered the weapon to the Thai’s leg. The boisterous recoil rang throughout the museum walls. What had been a look of courage on the man’s face was quickly torn into anguish and panic as he fell to the ground. Javier’s voice became rougher and more commanding. “Tell me where the ring is and I will end your misery!” The man said nothing; he just gripped his leg, trying to slow the bleeding from the shot wound.

“Say it!” Javier screamed again. He aimed the weapon at the other knee and heaved the trigger again. A spray of blood and bone burst from the kneecap. Despite his face revealing a new wave of pain as Arthit clamped his teeth more, the man did not cry out. Around where he lay supported on the floor, a little puddle of red liquid was forming. All Dave could do was stand there helpless in the arms of the two guards, watching in despair. “Are you insane? Put a stop to it!” Dave yelled, “We need him!” Before another shot reverberated throughout the structure, Javier’s eyes moved to Dave for a brief second. This bullet went straight through Arthit’s shoulder and entered his joint. Blood dripped from the cut on the man’s tan uniform sleeve.

Both the massive Russians were noticeably concerned as they stood a few steps apart, watching. With paranoia on their faces, they were busy looking around to make sure no one else was about to enter the room. Javier bent down and forced the rifle against the Thai’s temple, his nose near to the man’s grimacing face. “Then tell me where the ring is, and I’ll put an end to everything right now. This is your final warning.” The sorrow on Arthit’s face morphed into a defiant expression once more. He spat through clenched teeth, “I am already dead. My forefathers are waiting for me. And you’ll never find the treasure you’re looking for. I’ve accomplished my goal.”

The rifle lowered to the ranger’s midsection, saying, “Have it your way.” The silence was broken by another pop as Javier’s smile devilishly appeared.

B****y hands grabbed the arms of Javier’s European jacket, which had undoubtedly ended his life. He reached down with his hands, removing the sleeves, and felt the warm, viscous liquid flowing from the bullet wound in his stomach. “The Buddha’s room will not be found,” Arthit said immediately, gasping.

After a brief period, Arthit lay motionless, his hands on his belly, covered in the gushing scarlet, staring at the ceiling.

"Nooo!" Dave screams as he broke the guards' grip and sprints towards the kneeling Javier, adrenaline seized over.

The frenzied prisoner's shoulder crashed firmly into the man's right arm, wrenching the gun from his grip for a brief instant, appearing to catch Javier off guard. It slammed on the rough

flooring and rolled away a few feet. The two Russians were startled into action and yanked the furiously swinging Dave away from the blonde before he could strike back.

One of the Russian bears held him into submission, while the shorter one punched him in the stomach mercilessly. Dave was out of breath, and his instinct was to double over, but his body couldn't reach the position it needed for relief because of the significantly stronger arms holding him up. Another punch smacked into his jaw, sending the entire world spinning wildly out of control. As he lay stretched out on the floor, the guard let go of his grip, and unconsciousness tempted him for a minute.

Javier was standing over him now, having recovered from the attack. He could see the huddled cluster of park rangers resting against the wall through his captor's legs. Although the man's chest continued to heave up and down, a large pool of blood had formed around his body. He had something in his right hand that the assailants couldn't see. It appeared to be a cell phone.

"That was a poor decision, Brown," Javier stated as he stood over Dave. "Why shouldn't I treat you the same way I treated him?" He made a haphazard gesture toward the stacked Thai in the corner.

Dave coughed as he regained his breath. As he got to his knees, a small line of blood flowed from his lip. With the back of his hand, he wiped the blood away. "You understand why? I'm the only one who can assist you in finding the ring and the Buddha's chambers," he coughed again, forcing him to kneel.

Javier had recovered the gun from the floor during the punching match and was now holding it level with Dave's chest. "For the time being, Brown, for the time being," he said, looking across at the gory mass at the entrance. "Let's get moving." Javier came to a halt in front of the body on the floor and turned around. "We're going to the ancestral home of this Lek-Mraphi. Perhaps a clue will be found there, or perhaps the Buddha's chamber."

Dave tried to stall by saying, "Perhaps we might search some more here." He hoped the Thai had managed to get through to the cops on the phone.

"And then we'll sit around and wait for the authorities to locate us. No, I don't believe so." In a commanding move, he flicked the gun toward the door.

Javier stuck his head out the exit door to make sure the way was free. There was no one in the lobby. The gentle rotation of a ceiling fan hung from the exposed wooden ceiling was the only activity in the open area. They slid out of the entryway, making sure there were no other museum visitors who may have emerged from a restroom or another area unexpectedly. At this time, the last thing they needed was to be irresponsible.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 104

Bangkok, Thailand.

Shawn and Catherine stood waiting at the information desk in the welcome center of the ancient city museum. It was an hour ago when Richmond's private jet arrived at the airport, Eddie and his men, however, went back to London for urgent business that involved Chelsea.

The three were welcomed by one of the managers of Richmond's hotel in Bangkok branch, who was now standing near the VIP car with their local driver. Since they'd arrived, no museum worker or staff had been seen. Ben had lingered in the entryway, checking text messages, more than likely from his nephew. "Odd, where is everybody?" Catherine asked as she looked around.

"Yes, it is, but I think it's Labour Day," Shawn responded and held her hands as they entered the visitors' area. "How did you know that?" "Well, I know Thailand by heart. I had done my fair share of research. Did you know Thailand has a population of almost 70 million? It is bordered to the north by Myanmar and Laos, to the east by Laos and Cambodia, to the south by the Gulf of Thailand and Malaysia, and the west by the Andaman Sea and Myanmar. It also shares maritime borders with Vietnam to the southeast, and Indonesia and India to the southwest." "Wow, fancy pants... I never thought of you as being this smart. I wondered why you always forget the name of your woman before you remember Thailand as if you are a native here?" "Come on, sweetheart... You are just jealous..."

"I am not-"

Shawn smirked, scanning the museum entryway. Time was of the utmost value, and the absence of someone who could provide useful information would certainly be a hindrance.

Catherine broke the silence, "Should we just take a look around? We've been standing here for five minutes." Her patience was obviously running thin. "Sounds like a plan," Shawn concurred. "Hey, Ben, let's see what we can find."

The old man nodded and flipped his phone closed, sliding it into his front pants pocket.

Shawn pointed to a pair of large double doors close to them on an opposing wall. A blue sign marked "exhibit" hung above the museum entrance. "Let's try it first."

Upon entering the display room, they noticed an acrid odor that filled the room. It was distinctly different from what a museum normally smelt like.

"Something isn't right here." Instinctively, Shawn reached for his hidden gun, given by the manager.

Cautiously, he held the weapon at his side as he crept past the display boxes and pictures. At the corner of the false wall that divided the two rooms of the exhibit, he stopped and signaled the others to do the same. "Wow, they have beautiful art and paintings everywhere," Catherine murmured.

"Oh yeah," Ben agreed, "The origins of Thai art were very much influenced by Buddhist art and by scenes from the Indian epics. Traditional Thai sculpture almost exclusively depicts images of the Buddha, being very similar to the other styles from Southeast Asia. Traditional Thai paintings usually consist of book illustrations and painted ornamentation of buildings such as palaces and temples. Thai art was influenced by the indigenous civilizations. By the Sukothai and Ayutthaya periods, Thai had developed into its own unique style and was later further influenced by the other Asian styles, mostly Sri Lankan and Chinese. The royal courts provided patronage, erecting temples and other religious shrines as acts of merit or to commemorate important events and -" Ben halted as he and Catherine had detected the smell, too, but they weren't sure what was going on, so they obeyed, halting short of where Shawn stood.

"Keep your Thai arts expertise for later, Ben," Shawn murmured under his breath as he warily peered around the edge of the wall down the other corridor of the small museum. That's when he saw it.

The body of the museum's keeper lay motionless on its side in the corner of the room near the exit. Thick puddles of blood and urine spread out underneath his form, the liquid seeping slowly into the thin carpet.

After seeing the man on the floor, Shawn rushed over to the scene, with Catherine and Ben confusedly following behind. As they rounded the wall, the two beheld what had caused Dave's change of demeanor. "Looks like they're still a step ahead of us," Ben commented grimly as he arrived at the exit. "Yeah," Shawn agreed, sighing. He reached down and checked for the man's pulse on the darkly tanned neck, but felt nothing. "He's gone."

Catherine had seen bodies before. It was something she had to do to be able to cope with death. Still, she had never truly grown comfortable with it. "Why would they do this?" She wondered aloud.

Both men shook their heads. "Either this Javier felt like the man knew too much or the guy tried something." Shawn squatted down to one knee, examining the multiple gunshot wounds. "Or maybe he could ID them and that would give him another loose end that had to be tied. At any rate, the police haven't been here yet."

"Which means we better get the heck out of here," Ben finished.

"Right." Shawn began to stand when he noticed one of the dead man's hands was clutching something. A cell phone. Carefully, he reached down and pried the device from the dead man's fingers, afraid that the police or perhaps a park visitor would burst through the door at any moment.

Then, something else caught his attention. In the corner of the room was a small display pedestal with a glass case surrounding a painting. Taking a quick step over to the painting, he examined it with a look of distant recognition. "The ring."

Ben, too, became curious about the artifact. "You know what that looks like, right?"

"That is obvious enough," Catherine added.

"It seems like we are in the right place." "That looks like a clue to me."

"So where are we going now? Where is this real chamber?" Shawn murmured, scanning the painting for any sort of clue or something amiss in the painting while he caressed the velvet box on his pants.

"I have no idea.,But I didn't realize they had anything like that in this museum. Ben frowned while examining the piece.

"There's no information about where it came from or who found it either." "Guys," Catherine cut in, "I don't mean to interrupt, but there is a dead boy in the room, so if you don't mind hurrying up your discussion a little..." Ignoring her for a second, Shawn went on, "I wonder if this painting is the next clue." "That would make sense," Ben agreed. "It's the only thing in the room that doesn't fit with any of the other artifacts. Sure, it is curious. I'll say that."

Even after a few closer looks, though, Shawn was unsure of what clue the painting could hold. Unfortunately, they didn't have a lot of time to analyze the artifact. "I wish there was some kind of information about this thing."

Shawn looked at Ben and shook his head, turning his attention back to the phone. They wondered if the dead man had called for help before his demise. Surely not. If such a call had been placed, the authorities would have already been on the scene.

He pressed a button that illuminated the small screen. Instead of pulling up a menu, though, what appeared to be an unsent text message flashed onto the display. An odd message, Shawn thought. The message read, "keeper." Ben came closer and peered at the electronic device to see what had grabbed his friend's attention. "Keeper?" he wondered aloud. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Catherine was baffled. "Why would this man leave a message like that on his phone if he was dying? It seems like he would have called the police."

"I'm not sure, but we can't stay here to figure it out," he said, motioning toward the door and returning the phone to Arthit's curled palm.

The three exited the exhibit room and entered the main lobby, making their way to the front door. Shawn was the first to arrive at the building's inner entrance and began to open it when he came to a halt. Outside, in the parking lot, two county police cars had driven into a couple of empty spots around thirty feet from their own vehicle.

"What?" Catherine inquired.

"S**t! The police are here," he said stoically.

"Hell, indeed. How did they know?" Ben began to inquire, but Shawn stopped him by motioning for the group to return to the building. Fortunately, the glass doors to the information center were tinted, making it practically impossible to see anyone inside from the parking lot. Shawn scanned the room from right to left, looking for another escape. There were stairs to the right of the information desk, which he didn't like because it quickly surrounded them in whatever was on the second story.

Then there was a door to the left of the word "TV Room." Shawn hastily answered, "In there," thinking that most cinemas had exits. "Faster," he added.

04

Before the two cops reached the top of the porch outside, the door to the movie room closed behind them.

However, it didn't appear to be much of a modern TV room. There were only three wooden rows of auditorium-style chairs in front of a medium-sized screen on the wall. Shawn paused near the doors, listening intently. When he heard the inner of the building's two front doors open, he softly ushered the other two into the front row. There was, as he had suspected, an exit near the front of the chamber.

The three moved rapidly beyond the seats to the single door with the red "exit" letters hanging above it. Shawn paused for a second as he approached the door. Some doors had automatic alarms installed so that in the event of an emergency, a warning would

be broadcast throughout the building. As he pushed his fingers against the handle, he hoped it wasn't one of those.

The device readily clicked and opened into the early afternoon sunlight. They slid out of the building unseen and back around the front of the building to the VIP car without raising an alarm as he motioned to the manager and to the driver to drive faster while the two locals exchanged glances but did not utter a word.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 105

The navigation system in the rented automobile made it simple to locate Lek-ancestral Mraphi's home. And Dave wasn't as happy or at ease as Javier had been. Two hours after leaving the ancient city, the Russians sped through the parking area of the vast ancient state of Lek-Mraphi, which appeared to be some recently reconstructed museum of some kind that looked like an old temple and had instead become a tourist attraction.

There were probably a thousand phrases to explain what the men in the automobile were thinking as they peered at the huge structure. But all that was expressed was mute astonishment. Yes, he had to agree the place was a work of art. It was by far so remarkable that he gaped at it and by looking, he could not argue that it looked exactly like a Wat Phra Kaew, just a little bit smaller. Dave thought about his research about Thailand's temple. How the construction of the real Wat Phra Kaew temple began in 1783 under the orders of Rama I, the first king of the Chakri dynasty. Since then, each successive king has been personally involved in adding, restoring and embellishing the temple during their reigns as a way of making religious merit and glorifying the dynasty. Many important state and royal ceremonies are held within the temple each year, presided by the king in person and attended by government officials. This makes the temple the nation's preeminent place of worship and a national shrine for the monarchy and the state. Throughout the years, each king has donated sacred and valuable objects to the temple, making it a treasury as well and by looking at Lek Mraphi's residence he couldn't help but compare it to the beautiful temple. Not that being located in a valley of rolling hills had made it less intriguing, it was the perfect place, right on the crest of a small rise. The neighbouring mountains and hillsides were serenely beautiful from the parking area. Patches of orange, crimson, and yellow woodland scattered the terrain, the leaves of the trees aflame for the season. A few small farms scattered the ground in between the dense cropping of trees. Dave took in his surroundings. He thought to himself, "They really chose a wonderful site, this is an amazing residence. It was b****y perfect." They hadn't said anything since they left the museum. He couldn't believe Javier had slain the innocent worker in such a horrible manner.

Still, there was something about the local that made it seem like he was ready for the event as if it was part of a bigger plan.

Javier and the two Russians got out of the car and took a quick look around. They were checking to make sure no one had followed them, not to take in the breathtaking scenery.

A lone grey pickup truck waited calmly outside the door. He assumed the vehicle belonged to the temple's manager or custodian. Most temples did not require anybody to work at the facility throughout the week, owing to the tiny number of people who used it. This structure, on the other hand, had almost three thousand visitors a week or more.

The four men approached the structure with caution. Unlike many churches in Europe, which were essentially boxes that angled up to a point in the roof with a steeple at the front, Lek Mraphi's residence was unmistakably unusual. Its roof, which was not cathedral – like, gradually ascended to one side of the building before dropping precipitously. There was no steeple, just three steel beams of varied heights perched perilously off to the side of the entryway on a separate plot of landscaping. It was similar to a huge temple all over Thailand, with an initial complex featuring two pagodas, which were among the tallest structures at the

time. They were on opposite sides of the complex, one on the western and one on the eastern. The structures were encircled by a walled courtyard with four gates.

"It doesn't look like a house to me; it looks more like an ancient temple." Dave groaned. Javier agreed with a nod. "But another intriguing feature was the lack of statuary. Most temples he'd seen had several statues adorning the windows, doorways, and pretty much everything. It was strange that there weren't any at this place. In fact, the structure appeared to be missing numerous conventional Thai cultural decoration items. Dave continued as they proceeded through the stone pathway, Dave added. Two rows of narrow stained-glass windows adorned the exterior's pale brick walls. Despite how big the place was, the design itself looked simple, almost like it was meant to be simple. The shorter Russian was the first to reach the building's big wooden doors and grip the brass handle. The door must have weighed more than he anticipated, and the jerking motion threw him off balance for a split second. He kept the door open for the other three to enter first, feeling a little uncomfortable. "This place is creepy as hell."

When the four guys entered, they found themselves in an environment that was opposed to the outside of the building. The ceiling dramatically rose into a five-story-high angled glass canopy that ran the length of the room just past the second set of enormous doors. A tiled stairway extended upwards in front of elevator doors at the opposite end of the enormous atrium.

Even the typically stoic Russians were taken aback. The stunned expressions on their faces indicated that they had never seen anything like it. The foyer of the temple was no more remarkable than any Christian chapel or any of the world's major cathedrals, but the striking beauty of the inside, when juxtaposed to the typical outside of the building, was genuinely amazing

As they moved farther into the vast space, they noticed an older man with white hair at the far end of the mezzanine, behind a welcome desk. He must have heard them come in because he was folding his newspaper at the time. Javier's patience with allowing Dave to ask the questions had worn thin, and he addressed the temple worker immediately. "We are from out of town and heard about your temple through a friend who lives here. My friend, is it possible for us to take a look around?"

Dave couldn't believe it; was this the same man who had just shot an innocent man just two hours before? His demeanor had completely changed. He spoke smoothly and nicely to the old guy, and he didn't seem to want to damage him in any way, like a snake waiting calmly in the grass.

O

"Certainly, and welcome to the famed Lek-Mraphi ancestral home," the old man said, motioning them around. "Of course, dear buddy, feel free to browse around. The rooms and offices across the way are closed for the day," he said, his hand extended towards the location he was referring to. "However, you can go up the elevator to see the balcony, and you can also wander around on the sanctuary's main level." Thin lips pursed into a friendly smile.

"Thank you," was all that Javier offered.

The main sanctuary was reached via ten flights of stairs. On the second story, a small dais was located, the exterior wall of which was covered by a stunning painting depicting several episodes from Buddha's life. The canvas alone measured at least ten feet in length and eight feet in width.

The four men proceeded quickly toward the first set of stairs leading into the temple's inner lobby. Once inside, multiple sets of windows allowed the faithful to look into the massive main worship hall, most likely to help temple members choose a seat before stepping through one of the four sets of wooden doors.

One of the most spectacular sights Dave had ever seen was at the very front of the vast auditorium, behind a small dais area. The gang slowed their speed somewhat and passed through one of the doors on the left. The gathering moved almost reverently down the aisle toward a massive statue that stretched from the elevated stage's floor to nearly three stories up to the wooden plank ceiling.

The sheer size wasn't the only thing that made it so amazing. From head to toe, the beauty was adorned with intricate wooden carvings. Trees, vines, flowers, birds, and other animals appeared to be alive in the wood from which they were carved. The sanctuary opened up above them like a massive airplane hangar. The angled roof climbed to its zenith on the left wall before plummeting to a far lower point on the right.

The temple balcony loomed at the far back, housing several hundred additional seats as well as the control center for the sound and visual systems.

Dave's gaze returned to the temple's sidewalls and stained glass windows. From the outside, the windows were very dark, almost black, and the colours were considerably duller. As a result, it was impossible to perceive the details of the panes. However, the hues were considerably more vibrant from the inside. The mosaic of jagged glasswork had an abundance of blues and reds. There were also white dots that looked like they were scattered around the darker colours in each window.

He looked at a few of them before moving almost mindlessly towards the stage and up its front steps. A closer inspection revealed that the statue was far larger than he had imagined, with ladders and small platforms built inside to provide maintenance staff easy access to the appropriate areas.

For a second, Dave looked up at Javier, his thoughts leaving the idol for a second. "What do you think you'll discover here?"

Javier cocked his head and said, "That's why you are here, Brown."

"Jesus... this place is massive, this will take longer... well-I don't even know what to look for, where the hell are we going to start?" He'd become exasperated. The events of the last few days had taken their toll, and his brain hurt from the emotional and mental roller coaster.

"Try or you know what were the consequences, boy."

Dave rolled his eyes again, "As if I didn't know that." he whispered.

Minutes went by. As Dave scanned the entire chamber, searching for something that could possibly be a clue, he could find nothing. No pictures, no words, not even any symbols that could be translated were to be found anywhere. And there was certainly n

found anywhere. And there was certainly nothing of any Indian ice to be seen. "F**k, I dont know what to look, ther is no f*****g ring here."

Per

Five minutes later, out of nowhere, the old man appeared in a doorway near the base of the large stage. "Do you gentlemen have any questions or need help with anything?"

"Well- actually, sir," Dave answered, "I do have a couple of questions, if you don't mind."

"Yes?" The old man looked happy to be able to help.

"I was curious about the size of this place and the Buddha. This is gigantic per se...but it seems fairly large for an area with such a small population. How did that happen?"

The old man smiled with his reply, "Originally, this home only had a dozen families or so. That was back in the mid-1900s. Shortly after the founder died, it had been given to the government for cultural preservation, and it was organized as a replica of the ancient temple around the area, and it brought in a great deal of money. No one really knows where it came from. The government claimed that the money had come from a generous donor who believed in the cause of the Lek-Mraphi foundation but who wanted to stay anonymous. Through the years, it has been remodelled and expanded many times to accommodate the growing number of members. Where you stand now is the result of the final renovation in the 1970s. Down in the basement areas, the original flooring and foundation still exist to this day."

"I bet it's the Richmond again," Dave grumbled under his breath.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 106

"Would it be possible to get down into the basement for a closer look and see some of the original structure?" Dave asked.

A slight chuckle ensued from the old man, "I don't think it's possible, my friend. No one is allowed in the basement. There is only one door that leads down into that area, and it is completely sealed off. It is quite impossible to get down there."

"Why is it sealed off?"

"I have no idea. It seems to me that it would be an interesting part of the temple's history to include that as part of the tour, but for some reason, it was closed up long ago, before this final version of the building was ever completed. If I had to guess, I would say there must be some kind of safety or insurance concern with having people in that area."

The answer seemed to be an honest one. Still, the mysterious Buddha statue and where the temple got its money were never made clear.

"That Buddha was one of the replicas. It was not the legendary golden Buddha, but... yeah," the old man went on, "it is the largest one in the eastern part of Thailand and one of the biggest in the entire world." He must have noticed Javier and the two Russians pretending to admire the massive instrument. They all gave the man a blank stare of disinterest.

"If I may," Dave went back to the issue in his mind, "you said that nobody knew where the money originally came from?"

"That is correct, sir. Of course, now, the temple has a rather large number of members on its books, so money comes in regularly from tithes and offerings." There was

something suspicious about the story they were being told. Dave believed the temple worker was mostly telling the truth, but it seemed like the connection between the dead museum keeper's story earlier and the way that this temple seemed to thrive so quickly was more than just a mere coincidence. His eyes once again searched the room, trying to find something that would tip him as to how.

His gaze stopped on one of the old windows. There was something different, inside the windows.

The old man seemed content to simply stand by and help answer any questions the strangers had. Clearly, he was exhausted from his job.

Dave obliged him. "I do have another question to ask you. Where did these rows of stained glass windows on the walls come from?"

"Oh, I believe they were made somewhere in Europe. Actually, that was one of the originals from Lek-Mraphi's ancestral home. Australian Buloke wood is a very tough one. It is an ironwood tree that is native to Australia. This wood comes from a species of tree that occurs across most of eastern and southern Australia. It is known as the hardest wood in the world, and why it came from Europe, I have no idea."

Dave nodded in silent agreement as the man continued, "Very good, yes? An extremely specialised woodworking company created them and they were shipped over here, from Europe, of course. It must have been a difficult thing to communicate back and forth with a company so far away about the specifications of the windows needed for the temple."

As interesting as Dave found the history of the windows, he was more concerned with the oddity of their appearance. "What I was really curious about was the white pieces of wooden dark frame that seemed to dot each window. Are they just there to throw in contrast with the dark colours or is there another reason for them?"

The old man smiled. "I'm so glad you asked. You see," he explained, "those white pieces of wood are actually a tribute to one of the most revolutionary forms of communication ever developed." Dave and the other three waited for word from the source for clarification. "The white dots of round wood inserted in the windows are actually Morse code." "So the clue is in the windows," Dave said, a little louder than he'd intended.

The statement took the temple worker off of Russian. "I'm sorry. A Clue? What clue?"

He was given no answer. Instead, Javier began examining the windows as well, in an attempt to figure out what it all meant. The effort was short-lived and futile, though.

"What does it mean? How do you know where to begin?" Dave asked.

A curious look came on the wrinkled face. "I'm not sure what you're so frantic about. It's just one of the Buddha's sayings. It begins with that window, over there," he pointed to a window in the top of the front right corner of the sanctuary, "and reads all the way around, down to the next level, then finishes over there in the back."

Javier looked as if he'd just won the lottery. "Buddha's saying, what does it say?" He demanded.

"It's just a quote from one of his many words of wisdom. Many people around here know about it. Not like it's a secret."

More impatient now, Javier insisted, "Yes, but what does it say?"

The man appeared thrown off by the sudden change in temperament, but he replied anyway. "Those who cling to perceptions and views wander the world offending people."

The old man raised his arm and pointed at a large book sitting on a stand directly below the raised baptismal pool. "Here, take a look." He shuffled over to the old-school type of hardbound book and flipped a few chunks of pages, then, one by one, until he found the right spot.

"See, have a look."

The old man began to read. "Those who cling to perceptions and views wander the world offending people."

"What the hell was it supposed to mean?" Javier was incredulous.

"Well," he was stuttering at this point, unsure about why it mattered so much to this foreign visitor. "Our temple was founded by Lek-Mraphi and its many donors. In a manner of speaking, it has become a beacon, a type of guide. So, the designers of the building thought it

riate to use these quotes because it was necessary at that time, and as you know, there were lots of thieves and grave diggers all around this place.

"Is that it?" Javier approached the old guy, seized him by the shirt and tie, and lifted him with both arms onto the wall beneath the baptism. "Speak up, old man. Is that all you've got?"

The old man's face was filled with innocent dread, replacing the perplexity that had previously been. As a result of his fists cutting off his breath just below the neck, his voice scraped. "Sir, please, I... don't... know... what... you... want me to tell you." Those dots signify nothing more than commonplace phrases. Receiving all opinions equally, without haste, wisely observing the dharma. Don't keep searching for the truth, just let go of your opinions. The one who wanders independent in the world, free from

opinions and viewpoints, does not grasp them and enters into disputations and arguments.” “Is there anything else you’d like to know?” The man’s pale, wrinkled skin began to turn a little reddish-purple tinge as his strong hands tightened around his slender neck. But the old man smirked as he continued, “Sir, you are a skilled abuser. I hear your talent and how proud your father and mother must be. If I am suffering, you present yourself as such. You blame someone for your misery if they cry out in deep sorrow. When you are hurt, you amplify your own pain to become the “victim” and, should that not be sufficient, you invent the hurts of others whom you “inflict.” You avert your gaze, your temper is raised, and I know you will keep up the ante until I am expelled from your life entirely. I do not suit your ego, preferring real conversations to mindless flattery and tongue biting. Though I am nice to you, it will never be enough because of the way I look and because of the way you look. You are your own poison, sir, and it leaks through your skin into those unfortunate enough to share your life. I only have to catch a glimpse of your eye to see the scared monster within, the one who thinks it is just fine to hurt others to satisfy yourself. That isn’t normal... and it certainly isn’t okay.” “Shut the f**k up, old man!” Javier grumbled and slapped the man on the face so hard that it reddened unnaturally. “What are you up to, Javier? Stop! You’re causing him pain!” Dave yelled but was restrained by the Russians’ firm grasp.

When another familiar voice filled the temple, Javier turned as if to say, “I don’t care.” “Javier put him down right now.”

Both Russians instinctively moved their gaze to an entryway where a man was carrying a weapon aimed at their boss.

Turning his head toward where the sound had come from, Javier gawked at the new threat that challenged his interrogation. At first, his gaze went straight to the drawn firearm in the man’s hands, aimed firmly at him. After a brief second, he retreated his attention to the individual carrying the rifle. Shawn B****y Richmond had finally caught up with them. Again. “F**k!”

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 107

For a moment, everyone was frozen in a deadlock. Javier and Shawn looked at each other, as if they were waiting to see who would make the first move and fire the gun.

Meanwhil, Dave smirked. There was an explosion in his brain... the good sort... the type that carries more possibilities than he could be conscious of. If Shawn was here, he might have had a chance of getting out of this mess alive, but there were hundreds of ideas there in that buzz of electricity. Dave could feel it. It was the calling card of adventure or death, of paths awaiting his feet. Whatever was ahead could be a great challenge, and there could be tears, but it was his adventure to take, and so he smiled. The ideas for how to get rid of the Russians who were holding him would come to him

when he least expected it. Even though it was probably only a half-minute, it felt like a lifetime. Shawn was scared the old guy would be wounded if he fired a shot.

However, the two Russians stood ready, both clutching Dave closely, making them challenging threats as well. “Do not f*****g move, Brown.” The bigger one added irritation.

“So, cousin, dear,” Javier said, breaking the silence. “You just won’t go away from my path, do you?” Shaking his head, Javier added, “And you were wondering how much I despised you?” “Javier,” Shawn mumbled under his breath, anticipating something more from his cousin.

Then, in one fast, fluid motion, he seized the old man and yanked him about like a rag doll, his arm clamping around the old man’s neck. “Most people regard it as a charming characteristic.” Shawn aimed the rifle at his cousin. “Don’t f**k it up, Javier.”

“Oh, the mighty, Richmond is scared that I might actually kill this old man?” Javier scoffed, “Hardly the time for joking.” He’d brought out his own pistol and slammed it hard on the side of the elderly man’s head in another quick movement,

Even though Shawn had startled the gang, he was at a significant disadvantage. Ben and Catherine could be seen sneaking behind the cover of one of the temple seats on the other side of the sanctuary. That brought the numbers closer together, but the bad guys now had two captives, and the risk of striking one of them was too great at the moment. Shawn knew it.

“So, cousin, tell me. “How did you find us?” Javier was speaking once more.

“It was just stupid luck,” Shawn said as he moved slowly behind the nearest temple pew. He didn’t want to be an open target. “On his mobile phone, that male old man you murdered in the museum left a message that said, ‘Keeper.’ I did a brief search on the GPS in the car after leaving the museum. The only thing that comes to mind is the museum’s founder. Lek Mraphi’s ancestral residence. It had been his home and was now a temple. I reasoned that it was worth a shot.”

“How fortunate.” Javier snapped his wrist to level the pistol and fired two fast volleys that erupted into splinters in the pew just in front of Shawn.

Shawn had been thrown to the floor underneath the bench seat as a result of Javier’s rapid movement. A bullet thudded into the wood over his head, and another one rang out from somewhere else. One of the Russians had to have started shooting.

Shawn scurried over the carpet on his elbows and knees to the end of the row. He peered over the corner of the bench end, where the larger Russian was restraining Dave and the shorter kept his weapon at the ready, gazing at the end of the seat where he’d just fired. Ben and Catherine were crouched in a similar position across the aisle.

Shawn motioned with his hand for his companions to provide cover fire. Catherine acknowledged the request and surprised the two Russians with a volley of their own, being careful not to hit the hostages. Her rounds narrowly missed the larger one. However, Ben was a good shot with long-ranged weapons, as evidenced by his success as a big game hunter. But smaller weapons were a whole different animal, and bullets wildly splashed around the feet of the three men on the stage, a few pinged off the metal of the pipes behind them.

Catherine gave him a stern look as she pulled him back below the pew. "Why don't you let me handle this, Ben?"

"Probably a good idea." Javier and the Russian both turned their attention to where the new shots had originated. "I see you brought some friends, cousins..." He squinted and yelled, "and boy was I surprised? You had Catherine with you all along?" Javier launched another bullet towards their position. He yelled, "Catherine, nice to meet you, little traitor." He smirked. As poor as Ben's aim was, the distraction was exactly what Shawn needed. Both enemies appeared confused as to which area to concentrate their aim.

Shawn rounded the corner of the seat again, kneeling as he squeezed off three quick bursts of his own. One bullet harmlessly lodged in his target's vest, another completely missed, but the third found its way into the thick upper thigh. Suddenly, in pain and bleeding, the smaller Russian dropped to the ground, momentarily letting his gun drop at his side. From his position, Javier couldn't see anyone, so he sent four shots in both directions, pinning Catherine and Shawn under the cover of the temple benches. The pungent smell of gunpowder lingered in the misty smoke that was beginning to fill the air. The smaller Russian was still on one knee and trying to stand as blood oozed from the wound in his leg. He lifted his weapon slowly, hoping to return fire if Shawn popped out again. Instead of poking around the edge of the seat, Shawn slid underneath it and took a quick aim, only pulling the trigger once.

The Russian noticed Shawn's new position too late. For a second, the stump of a man had a surprised look on his face. His eyes stared forward, blankly. Then the black hole in his forehead began trickling red liquid down his nose seconds before he fell forward and down the steps.

Javier's head turned toward the dead body of his associate as it rolled to a stop at the base of the stage. "B*****d! I will kill you, Shawn!" In response, he pointed the barrel at where the mortal shot had come from and fired another quick succession of rounds at the spot where it had come from.

The remaining Russian who had previously been occupied with Dave was forced to join the

fray. With almost superhuman strength, the bulky man seized Dave with one hand and fired his weapon with the other. His .45 calibre resonated louder than everyone else's, thundering explosions off the walls as he fired.

With one bad person out of the way, the combat became a little more level, but the hostages threw a wrench in the works. "Leave Dave alone, mate, or whoever you are!" From behind the temple pew, Shawn yelled. "It's all over! The cops are on their way right now! And there aren't many bullets left in that rifle."

Javier yelled on his man's behalf. "I don't think you'd call the cops, Shawn." As he spoke, his gaze was drawn to two locked doors with an escape sign above them, approximately ten feet away. The Russian turned around and saw Javier motioning with his head to follow him out the door.

The huge man nodded silently and fired two fast rounds at both Catherine's and Shawn's hiding spots. Then, exactly behind the tall blonde, he dragged Dave by the neck across the stage and down the steps.

"F**k, the b*****d is right... What should we do?" Ben made a remark across the aisle.

"Hell if I know, Ben... I'm not sure," Shawn said. "I can't seem to obtain a clean shot." Catherine gave a shaky nod. She, too, had no point of view.

A faint shot rang out from somewhere else in the building. It sounded like the sanctuary's front corner.

Shawn peered over the top of the pew he'd been hiding behind and noticed the empty stage. His stomach churned as he realised what had happened. He arose from his cover and surveyed the temple's corners and crevices, keeping his rifle aimed. They had vanished.

Catherine followed Shawn's lead and stood as well. "What the hell happened to them?"

Shawn noticed the doors at the front of the temple through the ghostly smoke.

They dashed for the exit, pausing briefly to peer through a small square window at the top of the thick wood. Shawn could see a little ante-chamber on the opposite side through the opening. A short bench and two legs with black shoes protruding from around a corner completed the scene.

Shawn pushed open the door, his rifle pointing the way. As he approached the corner of the small chamber, he discovered the old man on the floor. The blood was starting to soak into the man's white button-up shirt. The short hall terminated abruptly just beyond where he lay, with two more doors leading outside into the parking lot. "S**t! This is not good," Shawn muttered. "You, OK, sir?"

Ben knelt next to Shawn, who was hunched over the old guy. Catherine dashed over to the outer doors, her weapon close to her face as she peered out the window.

"You mustn't...let them find the real chamber of Buddha," the old man exclaimed.

"Hold on there, sir," Ben said. "You're going to be OK."

Catherine was reaching for her phone to dial 9-1-1.

"We have maintained the secret long enough," the old man continued. A cough racked his body, and a small drop of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. "They're getting too close now. You must go to the point where the ring shines. Do not allow them to succeed."

Catherine was on her cell phone. "Yes, there is a man with a gunshot wound in the Lek-Mraphi ancestral residence, I mean, a temple. Yes sir." She nodded her head, "Please send an ambulance as soon as possible. He's in a room near the stage door in front of the building." Please hurry." She hung up the phone and returned to the gathering.

"Where the ring shines," the elderly man went on. "That's where you'll find it. The real chamber... it..." His eyes widened in terror, and he clutched Shawn's arms hard. "You can't let them see the Buddha." "Where is it?"

The old man took a deep, painful breath."I don't know, only the Buddha's keeper knew, find the ring and find the place where it will shine. Allow its shine to guide you... They come together in the middle. You must find the ring."

"I have the ring with me, sir," Shawn replied. The old man smiled, "Good. Don't let them take it from you, young man." Shawn nodded his head.

"Find the place, the altar. Climb heaven."

The man's head became limp, and his eyes closed. Ben carefully placed the grey head on the floor. "What a sad old man." "He's not dead," Shawn said, pointing to the thin chest that rose and fell slowly. "He was just unconscious. There's nothing we can do to help him right now. Cops should arrive soon. We may never capture Javier and his man if we don't get out of here right now."

"Shawn, we can't just leave him here." Catherine muttered, with a sad look on her face," Catherine, you summoned an ambulance. They'll be here any minute. If the cops arrive before we leave, we'll be caught and have no hope of freeing Dave."

Catherine appeared to think about it for a moment. "Look here, wife. You must have heard what the man said. He wishes for us to locate the place where the ring shines. We need to leave now."

Ben stood up, nodding, a determined expression on his face. Catherine followed, "Then let's go get 'em."

"Right." Catherine followed the two men as they dashed to the door. Shawn cautiously pushed open the massive doorway. Except for the beat-up sedan and what they guessed was the old man's car, the road was deserted.

Javier had slipped through their clutches yet again. "Do you know where they went?" Catherine inquired as she stowed her rifle. "Yeah, I guess I do now," Shawn replied.

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 108

Seven hours later, when Shawn regained consciousness, the first thing he noticed was an incredible ringing in his right ear. He had no recollection of what had occurred, but his eyes were closed. As he cautiously opened them, the dark cloud began to give way to fuzzy light.

The high-pitched whining in his ear was joined by a throbbing in the back of his brain as if a jackhammer was striking concrete.

Catherine?

What the hell happened to Catherine? His silent panic was tense. What on earth happened to them? They were walking on the sidewalk to the hotel parking lot when something happened, and he wasn't sure if it was a bomb or if he had been assaulted. However, his confused mind was unable to accept what had occurred. His thoughts were clouded by concerns for his wife.

The warmth of the evening's busy Bangkok streets against his face and body came next, followed by little points of stinging pain on various spots of his body. The rest of his senses began to return one by one. His nostrils were filled with the smell of smoke, a distinct odour of burning rubber, meat, fish, and petroleum. The blonde hair on his head was matted down with dirt and a little blood. He blinked his eyes, and the chaos around him started to come into focus.

Shawn was lying on the ground in the midst of a bustling Bangkok city street, though he couldn't recall which one for a second. Asians were dispersed throughout the area, with children and women fleeing in all directions. He looked at the light and pushed himself off the ground. His head whirled and he had to come to a halt for a time.

Catherine, where the hell are you? And what about Ben? He thought to himself. "F**k!" His ears were ringing like hell.

Thirty feet away, a woman in a traditional Thai blouse and skirt was screaming something that his ears couldn't hear. Tears were streaming down her face into the lower part of her skirt. "Shawn!" She seemed to be frantically saying something, maybe calling for help, but Shawn couldn't make out the words. Just his name.

Slowly, he pushed himself up into a sitting position while the chaos around him continued to spin out of control. He noticed several places where his expensive pants had burn holes, a few of them stained with blood. His white shirt was dirty and torn in multiple places. It, too, had several blood spots.

Another scream...

It was Catherine

"Shawn!"

He saw the source of the smoke across the street, only a few dozen feet away, and his memory began to piece the events together. Outside the Richmond hotel, he, Catherine, and Ben were meeting someone. They had supper in his VIP room, Catherine in her new traditional dress, which she insisted on wearing; then the manager called them from the reception and informed them about meeting someone outside, with some information concerning Dave and Javier, and then he didn't know what happened next. Yet, all he remembered was that there was an explosion immediately outside the hotel, a few feet away from the hotel parking lot.

Then everything went black.

He was hit by a terrible thought.

Catherine

It was quickly followed by concern for his uncle, Ben. He began to scan the area of devastation. Black smoke swirled around, blown by the winds that rolled through the city. There were people everywhere, running in every possible direction.

Shawn felt the chill of fear creep inside of his mind as he struggled to regain his balance. His head was still spinning as he braced himself on the post of a streetlight nearby. Suddenly, someone grabbed him from behind. He started to react defensively but stopped himself when he realised the person was trying to help.

arm ove

It was Catherine. "Shawn, It's me. Are you OK?" "We have to get out of here," she said as she h****d his arm over her shoulders, supporting his weight.

"Where's Ben?" he asked, not wanting to leave the old man.

The whining sirens of emergency vehicles were drawing closer. Catherine urged him to move. "Shawn, we have to go." Her English accent was thicker than usual. He'd noticed it got that way when she was very serious about something.

Shawn's icy blue eyes peered through the mayhem. Then he saw something across the street, about fifty feet away, laying in a huddled mass on the ground.

It was Ben.

He let go of Catherine and staggered through the onslaught of rushing people. She followed close behind, as they made their way across the crowded road. He had to push and pull a few of the crazed citizens out of his way until he finally reached his friend.

Ben's brown cotton pants were torn and tattered with singed holes and spots of blood all over. His checkered shirt was in similar condition. A small gash on the side of his head was bleeding, slightly. Shawn knelt down next to the wounded man and checked his pulse and breathing. "F**k it, old man... you better be alive..." Shawn let out a sigh of relief. He was still alive.

"We have to get him out of here," Shawn looked back at Catherine, hovering over the two. "Are you OK, wife?"

"Yes, do not worry about me... I'm fine. Just a minor headache... I was a little bit late coming out from the entrance..." She nodded sharply then reached down and hefted up Ben, swinging one arm over her shoulders, with Shawn doing from the other side. Ben's head hung down to his chest, unconscious from the blast. Shawn and Catherine carried him quickly down the street, away from the scene, dragging his feet as they moved. They ducked around a corner just before the Bangkok police arrived at the anarchic area.

"We need to get him to a hospital," Shawn said. The two laid Ben down on the ground, leaning his torso up against a building. More sirens could be heard in the distance. "I'll take him," Catherine volunteered. Whoever did this may not know who I am. But they are

definitely going to be looking for you." "Please tell me this was not the Thai assassin after us again." He grumbled. But he knew they'd be looking for her too.

Shawn shook his head and paused to take a breath. "I can't let you do that. You know, they will be looking for you too." He looked down at his friend. "We need to get him out of the country, somewhere he will be safe." Catherine looked puzzled. "How?" He removed the black phone from his pocket and checked the touch screen. He was relieved to find it wasn't cracked. After a few seconds, the phone was ringing on the other end. "Shawn?" A familiar woman's voice answered on the other line. "I need your assistance," he got right to the point: "I need your assistance." "Do you have anyone in Thailand at the moment?" "I needed an emergency evacuation two minutes ago." There

was a brief moment of silence on the other end before she spoke again. "What happened, Shawn?" "Are you all right?" "Do you or don't you, Jasmine?" In Thailand, there was an explosion outside our hotel, and Uncle Ben is unconscious. Someone tried to kill us, Jas, and we need to get Ben out of here as soon as possible, somewhere safe."

"Give me a moment, sir," she replied. The other line was deafeningly quiet for over a minute before she returned. "I have someone in the neighbourhood. "I'm keeping a close eye on your specific location."

Another ten seconds went by while he waited. Two more police cars passed by, but their progress was slowed by the throngs of people running through the street. "I'll have someone there in less than five minutes, sir," Jasmine's voice came back on, stealing his thoughts away from the police and back to his current objective. "Thanks, Jas. He'll need a flight out of the country. I need him out asap, Jas." He looked down at his uncle again. Ben still wasn't moving, but his chest was heaving up and down. That was a good sign.

"Sir, do you need one of your planes?" she asked and typed something on her computer. Shawn shook his head. "No, he can't take my jet. We can't risk Javier knowing where he would be. You'll have to get me a new pilot, someone nearby."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the closest city to Bangkok where we have friends?" he asked. On the other end, Shawn imagined Jasmine, his Filipina secretary, typing furiously on her computer, somewhere in her office. She'd always been good at directing and able to work with minimal supervision. "I have one in Bangkok, right now. Is that close enough? Flight time is about an hour from there."

"That will have to do," Shawn answered. "Have your person notified when our plane will be landing, and have them take Ben to the hospital immediately. OK?" "Sir, are you sure you shouldn't just take him to get treatment there?"

"Jas, it was never an option," he replied determinedly, with a worried look at the old man. I

think he's going to be fine. He'll probably have a concussion, but he'll live. However, we still need to get him looked at and keep him safe. Whoever did this won't just take one shot. They were after us for sure." "Understood. I'll have a medic waiting at the hangar for you in there," she answered. "Thanks again, Jas," Shawn hung up his phone just as a black sedan pulled up next to them on the sidewalk. The tinted window in the front rolled down and revealed a forty-something, a Filipino man. "Are you Shawn Richmond?" he inquired, his voice thick with a Filipino accent.

“Yes, that’s me.” “Good... Jasmine said you needed a ride, sir. Hop in,” the man ordered. Shawn opened the back door of the vehicle, and Catherine helped him lift Ben into the back seat. He got in the rear with him as Catherine slid into the front and uttered thanks to the man. The moment the doors slammed shut, the driver took off without asking anything. He weaved his way through the flood of evening pedestrians and Bangkok vehicles, honking the horn in an attempt to get them to disperse faster. After a few quick turns, they were out of the madness and onto a less crowded street, heading towards the airport. “My name is Jose,” the driver introduced himself as he steered the vehicle through the city. “We appreciate your help,” Shawn replied, “Can you drive faster?” Then he looked down at the old man. Ben groaned slightly, which Shawn took as a good sign. “What happened back there?” Jose asked. Shawn shook his head. “I don’t know. It’s all still really hazy to me.”

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 109 Warning SPG +18 Catherine was still confused and dazed. How they ended up with this mess was beyond her. How the manager told Shawn that someone wanted to meet them outside and, out of curiosity, her husband and Ben went out without even thinking about some sort of security. She was trailing behind them when it happened. The car sitting just outside the hotel entrance near the parking lot exploded.

“Ben was closest to it.” She explained to the driver and turned her attention to the unconscious old man. Her face was grim as she looked out the windows, watching the buildings whiz by. “Someone was clearly trying to target us and I fear that the manager was on it.” She added while Shawn nodded in agreement.

“I think you’re right about that. I’ll make sure to let my men handle it, but it will take time. Thailand branch is a bit difficult to handle for now....” he sighed as he continued. “Someone knew we were going to be there at that exact moment,” Shawn stated. He tried to contain his anger at the thought.

“I can blame them, sire, some of the locals are loyal to the authorities.” But anyway, Jasmine said, you are going to the airport,” The Filipino guy interrupted. “Where will you go?” he asked.

Catherine looked back at Shawn. “We need to get Ben out of here. If someone knew that we were meeting at the hotel, they could find us again. He won’t be safe in a hospital here. The plane will fly him to the nearest city where a medic will be waiting. They can keep him safe there.”

“You’re not going with him?” The driver wondered. He turned the wheel sharply, and the airport came into view in the distance ahead,

Shawn shook his head. “No. We’re staying here.” His face was full of resolve. “And we’re going to finish this mess before leaving this country.”

One hour and thirty minutes later, Shawn and Catherine were now entering a three-star hotel room near the airport. They decided to rest and digest everything that had happened in the past few hours of their stay in Thailand.

It was 12:30 a.m. and Shawn couldn't sleep. So he ended up sitting at the tablet PC and surfing the internet, checking email and looking for news about what happened earlier. Though the Thai authorities said that it was merely an accident, he knew better. It was a cover-up and he knew it very well. An hour had passed since she got up, and the room was as quiet as it ever gets. The only sound was the soft sound of Catherine snoring. The light from nearby lampshades was enough to illuminate his wife, and he could see she wore his extra plain white shirt, knee-length, with nothing on underneath. Her b****s shook a bit, her nipples stood out, and there was no panty line, so he knew if he talked her out of the shirt she would be as nude as she had been the first few days ago.

Catherine moves a little and puts her legs between his legs. Not being a fool, he seized the opportunity and slid his hand up under the shirt and rested them on her bare backside, drew

her close and put his head against her soft, warm neck and settled the tablet PC on the side table. "Shawn? Why are you still awake?"

"I can't sleep,"

"Need some help with that?" Catherine smirked.

She ran her fingers through his hair, then put her hand under his chin and tilted his head back until she was looking into his eyes. The sleepy look on her face could not hide the clear l**t in her eyes. There was a sweet smile on her soft lips and her lovely face was framed by the sleep tousled, short, short blond hair. His own personal kryptonite.

"Are you having trouble sleeping again?" She asked, with a sweet concern in her voice. "A little," Shawn replied, "just the usual. I guess I don't need as much sleep as I used to." "You're not having nightmares again, are you?"

"Not this time," He lied. But he knew she knew he lied. After all, it was just not possible to lie to someone who knew him so well, but she let it slide. Pushing his hands down off of her b**t, she pulled him over toward her lips. "Still thinkin' about Ben?"

"Yes, but earlier, Jasmine told me that the old man is OK now."

"Nice to hear that," she said as she kissed him, "Can we stop thinking about what happened?" she added as she pulled him down beside him even nearer. He nodded as he kissed her, "Why do I have such a demanding wife?"

"I am not demanding, Shawn, I'm just trying to ease that frown on your forehead,"
"Sure?"

“Yap,” she added as she kissed him again. “Now, can you stop complaining and be a dear and make love to me, or... let’s sleep?”

“I’ll surely do that,” Shawn smirked and kissed her with the same passion.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled his head down onto her left shoulder. Then he reached up and flipped the blanket from the back of the other side of the bed over them for added warmth. With his arm tucked under the blanket, he slid his hand up over the top of her right breast. The nipple hardened under his palm.

“Hey,” she said in a stern but playful voice, “that’s not sleeping!” “Well, it will help relax me, and then maybe I can fall back to sleep.”

He heard her mumble “Men” under her breath, then she put her lips on his and reached down to fondle his shaft. Shawn inched up her body until he was even with her and started rubbing her right breast. That made her moan. When the nipple got hard, his hand moved to her left. When that nipple stiffened, he slid the hand down over her flat stomach to her middle and gently rubbed his palm over her smooth haven. The kiss got hotter as his shaft got harder, and within minutes, Catherine grabbed the hem of her white extra-large shirt and pulled it high enough to uncover her eager, now wet folds.

“I want you now,” she said and tried to pull him up on top of her.

“Excited?” he said as she caressed her nub. That made her moan again.

“Don’t be silly, of course, I am.” She mumbled.

There’s no argument for that line of reasoning, so he rolled on top of her and placed himself between her open thighs with his shaft at her opening. He reached down and rubbed the head of his trunk up and down. This had the desired effect, and she was soon wet enough to start sliding in. He did, working his way in slowly and pulling back often so she could continue to lubricate him until their fluid mingled and he could feel her pulling him even deeper, “F**k it, Shawn, move now!”