

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 11

Present Time

“B****y hell, Catherine... Are you f*****g someone?” Chelsea grumbled under her breath.

“What? Of course not... What made you?”

“Then where the hell have you gone yesterday? I called you many times and you did not answer your phone.”

“I. I was at a meeting... Yes, I'm in a meeting... w-with my ex boss, h-he wanted me back. I have signed a c-contract.” Catherine replied as her friend ordered something from the waiter. They were here in their favorite coffee shop after their morning gym class.

“Really? I thought you hated your playboy-w***e of a boss?” Chelsea raised her eyebrows at her, ordered her coffee and winked at the waiter.

“I need a job, girl, and this pandemic is... well, I need money, and he offered me my old job.”

“Christ! You did, didn't you?”

“Who me? Of course not! Wait, what do you mean?”

“You f**k him? didn't you?”

“Of course not, Chelsea. I am not crazy!”

Chelsea smiled wickedly at Catherine. Having turned up for gym class the next day in the same clothes as the previous day, she couldn't blame her, she was running out of yoga pants and she was too busy thinking about her secret husband to do her laundry.

Catherine smiled and took another sip of her morning cappuccino. Thinking about how open minded and how crazy her friends were, she just hoped she had Chelsea's confidence. Not that she didn't have it, but she was not as confident as she was. Chelsea was a part-time model, with a look to die for: tall and petite with remarkable green eyes that seemed to convince anyone that she was nothing but kind and gentle, plus her family was rich and famous, Chelsea was their arts, entertainment, and fashion guru and had the most amazing s*x life. She was jealous, but at the back of her mind, she knew she had a few more boundaries than she did.

Jane, however, was the opposite. She was the shortest and a little chubby, married and with two incredible daughters. Well, to the rest, she was happily married and fortunate enough to have a wonderful, rich husband. But she and Chelsea knew better. She was never happy in the bed department

Catherine, on the other hand, was the boring one. She was the prim and proper type, and had been boyfriendless for two years now, not that she wanted to risk another heartache again. After all, her ex was nothing but a jerk who left her for some w***e, emptied their life savings, and she had been heartbroken for a couple of years now, and since then, she had succumbed to her haven, to her tedious self, never ever dating again,

“Yes, Chelsea, I won’t deny it. The man was hot, But he was not my type and he was just my boss,

and no, we did not have s*x for Christ’s sake, so stop this nonsense.” The truth was, he was not her type at all Someone who changes a girlfriend every other week? Hell no! Husband or not, it’s none of her business. They made sure of that. In fact, it’s been two years since the incident and they never even talk about it ever,

She was just her secretary for two years, and they never went from business to personal. But what happened yesterday in his suite was unexpected. It never occurred to her that he was that.., that huge and that s**y while naked. Yes, she saw him naked a long time ago, but it was a nightmare she had long forgotten, and she hadn’t thought about it in two years, until last night, when some of their super alcohol-intoxicated sexcapade flashed through her mind. Just a few memories that made her blush.

“You are definitely f*****g again. You are blushing, Catherine. Oh my, wait till Jane knows about this.” Her friend mumbled, smirked, and took her phone and texted Jane.

“Hey, hey! I told you I wasn’t blushing. I mean, I wasn’t having s*x. Can we not talk about that here in the cafe?”

“Convince me!”

“Girl, the man hated my guts and I hated him. If that couldn’t convince you, then I don’t know what is. I am not his type, and he is not my type, period. And how many times do I have to tell you this?”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yes, I never lie to you, and I’m not about to start doing it. So forget my boring life and tell me yours. How are your days with the new guy?” Catherine asked, trying to change the subject, and Chelsea was happy to talk about it as she listened to her friend and sipped their coffee.

“He wasn’t really into it, but he was here on holiday and I enjoyed myself immensely!”
Chelsea replied

“Seeing him again tonight?”

“F**k no! You know me, I’ve never gone there twice! Awful s*x is often not improved upon, so why

waste the memory of extraordinary s*x?”

“Catherine, hurry up, would you? The boss is in a s**t of a mood again. He is online.”
Ashton said on her side that one of the IT personnel who lives in the nearby apartment was cramming with his laptop on his left hand and a tablet on the right.

Last night, Mr. Richmond called Ashton and told him to give Catherine a new laptop and a tablet. After all, she would start her home job next week at Richmond Mansion, and today, Ashton would update her about their boss’s whereabouts, schedules, and calendars. Ashton, however, looked exhausted. He had taken off his glasses and was rubbing the bridge of his nose. He went around the table and explained the different calendars, and online he was working with the bosses after

gues had dialled in from home, which was more than acceptable. However, he preferred the trek into the coffee shop each day since the pandemic required them to work at home. “So, here is your laptop, and the tablets. It’s all new, everything is there. You are also connected to the internet wherever you are, and Mr. Richmond told me to inform you that he has already arranged a new phone and card in your name”

Chelsea raised her brows while busy on her phone, obviously listening to them She knew her friend would ask her later about it.

“Are you okay, Ashton? You look dead.” Catherine wondered if the man ever slept. He looked like he was about to collapse at any moment now. She never knew how to take Ashton. His marriage had ended over the previous year and his wife had taken his three children and moved south with her new partner, knowing Ashton could not follow due to his job. Chelsea often reminded her to be nicer to him, but she did not know how to act around him most of the time, plus she didn’t want to expose her secret crush on him.

She had only known Ashton as surly at best and found herself grateful that she had never been on the end of one of his temper rants. It was such a shame as he was one of the sexiest men she had ever seen. Catherine knew he was law-mad and had had a promising career in his teenage years before he decided to deviate into information technology. He was the embodiment of tall, dark, and handsome and, until this year, had had an ex-model as a wife and produced three beautiful children. Now, looking at the man who obviously needed a week straight of sleep, she wondered if he was that busy. But her self-trance was halted when her phone started ringing and their boss, Mr. Richmond, himself, was on the other line.

“Hello?”

“Where are you, Catherine?”

Since when did he call her by her first name?

“Home!” She sounded defensive, but she also hoped she sounded convincing despite the lie.

“Get yourself sorted, I’m taking you to the hospital!”

“What? Why?”

“My grandfather is sick again. He is looking for you.”

“Worse?” Catherine ushered Ashton to turn off the laptop as he nodded, took his things, and walked away, and she could not help but think how strange he really was.

“Yes.” Mr. Richmond replied.

“Ok, I’ll be ready. Message me when you’re at the cafe next door.” She ended the call and started fixing her things.

“Catherine, who was that? What happened? Are you going now?” Chelsea asked. She almost spat out her mouthful of coffee, coughing as some went down the wrong hole.

“Yes. Some sort of emergency. I’ll tell you later. I need to go now.”

Rate this Chapter