

## Billionaire's Accidental Wife

### Chapter 13

Breathe in, breathe out... In and out...

Catherine groaned deeply as she felt herself stretching so well right there on the floor. Yes, this was what it felt like to be stretched... warmth... And watching those mind-shattering white shorts of their yoga instructor made her sweat even more.

She felt impossibly tight and yet ready and glad to feel the intense burning sensation as she breathed in and out. "I may be sweating a bucket of salt now," Catherine grumbled under her breath.

Her never-ending perspiration beaded on her tightly creased brow as her muscles slowly loosened, allowing her body to candidly and willingly acknowledge it, so intense, so fierce there in her core.

Who the hell doesn't get tense nowadays anyway? Everyone was panic buying. There was traffic everywhere, and every f\*\*\*\*\*g street was crowded. And yesterday, after her yoga class with Jane, she came home, and instead of resting and perhaps daydreaming, there was a knock on her door, and she just stood there, yes again, and she just gasped in shock and was simply speechless. Her secret husband was back, and his demanding self.

He was at the door, standing, the man w\*\*\*e of a boss. The most attractive and demanding boss on this b\*\*\*\*y planet. Not that Catherine was complaining, the man was nothing but sweet and gentlemanly, but not to her, besides, she was just his boring, prim, and proper secretary, and Catherine wondered if he even knew her real name. After all, she was nothing but Miss. Brown to him.

The nerve of a man He had the backbone to woo her after what he did? He slept beside her and did not even apologize? Well, he told her to go to the office, and she didn't. He was not really wooing her but demanding her to come back to work, but it felt bloody the same, and besides, she was not in the mood to go to his office and see his face. 3

"Yeah, right there. Catherine, you're doing great... breath. in, breathe out." Their hot yoga instructor murmured something near her side that made her lose her train of thought. Not that she was complaining, the man was gorgeous and yum to look at! Perfect in a way that makes a woman forget herself.

Now she strained, pushing herself to stretch even more for him at the sound of his deep voice right there b

ehind her. Like, she wanted to be good for him, wanted to be able to go all the way and show Hugh that she could take it. Yoga and all...

But anyway, when will this handsome creature notice her anyway? She almost did f\*\*\*\*g everything, and the man kept on ignoring her advances. And how could she smell so good even though he was sweating? How was that even possible? She thought to herself. He was just like Mi Richmond who always smells so damn good.

“Aaaaand breathe. Yes! Everyone, excellent work class, exceptional stretching. Let the tension out, feel the heat, feel the stress move through you and out. Breathe Nice work today everyone.”

And the man just smirked and winked at her.

Oh la la Indeed, finally, some improvement. With that thought, she smiled and simply patted herself on the shoulder Maybe there was a little hope for her boring life after all She guessed today was her lucky day, indeed

How did Hugh convince her to enroll in his yoga class anyway? Well, she doesn't seem to remember. After all, what she recalled the most was the bulge on his yoga shorts when she happened to pass by his yoga classroom just below their apartment building,

And when the man turned around and went in front of them, they all giggled. Yes, like a b\*\*\*\*y high school girl

After a long, stressful week, she felt incredibly **sexy and warm** She thought to herself.

Slowly, Catherine opened her eyes again to see the rest of the class untangling themselves from their postures on their yoga mats, all of them sweating with reddish flushed cheeks as they let their bodies loosen up. In her mind, she needs to relax because tomorrow she will meet the handsome devil himself, Mr. Richmond, and she will start her job as his secretary again.

Shivering from the thought, the man was indeed a pain in the a\*\*e. He had the nerve to demand **she come back to work immediately, even if they had already discussed that she was going to** start working at home and next week at his mansion. The devil told her yesterday with no more than a puny glance at her. How could he look at her and act like she didn't resemble a woman? He did not even take a glance at her newly wet, freshly showered self, and only with a little towel on her body when she opened the door.

D\*\*n it! Call it embarrassing and degrading, but Shawn just went inside, said nothing, then put his mighty self on the sofa and did not even look at her, and said, “Come back to work tomorrow.”

See her point? The a\*\*\*\*e just stood there and left her dumbfounded and speechless.

And she was complaining? Of course! But who could ignore a f\*\*\*\*\*g wet, freshly showered woman on a little towel? Especially his secret wife?

Of course, yes! The very devil himself.

“Catherine...” said the handsome, sweaty-fragrant creature on her side. Hugh, and yes, Jane and Chelsea, pronounced it huge! “Are you even listening, Catherine?” “Oh! Yes!” She mumbled and yanked herself to erase the memory that warmed her blood “I’m listening, of course.”

“Good, we have to take a break, then we will be back here tomorrow, okay?”

“Yes, sure! Of course.” Who couldn’t say no to those deep, f\*\*\*\*\*g blue eyes and those bulges?

\*Yes, dear,” said the others with the same knowing smile. Surely they all had the same mindset,

The class was mostly women, not that Hugh could complain, almost everyone female in their apartment building was here. Doing absolutely nothing, just staring at those bulgy wonders, pretending to stretch their thighs, resting their bodies, whatever the hell they call it these days, these women would pay to be here

Anyway, the man was indeed deadly gorgeous, he had a cut powerful torso, yummy arms and broad shoulders, an elegant smile, and the bluest eyes she had ever seen. OK, sure, Catherine supposed She felt a twinge of guilt thinking about what a man he was, seeing as he was the instructor and all. But again can look, can’t she?

Who wouldn’t have a crush on this handsome creature? He was perfect Definitely excellent Those bulges were to die for, and even Jane and Chelsea agreed with that

\*Catherine, margaritas or coffee? We’re all going \* Jane said as she took Chelsea’s hand towards her. The latter was back early in the morning from her sexcapade She knew Jane three years ago from work, and Chelsea from their neighborhood, the three of them were inseparable and usually ended up grabbing drinks together after the class and going to the next-door coffee place twice to four times a week.

“I’m not sure if I can. Catherine halted when Chelsea grabbed her arm instead, then yanked her towards the door with them: “See, Jane? taken care of. Plus, we need to discuss what shorts Hugh **was wearing** today. Damn! He is so hot. Those white shorts are to die for. We’d better discuss this asap And about Catherine’s boss, who slept beside her in the bed. That too needs discussion.”

Catherine blushed, rolling her eyes; “Well, since you’re twisting my arm here! But one drink, ok!! need to be back at my place as soon as possible.” Catherine added, as her pulse quickened In fairness, those shorts needed to be talked over... Absolutely. But she doesn’t want to talk about Mr. **Richmond anymore,**

She thought with a smile while bidding goodbye to the others

“Bye, everyone! Bye, Mr. Huge! I mean, Mr. Hugh,” yelled Jane, which earned her a smack on her head and a chorus of laughter from the others, “What, Chelsea? I corrected my words, did I?”

“Seriously, Jane?”

“What is b\*\*\*\*y wrong with you? And watch those arms. It hurts like b\*\*\*\*y hell. What are you an arm wrestler?” Complained Jane as they all went to the stairs.

**Catherine** just smiled at them. How could someone resist the man anyway? He’d walked in today wearing a pair of white compression shorts that hugged every nook and cleft of him, and she, and everyone else. The whole f\*\*\*\*g class of women had practically breathed in heavily and bit their lips when he’d walked out to the front of the room with a massive bulge right there in his shorts Okay, it was a little bit exaggerated, but it deserves to be talked over, right?

Now they were on the route towards the shop corner, and Jane added, “It’s not like you could, you know, see it or anything, not like an outline of his d\*\*k or anything like that. But holy s\*\*t, right? it’s not like those shorts left much to the imagination. I can feel myself heating up just by looking at it Dainn! I love these yoga classes even more,” Jane added, with a monstrous sigh that made them all laugh

Catherine thought it was as if Jane had read her mind as they walked and laughed. These were Terly her best friends, indeed No doubt, they know how her brand works

I know, right? It was carth-shatteung,” added Chelsea while she frowned her brows as they entered the coffee shop,” and it’d been almost impossible to pay attention to his iosk every

single time he walked around, especially past me, or whenever he illustrated a **posture at the** front of the room, I found my eyes just locked right there between his legs. Jesus! The **short was a** distraction indeed. Heavenly huge distraction.”

Catherine giggled and added, “Agree... Forget yoga points, I’d spent half the class just guiltily dreaming about what his trunk might look like all over other points on my body. So, I’m glad I wasn’t the only one who’d noticed!” And they all burst **into massive** laughter that made Jane cough.

Ten minutes later, the **majestic white shorts** of Hugh were still their topic. “I mean, girl? **Wow! That was gigantic.**” Jane fanned herself dramatically as she sucked down the last of her margarita,

Catherine and Chelsea grinned, their faces feeling flushed from the tequila. **Was she even drunk?** D\*\*n! It’s still too early for that.

“How big do you think he is? I mean, honestly, that bulge!” Chelsea giggled as she played with her straw, a slightly hungry, glazed look in her eyes that made her raise her brows.

After all, she doesn’t have a job; **she was among** those laid off last week, so it’s not a big deal if she **gets drunk at three o’clock in the afternoon, right?**

Anyway, she let her thoughts wander again to Hugh’s enormous bulge, feeling her face b\*m brighter as she felt a little tingling ache of heat in her panties just thinking about it.

“Yeah, a cup to hold that huge shaft of his!” Chelsea and Catherine shushed Jane as half the patrons turned to look at them, and the two burst out laughing. 1

“Jane,! Calm down, woman! Jesus!” Catherine rolled her eyes at her friend. “Oh relax, Catherine, I’m just having fun!” Jane grunted and sucked at her drink. “Besides, there’s no harm in thinking about something, you know, slightly bigger than my boring husband.”

Chelsea started to giggle as Jane slapped her playfully on the arm. “Okay, something like five times bigger than your husband’s d\*\*k?”

What? That small? Oh hell! **It’s no wonder Jane always seems to be stressed** lately. She thought as Jane nodded.

Thinking about yesterday’s incident in her apartment, the one with Mr. Richmond, was he even aroused? Hardened? Or maybe disappointed because she doesn’t have a **huge pornstar-sized breast?** With that thought, she sighed, and so did the two.

“Hey, Jane, I’m just curious, okay? Is it really that small? I mean, not that I **have something to talk** about; after all, this margarita needs some gossip to finish with.” Catherine’s friend Chelsea asked.

“He is an Asian. What do you expect? A horse-size d\*\*k? Besides, we already talked about it, **remember?**”

\*Come on, I'm serious. Is it really that small? Korean-kind of small? Or Pakistan-kind of..."

**Catherine smiled and raised her brow at Jane.**

"Hell, Pakistanis are huge! You better **believe me. I have one of those, and there is nothing small** about it. Chelsea **whispered and smirked**, which made Catherine turn wide-eyed. "What? Where on earth did you..."

"Silly, I got a toy in Pakistani size and it was f\*\*\*\*\*g huge."

"Hell, Chelsea reminds me not to mess with you. But I guess Mr. Richmond was way bigger. "I saw his bulge yesterday when this woman here," she said, motioning to Catherine, who blushed, "... slept with her ex-boss... and now her boss again," Jane added, which made Catherine blush. "I told you we did not f\*\*k!"

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