

Billionaire's Accidental Wife

Chapter 14

The next morning, Catherine went to Mr. Richmond's office to get all the things that needed to be taken care of before going to his mansion. After all, he told her that the COVID-19 lockdown would start next week, and by then she needed to sort things out and bring all her stuff to the mansion. To say that she was not excited was an understatement because, in reality, she was thrilled.

Half an hour later, Mr. Richmond's gaze pierced right through Catherine as he reappeared in the hallway. Her chest squeezed, and the discomfort between her shoulder blades hissed. Call her stupid, but she had a boredom breakdown yesterday and so she cleaned her and Dave's rooms for hours, and the heavy lifting was making its way to her shoulder now.

However, she had less than two days to get herself sorted, plenty of time before she absolutely had to be in the mansion doing God knows what. She pushed everything aside and focused on typing on the laptop, ignoring her boss. "Catherine, do you have a minute now? Why are you avoiding me?"

"No, Mr. Richmond, sir, as you can see, I'm so busy, running your planner, rescheduling your meetings, calling important clients and copying all the necessary and essential documents."

"Oh, yes you are. Is this all about what happened in your apartment?"

Here we go again.

"Sir, for your information, nothing happened and no, I'm too busy to even think about ignoring and avoiding you."

She thought, how did he think of such a tedious incident? It was just like falling asleep in bed. awfully together, and she did not remember any of those... So what was the big deal? Nothing. right?

"Fine, then why the hell did you ignore my calls yesterday?"

What the hell was wrong with this man? Since when did he become so... So... irritating?

"Mr. Richmond, as the contract stated, my first job starts today, and I was not ignoring you yesterday, I forgot my phone. Period." Catherine sighed and continued typing.

"Where did you go, then?"

“Dinner date with my boyfriend. You can’t blame me for forgetting my cellphone. I was in a hurry “She added, OK, it was a huge lie. On behalf of her foolishness, she was brewing a plan to make Hugh, their yoga instructor, her supposed unseen boyfriend Not that she had dinner with him, but Mr. Richmond didn’t know that, and she needed to make sure that in the eyes of her boss, she was not a sexless, s*x-deprived human being and that her last encounter with a man in the bed was two years ago in Vegas,

“Hmp, boyfriend? I thought you had a fiance? I remembered, two years ago you were wearing his mg, night?” Shawn asked while his irritations flared up a notch. It was none of his business His

secretary’s personal life was none of his concern whatsoever.

Catherine sighed, “Things with the jerk didn’t work out and I don’t want to talk about it anymore.”

With a hiked brow and amazement on his lips, he said, “Good, so you’ll be in the mansion this week?” He thought, since when did he become so apprehensive about the whereabouts of her secretary? She had been working for him for two f****g years, and he was able to ignore her immensely. Forget their Las Vegas affair, overlook their accidental marriage and yet, since their hotel little incident a few days ago, that amazement upon seeing her gaping at him in the shower, those little flirting matters and those lips begging to be kissed... he became so obsessed with getting on her nerves. Now he loved making her disgruntled, bothered and furious. Something was very wrong with him, indeed.

With those questions, Catherine looked up and shivers shot up his arms straight to her heart. His deep blue eyes, hooded by thick lashes, bumed right through her. With thousands of years of perfect DNA behind him, he was Darwinian perfection to a level beyond the Calvin Klein Underwear model. Not that she was thinking about his massive maleness again. But was it really such a good idea to be in this man’s company?

She could scarcely wrap her mind around the fact that he stood there, all six-foot-two-inches of masculinity and glory, still with those elite British features and perfectly contrasting smooth pale skin. She could see the outline of his muscles undemeath his hand-tailored, perfectly-fitted shirt

Then, to make matters worse, her fingertips tingle with memories of stroking every curve of his lean, powerful chest. A pang of guilt nailed her. She shouldn’t be thinking about his chest while he was so keen on getting her furious.

“I’ll be there on Wednesday,” Catherine answered as she picked up her bag. Secure her laptop and tablet, among other things, and then get the hell out of here. “By the way, I was hoping to catch you as soon as your meeting ended. How is your grandfather?”

“He is out of danger now. Anyway, you haven’t changed, you are still too keen on ignoring me.” Shawn said with the flat masculine voice that made every conscious hair on the back of her neck tingle. He smiled a coy, close-mouthed smirk that only showed at the corners of his upturned mouth .

Her stomach heaved.

Oh, but I have. Before, I didn’t care about your life, but now... I don’t know what got into me, she thought of herself.

“Mr. Richmond, I’ve been your secretary for two years now, and you should know by now that I’m not a chatterbox, I work dutifully and never waste my time on something not important,” she said sarcastically.

His long, dark eyelashes lowered, carefully shielding the unknown held by his gaze. He was even more attractive than before. This close, she could smell the extraordinary fragrance that was all him. She could see the white texture of his button-down shirt pull over the muscles in his broad chest when he moved his arms. She imagined his strong hand splayed at the small of her back, snacking her bottom and drawing her closer to him.

She’d have to work harder than ever to keep her sensitivities at bay. Now that she remembered everything that happened in Vegas She shivered at the thought D**n that massive bulge was

the one to blame

He released a throaty laugh. “Come on, Miss Brown, you know better than that. My offer wasn’t enough? You’ve been giving me the cold shoulder since the contract signing, and I’m not pleased”

Seriously? That’s all he could even think of? She crushed the thought. Being a cold-hearted boss, Mr. Richmond never opened up enough for her to get near him or her to him. Every time he got close to lowering his walls and letting her in, he stopped. It was as though a heavier door fell between them each time.

And yes, two years passed and she was just his secretary, and now giving her ‘unexpected attention’ made her confused, so she would never lower her wall either and yes, no use analyzing the man. She needed to focus on the here and now.

If she were to have any chance at gaining his attention, now was not the right time, nor would it ever be. Would she then have told him the truth that she remembered everything that happened to them two years ago? Hell no! Or never! Catherine pressed her arms against her chest. “Your offer is more than enough, Mr. Richmond I don’t have a problem with it, nor am I ignoring you, so whatever troubles you in your pretty little head now. Forget it.”

Before she could blink, he was standing toe-to-toe with her, and she was urged to gaze right at him again. Emotions of warmth crept up her neck, warming her cheeks. He'd have to be blind not to see the surprise and excitement in her flushed face. D**n This close, his heady fragrance, a mix of rain and sandalwood ocean air, and sun-drenched muscle, charged her senses.

Dominant legs grounding him to the cold floor, Shawn mockingly opened his arms, "Troubles? You are out of your d**n mind to think I'm bothered by you, Miss Brown. You are my employee, and I don't want someone posting over social media about their employer being an a*****e for not giving them enough compensation. And besides, you were out desperate looking for a job and I did you a favor. And yes, here you are, ignoring my call? Isn't this the point where you run into my waiting arms and beg to be forgiven?' His dark gaze tapered, closing off her view of his irritation.

Despite his angry demeanor, all he had to do was crook a smile to make her heart quiver like a trapped moth, and she'd be willing to get close to the fire even if it burned.

Wait... what the f**k was he on about?

"Are you being serious now?"

She thought, such a nerve. How arrogant... How pathetic, such a b****y f*****g jerk! "Do I look like I'm joking, Miss Brown? I hate being ignored. I'm paying you to answer my every need."

Unbelievable!

"Sir, Mr. Richmond, are you trying to intimidate me just because I did not answer your call? How crazy is that? Besides, as I stated earlier, today is the day I start being your secretary again and, Catherine sighed and closed her eyes for a second, breathing hard, hoping and praying that she would not end up slapping her boss's arrogant face, because right now, the stupid jerk just smirked at her as if he was not even trying to make her lose her cool. She breathed out ... Whatever this stupid game of yours is, I'm not here to play. I am here to work and that's all And

remember this: you fired me in the first place, for a reason so stupid as it is, and then, you came uninvited into my home, a fact we both know. You offered me my job back. So don't pretend you're here to benefit me," she said dismissively.

"To play a game? What nonsense are you talking about? And Miss Brown, you are not my type, and I'm not going to waste my time playing hide and seek with you, understand?"

Ouch! That was... 2

“And I was adamant about calling you yesterday, not because of your naive, silly ideas brewing in your little pretty head. My grandfather woke up and was looking for you.”

Oh! Ouch again!! Catherine struggled to hold back tears that were blurring her vision. Damned if she'd let him see how much his words pierced right through her. Did he really mean it or was his anger speaking? She knew that on some level because he hated it when someone ignored him. It happened before to one of his cousins, and it did not end well. It was like her heart had been shattered into a million pieces. Unbelievable! The man was indeed an arrogant, ego-maniac, and self-absurd human being. She wondered if the pain reflected in her eyes as she saw him blink twice and not gaze at her eyes anymore.

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