

## Billionaire's Accidental Wife

### Chapter 50

"Shawn, I lost my baby. The b\*\*\*h killed my unborn child. I will hunt her down myself, I will...kill her." Catherine's nostrils flared and shook her head in disgust. The hatred, the longing to destroy Elizabeth was the reason she survived.

"Stop... Catherine, let me take care of it, please. I will take care of her."

"Shawn, it's been a year and you still haven't found her. No one found her."

"How did you know this?"

"Because I'm still alive. If she found out that I didn't die that day when he ordered Javier's men to kill me, I know she will send someone to hunt me soon enough, f\*\*k... and all I thought was that she was with you when you got married."

"What?!"

"I saw it in the n-newspaper. Javier 1-let me see it... 1-" F\*\*k, she never thought about it. But thinking about them still hurts

"Hello Javier tricked you then. I never married her and will never marry her, so why should I? I hate her as much you hate her. I know that she was all behind this and behind your supposed death... f\*\*k!" Shawn stood up and paced the floor and gritted his teeth. His bitterness grew inside him like a tumor. It was eating him alive as he continued, "Javier is seriously getting out of hand. But it really doesn't have much to do with him. He was just a p\*\*n in a much bigger game. Someone was behind him. He partners with other agencies to do his dirty work with some corrupt government officials and leaders to ensure the downfall of my company's labor. Someone held separate business meetings to make sure no one in my company found out. I just drafted different contracts, then I was just fortunate that I found it soon enough and fired dozens of employees behind my company's corruption."

"What happened?"

"Well... I have problems with the hotel's management. I had so many bad reviews, bad publicity, and such that it was total mayhem. But I'm handling it fairly and unbiasedly, not until I found out that dozens of my employees were paid by someone to hold back accounts, contracts, and give out information and such? Shawn sat again beside her.

"But that doesn't mean you're managing the hotels wrong, right?" She spat as he dropped his head in shame.

"I tried everything Catherine did. But since then, since the accident, since I've lost you, everything was black and white to me. No gray areas."

"I'm sorry, I know the child meant so much to you because it was supposed to be your heir and..."

"No! Damn it! You are not listening. You know, you matter to me, big time... above all. Yes... the child is important, as you are to me, but... Your safety was supposed to be my first priority, but I failed... I failed to keep you safe and you suffered so much... I hate, I despise myself for-

"Stop. You did what was good for you I wasn't being careful I trusted your men, I did but one of them had drugged me."

"None of them survived the blast"

"Blast"

"Yes, someone had planted a bomb in that house, Everyone died, and I thought when the rescue found a woman, burned a corpse, I thought it was you." Shawn paused and breathed in, as it filling his lungs hurt.

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes, and Javier, and you're right, it doesn't mean a thing to me at that time because I was so devastated All I wanted was to get revenge. Yes, I did. But he's my cousin, a family member. So I made a treaty against my relatives. I don't have the heart to go against them or order them dead."

For a moment, the room was silent She was not angry and neither was Dave, but Shawn knew she was onto something. Catherine thought they both felt miserable about what happened and how conflicted they felt.

"Shawn, come with me, I want to show you something." She entwined her fingers with his, the motion was simple, yet electrifying. It has been a while since they touched. His skin was soft, warm, and smooth, just as she remembered and he immediately relaxed at the sensation,

She led him over to a large box marked "baby," located in the middle of the disorganized living room. It was where she stored all of her baby ultrasound pictures, little clothing and memorabilia from her trip to the doctor, even schedule plans and almost half a dozen pregnancy test kits. It was her most prized possession, and she rarely shared its contents with anyone, She digs through the box and quickly finds a stack of ultrasound pictures

"Wow, is this...It's gorgeous...\*" Shawn said breathlessly.

“Yes, that’s her...”

“Her?”

“Yes, the day you left my OB called me and informed me that it was a girl, I’m supposed to tell you there in the kitchen, but...” She halted and showed him pictures of the blurred ultrasound picture, followed by the gorgeous landscape with its rolling hills, deep valleys, and lush fields. “That’s the picture I took two days before the incident. I was waiting for you to come back so we could go there together. I was planning to go hiking with... just us, and I’m supposed to tell you something.

“Oh, what is it?”

“I... I don’t know... I forgot... She replied and avoided his eyes. She was supposed to tell him that she loved him and she would accept anything as long as he wouldn’t leave her and the child, even if he didn’t love her in return. Shawn looked at her then at the picture. But the picture he held was one of Catherine’s favorites. It showcases the lake landscape with the sun shining brightly on the horizon while a few birds and ducks mill about in the background.

“I took this picture that morning on my phone and sent it to Dave. That’s why he had the copt, Isn’t it beautiful? This was my view every day alone there when you left, and I never tired of it.”

“Catherine, I’m sorry.”

“Enough with the sorry, Shawn.”

He nodded and looked back at the ultrasound picture, “but that picture is my favorite, above all my favorite.” Catherine grumbled as a tear rolled down her cheek. “It hurts so much. It hurts that I can’t feel her anymore. It hurts that I lost her even before I could hold her.” She sobbed on his shoulder. Both knew they needed to move on with the pain, the memory.

“I wouldn’t tire of watching it either. It’s beautiful.” Shawn said as he kissed her on the forehead.

Wiping her tears, she smiled at him, quite smitten by his childlike awe over the photographs. “I bet she would be just exactly like you... lovely and demanding... and I’d be completely on her palm... Spoiling a little Catherine.

“Me, demanding? I am never demanding.”

“Of course, you have too many weird cravings. Shawn brought me those and that, or else you are not going to get any kisses from me the whole day. He teased her.

"I did notli.

"Yes you did, sweetheart, and you looked cute pouting when I ended up bringing you the wrong fruit and you ignored me for hours.

"I didn't."

"You did... Shawn smiled! "But you know what? I miss all those cravings of yours."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, because I got to kiss you and make love to you all night long."

She blushed and bit her lips.

"Don't do that, Catherine."

"Do what?" She furrowed her brow.

"Biting your lips." Shawn gazed at her while she wet her lips again as Catherine gasped.

"Why?"

"Because I want to bite it myself." He slowly kissed her on the forehead and cheeks.

"Why don't you? After all, I'm still your wife."

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife**

### Chapter 51

B\*\*\*y hell. Shawn thought his heart skipped a few beats and his jaw would have dropped if it were not for the sweet scent still in his nose. This could not be her. Catherine was never this aggressive; he couldn't believe what he was hearing as his lips moved slowly.

"There you are..." Catherine jumped to her feet as Dave's voice grumbled behind them. Come on in, Cath, brunch is ready. Come on in, brunch is ready. Come on in, Cath, I'm famished. You can join us too, Shawn."

The two raised their brows and smiled at each other, knowing full well they were about to have s\*x right there and then.

Ten minutes later, Catherine stepped out of her room with a new outfit, freshly out of the shower,

short hair still wet as she went straight to the kitchen table while Shawn was busy with a phone call and Dave was busy preparing their brunch as the latter searched for a fork and spoon in the cabinet

“Are you sure you’ve dressed appropriately for brunch, Catherine?” Shawn asked as she looked at her up and down. Her short shorts nearly covered nothing of her long beautiful legs, and her thin sleeveless top shapely covered her well-defined muscles.

“What? Don’t you like my top? It’s pretty comfy for moving things, you know.”

“I...I know... but your top is, ah, almost see-through?”

“So?” Catherine smirked.

“Well...” Shawn murmured as he adjusted himself. Knowing full well, he was hard as a rock down there. F\*\*k, he thought it had been a long time since someone had affected him so much, much like what his wife is doing now.

“Do you not like this? It’s my college top... Thank God it fits me now.” Catherine grumbled under her breath as she kept herself from smiling, but was thankful for all the hard-earned training she had had with Javier. She felt confident again, much like how she used to feel back in her school days, but she knew very well, Shawn was uneasy as she noticed him gasping. She leaned in further, causing her b\*\*\*\*s to bounce back.

“Um-I like it... actually, I was thinking you may be cold.”

“There is a small fireplace to warm this place, and I am confident you can keep me warm through the night too.” She whispered, then gave him a seductive look when she declared those unexpected phrases that made Shawn cough.

What are you playing now, Catherine? Shawn thought to himself. Something was amiss, but looking at her sweet plump lips, he was at a loss, lost to her beauty.

“Mr. Richmond, are you all right? Stop coughing or the COVID authorities will be knocking on our door.” Dave grumbled, smiled, and winked at Catherine. He understood exactly what his sister was trying to do

“I’m fine. Just a little ah-well itch.” Shawn replied, clearing his throat. He was close to having her feel the excitement, but he had to control himself. If he was not certain what she wanted from him earlier, he was sure as hell about it now. Shawn’s eyes were hypnotized by her almost naked body. It felt as if his face had turned red and his whole body had heated up.

If this was a dream, he did not want to wake up. How he longed to see more of Catherine intimately since forever. He longed for the incident to be just a nightmare, but he was grateful to have her back. For now, his many questions could wait. Watching her smile now made him warm enough inside. He knew only Catherine could make him feel this giddy and at a loss for words. He did not want her to think that he was only after her body. It was not easy to hold back the urges earlier in her room, and he felt that his self-control was being tested almost to the extreme as he felt his heartbeat racing. There was not a word that could do justice to how he was feeling right

now.

She licked the crumbs off of her rosy lips and made a sound that drove him wild.

“Mmmm... Mmm... Dave, where did you buy this bread? This is f\*\*\*\*\*g delicious,” she muttered as she reached into the breadbasket while she put Shawn’s hand on top of her soft, warm, and smooth hand. He brought it to his lips and kissed the back of her hand, wrist, and the lower half of her arm.

Dave answered, “I know you’ll like it; I bought it from the neighborhood, just three blocks away.” Dave shook his head watching the two lovebirds, then he turned around as he gave them their spoon and fork, “There... sorry about the mess. Everything is out of place for now, but we will be good soon.”

Shawn just nodded as Catherine whispered, “Shawn, you are not interested in having more bread?” She knitted her brow in silent taunt as she caressed his legs.

“I will if I can eat it off of your hand. How about I feed you instead?” Shawn then reached over for some bread to let her take a bite. But she slowly licked her fingers before taking a bite.

“D\*\*n it, Catherine! You should not have done that.” He whispered at her ears and bit it a little, which elicited a sweet moan from Catherine, making him want to take her to her room and be done with the ache between his legs.

“Why not?” She gave him a seductive smile and brought his hand towards her mouth to lick his fingers again as if to dare him to do something about the matter. Shawn was ready to have his hands on her face and kiss her, but he did not. He sat there thinking if he should clear the table and feast on her instead as Dave cleared his throat, which made Catherine giggle.

It did not take long for her to try another move on Shawn. She then used her cunning hands to tease his inner thighs. If she went where he thought she would go, then he would have to kiss her after that, not caring if Dave was watching, but sensing that they needed space and what was about to happen, Dave stood and went to the door. “Cath, I forgot to talk to the landlord. I’ll be back later in the afternoon, so enjoy the brunch.” Dave exclaimed from the door as he shook his head.

The two just chuckled. "Bye, Dave!"

Catherine smiled and whispered.

"Oh my...my hand feels a lot of excitement from a certain spot."

She was asking for it. He had to get up from his chair and reach over to kiss her passionately.

"Shawn."

He then reached for the wine and spilled some of it on her chest. Catherine was a little shocked but then held his head to clean the mess with his tongue.

"Oh, Shawn." She kept one hand on his head and the other one went further down to feel his excitement. This was a cue for him to kiss the pair of fruits staring at her. They look like puppies with sad eyes, waiting to be loved and held. He ran his hands up and down her back and side before massaging those back cheeks as he scooped her up and they went to the bedroom. He was walking a little slower as she buried her face in his strong, sculpted chest. Catherine breathed in his scent. She missed him terribly, and maybe she doesn't care anymore if he loves her or not. What matters now is that they both need each other now.

Looking up through Catherine's window in the early afternoon, beams of light coming from the dark-covered curtain were beginning to shine down through it. The cool rain has slowed to a very light sprinkle with a very faint pitter-patter falling across her window now. The park noise seemed louder, but it was a welcome sound to Shawn's ears after the thunderous roar of the downpour earlier. "I miss you so much..." he whispered to her ears as he carried her to the bed. He had never been thankful, but he might get to wake up to the sun shining across his face tomorrow morning and feel the warmth on his skin again. The only warmth he feels right now comes from Catherine's arms, wrapped around him. Bringing him deeper into his most intimate and relaxing place...her bed, her beside him... He often dreams of this, and he does know of one way to keep them warm without fail-being wrapped up next to her, holding her body tight against his skin. The sensation of her silky smooth skin against his was both exciting and reassuring. The way her legs felt pushed against him and her feet pressed into him. They'll keep him warm for sure. The cozy embrace they share will chase away the terrible cold, filling the air with warmth and inner tranquility. He would never feel her warmth again, and yet here he was. He was enjoying the moment of her in his arms.

He settled her down in the bed. He brought his face closer towards Catherine's neck as she moaned, and he soaked in her intoxicating smell. A combination of that new body wash she tried

along with a faint hint of something more-a smell that has always told Shawn she was feeling aroused. It was almost like a primal desire when he could pick up that faint smell

coming from deep within her. Shawn yearned for it, craved it, and needed it as badly as he needed her here next to him.

Rate this Chapter

## Chapter 52

Shawn relished the way Catherine's hair brushed against his nose as he moved in closer and gently kissed the back of her neck. A faint moan escaped her lips, "I miss you d\*\*n much, wife! Losing you felt like hell." Shawn whispered and felt her body loosen up and relax even more – almost as if she was wilting into his arms. He adored the emotion of restraint, knowing that his efforts could affect her mood and had the power to bring her higher levels of pleasure than she would allow anyone else to. Drawing his hand up, letting his fingers gently ripple up her flat stomach, finding their way to her forearm and snaking up towards her neck as he slowly caressed her short, soft hair to that wonderful area where her neck and shoulders meet in a smooth embrace.

Planting a kiss on that amazing patch of skin instantly brought his mind to a new place—one where she and he breathed freely, away from the crises and problems of the waking world. Shawn felt prosperous and comforted when he was with her, knowing that she felt the same. Catherine's body begins to turn towards him. Their legs were still entwined together. She whirled her back so they could look into each other's eyes. Those beautiful cobalt innocent eyes—the ones he could just immerse in forever were his truest flaw. He could never help but fall in love with them each time they locked into him.

"I never had anyone since you were gone. I tried but couldn't, sweetheart." Shawn murmured, and that halted Catherine as he stared at him, "Really? The legendary Shawn Richmond was without a woman in his bed for more than a year? Impossible." Catherine asked, in utter amazement.

"Legendary? Where did you get that idea?" He said as he kissed her on the lips. "Well, you know, so many women said so..." "Jealous, Mrs. Richmond?"

"Nope..." Catherine couldn't be happier. Maybe Shawn must have feelings for her. Maybe her heart could still dream?

"Good, because you are among the best, the only one, mine alone, and you're looking amazingly beautiful today, sweetheart." He said before planting a kiss on her collarbone and caressing her chest with his hand as he moved it slowly back towards her stomach.

"I guess we'll have to find some other way to entertain ourselves then, Mr. Richmond?" she asserted, with a slight shiver in her voice, as he kissed back up her shoulder. Shawn's lips traced up her neck, towards the spot where her jaw meets her neck.



He kissed her on the cheek, teasing her with his lips. His favorite thing to do was give sweet, delicate kisses... Placing one here and another there as he worked his way around her lips. He could see the want in her eyes as he slowly moved in to give her that kiss she wanted and then almost pulled back at the last moment. Shawn wanted to make her yearn for his lips pressed against hers-to heighten her senses and make his touch that much more significant when he gave in to her body. Deliberately kissing her chin and making his way back towards her lips, he began to place them just on the edge of her lips."

"Shawn, stop messing with me... I want you now."

He smiled. He was not sure he could hold himself back much longer. The velvety smooth skin on her lips was nearly too much for him—their softness was unsurpassed by any other he had

known before. He needs to taste them. In the final tease, Shawn swiftly and softly runs his lips across hers, feeling them gently part ways as he moistens them for her. He could feel the warmth and eagerness reaching a tipping point in her and he gave in to it."

Catherine let out a soft moan as his hands firmed up around her and began their slow descent back towards her b\*\*\*\*s. He noticed her breathing deepening and her nipples gently poking through her tiny, almost see-through blouse, ever more forcefully through the lace that he adored on her body. He sees her nipples firm up in an attempt to break free of their restraint and be touched, pulled, and squeezed as he moans in delight as he slowly massages them, moving ever closer to the center of her gorgeous b\*\*\*\*s. Nipples firm up in an endeavor to break free of their restraint and be touched, pulled, and squeezed as he moans in delight.

Shawn's hands moved in closer, gently massaging and squeezing her b\*\*\*\*s as he saw her chest rise. Pushing them entirely into his hand, he gave them a firm squeeze. Releasing after a few seconds, he traced the outline of her beautifully shaped pink nipple-now quite firm and longing for his mouth pressed up around it.

They both knew they were relinquishing the moment as they took it slow.

He lifted his head up out of the wonderful corner of her as his hands slowly ran down the moist heaven between her legs as she spread it for further access. He kissed her neck with one last passionate kiss. He bent over so her b\*\*\*\*s filled his vision. Her hand rises up and runs through his hair lovingly as he tastes her nipple. One hand kneads the other breast all the while down to her flat stomach. His hands were carefully tracing the inner sides of her thighs and dragging the button and the zipper of her jeans shorts.

He was surely a 'breast' man. He loved everything about them, especially teasing and, more importantly, pleasing them. The way they perk up as he gently places his lips

against her top right over her rock-hard nipples and lets loose another slow breath, giving them a little squeeze at the same time. He looked up towards those perfect eyes and saw the sweetest look of pleasure and desire fill them as he threw her shorts and dainty little thong into the corner of her room. He noticed the goosebumps across her neck and wanted to caress every one of them with her tongue. “Shawn, please... you are torturing me... I want you now.”

The sweetest little demand that he could never ignore. That primal urge filled the air and he knew how badly she needed him right now, but he was a man who loved his foreplay. It was incredibly empowering and fun to build her up so much.

Shutting down her eyes Shawn gently glided his hand down between her legs.

Catherine’s legs came free, almost on their own, as his fingers began to explore the sweet warmth nub of passion, making her squeal and fiddle her excitement holes as he thrust his fingers deeper, which made her moan. He was pleasing her, observing how creamy and smooth her skin was. Even in the little lights in the window, he saw her, like a shining beacon. Touching her like this made him want her more. Pleasuring her was her only goal. While she moaned, he sucked on her breast. The pale, sleek tone of her skin and the almost fading little light that shone through the window made her feel magical. “Shawn...”

Yet, he couldn’t help himself. He couldn’t just slip away and ignore the warmth offered between her legs. His tongue brushed the lower part of her stomach. Desire shot through him at the contact. He slipped his head slightly and started licking her, lapping and tasting her. He moaned softly and couldn’t help himself as she whined and the fragrance of her arousal replenished the air, intoxicating his senses. His hands rubbed her delicate b\*\*\*\*s, swirling his fingers around the areolas. His strokes were long and slow, loving and passionate. The tips of

his fingers brushed lightly against her c\*\*t as she moaned. She was now squirming and groaning softly as his fingers and tongue worked together, pleasuring her, cradling herself forwards as if giving him more of her, as she reached her climax. “F\*\*k... Shawn, I’m c\*\*\*\*g.”

!

## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

### **Chapter 52**

Shawn relished the way Catherine’s hair brushed against his nose as he moved in closer and gently kissed the back of her neck. A faint moan escaped her lips, “I miss you d\*\*n much, wife! Losing you felt like hell.” Shawn whispered and felt her body loosen up and relax even more – almost as if she was wilting into his arms. He adored the emotion of restraint, knowing that his efforts could affect her mood and had the

power to bring her higher levels of pleasure than she would allow anyone else to. Drawing his hand up, letting his fingers gently ripple up her flat stomach, finding their way to her forearm and snaking up towards her neck as he slowly caressed her short, soft hair to that wonderful area where her neck and shoulders meet in a smooth embrace.

Planting a kiss on that amazing patch of skin instantly brought his mind to a new place—one where she and he breathed freely, away from the crises and problems of the waking world. Shawn felt prosperous and comforted when he was with her, knowing that she felt the same. Catherine's body begins to turn towards him. Their legs were still entwined together. She whirled her back so they could look into each other's eyes. Those beautiful cobalt innocent eyes—the ones he could just immerse in forever were his truest flaw. He could never help but fall in love with them each time they locked into him.

"I never had anyone since you were gone. I tried but couldn't, sweetheart." Shawn murmured, and that halted Catherine as he stared at him, "Really? The legendary Shawn Richmond was without a woman in his bed for more than a year? Impossible." Catherine asked, in utter amazement.

"Legendary? Where did you get that idea?" He said as he kissed her on the lips. "Well, you know, so many women said so..." "Jealous, Mrs. Richmond?"

"Nope..." Catherine couldn't be happier. Maybe Shawn must have feelings for her. Maybe her heart could still dream?

"Good, because you are among the best, the only one, mine alone, and you're looking amazingly beautiful today, sweetheart." He said before planting a kiss on her collarbone and caressing her chest with his hand as he moved it slowly back towards her stomach.

"I guess we'll have to find some other way to entertain ourselves then, Mr. Richmond?" she asserted, with a slight shiver in her voice, as he kissed back up her shoulder. Shawn's lips traced up her neck, towards the spot where her jaw meets her neck.

He kissed her on the cheek, teasing her with his lips. His favorite thing to do was give sweet, delicate kisses... Placing one here and another there as he worked his way around her lips. He could see the want in her eyes as he slowly moved in to give her that kiss she wanted and then almost pulled back at the last moment. Shawn wanted to make her yearn for his lips pressed against hers—to heighten her senses and make his touch that much more significant when he gave in to her body. Deliberately kissing her chin and making his way back towards her lips, he began to place them just on the edge of her lips.

"Shawn, stop messing with me... I want you now."

He smiled. He was not sure he could hold himself back much longer. The velvety smooth skin on her lips was nearly too much for him—their softness was unsurpassed by any other he had

known before. He needs to taste them. In the final tease, Shawn swiftly and softly runs his lips across hers, feeling them gently part ways as he moistens them for her. He could feel the warmth and eagerness reaching a tipping point in her and he gave in to it.”

Catherine let out a soft moan as his hands firmed up around her and began their slow descent back towards her b\*\*\*\*s. He noticed her breathing deepening and her nipples gently poking through her tiny, almost see-through blouse, ever more forcefully through the lace that he adored on her body. He sees her nipples firm up in an attempt to break free of their restraint and be touched, pulled, and squeezed as he moans in delight as he slowly massages them, moving ever closer to the center of her gorgeous b\*\*\*\*s. Nipples firm up in an endeavor to break free of their restraint and be touched, pulled, and squeezed as he moans in delight.

Shawn’s hands moved in closer, gently massaging and squeezing her b\*\*\*\*s as he saw her chest rise. Pushing them entirely into his hand, he gave them a firm squeeze. Releasing after a few seconds, he traced the outline of her beautifully shaped pink nipple—now quite firm and longing for his mouth pressed up around it.

They both knew they were relinquishing the moment as they took it slow.

He lifted his head up out of the wonderful corner of her as his hands slowly ran down the moist heaven between her legs as she spread it for further access. He kissed her neck with one last passionate kiss. He bent over so her b\*\*\*\*s filled his vision. Her hand rises up and runs through his hair lovingly as he tastes her nipple. One hand kneads the other breast all the while down to her flat stomach. His hands were carefully tracing the inner sides of her thighs and dragging the button and the zipper of her jeans shorts.

He was surely a ‘breast’ man. He loved everything about them, especially teasing and, more importantly, pleasing them. The way they perk up as he gently places his lips against her top right over her rock-hard nipples and lets loose another slow breath, giving them a little squeeze at the same time. He looked up towards those perfect eyes and saw the sweetest look of pleasure and desire fill them as he threw her shorts and dainty little thong into the corner of her room. He noticed the goosebumps across her neck and wanted to caress every one of them with her tongue. “Shawn, please... you are torturing me... I want you now.”

The sweetest little demand that he could never ignore. That primal urge filled the air and he knew how badly she needed him right now, but he was a man who loved his foreplay. It was incredibly empowering and fun to build her up so much.

Shutting down her eyes Shawn gently glided his hand down between her legs.

Catherine's legs came free, almost on their own, as his fingers began to explore the sweet warmth nub of passion, making her squeal and fiddle her excitement holes as he thrust his fingers deeper, which made her moan. He was pleasing her, observing how creamy and smooth her skin was. Even in the little lights in the window, he saw her, like a shining beacon. Touching her like this made him want her more. Pleasuring her was her only goal. While she moaned, he sucked on her breast. The pale, sleek tone of her skin and the almost fading little light that shone through the window made her feel magical. "Shawn..."

Yet, he couldn't help himself. He couldn't just slip away and ignore the warmth offered between her legs. His tongue brushed the lower part of her stomach. Desire shot through him at the contact. He slipped his head slightly and started licking her, lapping and tasting her. He moaned softly and couldn't help himself as she whined and the fragrance of her arousal replenished the air, intoxicating his senses. His hands rubbed her delicate b\*\*\*\*s, swirling his fingers around the areolas. His strokes were long and slow, loving and passionate. The tips of

his fingers brushed lightly against her c\*\*t as she moaned. She was now squirming and groaning softly as his fingers and tongue worked together, pleasuring her, cradling herself forwards as if giving him more of her, as she reached her climax. "F\*\*k... Shawn, I'm c\*\*\*\*g."

!

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

### **Chapter 53**

Shawn knelt in front of her and feasted on the sweet haven between her legs. He could smell her excitement, breathed in her desire as he feasted on her.

Shawn immediately pulled his remaining clothing down with one stroke as Catherine moaned and bit her lips while looking at him with obvious need as she relished the ending of her o\*\*\*\*m. Her folds, already too moist and messy, looked so inviting. "Wife, I'm far from done and I think there's something I'd like to clean up right now," he mumbled as he picked her up and laid her up in the upper part of the bed.

"Shawn, give me a moment," she gasped. "...Oh, God," she murmured as she giggled in mock innocence, then spread one leg to the side of the bed and one over his shoulder. She reached down and spread her honeypot lips wide. Her wetness created a strand that connected each side. "I'm just getting started, sweetheart," He then kissed her folds as if he was kissing her on the lips. At first, gently, -soft, teasing, playing and toying with more speed. He borrowed his tongue as if French-kissing her, and she cried out in need.

He could feel her juices coating his face as she wailed in delight. She filled his mouth, and he greedily swallowed her, drinking her down. Her shaved smoothness tickled his nose while she writhed in pleasure

After a few minutes, Catherine grabbed the back of his head and pulled him tighter to her, pulling him closer to her folds. She couldn't stop her writhing, her head tossing, her hips bucking, "Oh, s\*\*t, this is too much." She couldn't even believe the moaning coming from her.

Shawn continued licking and slurping. His fingers moved in her and she cried out again. Her body was on the brink of a great find, but she was unable to reach it just yet. He was torturing her with his expert tongue. Catherine heard her own moan, shocking her with the sounds of pleading and desperate. "Shawn!" His thumb stroked and caressed her most sensitive bud, and she arched against him, shivering with delight. Her second o\*\*\*\*m began as a slow tightening of her body. "Please, Shawn," she muttered, her voice strained. "Please."

She moaned softly. Then she grabbed his hair and squeezed his head with her thighs as she yelled, "Shawn... s\*\*t yes! B\*\*\*\*y hell! I'm f\*\*\*\*\*g c\*\*\*\*\*g again!" And she did. When his wife c\*\*s, she c\*\*s a lot, coating him the second time around. His mouth flooded with her c\*m as he licked her even harder, which made her shutter. He was definitely enjoying this. His tongue and throat were coated with his wife's juices. As she recovered from her o\*\*\*\*m, he idly kissed the folds again, slowly and gently, feeling her sloppiness on his face and smelling her musky sweetness all over him. He found himself thinking about their first time in Vegas. "Holy c\*\*p... I'm spent... D\*\*n, that was good," Catherine eventually confessed. She sat up and reached down to stroke his shaft, which earned Shawn a groan. She found him iron-hard and leaking pre-c\*m as she gave him a quick look of surprise, then smiled and mumbled, "Well, well... It looks like someone's pretty hard and too h\*\*\*y." Shawn didn't say anything.

Then she kissed him hungrily. He reached up and grabbed her b\*\*\*\*s, momentarily wishing she could hold them forever. Catherine shoved a nipple into his mouth and he feasted. Shawn switched from nipple to nipple, all the while loving it but also wishing there was more.

Shawn lifted his head to look at her, at her dazed expression. Her eyes were glazed over, surprised, filled with eagerness and passion he had never seen before... There was no way to hang on to his weak restraint. One look at her face and he was lost.

Shawn knelt between her legs and dragged her slight body to him, spreading her legs around him as he lifted her hips and pressed the throbbing head of his heavy e\*\*\*\*\*n against her entrance. "Oh, God Shawn... I can't take it anymore." She teased.

"But I'm far from done, sweetheart." He said with a knowing smile. Every nerve ending he had seemed to have been pressed into that fiery heat. She was tight, a velvet,

scorching-hot sheath that, as he entered, inch by slow inch, barely allowed his invasion. He gasped, flame blazing into his abdomen and down his thighs.

He was a s\*x expert, but he was not ready for the assault on his own senses. It had never happened before. He was too disciplined to lose himself in a woman's body. His life was all about giving pleasure and receiving one, not contentment, and definitely not about loving a woman like this... Hell, he even loved her. And, God helps him, he was loving her with every breath in his body.

He felt fire pouring over his skin as he penetrated deep into her body, joining them together. He was thick and she was tight, and the feeling was wonderful. He heard her breath hiss out in a long, ragged rush, and her muscles clenched tight around him. The small action nearly cost him his last thread of control.

"Don't move, wife," he urged, holding still, waiting for her body to adjust so he could bury himself deeper. "You can't move yet."

She was beyond listening, her head tossing on the yellow pillow, her body squirming despite his hands controlling her hips. She was pushing herself onto him so that he felt as if he were moving through petals as they opened for him. She was so tight, and her muscles repeatedly clenched around him with every small movement of her body, sending streaks of blaze racing to the center of his groin.

He couldn't help himself. Rearing back, he plunged into her over and over, pushing his thick rod across her most sensitive bundle of nerves. He wasn't certain he could survive the pleasure rushing through him. He drove deep, bumping the scalding heat of her folds. He wailed as she tightened around the length of his heavy e\*\*\*\*\*n, squeezing and stroking with velvet -soft muscles. She might not have a tremendous amount of knowledge, but she was naturally sensual and every action of her body sent him staggering closer and closer to the end. For a man who believed discipline was everything, it was shocking to be so out of control.

She chimed his name repeatedly, and for him, it was a pure symphony, like the downpour was for her. Her groans and small, strangled noises filled him with fierce protectiveness, a pure male achievement that added to his pleasure. He revelled in his ability to heighten her pleasure with the way he moved. Her head tossed on the pillow, her face was flushed, and her eyes flustered. She whimpered a long, low noise that resounded through his shaft but this was all about her now. He could wait. He pulled. "Shawn..."

"Easy sweetheart."

He shifted position, pulling her closer as he loved the sight of her naked, but he had to get under her skin sometimes, and there was only one way to do that. He planted one final kiss on her lips and began making a line of kisses down her chin, down her neck,

and further down her chest as his hands reached up and gently scooped her b\*\*\*\*s, placing a tender kiss behind

each inch of freshly exposed skin.

“God I love when you take your time, you know just how to get me going in all the right ways, no other guy has even had me so aroused,” she whispered to him with a few soft moans in between words as he managed to let out an “Mmm” of an acknowledgment as his tongue begins to circle her nipple like a shark following its next meal. Gently running her tongue along that beautiful line where her breast becomes the nipple, he watched it pucker up and reach out for her warm lips around it.

Shawn’s lips provided a seal for him, allowing him to give Catherine a gentle s\*\*k as his tongue runs circles around her beautiful nipple. He felt it growing even firmer and he pulled back, – taking it gently in his teeth for a couple of seconds before letting it go. “Nope... it’s my turn,” Catherine said as she fumbled for his shaft and he shifted his hips to give her better access. She sat up and pushed him down, leaned over and began sucking. That made Shawn moan. Catherine’s blow jobs were wonderful. She sucked and licked and slurped like it was the last b\*\*\*\*\*b she had ever been able to give. She had a very talented tongue and knew the perfect way to play with his massive rod as she sucked. She also knew the perfect time to make eye contact. The look of her amazing wife with a mouthful of shaft staring into his eyes was priceless. That moment, Shawn was beyond pleased. She was even better than the rest of his women.

His trunk and b\*\*\*s were strained to the limit and had been all day. While Catherine sucked and teased, images of her shimmying b\*\*\*\*\*s kept popping into his head. And at that moment, Shawn felt his shaft tighten upon him. Catherine was looking at him, sucking hard. He looked back down at her and moaned as he took her hands, pulled her in and immediately shifted their position. Now he was on top, ready to thrust his shaft into her awaiting haven as they both prepared for the invasion. Their moan echoed in the room.

“I missed doing this to you.” He mumbled with the intimacy of shared pleasure. He needed to be in her heart and mind with the same desperate need that his body felt for hers.

She swallowed hard and nodded, “I missed you too.” Her gaze never leaves his. He slid his finger into her bud, welcoming the heat as she moaned again and again. Her hips bucked and her lashes trembled, her lips parting in a startled gasp. She went still, her eyes swallowing her face.

“I’m not going to lose you ever again,” He made it a statement. She looked shocked, but then smiled, but her body responded with a flood of liquid honey.

She frowned and he couldn’t help himself. He leaned down to kiss her again, robbing her of what breath she had left. His finger began to circle her sensitive bud, gently,



getting her used to the sensation. She cried out into his mouth, a strangled gasp of pleasure. He smiled as he lifted his head to look once again into her eyes.

He nipped her chin with his teeth. "I intend to enjoy myself as I get to know every inch of you. I've been waiting to see if you taste as good as I think you do." He was burning up, needing to claw at him with greedy hunger. His shaft lay pressed against her thigh, raging at him with a fierce, almost brutal desire, then with a quick thrust they both moan. "Ah, f\*\*k..."

Her hands loosened in his hair and moved to his shoulders, a test perhaps, to see if he liked her touch. He craved her hands -and mouth-on him, and he let her see it with the images in his head, with pleasure in his eyes.

More. That single word was all he could articulate, even in his head. His control was slipping

fast, the intensity of his need shredding his discipline. He wanted it gone, wanted this, a ferocious love that would consume the two of them, that would burn hot and long and melt them together.

Catherine traced the muscles in his back, touching his skin here and there, lingering for a moment. His face was a mask of sensuality, his eyes were intensely blue and filled with a dark l\*\*t that thrilled her. He pushed further. Harder and faster while she moved against him, a slow, sensuous ripple, her body sliding enticingly against his. Then he pulled out again, and that earned her a little protest. Shawn smiled. Surprise flared in her eyes, as he dropped his head, licking her b\*\*\*\*s and down her ribs, exploring with teeth tongue, and lips. Her seeking fingers stroked near the hard length of his heavy e\*\*\*\*\*n as it lay against her thigh. She felt the breath slam out of his body, felt the tremor that ran through him.

Every single place his teeth nipped or his tongue rasped sent hot licks of arousal sizzling through her skin to her most feminine core. Her temperature soared, and she couldn't stop tossing back and forth on the bed or writhing under his assault. It felt so good it bordered on pain, but in a good way. It was shocking and exciting.

His hands spread her thigh as his teeth sank into her inner shoulder. She cried out, a soft plea for more as heat poured into her body.

His hot breath pulsed over the junction of her shoulders, nearly driving her wild with need. "I lay next to you night after night thinking about this dreaming about it." The dark passion in his blue-green gaze shocked her almost as much as what he was doing.

His hands lifted her hips as he thrust into her. Faster and deeper, that made her scream-the pleasure swamped her, rocking her into fevered insanity. Her fingers clutched his shoulders, desperate to anchor herself with something solid. Her head tossed back and forth on the pillow, and she was helpless to stop it as wave after wave

of sensation rushed over her he thrust, even more, deeper, in and out with vigor. Tears burned behind her eyes and there was little air in her lungs, but she didn't want him to stop, and seconds later, they both reached their peak.

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

### Chapter 54

Two days later, Shawn had managed to convince Catherine to come with him to England, but on the way to the airport, they were ambushed by Javier's men, and so Shawn drove around the outskirts of the city for a few hours, hiding for a day in an unknown cheap hotel, uncertain of what to do next. He'd chanced a stop in a drive-thru sandwich joint to get a little food for Catherine and himself. Being out of sorts wasn't something he was accustomed to.

Interrupting his thoughts, the mobile phone ring tone sang from his right front pocket.

An attack within three days since he came to Scotland had caused both he and his passenger, who was relaxed and had not even broken a sweat from the ambush, to worry and anxiousness. She even told Shawn that she knew them and that they were the ones who guarded her when she was held captive by Elizabeth. And it was, of course, more than just a mere concern when Shawn realized that his wife was not telling him more. But could she blame her?

After their lovemaking, they talked more about what happened to Shawn, but somehow, he knew there was something more that she wasn't telling him so he decided that Catherine was way safer on his side than staying at Dave's place for another day. He just couldn't risk her life. He would never make the same mistake of leaving her again.

When the phone rang, it was just one more surprise in a growing line of surprises. Fishing the device out of his pocket, Shawn looked at the number. It was an unknown number. Normally, he tried to avoid answering calls from unspecified numbers, but after what had just happened, he agreed to give it a try.

"Richmond here." His answer was modest and direct, which made Catherine whirl her head to his side.

"Sir,... Mr. Shawn Richmond?" The voice on the other end sought confirmation.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Mr. Richmond, sir, this is Detective Timon Rodrigues from the Edinburg Police Department. We'd like you to come in to answer a few questions."

This wasn't good, he thought. "Questions about what?" "Mr. Richmond," the cop on the line began again, "we have reason to believe that you were involved in a double homicide this afternoon in Edinburgh airport." The man paused. "Of course, if you don't come willingly, we can always bring you in." "Sorry detective. That is not possible. My men will handle this, I'll call my attorney, but I couldn't risk being in the open again for the target to openly assault me. I was ambushed and what I did was to keep myself and my passenger alive. The goons were still on the loose and were targeting us. The two guys shot at us first."

"Seems like you handled the predicament more than adequately, sir." The detective changed gears. Knowing full well, Shawn Richmond was a person that couldn't be taken lightly. His money talks and his involvement were, of course, tackled in a way that billionaires always did. "Look, sir, we just need to find out more about what happened. Odds are, a man like yourself with your resources won't even be held for more than twenty minutes. Do you have any idea who those men were that you killed?"

"No."

There was a pause on the line, then, "What do you know about Dave Brown's disappearance?"

A look of unexpected skepticism bridged Shawn's face. "What are you talking about?" "About twenty-four hours ago, your former brother-in-law, Mr. Brown, went missing. His apartment was ransacked, and a few drops of blood were scattered across his living room. We received a call from his neighbor. We were hoping you could enlighten us about your visit to his place? Normally," he added, "...someone who has been missing for such a short time would not have raised an alarm. However, Mr. Brown was due to give a message to his conference yesterday concerning one of his new art exhibits at the Scottish National Gallery He never showed."

Shawn thought that yesterday before going to the airport, Dave thanked him for managing to get his art to the National Gallery and told Shawn about the new painting and that he was going to announce it at the Edinburgh Historical Center during a special press conference. Now, this cop was telling him that his wife's brother was missing? "I assume you went to Dave's house," Shawn posed, looking at Catherine, who turned her head again when she heard her brother's name and furrowed her head in silent questions.

"Of course, we have people still there as we speak. There was evidence of forced entry. And there were a lot of clues of a brawl. So, whoever took Mr. Brown either didn't know him or wasn't invited in."

S\*\*t! That was not good. "Did you have anything from the street CCTVS?" "Yes, sir, it was erased by some professional hacker."

“B\*\*\*\*y hell...” Shawn realized that the good detective was trying to keep him on the line so that they could track his location. He estimated they had about twenty more seconds before pinpointing him. “Detective, I was unaware of Dave’s disappearance. But I can assure you, I will find him.” Then he went back to the incidents from earlier. “The two deceased guys from the airport parking lot yesterday came out of nowhere. I have no idea why they attacked my SUV or what they wanted. They just started shooting, but there were five of them. Three escaped, and I don’t think I killed the third one. Maybe he was wounded. Why don’t you start looking at hospitals? Perhaps they were responsible for Dave’s appearance as well?” Shawn scrambled, “Look detective, I don’t mean to be rude, but I have to go. Don’t worry, your help will be well compensated. Wait for the check at your doorstep and just keep me posted for an update. Tell your chief to notify me of anything I can help with. My donations have been sent from my Scotland account as we speak, directly straight to your department’s account. Understood?”

“Yes sir, thank you. Mr. Richmond but wait... sire, wait!” The detective was desperate. “What do you know about the involvement of your cousin Javier’s gang?” Shawn pressed the end button, “What happened to my brother, Shawn?” Catherine yelled.

“He is missing. The apartment has been ransacked.”

“F\*\*k... this is my fault if I didn’t...”

“Stop, Catherine, this is never your fault. OK?” “But-”

“Stop... we will talk about it later. We need to move now. We can’t stay here any longer.”

The rush of new news was disconcerting. Dave was seized and he knew Javier was all behind this, and now there were many separate attempts on his own life and Catherine’s.

He had no idea what was going on, but he intended to find out. Whirling the car down a side street, he changed directions.

Shawn’s look of concern was transmitted to Catherine.

“What is it?” She inquired curiously, still disturbed from the most recent occurrences.

“The police want me... me to come in to answer some questions about the two guys we shot yesterday in the airport.”

“Good. Maybe they can help us.”

“I don’t think so. I’m pretty sure I’m a suspect, not a victim... and for Dave’s disappearance? I don’t know, they had the footage.”

“But it was self-defense, what happened at the airport... well... I was there. I can be a witness for you.” She had a pleading look on her face.

“No. That is not possible, Catherine. You are supposed to be dead. We can’t risk my family knowing you’re alive.”

“But why?”

“You will be their next target, Catherine, and hell, I don’t want that to happen again. You are not leaving my side ever again, understood?”

She nodded.

Shawn felt bad that she was unexpectedly pulled into this, whatever it was. Odds were that she’d been implicated as well.

“The cop said that Dave has disappeared. They think that I had something to do with it. Maybe they found footage of me entering Dave’s apartment but didn’t recognize you. Thanks for that, but at least, that’s what they are saying.” “S\*\*t s\*\*t. this is my fault... if I-” Her moist eyes looked anxious and full of dread.

“I repeat, this isn’t your fault. We have to find Dave,” he answered back plainly.

“How are we going to do that?”

“Whoever it was who took Dave, they must be working on getting me... or you. Javier must have been using your brother to get into us... That’s the only relation I can make.”

“Do you know where Javier’s men are going?” “Possibly to his mob’s underground shelter,” Shawn replied with a deep sigh. “After all, they have been hiding all over Europe. But I think I can ask my niece about his location. He had been calling her for some time now.”

“So, where are we going now?” The shock of yesterday’s events seemed to melt away into her firm resolve.

Catherine was tougher than she looked.

“...on the other side of Scotland.” The white SUV turned onto another street and crossed the interstate toward the south.

Rate this Chapter

## **Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA**

Ben Nevis Mountain, Scotland.

Dave attempted to free himself from the old wooden chair, bound by a tightly wound thread. He was in a small study room which overlooked what seemed to be a moderately considerable property. A vast yard neighborhood surrounding the old building ended unexpectedly in a deep, rolling wilderness. The room where he was restrained must have been at least three stories high. If it had been a house, it would have been enormous by any standard.

Jerking his head around, he took a better roster of the room around him. The soft, dark chestnut floor led to an empty, arched doorway. It was impossible to see beyond the nook, but he speculated that it led into a corridor. On either side of him were shelves of volumes that went all the way up to where the canopy curved into a sort of conifer-formed glass sunroof. An old wooden library ladder was in place to access the highly shelved books. An enormous oval window sat before him, rimmed by brown-colored drapes. The window soared awfully, enabling a remarkable view of the residence and, beyond, the mountain ledge overlooking a great lake from miles away.

Scampering the chair of bondage around, he found himself behind a wide oak table that fit the dark, rich chestnut of the ground. Whoever he was, this abductor actually had a reasonable fondness for antique things that surrounded the entire room. On top of the table, an Apple laptop displayed a screensaver of pictures of some random kinds of heavy weapons and machine guns. Directly next to him, a much more prosperous-looking, high-backed, skin hide desk chair mocked his less than preferable seating arrangement. Two smaller visitor stools sat opposite on the other side of the brown desk, giving the impression that the study was more of an office in some aspects.

Wrenching his body around again to get a better view of where he was, Dave wormed closer toward the window.

“Oh well, look who’s wide awake now. I trust you like the view, young man?” The foreign Russian accent came suddenly from the open doorway.

Dave groaned, “Um- I would like it a lot more if I wasn’t tied down to this embarrassing chair. It hurts my back, you know. My artist hand couldn’t take this any longer.” Even in a horrible circumstance, Dave hadn’t lost his awareness of wit. “I would have much wanted you to tie me up to that bad boy right there,” he proceeded with a quick smile, gesturing with his head

to the much more comfortable leather option.”

“Oh, speaking of art. I love your design. You have talented hands, boy, but my apologies,” the old man leaned slightly and smiled back. “It is a tragic procedure, having to restrain you captive like this. Unfortunately, it is necessary, boy.”

“And why is that?”

“Well... I need a key and you can direct me to it.”

“A key to what? You know, I don’t have a dime on my name yet, right? Not much less than a key to great f\*\*\*\*\*g fortune.”

“I know, Dave. I know... But I need you as a p\*\*n, perhaps a bait? You choose, and, of course, Shawn wouldn’t let his wife’s brother perish to death. Right?”

“My sister is dead. It doesn’t matter if you kill me. He won’t care. And a key? I have no idea what you are talking about,” Dave figured the guy knew about his sister’s sudden appearance. But a key? Whatever it was, he was glad it was not in his possession.

The Russian old man had been standing politely, hands folded behind his back, wearing a very expensive trendy coat. His striped silver tie looked like it was about two decades behind the current trend, which, oddly enough, must have made it the modern fashion of an elite society of rich people.

“There is no need to play coy with me, Mr. Brown, I know more than you have. I possess men all over Europe, and believe me when I say this,” he began. “We were aware of your sister’s whereabouts from day one. But the key is all I need. I also know that you were in contact with her.”

So far, this old man seemed to be right on the money, but what bothered Dave was the key he was talking about. Whatever it was, maybe it was a key to an unknown treasure. “Anthony and I are friends.”

“Who’s Anthony are we talking about here?” “Shawn’s grandfather.” “Aw!” Dave nodded, puzzled as to how wealthy people could be so dissatisfied with their money... “He had the key that I needed, and he passed it down to his grandson.” “Why not ask Shawn about it? Why kidnapped me?” “Silly. You know why, little boy? Of course, he will come here, of course, knowing full well, he won’t leave you alone if course. I will use you as a point of exchange.” “I don’t think Shawn would do that. I’m not important.” “Yes, you are. His wife is important to him, and so are you.” The Russian old man shook his head, making a clicking sound with his mouth, and took a few steps toward the desk. Leaning over and placing both hands palms down on the top, he stared directly into Dave’s eyes. “My boy, it would be better for you if you would just tell us where Shawn is. As soon as my men have him, I will let you go.”

Dave sincerely had no clue if Shawn and Catherine had reached London, much less calling him.

“My men had ambushed him on the way to the airport, but they escaped.”

F\*\*k! That’s why he didn’t receive a message from his sister, not that he was aware of his mobile phone when the stranger ransacked his apartment and kidnapped him.

He started to relay that information, then decided to keep it to himself. "It would be better for you if you wouldn't wear such dazzlingly colored ties. It doesn't suit you well." The captor was thrown off slightly by the statement, glancing down at the material. Then, standing, he continued his cold mob Russian façade.

"You think you are funny, my boy?"

"I'm better in a gay bar, they love me."

"Well, Dave, I wonder if you think this is funny. Reaching over to the corner of the table, he vanked a remote control and switched on a 65-inch flat-panel TV that was mounted to the wall at the corner of the oval-shaped ceiling.

The screen flicked onto a feed from a closed-circuit security camera. Dave's heart nearly stopped. They were looking at an image of Chelsea's home. "Hell... you son of a..."

"Now, now," the Russian old man let out before he could finish, "The love of your life will be fine. All you need to do is help me find what I want."

How on earth did he even find out about him and Chelsea.

Jane and Catherine didn't even know about it; it was their secret. They have been f\*\*\*\*g each other for almost six months now, and yes it was just mere s\*x for convenience but she was the love of his life, not that he told her about it.

Dave struggled against the ropes. Unfortunately, whoever did the tying must have been one heck of a boy scout. He could hardly move. "You better not touch her."

"Oh, we won't touch her, boy. She will simply be a victim of a tragic accident. Remember this, my boy. Many innocent people have died over the centuries during times of conflict. Millions have given up their lives during wars. My mission is a new campaign, I need tremendous wealth to fund them. He cocked his head as if chatting to a primary school youngster. "If casualties are essential, who am I to deny them?"

The tone in which he was speaking told of great Russian zealot confidence inside the crust of a madman. That was an extremely difficult thing, and the smile on his face was even more

alarming and chilling.

"I've heard this speech before, you know." Dave spat out. The world has seen dozens of lunatics and zealots like him. Usually, they end up taking the easy way out when justice catches up with them.



The old man halted in mid-step. A sinister smile crept across his face. "You would compare me to someone badass of history?" Leaning close, his voice lessened to a near whimper. "If those men acquired what it is I seek, Russia may well have been a distinct, powerful place more than the USA." He stood straight again before continuing. "All the more evidence that they were not meant to have ruled the land, right?"

"Chelsea is innocent and has nothing to do with this," Dave declared, thinking a shift of subject might help the conversation.

"Nothing to do with what, young man?"

Seeing himself, Dave realized he may have just h\*\*\*\*d himself without knowing. Or maybe, he just bought himself, Catherine, and Shawn some time.

"Fine," he mumbled with reluctance. "I'll do whatever you want. Bait me. Just leave her out of this." Desperation was in his voice.

"What happens to her is determined by our success, boy." He strode closer, around the desk, and leaned in so that Dave could smell the pungent and probably overpriced Arabic cologne the man was wearing. A cruel grin bridged his face. "Now, tell me everything... what do you know about your sister?"

"My sister? I thought you were talking about Shawn's whereabouts?"

"That too, young man. That too."

"Um—what do I call you?"

Standing straight, as if contemplating what damage could come from his hostage knowing his name, he then reacted, "I have had many names, but you may call me Alfonso Richmond III."

Rate this Chapter