

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 70 Shawn and Catherine were jolted from their seats when they heard a similar bombing fifty five miles away from Gretna Green village. It was an identical assault by an unknown group of criminals.

“What the hell was that, Shawn?” Catherine yelled, her ears ringing as she had been deep down in the ocean deep. People around them in the cafe scampered after the initial shock

“I think it’s a bomb!”

“Jesus! Was it for us?”

“I have no idea,” Shawn growled as he took his gun and took Catherine’s hand as they ran outside the cafe. He saw a dark red sedan parked next to the sidewalk, mere feet from a sidewalk cafe not unlike the one they’d just left. Not a car accident. Based on the blast, the charred building next to the wreckage, and the number of casualties, there was no questioning what happened. “Oh, God, S-Shawn! S-so many wounded.”

“This was a terrorist attack,” Shawn answered with a visible rage, while a siren could be heard from the distance.

An ambulance screeched around the corner and skimmed to a stop. The paramedics scrambled to the closest victims and began checking their vitals. He knew the ones they left on the ground were already dead. Their job was to help the living. The dead were beyond saving.

Their hearts sank as they ran towards their car, and she swallowed hard. Two more police cars arrived, along with two fire engines. People were crying out orders now, collecting those who were standing nearby. Most of them had tears in their eyes, streaming down their cheeks. Some were in a tremor, unable to comprehend what had just occurred.

Amid the violence, Shawn saw something weird coming out of the intersection. He twitched, turning his head toward the activity. It was something in an ancient abandoned house across the boulevard from the intersection. A dark curtain moved. It was slight, barely noticeable, but he’d seen it. The window was open, and he could see a set of fingers holding it back as if waiting for something. The threat wasn’t over yet. F**k! A sniper. “S**t! We have to move faster, wife...I saw a sniper. Hell if I’m wrong. I guess we are the target.

“Are you sure?” Catherine replied as they both neared the parking lot. “Yes. We need to keep them at bay. Stay here in the car.” “No!”

“Catherine, please. I can do this when I’m worried about you. Stay here, crouch low, and get a gun from the overhead for your safety.” “But Shawn.” “I know... I’m going to be careful, dear. Wait for me.”

While emergency crews flooded the crowded street, Shawn charged toward the entrance of the old house where he’d seen the movement in the window. It was two stories high. There was no way he could get there in time.

He saw a fireman running toward the scene and grabbed him by the arm and hid his gun under his shirt. “There’s a sniper,” he grumbled. “Sir, please get this area clear.” The officer looked at him with puzzled eyes and then shook his hand free. He’d talked in a perfect Scottish thick accent, so he knew the officer understood. Clearly, he wasn’t going to take advice from a civilian—much less an English gentleman traveler. Shawn ignored the officer and jogged to the entrance and trotted through the door. His head turned promptly one path and then the other until he found an entrance. That wouldn’t be reasonable. If there was a shooter up there, he could have booby-trapped or disabled them. Shawn didn’t have a minute to miss.

By the time he reached the second floor, the top of his legs burned and his calves were tight, but he didn’t slow down. He barged through the door and into the second-floor hallway. It took a second of looking down both ends of the hall before she got her bearings. He galloped to the right, steering toward what he believed were the lodgings where the shooter was hiding. The deck was at the far end of the hall. Shawn turned right once more and moved as quickly as he could on the tips of his toes. As he passed the door, the floor creaked, and he froze for a split second. He frowned, hoping the noise within the next door wasn’t too loud.

It wasn’t much, but it was something. If they hadn’t heard it before, they would have when he kicked down the door. Shawn took out his Springfield revolver, which he’d hidden under his shirt. The authorities would not have approved of the firearm, let alone the small armory he had at his villa. The Scots were adamant about this sort of stuff. The majority of European authorities were.

However, he was well aware that the bad guys were armed. Shawn believed that a level playing field was critical. He simply hopes Catherine will stay in the car and not pursue him.

He arrived at the final door, held his weapon to the side, and took a step back to assess how much force would be required. Some people make the error of directing their shoulders into doors to knock them down. This has resulted in numerous shoulder separations, dislocations, and even a broken collarbone or two. He’d heard the tales and had no intention of acting foolishly.

They could have been the standard deadbolt-and-doorknob lock, which provided two points of resistance. In any case, Shawn had to make certain that the door yielded on the first strike.

He stepped back, made a huge stride forward, and rammed his boot heel into the center of the door.

It fluttered, then blew open with a huge bang, swiveled around sharply, and smacked into the opposite wall. Shawn smashed his way through the door and into the ancient, abandoned house. He didn't notice the plain cream walls, the sparse furnishings, the kitchen, or the type of faux wood flooring beneath his feet. He was only concerned with the man in the corner

window, who was carrying a rifle with a scope on top and a suppressor on the barrel's end. He aimed his firearm, but his arrival had surprised the dark-masked gunman. As Shawn shot, he jumped away from the window and rolled beneath a little oak desk.
"F**k!"

The bullet landed just beyond the shooter's right foot in the wall. He returned the favor, firing three rounds barely above his head as Shawn lunged to his right behind the kitchen counter.

He'd only caught a glimpse of his face for a split second, but it was clear the gunman was of Asian ethnicity. It was all too obvious now. This was a well-planned terrorist assault. One bomber kills civilians. Then a sniper shoots the target.

Both were suicide commitments. When the police learned what was going on, they'd track down and murder the sniper. An arrest was not something this man would tolerate. It was a one-way trip. Shawn crouched down again, mentally calculating how many shots she'd fired versus how many the sniper had used. He rolled out of her hiding position and fired six shots at the toppled table. The gunman ducked for cover once more, but Shawn pressed his self-confidence, advancing toward him with each trigger pull until he was practically on top of him.

When the shooter saw what was going on, he slid out from behind his cover and spun the barrel of his pistol around for the kill shot. In a moment, he realized he couldn't get the aim right before Shawn fired first, so the shooter changed his mind and kicked the corner of the table.

Shawn was caught off guard when the furniture spun around. At the same time as the gunman, he jumped to the side and fired again. Their shots went wildly off, but they were both now in the open. Shawn then fired a shot at his foot. The man wobbled. Then Shawn pummeled him with his fist again and again. Then he pushed the shooter through the glass window, allowing his torso to pass through so that he was only in the flat from the waist down.

The man's nose was a shattered, gory mess. His eyes had already begun to swell shut. He was hardly awake. "Who are you? Who planned this?" Shawn exclaimed. He didn't respond. "Who is your intended target?" He shoved the shooter out the window a bit further. "Perhaps I'll ask you one more time. Who was behind this attack? Who is your

boss?" The Asian gasped for breath as Shawn's grip tightened around the base of his neck

"You and your wife... is m-my target."

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 71 Seven hours later, Shawn stepped out of the cafe holding what Catherine assumed was a cup of coffee.

After Shawn gave the shooter to the police officer, the man took a gun and killed himself.

Then, Shawn and Catherine drove to Gretna Green village and found out that they too had had a similar accident, and the people were on edge, as they rested in the cafe in front of the wreckage after Dr. Lanna Roundwater left them. They had a conversation earlier, and the piece of the tablet was given to Shawn, and now they were both relentless about what to do about it.

Their nerves were still tingling from the shocks. Now they know who targeted them. The Thai government ordered the shooters to assassinate them, and now they had no choice but to run away, and they didn't even wait for Eddie's backup personnel to protect them.

Catherine didn't really care. All she was worried about was knowing that they were targets and getting the information she wanted out of the shooter was unsuccessful. The tablet and some of the information from Dr. Lanna and the data about the Buddha the old woman had given them were all they'd needed to find the key. The problem was that they were at a loss on where to find the second piece of the tablet because, from what the good doctor mentioned, it was supposed to be from the man who dwelled in the black market, but the man was already dead and no one knew who bought it from him.

Now they are back to zero.

"When it comes to figuring out riddles like this one, it helps to have context. In this case, the other part of the tablet is our context."

"Agree. We can't figure this out without the other half. But the doctor said the man who owned it died. So where are we going to start?" Catherine asked, taking the coffee from the tray. "Gosh! I'm famished," and they enjoyed their coffee and donut. "That's all we have," Shawn added. "The key must be found before the others could. But what bothers me is: how did they know about us? I only called Eddie. I didn't even mention him... About us in the cafe yet um-the goons knew where we were exactly?"

"I think I know," Catherine replied. "How?" "Javier... I'm not sure, but I think, well, this is just a hunch! I'm not sure about any of this. because I received my training in their facilities, I know it won't be easy to escape, but the day I did, it was like everyone was gone. I was able to escape without a problem, and I think Javier planned all of it. And somehow, he had something in me that would allow him to track me wherever I go."

"Trained for what?" Shawn creased his forehead and looked at her intently. She just rolled her eyes. "To be his assassin or whatever you called it... doing his bidding. He wanted you dead by the way. He ordered me to kill you." "Why am I not surprised? He hated me. But anyway... he had some ... well... you mean, some

tracking device?"

"Yes, but I don't know how or what... As far as I'm concerned, I don't have anything with me anymore that could be used as a tracking device. Aside from this stupid heart tattoo, he demands that I have." Catherine said and showed Shawn her dark tattoo on her wrist. "Odd, it looks ordinary, but let me call someone. Maybe he knows how this tattoo tracker works."

"Do you think it's the tattoo?"

"That's correct. But is it?" Shawn pointed his finger at the screen of her iPhone and tapped on one of the words. "Maybe it's telling them exactly where we are going." "You think so?" "Maybe it's an eavesdropping tattoo? Wait... I'll call him. He is an expert." After his call, he told her about their conversation and instructed them to look for a tattoo artist to mess up the heart and see what happened next. "So Shawn, any news about Dave?"

"Oh about that, Eddie texted me earlier and said that Dave was saved. He was in the hospital now, taking medication and such." "Oh, thank goodness. Now we can concentrate on this mission... But you know what I thought? What if we don't need half of the tablet to look for the key? Let's talk to your historian. Maybe they knew something Doctor Lanna couldn't understand." "Nice idea. Let us go to a hotel and let Zoom call the expert." An hour later, the two sat in the living room of Dr. Lanna instead. After a series of phone calls, they decided that the safest place was at the doctor's place. Shawn read the words from his phone out loud again. 'Situation at the boundary of those whose property is more precious than your friend. Go and surge to find the path. Follow your heart.' He paused and looked at the old woman. "Doctor, what do you think about Grandpa's silly games?" "There is nothing silly about it, young man Anthony loves his puzzles, and if you two find me, I'm sure you'll know where to go first." "Really?" Catherine asked and went to check the windows. "Can you not pinpoint it for us?" Shawn said with a yawn. "I would if I knew, but I have no idea. He told me to help him by doing some puzzles, but I have no idea where to look. All I know is that Anthony knows you can solve it, and he only asks me the synonyms of those words anyway. No biggies." She smiled, remembering her memories of the late Anthony.

“Precious than your friend? Go and surge to find the path... What the hell does it mean?” He thought for a few seconds and then it hit him, but Catherine grumbled in her seat and began pacing

She said, “I think that means the other half of the tablet is now owned by Anthony’s friend? Or more than friends?”

Shawn nodded. “Could be.”

“Charities,” Catherine blurted. She immediately apologized. “I’m sorry, I just thought, Sir Anthony loves the children’s orphanage, Shawn, and he considers them family. And what better way to hide something than what he thought of his family?”

Tommy shook his head and smiled. “It makes sense that family is more important than friends.”

“That’s right. It’s one of his charities.” The doctor added, “... the last known person to have the tablet was an orphan. He may be a b*****d, but, like Anthony, he loves children’s orphanages. It was reported that he was the one who handed millions of dollars, along with many other donations, to the children’s orphanage before the pandemic. Two years ago.

Shawn steered the conversation back to the point at hand. “Should we ask those orphanages? I can donate millions to get that sort of information.” He knew better than to worry about the last sentence of the riddle.

‘Follow your heart!’

Was the old man playing Cupido?

There was no point in even considering it until they’d determined the location mentioned in the first half. He turned from the doctor back to Catherine. “The nearest orphanage” he mumbled, “How far away is that?”

The doctor thought for a moment, then shook her head. “Not far. Two hours. Why?”

Shawn answered. “Because if the first clue is to find you, then the second must not be far away from you. I know the old man. It would make sense that he meant the beginning of the table to be the orphanage or the location of the other half of it.”

Catherine pecked at the keys on the tablet and pulled up several images of the children’s orphanage in the area. She bit the corner of her thumb as she scrolled through the pictures. The only problem is, which one? There are ten here? Or was it one of these big ones?” She tapped the screen.

Shawn leaned over to get a better look. Curious, the doctor stood up and moved around behind them, bending over her shoulder to see what they were talking about. The scent of old incense and vanilla filled their nostrils, doing more to distract them than they needed.

The old woman reached a toned bare arm around in front of them and pointed at one of the images of a large, wooden gate surrounded by stone. "That is the main entrance to the grounds. It's the Green Children Orphanage, two hours from here. I've been there before, with Anthony. He explained its significance in his life.

"Maybe that's the one?" Catherine asked and took a seat next to Shawn.

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Chapter 72 Warning Rated SPG "I think you two need to rest first. Both of you looked dead anyway. I have a guest room. Feel free to use it, and after dinner, we shall visit the orphanage." Doctor Lanna garbled and gestured to the guest room. They nodded and were grateful for the hospitality. "Thank you, doctor."

"No worries, dear. You two are always welcome" As they close the door, Shawn kisses Catherine, "Shawn wait..." "I can't wait any more..." "We are supposed to be resting, sleeping..." "But I miss you already," Shawn added with a kiss. She rolled her eyes then groaned when Shawn kissed her on her neck. Then, as she felt his lips touch hers, Catherine could only wonder at the loss of her sanity. Once again, Shawn had asked her permission. Once again, he had given her the chance to slide away, to oppose him and keep herself at a safe distance. But once again, her mind had been entirely enslaved by her body, and she was completely unable to withhold the quickening of her breath or the pounding of her heart. Or the slow, hot sensation of impatience she felt as his large, strong hands slid down her body, moving ever closer to the heart of her womanhood, and she couldn't do anything but moan in return. "Shawn," she whimpered, but they both knew that her plea was not one of refusal. She wasn't asking him to stop-she was imploring him to proceed, to feed her soul as he had the night before, to remind her of all the reasons she loved being a woman, and to teach her the heady heaven of her own desirable power. "Mmmm," was his only acknowledgment. His fingers kept getting involved with the buttons on her winter coat, and even though the material was still a little damp and awkward, he divested her of it in record time, leaving her clad only in her thin red thong that always made him howl, made almost transparent by the wet between her legs. "You are so beautiful," he mumbled, gazing down at the outline of her b****s, simply defined under the white fabric.

He didn't say anything more, which she found amazing, and she glanced at his face. She realized with a jolt of shock that these weren't just words to him. His throat was laboring with some sentiment she didn't think she'd ever glimpsed on him before. He was about to say something.

“Shawn?” she mumbled. His name was a question, although she wasn’t entirely confident in what she was asking.

And he, she was moderately sure, didn’t know how to answer. At least not with phrases. He

spooned her into his arms and then carried her to the mattress, stopping at the edge of the bed to peel away her thong. “D**n, I’m a lucky man.” This was where she could stop and ask him if he loved her. But she didn’t. She was still afraid of rejection.

Catherine reminded herself. She could end it here. Shawn wanted her-badly, she could see quite visibly. But he would stop if she just said the word. But she couldn’t. No matter how hard her brain insisted on explanation and clarity, her lips could do nothing but sway toward him, leaning in for a kiss, desperate to lengthen the connection.

She wanted this. She needed him. And even though she knew it was a risk to put her heart on the line once again, she was too fierce to quit.

He’d made her fierce.

And she wanted to revel in it.

“Hmmp let me?” she mumbled, the word crossing her lips with uncomfortable bluntness.

His hands froze.

“I will do it,” she let out, then she smiled at him with a wink.

His eyes found hers, and she found herself drowning in those ocean blue depths. There were a hundred questions there, not one of which she was ready to reply to. But there was one thing she understood for herself, even if she would never speak the words aloud. If she was going to do this, if she was unable to reject her own desire, then by God, she would do this in every way. She would take what she needed, steal what she desired, and at the end of the day, if she managed to come to her senses and put an end to the insanity, she would have had many e****c afternoons, one scorching interlude during which she was in charge.

He’d woken up the wanton within her, and she wanted her vengeance. With one hand on his chest, she nudged him back onto the bed, and he stared up at her with fiery eyes. His lips parted with longing as he watched her in disbelief. “Wifey wants to play?” “You bet.” She smirked. She took a step back, then reached down and lightly grasped the hem of her thong seductively, which made Shawn groan. “Do you want me to take it off?” she mumbled and bit her lip.

He nodded.

“Say it,” she stressed. She needed to know if he was beyond words. She wanted to know if she could reduce him to insanity, enslave him to his desires, the way he’d done to her.

“Yes,” he gulped, his words rough and ripped. Please...” Catherine was not innocent; she knew how to be brazen, understood how it could whip up her own urgency, but nothing could have prepared her for the electrical charge of this moment, for the decadent thrill of stripping for Shawn. Or the staggering rush of heat she felt when she raised her gaze to his and watched him watch her.

This was power. Her strength.

And she adored it.

With intentional slowness, she edged the hem up, starting just above her knees, and sliding up her thighs until she’d nearly reached her hips. “Enough, husband?” she teased, licking her lips in a sultry half-smile. He shook his head. “More,” he demanded. She stressed out she didn’t like that. “Beg me,” she whispered.

“More,” he said, more slowly. Knowing what she was trying to play.

She gave him a nod of approval, but just before she let him see the thatch of her womanhood, she turned around, wiggling the thong up and over her bottom, then down her knees and down her feet.

His breath was coming in hot and thick over his lips; she could hear every whimper of it, almost feeling it nuzzling her back. But still, she didn’t turn around. Instead, she let out a slow, desirable moan and slid her hands up the sides of her body, curving slightly to the front as she passed over her bra, then moving to the front edge when she reached her b****s and eliminated her bra. And then, even though she knew he couldn’t see her, she clasped her two mountains of heaven and moaned again.

He would know what she was doing.

And it would drive him crazy.

She heard rustling on the bed, heard the wooden frame creak and groan, and she let out one sharp command: “Don’t move.” “Catherine,” he groaned, and his voice was closer. He must’ve sat up, must’ve been seconds away from reaching for her. “Lie down,” she said, in a soft warning. “Wifey,” he mumbled again, but now there was a hint of desperation in his voice. It made her smile. “Lie down, Shawn...” she repeated, still not looking at him. She heard him panting, knew that he hadn’t moved, that he was still trying to decide what to do.

“Lie down,” she said, one last time. “If you want me.” For a second, there was a lull, and then she heard him resolve back against the mattress. But she also heard his breath,

now stained with a dangerously uneven edge, and she could see how hard he was working under his pants.

“There you go,” she muttered.

She teased him a little more, running her hands lightly over her skin, her nails skimming the surface, raising goosebumps all along their path. “Mmmm,” she moaned, the sound an intentional tease.

“Jesus woman, you are killing me,” he muttered.

She moved her hands to her abdomen, then slid them down, not deeply enough to touch herself—she wasn’t sure she was vicious enough to do that—but just enough to cover her mound, leaving him in the dark, marveling at just what it was her fingers were doing. “Damnit,” she whispered again. “Shawn.” He made a sound, guttural, primitive, and entirely inarticulate. He was nearing his breaking point; she wouldn’t be able to push him much further. She looked over her shoulder, licking her lips as she glanced at him. “You should take those off,” she said, letting her gaze fall to his still-covered groin. He’d not undressed completely when he’d removed his suit jacket, and his shaft strained furiously against the material. “You don’t look very comfortable,” she added, instilling her voice with just the baldest reminder of coy innocence. “F**k, you are enjoying this wife!” “I am...” He groaned something and then nearly tore off his undergarments. “Oh, Lala!” Catherine let out, and even though she’d planned the words as a part of her teasing temptation, she found that she very much meant them. He looked enormous and powerful, and she knew she was playing a dangerous game, pushing him to his very limits again. But she couldn’t resign. She was glorying in her strength over him, and she couldn’t possibly

quit.

“Look good... huge and hard... Very nice,” she purred, letting her gaze roam up and down his body, settling directly upon his rod. “Catherine... come here!” he said, with a desperate sigh, “enough.”

She let her eyes level with his. “You answer to me, Shawn,” she said with soft power. “If you want me, you can have me. But I’m in charge.”

“Wif-”

“Those are my terms. Deal?”

He held still, then resolved back to barely resignation. But he did not lie down. He was sitting, leaning back slightly, his hands on the mattress behind him for support. His every muscle was straining, and his eyes held a wolfish air as if he were calmed to pounce. He was, she realized, with a tremble of desire, that he was simply beautiful. And hers for the taking. The more she likes it.

“What should I do now?” she gaped aloud. “Come here,” he retorted gruffly.

“Not quite yet, I think, you deserve something else.” she sighed, turning toward him until her body was in profile.

“Oh, f**k!”

She saw his gaze drop to the hardened tips of her b****s and saw his eyes darken as he licked his lips. And she felt tense even more, as the mental image of his tongue on her sent a new rush of heat through her body.

She gave rise to one hand on her breast, curving around the bottom, pushing herself up, like some flavorful gift. “Is this what you want?” she mumbled. His voice was nothing but a growl. “You know what I want.” “Oh really, now?” she whispered, “but what about in the meantime? Aren’t things sweeter when we’re urged to wait for them?”

“You have no idea,” he said roughly.

She looked down at her b****s. “I wonder what would happen if I do...this,” she mumbled, and then she moved her fingers to her nipple, rolling it about, her body twitching as the motion sent shivers down to the very center of her being. “Catherine,” Shawn groaned. She peeked up at him. His lips were parted, and his eyes were glazed with need. “I like it,” Catherine said, almost in astonishment. She’d never caressed herself this way, never even thought to until this very minute, with Shawn as her accountable audience. “I like it,” she announced again, then brought her other hand to her other breast and pleased them together. She pushed them up and together, her hands making a sultry corset.

“Oh, my God,” Shawn moaned.

“I had no idea I could do this,” she muttered, arching her back.

“I can do it better,” he breathed in.

“I know... you probably could,” she agreed. “You’ve had lots of practice, haven’t you?” And she shot him a look, one of confounded glamour, as if she were pleased with the truth that he’d persuaded scores of women before when they were secretly married. And the odd reality was, until this very minute, she thought she had been. One of them

But now...

Now he was hers. Hers alone. Hers to persuade and hers to relish, and as long as she had him precisely where she needed him, she wasn’t going to think of those other women. They weren’t here in this room. It was just her, and Shawn, and the burning warmth rising between them. Then she touched herself and moaned faster, sending a tidal wave of pleasure while Shawn groaned. “Wife, please...”

She edged closer to the bed, batting his hand away when he reached toward her. "If I let you touch one, will you make me a promise?" she mumbled.

"Anything." "No more, women?" she whispered, her tone slightly serious. "Yes, you are the only one since we've been legally married. You know that..."

"Good, you may do what I allow you to do and nothing more." He nodded jerkily. "Lie back," she requested. He did as she asked.

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Chapter 73

She slid onto the bed, not allowing their warm, naked bodies to touch in any way. She smiled at him. Knowing full well, Shawn was on the edge of his desire. Raising herself onto all fours, she let herself sway above him, and then, softly, she murmured, "So, husband? You may only use one hand. Nothing else." With a groan that sounded as if it were torn from his throat, he reached for her, his hand large enough to clasp her whole breast. "Wife, you are clearly enjoying this torture. Please," he gasped, his body jerking as he squeezed her. "Please? Both hands?" he pleaded. She couldn't deny him. That one natural warm touch was curtailing her to pure passion, and even as she expected to put forth her power over him, she couldn't say no. She bobbed her head with a small moan, because she could hardly speak. She arched her back, and then, unexpectedly, both of his hands were on her, massaging, rubbing, and crushing her already intensified senses into an uproar. Oh hell, she wanted more, and she moaned when he licked her nipple. Trying to make it as slowly as he could. It dawned on her that he was just waiting for the right moment, but he was torturing her instead as she wailed in pleasure.

"That's it, I want more of it, Shawn. I want more," she murmured as she arched her back.

He grinned stealthily, giving her the idea that she might no longer be entirely in charge as she thought, but he did as she commanded, his fingers teasing her nipples. And as assured, her husband was much better at it than she was. It was a heated passion that was beyond her. It was more than l**t, and her heart began to hope again.

Her body arched, and she nearly lost the power to hold herself up. "Take me in your mouth," she requested, but her voice was not so definitive any longer. She was begging him, and they both knew it.

But she needed it. Oh, how she craved it. Shawn, for all his stamina in bed, had never loved her b*****s the way Shawn had done the night before. He'd always suckled her, showing her how his lips and teeth could make her entire body squirm. Catherine hadn't even known that a man and a woman could do such a thing. But now that she had, she couldn't stop imagining it. "Come lower," Shawn whispered softly, "if you want me to

remain lying down." Still on her hands and knees, she squatted down, allowing one breast to swing achingly close to his mouth.

He did nothing at first, compelling her to swing lower and lower, until her nipple was rubbing lightly across his lips. "What do you want, Catherine?" he implored, his breath heated and damp over her. "You know what I want, Shawn." she whimpered. "Say it again, sweetheart."

She wasn't in charge anymore. "Shawn!" She realized it, but she was past caring. His voice held the delicate edge of power, but she was too far driven to do anything but obey.

"Take me in your mouth," she whispered again. His head snapped up and his lips nibbled her, pulling her down until she was in a position for him to have his leisurely way with her. He caressed and taunted, and she felt herself plummeting deeper into his trance, failing her will and her resilience, craving nothing but to lie down on her back and let him do whatever he needed to her.

"Now what, dear wife?" He begged politely, not releasing her from his lips. "More of this? Or"

– he rolled his tongue in a particularly wicked fashion—"something else?"

"Something else," she breathed, and she wasn't certain if it was because she needed something else or because she didn't understand she could take one more second of what he was doing just then. "You're in charge," he let out, his voice holding the slightest inkling of mocking. "I'm yours to command."

"I want...I want...you now!" She was breathing too hard to complete the sentence. Or perhaps she just didn't know what she liked.

"Shall I propose to you an extraordinary selection? I can give you more of your demands, but before that, I want you to know how much you mean to me. In your eyes, I see home. In your soul there is the kind of passion that brings solace to my fire, enough to bring out my earthen nature and calm."

"Shawn,"

"I'm not done yet, sweetheart. Your arms become my cocoon, a place to heal my soul. For living as a phoenix requires refuge, especially after those times when I must become a flame in the defence of the defenceless, a light in the darkness." She bit her lip; her emotions swelled.

"Catherine, you are my whole world; I could live an unlimited number of lifetimes and yet desire you, save you, and bring you home. In all honesty, I'm not sure who is saving whom in this scenario, but based on what this world has shown me, it's very certainly a

combination of the two. I choose you because I need someone who will protect my soul no matter what, and who will trust me to do the same for them. And the only person the universe trusts me to look after in this crazy world is you. You alone!”

“Oh, Shawn!”

“No, there is no need for you to tell me anything, let me show you how you meant so much to me!”

She nodded.

Then he wandered one finger down the center of her belly to her folds. “I could touch you here,” he whispered in a mischievous whimper, “or if you’d prefer, I could kiss you.” Her body pulled taut at the thought. “The latter.”

“But that presents new problems,” he asserted. “Do you lie back and permit me to kneel between your legs, or do you continue above me and ease yourself onto my mouth?”

“S**t!!” She didn’t know. She just didn’t realize that such things were possible coming from his mouth.

“Or,” he confessed thoughtfully, “you could take me into your mouth. I’m quite sure I would relish it, although I must say, it’s not certainly in the tenor of the interlude.”

Catherine felt her lips part with surprise, and she couldn’t help but peer down at his shaft, massive and ready for her. She’d tasted Shawn there once or more, when she’d felt incredibly seduced, but to take it into her mouth?

“No,” Shawn mumbled with an amused smile. “Another time, maybe. I can tell you’ll be the most clever pupil.”

Catherine nodded, powerless to believe what she was assuring.

“So for now,” he said, “those are our selections, or…” “Or what?” she begged, her voice more of an intense grumble. His hands eased onto her hips. “Or we could just begin right at the main course,” he explained commandingly, exerting a gentle but constant pressure on her, steering her down toward the proof of his passion. “You could drive me.” She smirked.

“Sweetheart, tell me? What do you want?”

She just bit her lips.

“Do you want it now?”

She nodded.

One of his hands left her hips and found the back of her head, heaving her down until they were nose to nose. "I'm not a delicate pony," he whispered softly. "I promise you, you will have to work to keep your seat. I will not be tame, I will not go slow. I will make up for the lost time."

"I want it," she muttered. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yes! So ready." She nodded.

"Are you certain?" Shawn whimpered, his lips curling just enough to tease her. She wasn't certain what he was asking, and he felt it.

She just gazed at him, her eyes broadening in question.

"Are you wet, sweetheart?" he muttered.

Her cheeks grew hot-as if they weren't already simmering, but she bobbed her head. "Are you sure?" he deliberated. "I should perhaps test, just to be certain."

Catherine's breath caught as she saw his hand curve around her thigh, hurrying toward her center. He started slowly, gradually, draining the torture of impatience. And then, just when she thought she might cry out at it all, he stroked her, one finger lazily pulling taut circles against her soft flesh.

"Very nice," he purred, his phrases echoing her own.

"Shawn, please," she breathed in harder. But he was enjoying his position too much to allow her to rush things along. "I'm not sure," he whispered. "You're ready here, but what about... here?" Catherine nearly screamed as one finger slipped inside of her.

"Oh, yes," he muttered. "And you like it, too."

"Shawn..." It was all she could say.

Another finger skimmed into place next to the first. "So warm," he grumbled. "The very essence of you." "Shawn... oh, God." His eyes caught hers. "Do you like me?" he inquired, his voice stark and organized.

She nodded. Then Shawn added, "When I say, 'I want you,' I mean that you are the only one I desire, Catherine. That there is no other person who could be a good match for me. You are the perfect fit. You are the light. That is both a blessing and a challenge. You're it for me. I hope it's the same for you." "Shawn, stop being poetic now!" "Oh really? I thought girls liked those words?" "I want you now, please! This is torture!" "Now?"

She nodded again, this time with more emphasis.

His fingers slid out, and his hands found her hips again, steering her down... down... until she could feel the tip of him at her opening. She attempted to move her body down onto him, but he held her in place. "Not too early," he whimpered. "Please...are you kidding me?" "Let me hurry you," and his hands gently pushed at her hips, edging her down until she felt herself being stretched open by him. He felt great, and it was all so different in this position. "Good?" he inquired. She nodded.

"More?"

She nodded again.

And he proceeded with the torture, holding himself still, but pushing her body down atop his,

each unthinkable inch of him gliding into her, stealing her breath, her voice, her very power to think

"Slide up and down," he ordered.

Her eyes flew to his.

"You can do it," he whispered softly.

She did, testing the motion, moaning at the delight of the friction, then breathing as she felt that she was sliding farther down onto him, that he wasn't yet completely embedded within her body. "Take me to the hilt," he mumbled. "I can't." And she couldn't. She couldn't possibly be. She knew she had done so the night before, but this was different. He couldn't possibly fit.

His hands tightened on her, and his hips arched barely higher, and then, in one mind numbing jolt, she found herself rested directly atop him, skin to skin.

And she could merely breathe.

"Oh, my God," he moaned.

She just sat there, swirling back and forth, unsure of what to do.

His breath was coming in fits and starts, and his body began to writhe under hers. She grasped his shoulders in an attempt to hold on, to keep her seat, and as she did, she began to move up and down, to take control, to seek pleasure for herself.

"Shawn, Shawn," she wailed, her body beginning to sway from side to side, unable to hold itself up, unable to conserve strength against the heated ripple of passion sliding across her.

He just groaned, his body buckling beneath her. As sworn, he wasn't gentle, and he wasn't tame. He compelled her to work for her enjoyment, to hold on tight, to push with him, and then against him, and then...

A clamor fled from her throat. And the world quite completely fell apart. She didn't know what to do, didn't know what to say. She let go of his shoulders as her body untangled and then arched, every muscle growing impossibly taut. And beneath her, he erupted. His face contorted, his body lifted them both off the bed, and she knew that he was squirting himself into her. Her name was on his lips, over and over, lessening in volume until it was the barest of whimpers. And when he was finished, all he mumbled was, "Lie with me."

She did. And she slept. For the first time in days, she slept deeply and completely. And she had no idea he had been awake the entire time, his lips at her temple, his hand against her hair.

Whispering her name.

Whispering other words as well, he never thought he could. "I love you, Catherine."

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 74 After dinner, the three prepared for a long drive to the orphanage. Winter was knocking on the door, and the temperature had plummeted to the point where going outside in short sleeves was out of the question.

"Doctor, are you sure you're coming with us?" Shawn asked. The old doctor nodded. "I may as well come along. It's what Anthony would have wanted." "That's the spirit," Catherine chimed in.

Shawn lifted his backpack off the floor by the door and slung it over his shoulder. Catherine grabbed his tablet and phone as well and waited for their host. Doctor Lanna disappeared into a room down an adjacent hallway to put on a jacket and collect her small black clutch. She reappeared a few minutes later, sliding her phone into the little bag.

Before she reached the entryway, Shawn heard something outside and immediately held up a hand, signaling her to stop. A look of concern washed over his face. He put a finger to his lips, leaned to his right, and looked through the peephole in the center of the door. Outside, a man with a shaved head, a raven coat, and a loosely buttoned black shirt stood close by. He was surrounded by two others, but Shawn got a distinct impression that there might be a few more. Shaved heads didn't move. Why wasn't he knocking?

Shawn didn't have to ask. He already knew the answer. The guy and the other goons were waiting for them to leave. But were they there for Lanna or them? It had to be the doctor. Not even Eddie knew they were here.

He stepped away from the door, retreating stealthily like a cat who'd come across a bigger predator. Catherine put her hands out to her side and mouthed, "What's the problem?" Shawn's response was only one word, and he didn't even whisper it. His lips moved enough for his friend and their host to understand. "Trouble."

Shawn pointed to the far side of the room's sliding door. It opened up onto a small balcony. He'd noticed it as soon as they arrived. Being aware of his surroundings had become second nature to him. And it was a skill that had saved his life more than once. He'd noticed the fire

er attached to the balcony's side and had the fleeting notion that it would be unfortunate if he had to use it. They didn't seem to have much of a choice at this point.

Catherine grasped his shoulder and growled as the trio approached the balcony entrance.

"What's the matter with you?"

She should've known better than to ask. They'd had their fair share of near escapes and terrible occurrences. Maybe she was simply asking for the sake of the doctor. The old doctor stood behind Catherine, a puzzled expression on her face.

Shawn indicated the front door. "Three people are hanging out there waiting for us to go." I'd say they're armed based on the bulge in their coats, which suggests they're not on the tourism welcoming committee."

"What?" Catherine spun around and cast a questioning glare at the doctor. "Friends of yours?"

She was as surprised as they were. The old woman shook her head slowly. "No." There was worry in her voice. "Do you think it's the men who bombed the cafe earlier?"

Shawn sighed. "I don't know. There is no way to be certain. But one thing is certain, they're Asia." Catherine whirled back around. "What? Are you serious? Is it the Thai again? How do you know that?"

Shawn calmed him down. "Their faces? The one, the bald monk. He's definitely Thai."

"Why are the Thais here?"

Shawn didn't pay attention to the doctor's increasingly panicked reaction as he unzipped his rucksack and took out his gun. Catherine's eyes went wide. "Oh, come on," she whispered. "Really? We just got here."

Doctor Lanna's expression was equally troubled by the sudden appearance of the weapon. "Where did you get that?" Catherine calmed for a moment, digging her own gun out of her bag. "Oh, we brought these with us."

The doctor looked mortified. "How?"

Shawn answered. "It's a long story. We have some friends down the road. You two, go behind the back door. I'll follow behind."

Catherine had a worried look on her face but followed nonetheless. Under normal circumstances, she might have questioned Shawn's assessment of the problem with the men outside her door. In light of what occurred to them recently, only days before, she decided to trust her husband's instincts.

Outside, Catherine lowered the ladder down to the exit apartment's back balcony as quietly as she could. The metal creaked a little but otherwise didn't make much sound.

"My neighbor downstairs," the old doctor whispered, "she's a nice woman. I think she's home right now. I'll knock on the door when we get down there, and maybe she'll let us in." "Perfect," Shawn said. "I'd rather not have to climb down the entire four stories on a bunch of ladders. Now hurry."

She nodded and descended the ladder as Catherine moved aside to let her go first. She went down right behind her as Shawn stood by the door, waiting with his weapon at the ready. At any second, he anticipated the men outside the entrance would burst through and enter the condo, but they didn't. For some reason, they kept waiting. Why? Were they thinking it would be easier to grab the occupants on their way out?

Shawn wasn't about to wait around and find out. Reluctantly, he slid his foot out onto the balcony. A sickening feeling filled his gut, and he felt his body go stiff. Slowly, he moved his other foot out onto the landing, clutching the edge of the door frame with a death grip that turned his knuckles white.

Below, Catherine and the doctor had already made it to the neighbor's balcony. She was hurriedly rapping on the glass door, trying to get the attention of the woman inside.

Shawn stuffed his gun into his belt and reached over to the door, pulling it shut while still trying to grip the outer edge of the doorsill. He stared at the wall, desperately trying not to look down, but it was a vain effort. His left hand stretched over to the railing and grasped it tightly, followed shortly by his right. Now there was nowhere to look but down or out. And neither made him feel any better. The seven-story drop to the street sent a shiver through his body.

“Shawn?” Catherine murmured. “...faster.” The downstairs door opened, and an older woman with a pleasant and wrinkled face stepped into view. She smiled at the doctor as the younger woman explained that the building supervisor was doing some construction in her hall and they needed to leave before the crew was finished.

Twenty Miles from Gretna Green Village

“Hello Javier, take the woman,” Alfonso said than ended the call, slowing his stride across the floor. His toes squished into the thick s**g carpet with every step. He let the long strands of fabric seep between them, as he always did as if the guest in the corner chair wasn’t even there.

Dave in the corner couldn’t speak. The gag in his mouth only allowed muted protests of garbled words and moans.

He twisted and shook, but he couldn’t get free of the ropes binding him to the metal chair.

Alfonso’s head of security, Zeus, an athletic, ambitious man, was a dedicated servant, unquestionably resolute and loyal, both to the cause and their theology. At the moment, Zeus wasn’t in the room.

It was just the host and the prisoner. Dave had been groaning, obviously in pain.

Alfonso slowed his pace to an even more deliberate gait until he was only a few feet in front of his prisoner and then stopped short, leaning forward to hover over the bound and gagged man.

Dave looked up at him with wide, angry eyes.

“I suppose you’re wondering why you’re here, and not in the Mountain anymore, hmm, Dave Brown?”

More muffled squeals came from the rag in his mouth. His eyes popped out of his flushed face. Dave’s thin brown hair was generally dressed in a beautiful right-side spike. He looked up at Alfonso, who towered over him. With so many drugs on his system, Dave didn’t even recognize himself anymore, he didn’t know who the man was. His gaze was drawn to his warden in search of explanations. As Alfonso’s lips quivered and cracked into a smile, he knew he’d soon have what he desired.

“I’m going to remove that rag from your mouth, Dave.” Alfonso addressed him as if he were a child being chastised for throwing a tantrum. “It won’t help you to scream when I do.” Understand?”

Dave gave a nod. Who the hell was this man? Was he on drug? His head seemed to burst from the pain.

Alfonso showed off the walls around him by pointing around the room without looking.

“There isn’t anyone here to hear you. And because these walls are insulated, even if someone was standing just outside, they probably wouldn’t hear you. As a result, don’t bother. “Do you understand?”

Dave studied the statement again, this time with more seriousness. Then he gently nodded. “Good.” Alfonso beamed a bright white smile that millions had seen on the red carpet and silver screens around the world.

He reached out and removed the gag from his captive’s lips. Dave took deep breaths, panting for air in large gulps. He yelled a torrent of expletives, some of which were directed at Alfonso’s family. His cheeks were still red after he finished swearing. Alfonso pictured smoke shooting out of the man’s ears if he were a cartoon figure.

When Dave paused to gather his breath, Alfonso shook his head. “Dave, you have such a filthy mouth. And to think I ever admired your arts... And I hope the drugs I have in you won’t make you lose your touch. After all, you’ve been so hard to persuade.”

“What on earth do you think you’re doing?” Dave grumbled, “What the hell do you want from me?”

“I already told you many times, Dave.”

Alfonso stood on his tiptoes for a moment before lowering himself back to his heels. He twisted to the side and laced his fingers behind his back, as if ready to make a PowerPoint presentation to a committee.

Dave yelled at his restraints, but the chair barely moved or groaned under his weight. “That’s fantastic news, moron. You’re going to jail. And you’ll never work in this town again. Is this some sort of public relations stunt?”

Alfonso clicked his tongue and shook his head. He focused his attention on the detainees. “Are you sure, Dave?” Publicity? Do you think I need publicity? I am a well-known businessman. I’m quite affluent! I have more money than I can imagine. Cars. Women. Three distinct countries and two different states have mansions. “Are you certain that’s what this is all about?”

Dave grinned. “So, what do you desire? You appear to have it all.” The host nodded, though from his expression he let on that he was keeping something back, a huge but that would come after the response. “True. Very true. I do have everything I could ever want. Except for one thing.”

Dave shook his head, his eyes full of confusion. "What's that? Because I have to be honest. The second you untie these ropes, I'm going to kick your squirmy little-"

"Now, now, Dave. I don't think so. First of all, I'm not going to untie anything. Second, you will give me exactly what I want."

Dave frowned. "What's that?"

Another wicked smile cracked across Alfonso's face. Richmond, of course."

The frown deepened. Hard lines creased his forehead. "What? What's wrong with you all

people, first I was kidnapped then threatened, and here I am again? Are you guys not going to end this s**t?"

"Oh, Silly boy. It's the drugs talking! We have been in this conversation so many times and I'm going to do it again and again until you'll give me what I want."

Alfonso spun on his heel and retraced his steps, cocking his head to the side and pursing his lips in agreement. "I need the key, or your girlfriend, Chelsea, will be dead, after my men got her knickers off, Dave."

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Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 75 "Now, Dave, this is how it is going to work. See, I have been drugging you for days now, and until you won't succumb to my request, I won't stop. And your girlfriend will suffer the consequences, understood?" "How would I know where to find Shawn and this key? I didn't even know such a key existed. If you want a d**n key, I have a f*****g dozen keys in my apartment. Do whatever you like. If you must, p**n it! Jesus!" An extraordinary slap followed.

"F**k!"

Alfonso whirled the enormous desk like a big feline sizing up his quarry. "You are telling me that you do not know where your sister is?" He halted directly in front of Dave,

looking down at him with an almost pitying look. You will figure it out. Wherever she is, Shawn must be beside her.”

“Why can’t you figure it out yourself?” “You are her brother, not me! Tell me. Where could she possibly go?” “F*****g no idea.”

Alfonso crouched

iously. He brought the side of his hand down hard across Dave’s face. Dave scowled for a moment from the sharp assault. “Do not insult me, Dave.” Pain and resentment stirred in his brain. “That was unfair,” Dave managed through clenched teeth.

“Come now, Dave,” the voice had thrived more ominously, “I know what you found in one of the old paintings that Anthony had commissioned from you. He gave you a portrait to retouch with your skillful hand, right? It was an old painting of a Buddha, a golden Buddha. And I know that you have been working with Eddie. Shawn’s butler, on translating some puzzles.” “Are you f*****g kidding me? So this is all about that painting? It was terrible as f**k. It . wasn’t even the real Buddha painting.” “What do you mean?” The man asked. Clearly surprised. “It was just a g****e search sort of image, painted in Photoshop to look like real art. Jesus! And you think there is a puzzle? I just found a small notebook of the old man stuck in the back of the portrait. It was a little diary of nonsense. An old poem of some kind.” A dreadful realization crossed Dave’s mind. “How did you... What have you done to Eddie?” He struggled against the ropes in the chair, but he could barely breathe, much less withdrawn. Thunder rolled outside, following a flash of brilliant lightning not too far in the distance. “You do not need to worry yourself with Eddie. But where is the diary?” Alfonso repeated the statement.

“I give it to Shawn, of course.” “Get it back!” Alfonso yelled and slapped him again, harder this time. “F**k! No! I’ll... if you do anything to Eddie.” “You will get the diary for me, find your sister and or Shawn, or your girlfriend will die by this time tomorrow!”

This was the first time he had heard Alfonso sound really furious. The huge man’s face had turned pink, his jaw tightening while he spoke. “You want the key to Richmond and now a diary? Make up your mind. Jesus! Do I look like I’m b****y Indiana Jones?”.

Alfonso steadied shortly and rubbed a small bead of sweat from his forehead. “Now, I know that diary wasn’t given to you by accident.” “You’re going to kill me either way,” Dave’s face twisted in anger. “You killed Eddie, didn’t you?” The question was immediate, full of outrage. “I do what is necessary.” Resolution now embodied itself in the old man’s voice. Alfonso stood upright and walked to the window. “Sacrifices must sometimes be made for the greater

“Spare me your ethical sermons. Eddie was just an old man.” “Mr. Brown!” Alfonso’s voice thundered, “There is nothing you can do to help Eddie now.” – “Wait, you didn’t kill him?” “Not yet!”

He thought for a moment, almost savoring it before he proceeded. "It may comfort you to know that he was in a better cell, unfortunately for me, he was rather rattled."

The chair strained against Dave's adrenaline. Still, neither the cord nor the wood gave way. Moments later, his body relaxed, wasted from the futile undertaking. His face glowed a bright red. Staring down at the ground, a sick-looking smile appeared on his face. In a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, he said, "I will kill you." "Now, Dave, I particularly doubt that. The recent circumstance would lead me to think otherwise." Alfonso had come back from the window to stand in front of his now insane looking captive. He stepped around behind him, pulling a gun out from inside a holster hidden within his jacket. A second later, he produced a large dagger in his other hand. "What you are going to do is exactly what I told you." "I don't know what you mean! The diary was just a bunch of nothing, some sort of poem. It had nothing in it. I gave Shawn the diary and all the other stuff that I had been working on. He was going to return it to me when he finished deciding which one to throw or to retouch. I'm not sure he even started reading it because it was all gibberish." The frantic honesty was persuasive. Of course, the man holding him prisoner had no way of knowing it was real. He might just as easily believe him to be lying "Don't trick me, nothing is gibberish when Anthony is involved." Alfonso trudged closer, holding up the dagger, running the gun barrel down the side of it.

"Listen, why would I tell you I didn't have anything? If that's true, then I am useless to you. Unless..." Dave paused. "Unless what?" He finished Dave's sentence for him. "There is one possibility..." Dave's mind was galloping frantically. Truly, he had indeed given most of his work to Eddie without accepting payment because the paintings were all fake, including the Buddha portrait itself. If he could somehow get the diary back and put together some lies, perhaps he could leave a trail of the proverbial bread crumbs to where this b*****d Alfonso was headed. "I can get the diary, but I want you to promise, ...Don't touch Chelsea."

"I will not touch her. That I can promise." Alfonso grinned. That was a pretty big "if" considering Shawn didn't know much about what he'd been f*****g up. If Shawn hadn't thrown the f*****g diary of poem. And it was doubtful that he would be able to find what he wanted here in Scotland. It was a long shot, but it was his only play. "Well?" The tone was almost taken off with the question. "If this diary is only the first clue to the route of finding this key of yours. It was dumb luck that I found it." Dave cleared his throat as Alfonso gave him a warning look to quit delaying. "However, I did make a copy of the poem. If we can get the copy, I may be able to decipher some of it. Whatever you wanted. Even then, I don't know if I will be able to understand enough to get you to the next clue. What if Shawn had been there already?" "Next clue?" He leaned back a little, loosening up his menacing stare into a skeptical look. "Yes. The poem claims that there is a path in the boundary and you must find love." "Are you f*****g kidding me?" "That's what I remember. Ok? The copy was in my notebook. Jesus. I'm not Albert Einstein." Dave grunted, "...or maybe... Only those who are worthy can interpret the poem and find the path to the key..." Dave added, clueless about whatever he was saying. "How do you know about this?"

“Because of a riddle, I came across a few months ago when Catherine looked after Sir Anthony. The old man, even on his deathbed, loves to entertain my sister. He loves her. He said about some map. It was written on an animal skin. It was dated to be from the early 1400s. Some sort of stone tablet. I’m pretty sure the poem got it from there... I can confirm the riddle and the location of the next clue, but I had to take it to Shawn for him to figure out the rest. Only God knows if he did or not.” Dave mumbled and wished that Alfonso believed him. After all, Catherine used to tell him about what the old man used to talk about.

Alfonso turned his gaze out the window in thought. He placed the dagger down on the desk as he strode deliberately toward one of the stools facing his bound hostage. Rain pattered on the glass as the storm reached the mansion. Thunder again pierced the moment of thoughtful stillness.

Dave could see the gears turning in the man’s mind. His thoughts were halted by, “Why could you not decipher the entire poem?” “Oh yeah, and find love?” Dave almost wanted to smile. “I don’t even have a clue about love.”