

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 80

Shawn finished examining the map of Warsaw, Poland, still puzzled. Poland? Jesus, granddad! Warsaw was big enough, but that was all the old man managed to give? This was unlike his grandfather. He was a detailed man. Yes, he loved this sort of game, but it was never this puzzling or tough for him to not even be able to decipher the place. He set the paper down respectfully on the desk when Catherine managed to pull off some of the conversion of runes, and it gave them more confusion.

Her jewel will signify your guidance and that of the boats of bliss, the darkness, and the wings will lead the way on your voyage home. I am the key. My holy bones lie. Make every stride natural and loosen the pits, for they shall light the path to the resting niche of humanity.'

"What the hell does it mean?" Shawn's voice was reverent, almost above a whimper. "Her jewel?"

Who could that be?

"I have no idea, but sure, it's a she. But the rest is gibberish enough. What does it mean?" Catherine was shocked.

"I don't know." Shawn's gaze went to the sketches of a circular article on the earlier paper clipping attached to the wall. He examined what was labeled on the front page and then the back, looking closely at the small caption's incredible detail. The image of two white birds in the sea-facing each other was just as unusual as the puzzle. Certainly, they did appear to be sitting on some kind of fence at the beach somewhere, but with what appeared to be a pole in between them.

"I have no idea what 'the path to the resting niche of humanity' could mean, but look at these birds in the newspaper. Is it a coincidence that this newspaper was published on my grandfather's death anniversary? The first sentence of the puzzle is unknown but look at these wings..." He pointed at the birds and said, 'Look, 'boats of bliss, the darkness, and the wings will lead the way on your voyage home.' Am I the only one seeing this boat in the bird's background?"

"I am the key to my holy bones lie?" Catherine raised an eyebrow, "Is that your grandfather's resting place?" He nodded as she added, "Correct me if I'm wrong, but why Poland?"

Shawn agreed, "I don't know. Maybe it makes sense, I suppose that whoever this 'her jewel' was meant for would know the answer to that. But it seems like a graveyard is not the final destination... The jewel... Find the jewel find the Buddha." Shawn seemed to realize this last truth while he spoke.

“So, sir Anthony has been looking for this for several years?” She asked, looking at the translation. Her mind could not wrap around a possible meaning.

“I would say that one of the birds is dark and the other white, but they look similar.” He looked closer at the image-shaped sketch. Then, realizing he hadn’t answered her question,” Yes. The old man has been looking for the jewel that leads to the Buddha for some time now. I’d say these newspapers were pre-printed and were given to the wife for keeping. Grandad knew he was dying, so he left all the clues under some puzzle and disguise right here to prove that the resting place of the Buddha exists.”

“Somewhere in Poland?”

“Yes.”

“But why and where in Poland?”

“It’s for us to find the jewel. Whatever it was.”

“Her jewel,” Catherine corrected.

At least, there was enough indication for Grandad to believe it existed. The fact that he died trying to answer these many questions of humanity makes me think he was on the right track. “His fingers retraced the mysterious words on the paper as he watched the birds in the newspaper images. Catherine was leaning over his shoulder, kissing his cheek, “... you are stressed...”

“We are, sweetheart. We are both on the same page here,” He kissed her back. Her fragrant hair fell lightly onto his neck as her breath tickled his skin. Shawn couldn’t help but be . presently diverted. It had been a day since he had her and he wanted to taste her again. “Do you think we can make a quickie here?” Shawn murmured as he deepened the kiss.

She moaned a bit, “What if the old man-” “He won’t sweetheart... I want you.”

“Ohhh, Shawn... I want you too, now.”

Hearing her words felt like walking into a bright beam of sunlight after an eternity spent in the frigid darkness of winter. Something he hadn’t realized he wanted, but now that he had it, he couldn’t live without it.

Shawn drew her to the couch in the corner. He couldn’t help but notice her heated and red nipples as he took off her clothing. He made a circle with his tongue, flicked it till she moaned, and then moved on to the other.

No other woman had ever had the same effect on him as Catherine’s. So powerful, so devouring. And, as much as he wanted to take her now, he preferred to savor this

moment. He laces his fingers through Catherine, squeezing. "Did I tell you?" He whispered on her neck.

"Tell me what?"

"I would have risked my life to keep you alive. But I'm selfish; I wanted you so much. Thank you for sticking by my side even though I was pushing you away. Thank you for not turning your back on me." Shawn murmure

"Shawn, are you going to eat me or not? We can talk later, you know," Catherine replied with a smirk. Leaning in, she placed a kiss on his lips.

"Catherine, I'm serious."

"I know." She said and kissed him again with the same intensity.

He hesitated, just for a beat. Then, as if he was suddenly convinced it was really happening, his hands went to her ribs and pulled her body against his. His kiss was soft but greedy. Sweet hunger with a gentle need.

"I- I want you," he whispered against her mouth."I –

I want you too," she whispered back. Without a care in the world, he was hers. hers.

Getting to her knees, she straddles his lap as he slides to lie back against the armrest couch. Catherine's fingers tangled in the silky strands of hair at the base of his neck as she pushed her breast to his mouth, and he eagerly savored what was heartily offered by his wife. Shawn's thumbs dragged in slow, agonizing strokes under her b****s, down to her jeans."

I could go along with this... only you and I... just us." He murmurs. She moaned. She kissed his jaw, his neck. In response, his fingers dig into her skin. He's hard between her legs, removing her jeans and underwear, as his hips rise to meet her. He pulls his shirt over his head and tosses it aside. Then, with unhurried attention, she explores his bare chest with her lips. She kisses those glorious abs, nips at the skin just above the waistband of his pants until he shudders and his sinewy muscles contract.

"Can I?" She murmurs, tugging at his belt.

Shawn nods tightly, jaw clenched as if it was taking all his effort to lie still. It's that coiled, kinetic strength of him that's always attracted and intrigued her. A man so at once peaceful and dynamic.

She frees his e*****n from his pants, stroking the thick length as his hands reach above his head to grip a throw pillow. He watches her with anticipation, rapt and eager. "F**k, Catherine. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Her sweet-talking man. She takes him in her mouth. Slowly, at first, then with more intent. She moans at the masculine taste of him, at the heat of his shaft as it slides through her lips.

“So beautiful,” he mumbles, sliding his fingers down to cup her head, playing with her short hair.

She sucks and licks and teases until he’s panting and groaning. She could do this forever, but it’s not long before his hand brushes the side of her face and his hips pull away to signal she has to stop unless she wants this to be over quickly.

So she straddles him again, pressing her naked self against his hard rod, grinding on his shaft. Shawn grabs her buttocks with both hands, urging her to move. “Sweetheart, move now.” Catherine tugged the remaining inner clothing over her head, and his attention moved to her b****s. He cups them, kneading them in both hands, his thumbs playing with her nipples. Then he adjusts his position and sits up, one arm wrapped behind her back to support them both. He lowers his head and suckles one nipple into his mouth, while his fingers tease the other. Within seconds, her insides were twisted tight, her c**t was throbbing, and she couldn’t stand the teasing any longer.

“I want to be inside you,” he breathes.

With no warning, he stands them up and carries them to the nearby small mattress. They were both naked now, breathing hard, their gazes locked.

Then he growls, “my wife... my accidental wife...” and she smiles and climbs on top of him.

Catherine leans down and presses her lips to his, and just as he parts them to let her tongue slide into his mouth, she deliberately comes down on his shaft. They both moan, delighting in the sensation. He fills her completely, his body satiating her every aching need.

He doesn’t rush her. With hands resting loosely on her hips, he let her set the pace. Find her own perfect rhythm where every plunge sends pleasure skittering across her nerve endings. Soon, he quickened her movements, riding him with greater insistence.

Shawn bites down on his lip but can’t stop the low, quiet groans that build in his chest. And when he can’t control his body, he grabs her b****s with both hands and thrusts his hips into her. Harder, faster. Both of them were sprinting toward a magnificent release.

He knows her body, sometimes even better than she does. Sensing her need, he presses his thumb to her c**t and starts rubbing. Gentle at first, then applying more pressure as she rocks forward and back on his finger, finding that perfect angle where he’s deep inside and hitting the sweetest spot.”

Oh, f**k. I'm c****g," she chokes out, and his voice heats the air around them.

She was too mindless with o****m to say anything. Her muscles clench in a cascade of pure bliss, and she collapses on top of him as her body trembles wildly. Shawn chases his o****m, pumping into her until he finds his release a moment later, moaning her name.

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Chapter 81

The next morning, Shawn and Catherine left the old man's residence. The doctor's SUV sped along the interstate, heading toward the airport. Every few minutes or so, Shawn would glance in the rearview mirrors to make certain no one was following them. A couple of times, he thought he had seen a car changing lanes with him, but then the vehicle turned off of an exit a few minutes later. He hadn't survived this long by being careless, and the people they were up against had to be considered extremely dangerous.

Even though Shawn suspected the worst, earlier in the day, he received a call from Eddie, and his butler told him what happened at Dave's apartment and that Catherine's brother was still in Javier's hideout. He told him about the map, and they agreed to meet at the airport going to Poland.

Catherine interrupted his thoughts as if she could see inside his head, "I'm sure Dave is still alive." A sincere smile accompanied the hopeful words. "Don't feel guilty, it was my fault. If I hadn't gone to him, the sooner I'd escape Javier's" "Stop, Catherine, nothing is your fault, OK?" She appreciated the sentiment. And most of her believed that their brother was indeed alive. Nonetheless, logic would think that he was alright. If whoever kidnapped him wanted him dead, they would have already done it. They needed me..." Catherine shook off his thought, "Shawn, no, they need him for something more... And if Eddie was right, that somehow, your historian had been in contact with my brother, then there was something more to the story."

"But what is it?"

"The only thing I can think of is that Javier is linked to Alfonso, and my uncle is no angel." But he despises his family more than anything else, and Javier is a family... I'm having trouble deciphering the clues. They must believe Dave is capable. Because he possessed my grandfather's secret poem... and maybe they felt Dave knew something. After all, it is after. "I discovered you in his apartment." He skidded around a sports car with a Rockstar-ball sticker on the back and clicked his left blinker. His sarcastic grin was unmistakable. She didn't seem to notice.

"I don't understand," she said once more. "If these keys exist, why hasn't anyone discovered them?" It must be difficult to keep a secret inside the Buddha." "Not at all.

Consider this: every day, somewhere in the world, a major historical finding is made. Entire cities that were once bustling old-world metropolises are being unearthed as we speak. Whole cultures that vanished overnight have been discovered beneath the exact ground humans walk on every day.”

“I suppose.” Catherine had a smirk on her face and was half-convinced.

He offered her a taunting glance as well. “I’m simply saying there are a lot of things out there that haven’t been discovered yet.” That is why there are grandad treasure hunters.”

“So, let me get this straight: Sir Anthony’s men scour the globe for strange historical items that no one else knows about?” Isn’t that about right?”

“Yep.”

“But doesn’t his organization do other things?”

Shawn glanced at her for a second, relieved that he didn’t have to tell her the entire story.” Yeah,” he answered as he got off the freeway and onto the exit. “He accomplished a lot of humanitarian work, but one of our primary functions is education and orphanage.” The automobile took a right off the ramp and onto a two-lane road headed northwest towards the mountains.

In the late afternoon, Catherine enjoyed the rain. It was still early for supper when the clouds gave off their rain on the grass and trees, and when the road became alive with more splashes than her eyes could appreciate. Yet together they brought such a soothing sound, a natural melody every bit as beautiful as a mother’s soulful hum. She felt each splash that touched her skin, as she let her hands outside the window and watched her jacket become a deeper, more rocky hue. When the sun had set, they stopped at a convenience store for a quick bite to eat.

“Shawn, did your grandfather go into schools and lecture about ancient treasures and stuff like that?”

His mouth twitched with a little chuckle. “Sometimes. The youngsters are often interested in hearing about such things. When you walk into a classroom and educate young people about some of the discoveries we’ve made, they become interested in history. That’s how we get them.” Shawn smiled as he made his final remark.

“Everyone is enthralled by treasure,” she replied. “Agree, but the most essential aspect of what we accomplished in terms of education is the establishment of my grandfather’s orphanage, and we had a few really generous donations, to be sure.”

“Like Alfonso?”

He gave her a perplexed look but said nothing.

“Oh, come on, Shawn. Everyone is aware of his Russian mob and criminal operations. That is not a secret.”

“No, he was never a generous person.” Shawn gave a shaky nod.

“We received some really large donations from several contributors. That’s all I have to say about it. Of course, we did obtain some significant grants for the project.”

“Well, I think it’s fantastic that you’ve placed such a strong emphasis on the world’s undiscovered history, particularly Dublin’s. But why are we flying to the uptown airport rather than the mainland?”

“Because we run the risk of being discovered there, I’ve arranged for a private plane to take us there and we’ll wait for Eddie.” Then he said, “You know what, if we locate the key to the Buddha in Scotland, everything would change. The world’s history would be altered.” The zeal with which he spoke captivated her as she held his hands, “I know.”

Catherine admired the way he talked, but earlier, when he asked him about Elizabeth, his demeanour changed drastically. Yes, the woman was a b***h, but Elizabeth was for her to kill. She will pay dearly. That she promised.

Maybe, if her history professors in college had been more like Shawn Richmond, she might

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have paid a little more attention in class or at least not fallen asleep. Sometimes, she wished that she was in a line of work that she liked better. Her secretarial job certainly had some positive aspects, but there were times that she loathed her job. Long hours stuck in a cubicle could drive even the most avid fan like her to madness.

For a few moments, she averted her gaze from the dark passing countryside. If Shawn noticed her look, he didn’t say anything. The silence was blurred only by the hum of the car engine. Beyond the road ahead, just over the distant mountains, the moon peeked out from behind the dark silhouettes. “What a beautiful view,” she broke the minutes of silence.

Smiling, he nodded, “I love this part of the country. I’ve been to a lot of places all over the world, but Ireland just has something special about it.”

“Are you so passionate about everything in your life, boss?” She laughed. He thought for a moment, semi-pondering the question, then replied, “I like the way you call me that.”

A full laugh erupted from her chest. "What?! Seriously?" He cast a wry little smile at her. "Well maybe next we can do fifty Shade?" He winked that made her blush.

"Ha! I can do hundred shade." She grumbled as she continued laughing as the car whirred down the country road.

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Chapter 82

Dave sat at a table in the far corner of a large modern kitchen. The ropes that had lately restrained him had been replaced by two massive security guards who were nearly the size of the room. He'd been there for about two hours, waiting. He wasn't sure what to do. Alfonso had left swiftly, most likely to instruct Javier's guys to bring back what Dave had stated he wanted from his house. The idiotic map.

He had gotten the mail from the historian who had been instructed by Sir Anthony to contact him for whatever purpose, and there had been no explanation as to what the ridiculous poem meant until the secret message arrived before the b*****d snatched him. It was a map of the Polish city of Warsaw.

It was simply a translation of the old rune from the tablet that had been blended to deceive and confound those who attempted to interpret it.

Dave felt a shiver run up his spine as he imagined the consequences. He wondered what his captors would do if he couldn't solve the poem's mystery. In Warsaw, where exactly? What was all the hubbub about this key? Is it the key to the chamber where the Buddha was hidden? He figured they'd get rid of him just as easily as they got rid of Eddie. The killing did not appear to be a moral quandary for them.

He thought of his sister, Catherine, and Shawn, and wondered where they were at the time. Internally, he brushed off the thoughts of uncertainty and terror. His demeanor was to remain calm.

"Did you and your friends play cricket in high school?" He attempted to break their stone exterior. They just stared at him, coldly and directly. "No? Well, you should have," Dave continued. "I know several coaches who would have liked to have you guys on."

There has been no reaction.

After a few moments of awkward stillness, Dave chirped up again and pondered, "You guys even speak English?" They were still deafeningly silent. "Could one of you please get me a glass of water? I'm thirsty as hell."

Finally, anything he said elicited a response. One of the large men turned his head gently to the shorter man on his left and offered a quick nod toward the sink. While the

other guy went over to the kitchen sink, collecting glass from one of the overhead cupboards, the Asian monster resumed his look at the prisoner. He clomped back to the table and placed the cup in front of Dave after filling the glass.

“Thanks. Much appreciated,” he said gratefully, trying to appear as genuine as possible. The shorter behemoth had returned to the location where he had previously stood.

Dave took a long swig of the water and replaced the glass on the table. “So, how about you, boys from around here?”

He’d apparently had all of the dialogue he was going to get from the two guards.

“Yeah,” he continued, as though they were paying attention, “I grew up in London. I spent my entire life there. It’s fantastic. There is no place on the planet where I would rather be.” His genial nature didn’t seem to break through the ice-cold exteriors of the two suits, “Some people grumble about the cold, but it doesn’t bother me. At least it’s not the North Pole.”

Silence. What the hell was wrong with these people?

The non-response was accompanied this time by the double doors at the end of the kitchen breaking open. Alfonso was back. He was holding a piece of paper in his hand. “I feel this is just what you required, Dave Brown. The poem.” The remark was deliberate, but not malicious.

Dave’s response was snarky and defiant. “Oh, okay. You discovered it. I wasn’t sure if it would still be where I left it after the kidnapping, with the police checking the premises and all.” “That is, indeed, poetry.” He mumbled, “Thank goodness that wasn’t the map they discovered. It is now his responsibility to dance to the music. He smirked at the prospect of surprising his captors.

“The cops were really accommodating... They all smile, even though they only have a bundle of bills... You know, money can talk about this section of town.” The nasty smile that had previously appeared on the pale face had reappeared.

When Alfonso went to retrieve the poem, Dave was unsure what would happen. Part of him hoped the cops would apprehend Javier’s men. Of course, if that happened, his odds of survival would be reduced.

These two brutes in black secret service clothes most likely had a fixed period of time to wait for their boss to return, after which they were most likely executed. As Alfonso moved over to the table and placed the envelope on it, he must have felt a mixture of relief and disappointment.

“Are you amazed that I came back?” Alfonso’s tone of voice was caustic.

“Not at all, actually,” Dave said quickly. “I was just curious as to what was keeping you so long. “He looked bored and added, “we were just discussing Adelle’s new record when you came barging through the door,” he indicated to the two giant men.

Alfonso sat up straight and threw a glance at his men, who were all watching ahead. The shorter one had a puzzled expression on his face. “Oh, I’m glad to hear that young boy. But the time for your little quips and games, Mr. Brown, has passed.” Alfonso added as he leaned up close to Dave’s ear. “You have five hours to figure out this poem.” If you haven’t answered by then, I’ll take one of your thumbs and continue removing appendages every hour until all you’re left with is a torso with a skull on it. “Are you f*****g kidding me? Are you a cannibal?” “No, but I will be.”

For Dave, this was a recurrence of his previous terror. “How am I going to go about doing that? I’m no historian. I’m no Shakespeare, and Sir Anthony’s historians have been attempting to solve this problem for days and you want me to solve it in five hours? I haven’t even gotten any sleep.” “F**k you! I don’t b*****y care. That is not my concern. I’ve provided you with everything you require. Simply get it done.” Alfonso turned and spoke to the guards in another language.

Dave had no idea what it was. It sounded Arabic, but not so much. Then Alfonso marched back through the wooden doors he’d come through only minutes before,

impressively extending his arms as he pulled them both open at the same time.

Channe 82

“So, I’ll just go ahead and take care of this, then,” Dave said quietly. His panic was concealed by his trademark sarcastic cynicism. “Are any of you experts on 14th century runic thingy?” They exchanged glances before shaking their heads at the same time. “I didn’t believe so. I’m so dead, I guess.” He murmured, then started pretending to be doing his thing and internally planning his devious plan of giving them the wrong location.

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Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 83

Shawn and Catherine stood on the front veranda of what seemed to be a fairly huge log cottage. The drive had only taken about an hour from the interstate, which was ten miles from the town’s old local airport to the wooden home, but it seemed like they were out in the middle of nowhere. “Shawn? What on earth are we doing here?”

“This is where we wait for Eddie. This is my uncle Bennett’s place.” He mumbled.

Above them, the raven sky glittered with more stars than Catherine had seen in a long time. Sounds of nature filled the night: cricket songs, croaking frogs, and the melodies of nocturnal birds. The air was scented with a mixture of hardwood and pine.

She took a long breath in, filling her lungs and head with the beauty of the world around her, melting away the hassle of the day's strange happenings.

The lights were turned on in the house, but Shawn had to knock several times before they heard footsteps approaching the door. A dog howled and whined loudly inside the cabin, alerting the people who had broken in.

A split second later, the doorknob twisted and the massive wooden door groaned open. A short man with beady eyes and a scruffy beard gazed out at them from the other side. His white hair was casually arranged atop his wide face and head. His facial hair was

patched with grey streaks here and there. The lumberjack image was completed by the man's farmer shirt and Levi's pants. He looked like he was in his seventies.

Shawn and the smaller man embraced in a warm, back-slapping hug less than three seconds after comprehending who was standing in front of him. "Oh boy... Shawn Richmond? Shawn, the legendary playboy? Come on, kid! What have you been doing?" The voice was upbeat, with a thick Scottish drawl.

"I'm no playboy uncle Ben... but I've been busy," Shawn replied with a smile, releasing his friend. "Mind if we come in?" "Mind? Get in here, young man." He trudged aside to let the pair in, closing the door. "And who is your friend here?"

"Uncle Bennett, this is Catherine Richmond, my wife."

The man paused.

"What? I thought she-"

"I'll tell you later."

She removed her hand from her pocket and offered it. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Ben. You have a wonderful residence here." Her eyes wandered around the living room they had just entered.

"Thank you," Bennett said, looking around at the timber -enclosed neighborhood. The house was natural, except for the flat-screen TV near the fireplace and a computer workstation near one window.

"The floor is significantly older than the rest of the home," he explained. "...from my father. He was about to demolish the old farmhouse, so I asked the old man if I could

remove all of the floorings before they did.” His hands covered the entire width of the room. “I didn’t have

a location to install it at the moment.” I just knew I’d always wanted a cottage like this, so I took the wood and stored it in a warehouse until the building began.”

“I’m in love... It’s extremely pleasant and snug,” she said, clearly impressed. A broad smile spread across the bearded man’s face. “And this is Gracia.” He pointed to a white, enormous dog that had just dropped down on the ground close to the entryway.

Apparently, the dog had lost interest in the visitors and had sunk his head to the floor.

“Ben, I don’t want to ruin your moment here, but we need your aid,” Shawn interjected. The man’s smile never left his face. “Help?” he simply asked, “Shawn, the billionaire, requires my assistance?” The grin gave way to a giggle. “Yeah... I need you, old man.” Shawn’s intense mood brought the situation to a halt but later smiled.

He appeared to understand and pointed to the couches, saying, “Sit down and tell me what’s going on, you can always count on me for anything. Do you want to have something to drink? Coffee? Water? How about Coke? “Coffee would be OK,” Shawn said.

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Catherine agreed with a nod.

While the two of them sat on the large red couch, their host entered the kitchen, which was adjacent to the living room. They could hear him turn on some water inside, presumably to fill a coffee pot. He emerged a minute later from the kitchen doorway, joining them in the sitting area on a smaller, smaller couch. “I’ll have coffee ready in a minute. So tell me what I can do for you,” Ben said, spreading his arms across the back of the sofa.

“Dave, Catherine’s brother, has been kidnapped.” It didn’t make sense to Shawn to beat about the bush. “We know who abducted him, but we’re very confident it has something to do with my arrival in his apartment,” he said, as he continued to tell him everything.

Ben’s grin vanished, and his gentle blue eyes turned from relaxed to anxious in a couple of seconds. As he leaned forward in thought, his arms slid off the back of the couch and he folded them, elbows on his knees. “Kidnapped? Why would..? Have they made any requests?”

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“The b*****d Javier. I don’t believe it has anything to do with money, Ben. There has been no contact with the officers... No,” he said, pausing in mid-sentence to reach into

his robe. He produced the tablet, and the picture of the missing chunk of it, and the piece of paper on which Catherine had written the runic symbols.

Bennett gasped. "Holy c**p, Anthony... the b*****d... I thought he was over with this silly Buddha?"

"Yes, this is from grandfather. We think the one who kidnapped Dave is trying to find the resting place of the Buddha" As he finished the statement, Shawn handed the letter to the old man, who reached out, curiosity covering his face.

"Anthony must be very obsessed with this to even make it to the grave and yet here you are... doing exactly what he wanted." His eyes grew wide, and one brow raised slightly. "I had my suspicions that he was still looking for it. Two months before he died, he called me. But you

say you found something... a map?" Ben began scanning the paper and the tablet while Shawn nodded. "I haven't seen this tablet in a long time. Anthony and I both went to hell to get this from the Thai authorities... funny... now he is dead." "That's why I came here. Maybe you can give us some clues, Poland is huge, Ben." Shawn's tone was direct, almost cold. "We need more information." Ben stopped touching the tablet and looked up. "That I don't know. Wait... your butler, Eddie, called me earlier... Is the b*****d coming over? I'm going to beat him at chess this time." He smiled. "He is joining us later," Shawn added and yawned while Catherine tried her best not to fall asleep on the couch. Bennett nodded, excused himself, then went to the kitchen and gave them a coffee. He sat and looked for the image of the other half of the tablet. "Where did you find this?" Ben asked, holding up the paper. Catherine chimed in, feeling like she needed to contribute, "In the orphanage... and together we were able to translate the poem, discover the rune, and end up in Poland. Now we are lost." She said, with a yawn. "...sorry... bit," she added another yawn, "...sleepy." Ben cocked his head sideways, impressed by their literary knowledge. "Interesting." His face was thoughtful. Shawn had waited as long as he could. "So, what do you think? Do you think you can contact your old friend and find Dave for us? While we wait for Eddie, then we will go to Poland?" Ben answered with a question, "How much do you know about the Buddha?" "Not much. Well, just the internet sort of knowledge. It's just that it's one of those non mainstream legends. A big, naughty smile returned to Ben's face. "Well," he paused, "I'm not so sure about that." Catherine and Shawn looked at each other in confirmation. They'd come to the right place.

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Chapter 84

After serving the coffee, Ben left his guests alone in the living room for a few minutes, not explaining where he was going. When he returned, he had a somber look on his face and was gripping something in his worn fingers. He opened his hand, revealing something that astonished both of the visitors.

"Is that what I think it is?" Shawn couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"It is."

"But how did you get it?" "I received a package from Anthony two days before his death. This wedding ring was inside." Ben carefully handed the velvet box to Shawn. Catherine gasped. "Oh my, this is... Oh, I remember this... This is his wife's ring. He told me about her. Oh goodness, it was almost like Anthony had been so regretful that he wasn't able to give his wife her dream wedding and said that this ring was for her and that this was the key to his love." Catherine grumbled and took the box from Shawn's instead, and inspected the biggest diamond she had ever seen in her life. "This is so beautiful and shiny."

"Shawn, are you thinking what I'm thinking right now? Could this be the..." She continued while Shawn took the ring from her and scrutinized it like a master jewel inspector. "Yes...I think... Well, maybe this is the key we were looking for? I was expecting a real key, you know." He grumbled under his breath and creased his forehead.

"I don't think so," Ben muttered as he took a sip of his coffee.

"When you told me that doctor Lanna had been targeted, I was initially shocked. She and I have known each other for a long time. I was their chaperone back then. Anthony and Lanna were lovers... I mean, if you know what I mean... The wife doesn't have any idea. But if Anthony had figured out where the Buddha's resting place was and hidden it on this ring, it could have been the first step toward finding the most incredible treasure in history. And if someone found out about this ring and that Anthony was working on it, that certainly explains Alfonso's and Javier's under his nose. No wonder the old man had been making so much trouble, first the diary, then the tablet, then the map, then this. I think he knew

someone was on his back and this was a deliberate ploy to confuse them. Because why send them here?"

Shawn and Catherine were both still looking at the ancient medallion. "I agree, uncle Ben." Shawn nodded. "Hmp, how much do you know about the resting place of Buddha, Ben?" Catherine asked as Shawn looked up at his uncle, trying to piece all the information together. Ben's lively eyes lingered briefly in thought, then darted up, perched above a wide grin. "I'd be glad to tell you. But first, I want to know what you know about them." He waved his rough finger at the air in Shawn's direction in a playful gesture.

"Well," he replied, somewhat unsure of himself. He took a look at Catherine and then back at the curious face staring at him from a few feet away, "Well just the usual, that the Thai government discovered them." He took a sip from his steaming cup of coffee as he finished retelling everything he knew.

“As well, it should be regarded that way.” Ben chimed in. “One of the great artifacts of Thailand’s past is the Golden Buddha, – cast in gold, and now housed in Wat Traimit in Bangkok. The Buddha image originated in Sukothai, the first major Thai kingdom, 700 or more years ago. You can tell the image is from the Sukothai period because the head is egg – shaped: Buddha looks more like an Indian than a present-day Thai.”

Ben took a gulp of coffee and went on, “There is another story that Anthony and a handful of others came across that bears a small resemblance but has different details.”

Catherine sat quietly, completely out of her element. All she could do was listen; her eyes wide with curiosity. “Which is the story that I believe to be far more valid,” Ben added. Shawn nodded as the old man went on, “A few people, Alfonso being one of them, believe the core part of the story about large quantities of gold in several places is correct. So, to them, the question isn’t whether or not the Buddha exists. It is where and in how many locations. These researchers do not believe the part of the legend that talks about a golden chamber around Europe. But Anthony had different opinions. He doesn’t care about the gold and the many treasures of the golden chambers. But what was inside the Buddha. I believe Mason from the orphanage told you about it?” The two nodded.

“But if the Thais didn’t build the chamber where the Buddha’s resting place is, who did?” Catherine found the topic spellbinding. “We knew that the one in Bangkok was fake. So where is the real Buddha?”

The two men nodded their heads as if agreeing with her sentiments.

“Native European,” Shawn answered in a matter-of-fact tone. “But some of the facts became twisted and removed so that the white settlers would never find the true locations of the Buddha.”

“Agreed,” Ben added. “But to know the resting place, you need to know its real story. You need to know the life of Buddha.”

“Ok tell us something we didn’t know.”

“Well, at some point – probably before the eclipse of Sukhothai at the beginning of the 15th century – the Buddha image was camouflaged with a thick layer of terracotta, which was painted and inlaid with bits of colored glass.”

“That we know already,” Shawn nodded.

“But... What you didn’t know is that many Buddha statues were moved from Sukhothai to Ayutthaya, the capital and namesake of the kingdom that came to dominate Sukhothai. Not just the Buddha. The biggest Buddha apparently made the move in 1403. Ayutthaya’s end came when it was conquered by the Burmese in 1767, and the capital city was razed. Twenty-five years later, Bangkok was established as the

permanent capital of the third great Thai kingdom, and most of the surviving statues were moved there. The Golden Buddha – still coated in terracotta, remember – was housed in a shed with a corrugated iron roof for many years in a rather decrepit wat. Eventually, the land was taken over by a cement company.”

“But?” Catherine asked.

Ben smirked. “But what they didn’t know is that it wasn’t the real Buddha anymore.”

“However, the real one was built in a golden chamber. It was home to the Buddha and was constructed in Bangkok’s Chinatown in 1954. As an army of workers moved it slowly toward its new digs, pieces of terracotta broke off, revealing that this sculpture, ten feet high, and weighing nearly 5.5 tons, – was made of 18-karat gold. The discovery that it was gold came on May 25th, 1955 – just short of the year 2500 in the Buddhist calendar, which begins with Buddha’s passing. According to one version of the story, a piece of heavy equipment dropped the Buddha, and that is when its solid gold substance became known.

Whatever the case, these events coincided approximately with the 2500th year of the Buddhist era, and many people believed the discovery was therefore a miracle. This lovely gold sculpture is still in its small shelter in Chinatown, with minimal security. I suppose that if you weigh so much, not much security is necessary.” Ben sighed and sipped his coffee/as he added. “To get an idea of this Buddha’s size, consider the elephant tusks in the foreground of the photo. According to a poorly-translated history available at the temple, the Buddha’s dimensions are “6 cubits and 5 inches at the lap span, and 7 cubits and 1 inch high” – roughly 2.75 by 3 meters.

The accidental unveiling of this Buddha as being gold lent support to the highly controversial Ramkhamhaeng stele, a stone tablet from the 14th century that is the foundation-stone of traditional Thai history. Many scholars believe this tablet is a 19th-century forgery. However, the fact that the stele mentions large golden Buddhas in Sukhothai none of which were known at that time gives at least some support to its authenticity.”

“Do you mean this tablet from Anthony was not the real tablet? rather just a copycat?”

“It was real alright. However, there was never a chamber in Thailand built from gold, but there was a number that Anthony kept coming across in many places all over Europe. Through the years of his research concerning the Buddha, he kept coming across many similar chambers, but it was all fruitless. He found many clues in ancient locations that led him to some of the unknown possible tunnels, compartments, or chambers. Rumors say that they were golden rooms built by ancient native European settlers. It was the lost treasure of Napoleon and the real Buddha was placed there’

“So this chamber was somewhere in Poland?” she had to ask. Shawn replied, “That’s the thing, no one truly knows. There are a few possibilities, but none of them add up.

They have to have been utilized for ancient rituals or ceremonies. This did not place a high emphasis on the material worth of gold. To them, it was more of a holy metal than anything else.” Ben interjected, “Maybe this is where I might be able to give some light on the story.”

Shawn laid his cup on the table and listened closely, relieved to be out of the conversation’s spotlight. He had a feeling he was about to teach them extensively more about the new situation than he could.

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 85 Ben’s face looked like he was ready to explode with excitement. He started by saying, “There are several local legends that have been passed around for the last fifty or so years that revolve around a constant theme: the Buddha’s chamber and its tonnes of gold, but we have to know the history of Buddha before even understanding his life from Anthony’s perspective.” The two nodded as he added, “Scholars are hesitant to make unqualified claims about the historical facts of Buddha’s life. Most of them accept that the Buddha lived, taught, and founded a monastic order during the Mahajanapada era during the reign of Bimbisara.” After pausing for a second, Ben continued, “Now, you won’t find these stories in any history books. In fact, they’re probably more like family tales than local legends. According to Buddhist texts, a prophecy was given at his birth that he would become either a powerful king or a great spiritual leader. His father feared he would become the latter if he were exposed to the suffering of the world, so they protected him from seeing or experiencing anything unpleasant or upsetting for the first 29 years of his life. One day, or for a few, he slipped through his father’s defenses and saw what Buddhists refer to as the Four Signs:

An aged man

A sick man

A dead man

A religious ascetic

Through these signs, he realized that he, too, could become sick, would grow old, would die, and would lose everything he loved. He understood that the life he was living guaranteed he would suffer and, further, that all of life was essentially defined by suffering from want or loss. He, therefore, followed the example of the religious ascetic, tried different teachers and disciplines, and finally attained enlightenment through his means and became known as the Buddha (Wawakened” or “enlightened” one). “Not a god?” Catherine asked.

Ben nodded, “. . .yes, then afterward, he preached his “middle way” of detachment from sense objects and renunciation of ignorance and illusion through his Four Noble Truths, the Wheel of Becoming, and the Eightfold Path to enlightenment. After his death, his

disciples preserved and developed his teachings until they were spread from India to other countries. From the time of Ashoka on, Buddhism has continued to flourish and, presently, is one of the major world religions.”

Catherine and Shawn gave each other a surprised look. “What was it?” She asked, mesmerized. “So Anthony had his answer in Buddhism?” she mumbled, hoping that might end the conversation.

She ought to walk. She had been sitting on the couch for an hour now before another coffee arrived, and it was damp and breezy, and her mind wasn’t comfortable with the old man’s not being warm enough, and if she thought long and hard enough about it, she probably had a hundred things she needed to do alone.

“That I don’t know. Here is where the tablet came from,” Ben paused, “... An ancient native form of writing that used a combination of symbols and pictures, much like runes. Of course, that was the map that led you to me, but it was more than that,” He took the tablet from the

center table and inspected it more closely, “...the people who took the real Buddha to Europe and the rest of the wealth with it, and even the legendary chamber of gold, kept this tablet away from prying eyes for one reason, it would lead you to the last bloodline of the key keeper, which now I believe is you, Shawn. I am not sure though, but I think your grandfather wasn’t actually looking for it but rather keeping it away from everyone as the keeper of the

e entrusted the duty to his grandson. I think he died without even trying to

it was inside the Buddha statue to preserve it because no one was permitted to open it since it was discovered on Thai government land.” His tone had become cynical.

Shawn snickered, “Are you f*****g kidding me? How can I preserve something I don’t know and I don’t have any idea where it is located? This is more than just a joke! I am f*****g confused.” He turned. Regarded Catherine with a contemplative sort of curiosity, she said, “You say that quite frequently.”

“Indeed,” Ben added. “Have to say the Natives were right not to trust the Thai government, so they sent it to Europe.” Taking one last gulp of the coffee, he returned the empty mug to the wooden surface. Ben stood up and walked over to the fireplace. The flames that had been crackling vibrantly before had died down to just a flicker. He grabbed another log from the stack next to the hearth and placed it in the fire before stoking the coals with an iron poker. The two visitors looked like children sitting around a campfire listening to ghost stories, so he went on, “The last keeper before your grandfather had a charmed life for an ordinary brit, right up until he was mysteriously murdered.” “Murdered? How did you know this?” Catherine chimed in. “Yes, Murdered. Well, at first, Anthony kept telling me to tell Shawn something that I didn’t believe at first because all I really thought was that he was looking for the Buddha, and now, after

reading the runes, having this ring, and all the clues, it all leads me to this conclusion. I mean, it was too obvious now. Anthony would never make an elaborate ploy to trick anyone into thinking that to find the Buddha was to find the key. There are no keys. The key is you, Shawn, and about the keeper. They never found the killer, and no one knows why they did it. Oh, sure, there were suspects-jealous white settlers-even his family was a suspect. Ironic huh?"

"Jesus! This is all so incoherent!" Shawn grumbled and took a sip of his coffee. He gave Catherine a small, one-shouldered shrug. "Truth be told, I count myself lucky, but this is all confusing."

She pulled out another slice of bread that the old man had given them earlier, but her fingers froze before pinching off a piece. "You do find this confusing? I mean, we were almost there. Right?" She asked, turning to him with interest and minor irritation. She wanted to ask. How about their relationship? Are they just fuckbuddy's?

ill

H

She was more than confused. He was giving her mixed signals and all.

Shawn blinked with surprise. "Why do I feel like this is not about the Buddha anymore?"

Catherine raised a brow and watched him blankly as Shawn added. "You are direct, aren't you?" He added, clearly something running through his mind.

And she blushed. She felt it, pink and warm and just horrible on her cheeks. "What do you mean by that?" she said, not waiting for a reply as her annoyance crept in. "But that was rude of me. It is only that you were so very much-"

"Say no more," Shawn cut her off, and then she felt even worse because she had been about to describe-probably in meticulous detail-that there was nothing between them, anyway. right? Just...well... s*x, right? Which, had she been in his position, she'd not have wanted to recount.

"I just don't understand how Anthony could keep something like this from Shawn." Catherine nodded, clearly changing the subject. Her voice was full of emptiness as the old man scanned them with a knowing smirk.

"Well, it was a weird sequence of events," Ben sighed. "I suspected it before, on our treasure hunting days, that Anthony was keeping everyone away from the Buddha instead of finding it. Now I realize it was because he was a keeper." The old man excused himself and stood, leaving them in the living room

“Catherine, s-something wrong?” Shawn asked, “I... I don’t know.... n-nothing, everything is fine.” Her teeth were ground together, and she felt quite tense. Uncomfortable. Why would he point out such a thing? Everything was confusing when Shawn was involved. “I’m just asking what made you confused. Nothing is wrong with it. You know me, It’s what I do, I intend to look at everything from a different perspective. You know this, I have been working as your secretary for two years and you know me. That’s why I’m asking what made you confused about us, I mean t-this situation, t-these problems.” She added with a wave of her hands, and she said it firmly, because... Well, because. That ought to be enough of a reason.

He nodded. And that made her feel even worse. “It’s who I am,” she added defensively, even though he’d been agreeing with her, for heaven’s sake. “I smooth things over and I make things right.” And with that, she hurled the last piece of bread to the ground. “F**k!” His brows rose, and they both turned in unison to watch the ensuing chaos. “Well done,” he murmured.

“I make the best of things Shawn, including this sandwich,” she said nervously, her fingers trembling... She wanted to ask him about them, about their status but was afraid of the answer.

“Why do I sense something is wrong and you are not telling me?” he said softly.

And at that, somehow, she was angry. Really, truly, beastly angry. She didn’t want to be his mistress or woman; she wanted more. His being confused with his grandfather’s little games was not halfway through her confusion about their current relationship. That was like winning a prize for the prettiest shoes in a footrace. Irrelevant and not the point.

“Nothing is wrong, OK? I’m just asking what made you confused.. there is nothing in my questions. I’m just asking for heaven’s sake ” she asked, her voice growing strident. She cut herself off, horrified by her tone. He was staring at her as if she’d gone mad, and maybe she had.

Or at least a book she could read. “I am sorry if I upset you,” Shawn said quietly. She couldn’t quite bring herself to look at him. “Ask me anything and f**k my grandfather’s games,” he sighed, “... ask me, anything that would take that annoyance in your voice,” he said.

She turned to him, and she realized she wanted to believe him. She really did. She wanted to ask him if he loved her. Because if he didn’t love her then, maybe she could unlove him. She had to say something. Otherwise, he would notice the silence, and then he’d turn, and he’d see her looking so unnerved. And then he would ask questions, and she wouldn’t know the answers, and

“Catherine... ask me anything.”

“Shawn, I have nothing to ask.” She mumbled, the words practically pouring from her mouth.

He turned, but she kept her face scrupulously forward. And she wished desperately that she had not asked. It would be far easier to avoid looking at him if she could pretend to be involved with something else.

She took a breath, hating that he was forcing her to explain. “I’m just stating the facts that something makes you confused, you are the b****y Shawn Richmond, you are never confused,” she said. “You are not the sort.”

Was this the result of her hormones or what?

She bit her lip, then finally allowed herself to turn in his direction. Because what if he could tell that she was lying? What if he sensed that she was already in love-with him? She would be embarrassed beyond grasp, but wouldn’t it be better to know that he knew? At least then, she wouldn’t have to wonder. Ignorance was not bliss. Not for someone like her.

“Oh, really?” Shawn said, “It is all beside the point, anyway,” she continued because she couldn’t bear the silence. Shawn’s entire body twisted as he swung around to face her. “You sure don’t want to ask me something?”

“Yes,” she said, blinking furiously. What sort of reaction was that? “Well, I do—” He looked shy and said, “I want to ask you something.” Good heavens. Was he asking for a divorce?

She shook her head. “I can’t imagine why you didn’t ask that before.”

“You do?”

“Yap! Just give me a lawyer. I can’t afford to get one.” She stood and went to the kitchen. Her tears kept running down her cheeks, but she wiped them immediately.

“A lawyer?” Shawn yelled. “Why would you need a lawyer?” he asked, choosing his words with extreme care as he followed her into the kitchen and saw her wiping her cheeks and sitting on the empty chair.

“F**k! Catherine, what did I do this time?” Shawn exclaimed.

She was silent.

“Can you stop ignoring me?” He went to her side and sat on the next chair, “Catherine, why do you need a lawyer?” His voice twitched as he swallowed a lump. “Shawn,” she said, looking at him blankly. “When you file a divorce, I surely can’t afford one, so either

you wait for me to find Dave so I can borrow some money, or you can wait until I have enough finances to be able to afford one.”

“What?!” he yelled.

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 86

“It was probably for the best,” Catherine muttered matter-of-factly. “Shawn, I know this,” she continued, pointing at herself and him, “t-this thing between us will end soon, and I have grown quite strange, you know, particularly in the past weeks.”

Shawn stood and began pacing. He had not expected her to say such a thing. What did he do? He watched her. “Are you f*****g kidding me now, Catherine?” He exclaimed. “Do I look like I have the nerve to joke things out, Shawn?”

Silence followed as they stared into each other’s eyes, weighing what to say next.

She added, “I had this obvious feeling that we were trying to avoid the inevitable.”

“So, you thought that I was going to f*****g file for divorce after this mess?” She nodded. “Yes, I-I’m in-no used to you anymore.”

Shawn opened his mouth wide and closed it with a sigh as if he was defeated. He couldn’t blame her. After all, this was all his fault. He married her with a contract. What was he expecting? For her to love her as he did to her? “Let me ask you something, Catherine. Do you want a divorce?”

She didn’t reply. She swallowed a lump. How could she answer him without putting herself out there in the open? It was her stupid fear that she was overthinking everything and that looking at him would bring her pain. What happened to her unborn child, brought her tremendous sorrow. She loved him too much to even bother, but could she risk her pride?

“Don’t be a fool, Shawn. We both know that sooner or later we will be on our own,” she said sharply, turning to face him.

Shawn did not immediately respond as he stared at her. She was seated on a chair, dressed in a light blue winter jacket, fastening the strap of her rubber shoes. Thinking about her leg, he remembered nothing but those long-smooth legs fastened to his back as she asked for more and begged to go deeper and faster. “I won’t file a divorce. You are mine, Catherine, whether you like it or not, and even if you ask for it, there will be a

hell of a lot to pay because you are not living by my side. You should have known that by now!" He responded in frustration and continued his pacing started uttering profanity.

She rose and gave him raised eyebrows. For her, it was more than enough. At least he didn't want a divorce. For now, she could live with that.

"Possessive much?" She gave him a little smile as she went on, "For f**k sake, Shawn, can you stop pacing?"

He halted and breathed heavily as he watched her step towards him. Catherine brought her hands to his neck and kissed him on the cheeks. "And why are you suddenly mad?"

"And why are you thinking about a divorce?" "Forget about it, OK? Now kiss me!"

He pouted.

"Seriously? You are being childish here, boss."

That did it. He smiled and kissed her deeply.

"Are you now more approving of my appearance, Lord mighty Shawn Richmond? I notice you gave a hell of a stare in my shoes?" She smirked, knowing exactly what he was thinking. After all, he wanted his woman in heels.

"You are always as beautiful as when we first married in Vegas, wifey, so don't worry much about your looks, because, for me, you are the most beautiful woman in my life." "You are making me blush, Mr. Richmond." She gave him a dazzling smile. "And you, my boss, are still the most handsome gentleman of my acquaintance and the hotties." She appeared to inspect him closely, from head to toe. "I can't decide which aspect of you I admire more: your size or—" She cocked her head to one side.

"My height or?"

"Or your beautiful eyes, or that little thing between your legs," she said promptly. She touched her fingertips gently to his cheek.

"Little? Nothing is little about it, wifey." He smirked and she giggled when he kissed her on the neck.

"What I mean is that your eyes stand out the most." She moaned when he deepened the kiss, his lips grazing her skin like a kiss from a honeybee. "Your e-eyes are such a d-deep blue with green flecks," She moaned again, "Shawn, stop doing that. We are at Ben's kitchen."

"Don't worry, he won't come here," he whispered when his hands went to her breast and kneaded her mounds.

“D**n it, Shawn... S-stop.” She moaned again. He lowered his blue eyes, pouting like a little

boy.

“I want you now, wife.”

He turned over on her neck and began kissing her. They embraced and then undressed each other, tossing their winter jackets on the floor. He wanted so much to tell her he loved her, this incredibly courageous woman, but wasn't sure how she'd take it, afraid she'd dismiss it as a rarity born out of pity. Would he still feel the same? Honestly, Shawn didn't know, but then did it really matter, right? What mattered was what he felt then, inhaling her fresh vanilla like scent, running his tongue along her smooth, lovely body, his fingers through her short hair, his soul, whatever that was, trying to connect to some deep place inside her. Then, just before they made love again, she said, “I don't want a divorce, Shawn.”

Catherine turned her head back to the kitchen window as she turned around. Shawn's lips return to her neck, and his hands begin exploring the luscious body underneath the white shirt. He gently kisses her neck as his arms wrap around her and his hands fill themselves with her b****s. Soft but very distinct sounds of pleasure begin to emanate from his wife, permitting him to continue. His hands leave soft b****s, finding the top of the zipper and slowly unzipping her pants. Moving back to her shoulders, his fingertips pushed the shirt off, allowing it to fall to the floor. Reaching back to touch him, expecting to feel clothing, she was surprised as her fingertips

touched flesh. She again turned around and began to speak, and once again he stopped her. Putting a hand on her mouth, letting her know that no words were needed. His fingers quickly undo her bra, letting it fall to the floor. She finished by sliding her thong down her shapely legs, letting them join the rest of the clothes on the floor.

His sensual passion takes over as lips forcefully come together and arms tightly wrapped around each other. Their mouths open as their tongues begin dancing as lustful sexual appetites rise to a wild animalistic yearning. Their warmth of naked bodies so tightly intertwined drives them closer to the edge of wonderful heaven. Their tongues continued their dance, deeply probing inside her first. Without releasing the hold of their lips or tight embrace, they moved across the room to the table. He slid a chair out of the way and sat her on the table, bringing their passionate kiss to an end. Pulling away and looking into her face, she opened her eyes. Staring into Catherine's gorgeous eyes, she smiled and released from their embrace. She lay back on the table, still smiling and staring up. Gazing at his naked body lying on the table, a hungry l**t takes over. He placed his hands on her knees, spreading her legs apart, unveiling her sweet sensual treat as she moaned. His fingertips, slowly and gently, lightly touching, made their way up her inner thighs. Moving in a circular motion, moving towards the precious prize. Finally, Shawn reached his destination, as his first finger touched her outer lips. As he moved upwards, till he reached her c**t, he began a slow, circular massage. “Oh, hell,

Shawn.” She groaned as he kissed her. Becoming very receptive to his touches, Shawn applied more pressure as Catherine moaned again. Her uncontrollable dins of pleasure and elation filled the kitchen. Her hips moved in response to his massage. She was becoming more and more vocal. Her breathing became shallow and fast as his fingers brought her o****m closer. Her juices visibly flow as his fingers move from her c**t and slide down slightly and slip effortlessly deep within her paradise. Sliding in and out, her sighs and moans of pleasure now turn into short phrases of “oh my god, please don’t stop, Shawn, make me c*m.” Gasping out the short phrases between breaths, as he added a third finger and slipped deep inside, her muscles tightened as her hips raised, meeting each thrust.

Her o****m begins, its arrival announced by a loud, “MY GOD, I AM CUMING, Shawn! Don’t stop!” Her uncontrollably tense muscles shake and quiver as they contract and release. Her hips rise to meet each thrust as his fingers sink deep inside. With his other hand, two fingers quickly found her nub of pleasure, as he began a circular massage, applying increasing pressure. Her intense o****m explodes like electricity passing through her body; her muscles tighten, shaking, as she gasps a breath and releases a long, loud moan of pleasure.

Then Shawn nestled between her legs, finding his rhythm as he thrust deeper and faster, scarcely believing this was happening. As expected, she was tight and she was wet enough to accommodate him. He took it slowly, sinking into her slowly. “You’re not hurting me,” she said reassuringly. “So, a little deeper, a little faster, please.”

“Are you always this demanding?” He teased her.

“Yes.” She added that, clearly, she was enjoying this, saying nice things when she wasn’t moaning in delight. As he teased her, the tip of his hard, firm shaft lightly touched the soft folds of warm, moist flesh of her entrance. Looking into her eyes as his hips moved forward, beginning a slow entrance, slipping easily inside, feeling the warmth of the well-lubricated heaven as he thrust faster, that made her groan. Restraining the urge to just sink deep within and slowly proceed. Her eyes close and moans of approval begin. Inch by inch till finally fully inside, pausing and enjoying the feeling of warmth of the soft moist flesh. After a moment, he

slid back out, plunging back in without waiting until he thrust harder and harder until they both reached their peak.

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 87 Fifty miles, Edinburgh, Scotland

Before the voicemail arrived on the receiver, the phone on the other end rang again. Since three days ago, Detective Timon Rodrigues has attempted to reach Shawn Richmond’s cell phone five times without success. Either the billionaire was ignoring the

call or he was in an area with weak wireless connectivity. He wasn't convinced it was the latter. After all, he knew he had not left the country yet.

Timon had left the scene of the double homicide, exhausted and irritated, expecting to at least speak with Richmond. After a brief message, the voicemail beeped. "Hey, Mr. Richmond, this is Timon Rodrigues. Please call me back as soon as you receive this. I wanted to ask you a couple more questions. I appreciate your assistance. Thanks."

He slammed his phone shut and hurled it into the passenger seat, which was now vacant. As his exit came on the right up ahead, his car drifted from the interstate's middle lane to the far right lane. He was beginning to feel sleepy, and his eyes seemed to be getting heavier by the second. Fortunately, there were few other cars on the road at this hour. He made his way up the exit ramp that led back to his house.

As he approached the lights, he had a thought. He reached over and took up the phone, dialing several numbers. "Homicide," said someone on the other side a few seconds later.

"Jess, it's Timon," he explained, recognizing the voice on the other line. "I need you to help me out. Are you occupied?" He envisioned the young investigator alone at his desk, the rest of the police department has left for the night. However, they always had someone on hand in case of an emergency.

"No, Timon," says the man. "...you're familiar with the routine. I'm pretty much just playing solitaire right now. How's it going?" He laughed as he said.

"Hate to disturb you," Timon said, though how he had done the same thing fifteen years before. "I'd like you to have a look at something. Jess."

"Sure... Hit me," he said.

"Well, about my case, I'm attempting to figure out where Shawn Richmond went today, and I'm looking for any known associates he might have, other than Alfonso Richmond III, Eddie, his butler, and Dave Brown, the missing one." He still hasn't left Scotland." Jess replied, "You merely want me to look up people he knows within a specific distance?"

"Yes." The young cop was a hard worker. That pleased Timon as he added, "Also, ask if London can provide you with any departure flight information. I know he has his own private jet," he continued, "but it's possible they took a commercial flight. It's doubtful, but it's worth a look."

For a few moments, the other end of the line remained silent as the young man scribbled down what Timon needed to know. "All right, sir," Jess grumbled. "Is there anything else?"

"I believe that's all there is to it. But, oh, hey, go ahead and check to see if his cars have any GPS tracking you can look into," he thought. We might strike it rich and find out exactly where he is."

"Okay. Is there anything else? Donut? Coffee?"

Timon forced a laugh out of nowhere. "No. I'm fine." "Sir, if you don't mind my asking, what is it about Shawn Richmond's whereabouts that have piqued your interest? Do you believe he has anything to do with the kidnapping of Dave Brown?"

Timon replied, "No, I have enough CCTVs for that, but I think he knew something," after deciding that it was acceptable for the younger cop to know a bit. "Please deliver the information to me as soon as possible. Do you know what my phone number is?" "Yes, sir, I have it right here." "Good. When you have something, give me a call."

"Okay... copy that."

Timon added, "Oh, and Jess." "Yeah?"

"Don't tell anyone about it. I have no idea what's going on, but I don't want too many people to know where we're spying."

"Oscar Kilo." As he pulled the car into his driveway, Timon hung up the phone. He was stumbling through the door like a drunk on a binge a few moments later. He set his keys down on the kitchen counter once more. "What a day," he muttered as he entered the bedroom without turning on the lights, unbeknownst to the drug that was mixed on his coffee as his body sank onto the bed, he let the softness of the mattress draw him in.

Alfonso Richmond III residence The old phone rang loudly as its noise echoed in his master bedroom.

"Who would call at this b****y hour?" Alfonso wondered. He rolled over, irritated, and clumsily withdrew the item from its cradle, silencing the agonizing sounds. "Hello," he mumbled, his voice tired.

"Sir, everything is going according to plan," Javier remarked on the other end.

Alfonso's grey head shook off the sleepiness in an instant. "And what about the officer?"

MI

"Well taken care, sir." "Good, so how are things doing?"

"For the time being, sir, we're holding," There was a brief lull in the conversation. "And tell me what you want me to do next." ;

“Wait until dawn,” Alfonso replied after a few serious moments. “Then get rid of the issue. The doctor is old. And on country roads, accidents happen all the time.” The insinuation was layered throughout his final sentence.

“There are...other considerations, sir.”

“They are expendable, Javier.” He said without hesitation. “Understood.” On the other end of the line, Javier’s voice was direct and methodical. “But sir, how about...the other asset?”

“For the time being, just observe, we’ll need Eddie, but make sure Elizabeth doesn’t get him first.” Alfonso had taken his spectacles from his bedside and slid them over his nose. For the next few hours, there would be no going back to sleep. “Check to see if everything is going according to plan.” “Yes, sir,” says the other end of the line.

“You know what to do if the other asset deviates in any way.”

“Of course, sir.”

“Is there anything else I should know?” Alfonso added he thought it was beyond midnight, and it was time to call it a night.

“Not for the time being, sir.”

“Good.” He then put the phone back on the table. He massaged his eyes under the metal framed glasses with both hands. So far, everything has gone according to plan. Nonetheless, he was aware that there were potentially dangerous aspects at play, and that everything had to be properly managed. He was almost there. It was impossible to take anything for granted, he just needed Dave to give him a location.

Meanwhile, in the next room, Dave Brown arms crossed sat defiantly at the breakfast table. His two bodyguards stood nervously on either side of him. It had been around thirty minutes since the bigger patrol had contacted Alfonso and demanded that he immediately return to his post. However, Dave had refused to do anything else but pull up a webpage on lost worlds and runes after being taken inside. He simply sat there until they had called their boss after that was completed.

“You best not be playing games with us,” the smaller guard said, his accent almost unrecognizable.

Dave responded with a sardonic grin, which enraged the man even more. The sound of dogs barking suddenly arrived from another part of the building. A few moments later, Alfonso burst through the door, dressed in an expensive suit that looked like it came straight from the pages of GQ. “Wow, man! You just got back from a wedding or something?” Dave joked. “Isn’t it a little late to be dressed like that?”

Alfonso strode purposefully towards the table, ignoring the inquiry. He came to a halt a few feet away, pulled out a black revolver from his pocket, and pointed it at the defiant man.

“How come you aren’t working?”

“Well,” he grumbled as every time the pistol was leveled at him, it became less uncomfortable. Dave seemed to be growing used to it. “Man, put that thing away. You don’t need to unintentionally shoot the man who just found out where the next clue is right now. Yeah?” As

Alfonso’s icy blue eyes sought the truth, Dave’s demeanor remained calm.

Yet, the weapon was not lowered. “You will be greatly disappointed if you lie to me in the hope that someone will come to your rescue.” “Don’t worry, I know where the chamber is, it’s in Thailand!”

Billionaire’s Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 88 Bennet’s residence

The next day, Shawn’s head was spinning. During the last hour, he’d heard it all, or so he thought. Eddie and two of his men arrive three hours ago with additional information regarding Dave’s disappearance and his involvement with Shawn’s historian which made him think that his grandfather had arranged it beforehand because it was too coincidental that Dave had managed to have contact with his historians.

While discussing the latest data and pinpointing the exact location of the Buddha’s chamber in Poland. Ben and Eddie talk about the possible location while Catherine was still on their bed, where they shared a long beautiful warm night which made Shawn smile. “Boss, you aren’t listening.” Eddie murmured, shaking his head while Ben winked at the butler.

“I’m listening,” He smirked back and listened patiently while Ben went on about local stories and parts of Poland’s history that few others knew about. All of which paled in comparison to this last little bit of information with which he had been presented. “What does it all mean, Ben?” Shawn stood and began pacing around the small living room.

Eddie had turned around to face the two who stood a few feet away, awestruck by everything they’d been told. Ben still smiled, though his words carried some seriousness.

“Essentially, in a nutshell, the first Polish settlers who arrived at Walter Raleigh’s failed Roanoke Colony in 1585 were the first true settlers. The Polish state did not exist from 1795 to 1918 when the former territories of Poland were under German, Austrian-Hungarian and Russian control as my best calculations indicate.” “Are we talking about

the settler who possibly made the Buddha's chamber? Or bring along the treasure? The non-white-settler?"

"Yes, Shawn. From the colonial era down to 1870, small numbers of Poles and Polish subjects came to America and some Asian countries including Thailand as individuals or in small family groups, and they quickly assimilated and did not form separate communities. For instance, Polish settlers came to the Virginia Colony as skilled craftsmen as early as 1608. To know a certain location we need to know them, know their first residence."

Eddie reinforced, "Agree, we have to know that the vast majority of Polish immigrants settled in metropolitan areas, attracted by jobs in the industry. The minority, by some estimates, only ten percent, settled in rural areas." "So we are looking for the tenth percent?" Shawn asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"But how?" Shawn couldn't wrap his mind around the idea. "Don't get me wrong, I believe that Celts, Vikings were the first people to sail there, but Asian? How? I mean.. how did Thais manage to sail there during that time?" "With the help of Europe ... Asian thought the whites were the boss, their gods, they did

everything to please them of course, they used their ships and pretended to trade something," Ben added while making tea in the kitchen.

"Well, it is much more likely than crossing some ice bridge in the middle of the coldest period in earth's history. Wouldn't you say?" Shawn turned back to his fully charged tablet PC and entered another search for the words first settlers in Poland. After a moment an article popped up on the screen in which a well-renowned archaeologist described finding ancient Asian sea faring vessels. He sat on the couch then continued, "Surely, you have read about this tasty little find," he said with an implying tone.

Ben brought the teacups and gave them each as he and Eddie both shook their heads, clueless about what Shawn was talking about. "Really? I'm surprised you didn't know about this one, Ben." Shawn cast Ben a chastising glance. "Anyway, there are two fascinating things about this discovery. One, the place where the ships were found is in the middle of the Baltic sea. Then later finds out at the Baltic town of Leba's seashores. At first, no one understood why ancient ships would be there."

Ben nodded, "I think I know what you're talking about." He began to sip his tea.

"Good, but maybe they were really trading at that time and discreetly imported the Buddha's and later the gold treasure, then constructed the chamber? Or Tombs," Shawn blurted out. "Just like what Napoleon did to his treasure?"

"Could be," Ben agreed "Except that they found none of the usual artifacts that would accompany something like that. No golds, not even a single bar or coins. It is now being learned, though, that hundreds of years ago a vast waterway penetrated deep into the Leba's land in that area. The second interesting evidence was that the boats in the town were not like other boats discovered in nearby villages and cities. It was too, well, Asian. Up until they had been unearthed, it was generally agreed upon that the Thai only navigated the North Sea passing from Denmark to the shoreline of the Baltic Town of Leba. These ships however were designed for long-range sailing and were built from much sturdier material than the reed and pitch series that were used in freshwater that was mostly found in Asia."

"I actually did hear something about that," Eddie chimed.

Shawn nodded his head, "But, then again, I have many sources since I began last year." He was unsure about the significance until Ben continued.

"You see," the old man explained, "this is the only theory that makes sense. And you can see the lat night here in front of you." Ben pulled up the cross-reference screen of the Leba shore to the Sartsk on Shawn's tablet PC. "And if you are still not convinced...remember the supposed Astan ship I was telling you about that seemed randomly discovered near the Leba?"

Shawn nodded while Eddie just listened.

Ren pointed to the screen at some little dots along with the map. "Each place there is a pit at the boulder barrier, there is a dot on the map of the Leba. At first, I thought that they may have just been tre pits furlong random affairs. Then, when I looked closer, I found that every angle dot indicated the location of an Axlent Puddist temple or possible residence of the Allt settlers along the river Preilly cool." His hands were open in a gesture as if he'd found some kind of magic trick.

What they were being shown was pretty amazing stuff. Shawn still had doubts, though. "I see the similarity between the land into the seashore and the riverside. And I get what you're saying," he answered. "But Asian in Poland in the 15th century? I don't know, Ben."

"Okay. Let's forget Leba for two seconds and look at the resemblances between the trading industries at the time. Something that a lot of people don't even think to look at is the comparable design of Vilung, Celtic and Asian."

Shawn butted in, "Wait a minute. You said that grandfather had seen too many chambers in Europe, but we don't have anything like that there in Poland." He pointed to the map. "But rather an Asian ship? Maybe it was not just a ship but rather the chamber as you pointed out in a dot pattern?"

"Oh, you have a point." Ben's Scottish accent sounded funny "The vast majority of Polish immigrants settled in metropolitan areas, attracted by jobs in the industry. The minority, by some estimates, only ten percent, settled in rural areas." Skepticism covered his face as he added a sigh "Shawn, I know you know what I am talking about," he answered, looking at him with thoughtful eyes "But Anthony loves to leave a puzzle and something we have to solve."

"Actually." Eddie began, "Ben is right. In fact, we probably have heard of at least one of the three locations here in Scotland, Ireland, and London. But it was never the golden chamber, but identical. So the question is who made them?"

"It was obvious, the keeper, they intend to confuse the enemy who wants the Buddha since god knows when." Eddie replied, "I know about Ireland but aren't they just big chambers of dirt I always thought the Celts just buried their dead there or something." Eddie still looked doubtful.

"How did you know this?" Shawn asked

"Anthony said so he once told me about it and I didn't even pay attention at that time."

Ben was enjoying the interaction, just happy to be an observer for a minute "Not exactly. Archaeologists have never been permitted to excavate the areas completely, but with ground penetrating radar and other instrumentation we have been able to specify that underneath the dirt, the mounds are concealing old ships and built from 15th centuries metal and woods and gravel powder not similar to the ones down in Leba, and Thailand."

Eddie continued by saying, "Also, if you look at the map here in Leba from a distance or the air, you can see the shapes of the chamber, each dot forming into a square, see...it closely" He pointed at the map on his tablet computer and zooming the map "see...more definitively. Like a square of dots."

"Oh hell, I didn't notice that before," Ben added with a surprised look

While he was talking, Shawn pulled up a website featuring pictures of Leba He pointed to them so she could get a visual as they talked.

"Unbelievable." His voice was barely a whisper

"Yeah," Ben responded. "It kinda is wow! This is amazing" Shawn decided to play devil's advocate for a moment. "Unbelievable." His statement was

blunt. If they were built by the same people, wouldn't they be used for the same purpose?"

“Right you are,” Ben responded. “But excavations of many of the newly discovered chambers of Leba have revealed large burial chambers. These rooms were filled with the remains of what is believed to be Thai and his royalty”

“We are on the right path.” Eddie grumbled under his breath.

After a minute of quiet reflection, Shawn nodded his head “So, how does this play into finding Dave and the Buddha’s chambers?”

“I hate beating around the bush ” Eddie winked at Ben and went on. “I would guess that whoever took Dave, which is obviously Alonso, and Javier is trying to find the Buddha because it would be the most significant treasure discovery since God knows what. Not to mention the richness it had That’s a significant amount of gold and as history shows us, people will do almost anything for money”

“As the story goes, when the early white explorers came to Thailand, they were sent by one of their leaders, to establish a new empire. Now, gold was something the ancients worshiped as powerful and holy To them, the value of the yellow metal was more spiritual than material of course, down through the ages, people’s perception of it became perverted through greed and the belief in supply and demand But in the outset, gold was believed to have extraordinary powers, and it was treated as a gift from the gods.”

Ben halted for a second to let the knowledge settle in before continuing “You know what reason these settlers could have had for constructing giant golden rooms.”

The visitors stared at the floor for a minute, deep in thought. Then Shawn said, “My first thought would be that such a structure would show probable visitors or adversaries that their people were powerful, like a symbol of strength So they brought it to Europe with them, and now the Thai wanted it back No wonder and Catherine had been attacked, Maybe they thought I knew where it was ‘That wanted their original Buddha.”

“And “Eddie persisted “They knew what they had was fake?”

“Yes. That makes sense now ” Shawn added

Ben chimed, “Agree after all, not only were they a strong people but they were blessed by the gods as exhibited by the amount of gold they had the thinking being that no adversary would dare assault a metropolis that was insulated by the gods.”

Shawn replied, “Very good, both outstanding points. But there are two other explanations for the chambers One of the purposes we can deduce is that of ecclesiastical custody. The Thai understood that if they could not maintain some form of crowd supervision, the ensuing turmoil would eradicate them all. As the old saying goes, ‘He who owns the gold, makes the rules. There is, however, another power behind the gold”

Again, Shawn returned to the center table, his fingers flying over the tablet as Ben added, "I'm a big fan of the Discovery Channel, you know Can't get enough of it." The old man turned his head for a second, grinning at Eddie On the screen appeared the home page for the Discovery Channel website. After entering a few more words, some images popped up of golden boxes under the heading, 'Ancient Technology,

Shawn leaned his head quizzically. "F*****g serious, Ben? That looks a lot like the Buddha

from the Indiana Jones Movie Come on, old man Don't tell me you're looking for that."

Eddie had to laugh

"Not at all, Shawn But I do believe the Exhology behind the Buddha may play into what we are looking for " "Oh really nowHy watching that nonsense)

"Well, it is larinxing." Ben didn't let their obscurity stall him down "The program said the reason the Golden Buddha hail such retnarkable power was ihal it was virtually a superconductor for static elettkily Researchers Cound out that there are specific levels on the ground of the earth that collect more of this electric energy than others Non coincidentally, most of the hotspots for this pro stalle energy are where ancient temples, en compartments were built "

Shawn was starting to understand, "So these Ruddha were designed by the ancient leaders to control the people with displays or clair power"

"Yes, and to the ordinary resident, the "lightning" they generated would appear to be some kind of divine power

"Yep, weird indeed but it made sense "Eddie agreed

Shawn was also starting to bring out the connection "Do you think that these golden chambers were designet for a similar reason

Ben shook his head "I don't know But I do know that Thai or Astan countries had a far greater understanding of old and its uses in science that we could have rver comprehended Just makes in think that if they constructed inany golden chambers, there must have been two reasons."

"Two reasons?" Eddie's eyes searched him curiously

"Most clearly," Bhen gized Then he rumbled, "If we lind one chamber, we should be able to find the next one"

"Why is that?" Shawt gaped aloud

Ben's voice grew a little quieter, "The other explanation the chambers were created was to point the way home

"You mean in Thailand" Shawn inquired with wide eyes.

"Maybe But we will soon find out if we go to Leba soon."

It was followed by silence

Unbeknownst to them. Catherine was listening to their discussion and she sent an email to someone, that says, "THAILAND"

Billionaire's Accidental Wife by C.ELLICA

Chapter 89

In the evening, Bennet's dog perked his head up for a second and willed toward the back porch His grey ears twitched, perhaps hearing a rabbit or some other evening creature in the nearby forests. Whatever it was, he lost interest a few moments later and plapped his head back down on the ground

"Thailand)" Ben asked. You mean, after all this time, the chamber was hidden in Thailand? Why bother going to Europe?" Again, the old man couldn't sense the idea of going back to Thailand He had been debating himself whether to go with them or stay here But he was a man of adventure and he would never deny the opportunity to go back there, but he isn't young anymore "Old man, it's obvious to confuse someone"

Eddie answered as he began to move his queen and checkanale Beti "F**k, not again " He grumbled, then added, "You have a point there, Eddie, but after all these years? It was all there How creative Yes?" Ben had presented an enormous amount of kayowledge over the last hour, and it was all starting to come together in a way that Shawti would never have comprehended as he watched them on the paljo playing chess again

Show confirmed it with a simple nod

"So the Buddha is soine kind of beacon" Eddie grunted it mofe as a statement than a question

"Agree, and yes, if someone can find the first lake chaber, there should be a clue that will point to the next one, and so on until eventually, the real chamber is located" Reaching down, Ben scratched behind the dog's ear The dog willed its head shghily in gratitude

“Normally, the folks who placed the chambers in their locations would have found it simple to find their way home. This could only mean that they were sanctioned not to return until an appointed time.” The old man added.

“But the appointed time and direction were lost to antiquity,” Shawn brought up. “Oh yes, until now until Anthony, the last keeper who made this all open to the world.” And if I’m not wrong, it was Alfonso who spread the rumours about the Buddha.” Ben had picked up the broken stone tablet and the image copy from the orphanage and was examining them again. His eyes were mesmerized by the object. “You know, it is so remarkable that such an incredible booty has been hidden for seven hundred years without anyone ever coming close to finding it. Until we went back to the old days Anthony and I had been in so much trouble when we unearthed this. I thought we had really lost it.”

Eddie interrupted his thoughts. “So, what’s the next step?” He stood and rubbed the dog.

Shawn looked at Ben and then at his butler, “I guess we’ll figure out where in Thailand, of course, because we can’t just go there and look at every damn historical sight. It would take us years,” he replied straightforwardly. That’s the reason we came here in the first place. Somehow, Grandad loved where to send the ring, and if he chose Uncle Ben, then there is a reason for it and we should know exactly where to look, but first, we are going to Leba.

Along the sheet of paper in his hand, Ben began re-examining the line on the other half of the tablet. His finger traced the funny symbols couple of times before he looked up from the image. This bloody rune is so straightforward, and yet it is immeasurably impossible to figure out. He sighed and took the velvet box with the massive diamond ring, and this what the hell is this supposed to mean? Why on earth would Anthony send this to me.

Shawn stickered. “Do you have an idea of what it might mean. Aside from the fact that it’s from my grandmother’s ring. I mean.” Shawn had hoped the old man might know something about the next exact location after Poland.

“Not really.” Then he amended himself. “Well, I mean, the rune led us to Poland, but the ring? I don’t know, it doesn’t make sense at all that part we get,” he forced a short laugh. “The ring was pretty random.”

Shawn sighed. His mind was exploding with information. He pared his way over to the back door of the house and looked out the vast window onto a darkly tinged patio. Deep woodland waited just beyond the somewhat sized property behind the house. At the edge of the forest, gnarled, ancient oak trees stood hauntingly quiet in the candle lights of the cottage, something out of a horror movie. “You mind if I step outside for a minute, guys. My brain needs a break.”

They looked over at him, aroused from staring at the ring "Sure." Ken responded, "Go night ahead Take a look around" He made a modest gesture with his hand, turning instantly back to the round place offered in his other palm

Shawn eased the wooden door open and strode onto the railings of the porch His ears were replenished with the sounds of the wilderness, and, as when he arrived, his nose appreciated the beautiful scents of nature on the path where the house was positioned, the cloudless sky that opened up above was completely astonishing With no moon noticeable, the number of stars sprinkling the canvas at twilight appeared endless After wandering across the patio, he halted at the fence, spun around, and leaned back against it so he could just gaze at the sky

There were many reasons for living in a large city like London, but there was something very calm about being out in the middle of nowhere All of the day-to-day stuff just seemed to melt away Well, except for their recent situation that was hardly something "day-to-day." He found himself thinking about what they might find what would the Buddha even look like Certainly, the events of the past week were incomprehensible. On the other hand, though, he felt a land of peace at the moment

Was he a closeted adventurer Or did he have a secret fascination for history that had never been examined until now? There was one other thought that entered her mind, but he quickly dispelled it There was no time to think about Catherine and their marriage That time could wait He thought to himself

Then, a shooting star Dared through the raven's sky above, shaking him from his thoughts. It only lasted a couple of jiffies before burning out Shawn closed his eyes, just like he had done as a teenager whenever he had seen a falling star Suddenly, he opened his eyes to the noise of the sliding door opening .

Apparently, Catherine had decided to join him for a bit of fresh air as well "Shawn, what's up? What were you doing here?" Catherine asked, a little curious

"Nothing I just saw a shooting star " His expression was lighthearted "Did you make a wish" She smiled playfully "Of course I did," he mumbled, repaying the grin and kissing her on the cheeks and then on her neck as he sampled her amazing vanilla scent

"And what did you wish for?" There was a hint of flirting in her question & she tossed him back and Laid her head on his shoulder

"I can't tell you that. Then it won't come true" He whirled his body around and propped his elbow on the wooden rail, all the while never taking his hand from her waist

The couple stood on the platform, staring up into the sky Constellations and random clusters of stars are all combined in the complicated heavenly Tapestry

"Yeah, yeah" She began, "You can surely see a lot of shooting stars out here No lights from the city to blur out anything on a clear night like tonight, I bet you can see half a dozen in an hour"

Out of the blue, Shawn Excluded, "That's it!"

Catherine's eyes widened "Whalesus, you scared me for a moment " She was startled by the sudden excitement as Eddie and Hen joined them, and Shawn began pacing around the dirt Catherine used her brow

Shawn added, his eyes broadened "That's it. Diamonds are the star of the Buddha They are his eyes As seen long before, throughout history, diamonds have captivated mankind with their alluring beauty and supernatural beliefs. Since their discovery around 2500 BC, these Precious gems have been at the heart of many myths and legends by cultures across the world, and have been associated with virtues such as strength, wealth, power, and love." He paused, then began pacing again, and Catherine rolled her eyes as he continued, "In the time of the Pharaohs, 3000 BC, a diamond was placed in the middle of the ankh cross with a loop on top This was the Egyptian hieroglyph meaning 'life Diamonds represent the sun, a symbol of power, courage, and truth"

Ben bobbed his head as he added his own understanding of diamonds "Oh, I know what you mean now I agree The Hindus, who were known to use diamonds in the eyes of their statues, believed that diamonds were created when bolts of lightning struck rocks. Diamonds were also believed to attract lightning bolts The Indian deity Krishna bestowed upon his love Radha a Large diamond, thought by some to be the Koh Noor, to reflect her beauty as it shone in the moonlight. 'He who wears a diamond will see danger un away' was a saying used in ancient India The diamond's purity, brilliance, and ability to refract light gave way to the belief that diamonds were a symbol of clarity and invincibility"

Catherine and Eddie listened as they sat on the huge log, listening to Shawn and Ben pacing around on the wooden steps

"What if we need Grandmother's ring or the Buddha himself to open the Buddha's chamber? That is surely a better solution, yeah" Showti asked, and the three nodded their heads.

"Oh," she said after hearing the explanation "I see Sort of like those Indiana Jones movies where you need some object to open something"

Eddie chuckled but nodded his head

"Exactly" The two men answered in tandem

"So what does it have to do with so many hidden chambers in Poland?" She placed her hands on her hips, still not seeing the big picture

“You were clearly listening to our conversation earlier, weren’t you?” Shawn smirked.

“How can I not? You are too loud about it.” She rolled her eyes, went to Shawn’s side, and whispered something that made Shawn grin

Turning his attention in Eddie, Shawn said, “Eddie, check on your tablet PC and see if there has been significant diamond trading that happened in recent decades in Leba, or anything you can find that involves diamonds in Poland.”

Ben was already wallang back to the door “Way ahead of you, sir”

Still confused. Sen followed the three of them as they went back to the tablet PC The dog followed and looked up curiously from his area in the flood near the fireplace Once again, they gathered around the tablet PC Eddie busily typed in different keywords for anything he could find that might give them some kind of indication as to where they should go nex. After about ten minutes of turning up nothing, he was annoyed He muttered, “I think I loow where the next clue is,” he muttered, looking up “Have you ever heard of the idea of going there and Seeing it for yourself Maybe those small dots in the luckang map can lead us somewhere near the f*****g chamber”

Catherine smirked and slumped herself on the next couch as she shook her head while Shawn responded with a slight nod and a smile on his lips, “I think that is way better than stressing ourselves here I’ve never been there, though. We can go there tortortow”

“Yep ” Ben said, “. at this site on the map, there are a few odd and large boulders with very odd markings on them. Maybe they’re ancient tombs or something,” he was on a roll again

“What do you mean, odd?” Eddie didn’t want to be left out

“Well, the shapes of the pictures and the runes in the broken tablet are extraordinary and are not like anything that has ever been found on the face of the f*****g earth. There has never been a single documented discovery of rune sketches of Carvings anywhere in the world that even closely resembles what is on this tablet” He held his finger to the broken able to make the point simmer He continued, “And that is precisely what the fuckang diamonds tell us to look for, ‘something that sparkles. Along with finding these many chambers in Leba, it also suggests that they mark not only the direction of those who are seeking the many chambers but also the way to the real Buddha’s chamber One of the iheories that I had completely forgotten about says that the markangs on the runes on the broken tablet are actually a map to Leba. That has to be the place that will show us where lo go next” i

“So Ben, how are we going to be able to solve the runes if there is nothing like them in the f*****g world?” Shawn loathed being the downer in the discussion

"We need to go there We need to find these dots of squares on the f****g map " Eddie rolled his eyes while he winked at Catherine, who seemed amused by their mood.

"I don't know. Haven't figured that part out yet "Beri looked at both of them gravely. "We have to try. We can take Shawn's jet and leave first thing in the morning. "...he murmured as he rose and walked toward a hallway that led to a spare bedroom. I'm going to retire for the night. Goodnight all."