

## Billionaire's Accidental Wife Chapter 9

Warning SPG Rated 18+

Drunk or not, Catherine knew she was being unreasonable and crazy enough to say “marry me now,” especially here in Las Vegas. She knew she wasn't thinking clearly when she said “yes” to the hotty. What could go wrong? She once read that Vegas was a popular wedding spot, and for very good reasons: iconic chapels, speedy marriage licenses, and out-of-this-world venues. Whether your heart was set on a minimum of ten people or less, a micro wedding, or like now, they were planning a stupid one-time game of elopement, there was a Vegas ceremony with their name on it.

So, maybe she was not dressed modestly for the evening or this game. Not that Catherine had any choice. After all, she only dresses modestly at work. Now, her usual mini dress, high heels, and a purse- the whole f\*\*k me now-look was the only thing she had. When someone has a D-chest, anything but a turtleneck gives her cleavage. Subtle was her only confidence for work decency. On an impulse, she wore a mini dress and her red, push-up lace bra and no underwear. Instead of mousy tights, black thigh-highs were clipped up and held in place by a matching garter belt. Worst case scenario, saucy underthings give her the confidence she needs to get through the night, right?

Right.

Holding hands, Mr. CEO, slash Shawn Hotty-Whatever his real surname, hailed a taxi and sped through the city. It pulled up to the entrance of the Love Story Wedding Chapel. He paid the driver, held her hand, and both, under the influence of alcohol, giggling and kissing as they saw him, the man in Elvis Presley's custom, on the sidewalk by the door, already waiting for them.

Slowly, deliberately, she stepped out of the taxi after Shawn and let her skirt slide up a little bit so that the lace top of the stocking peeked out a little bit. She looked up, and Shawn's eyes were dark, locked on my legs, with something hungry in them.

Butterflies of uncertainty, passion, and longing danced through her stomach. It had been so long since she felt this way. How intimidating, how unbelievably overpowering.

Ten minutes later, it happened so fast. Still too drunk to even walk properly in the chapel aisle, she made her bride walk while giggling, tipsy, and lost in the warm, lustful needs radiating from Shawn's eyes.

She walked up and awkwardly waved hello to the witnesses, who she didn't even remember talking to, and in response, they smiled warmly.

Shawn took her by the hand and led her into Elvis Presley's smiling face with Britney Spears, “Oops I did it again,” in the background. The music was loud, and witnesses were talking, all drunk, screaming, and cheering even louder. They were a couple of

happy boozers, on the influence of alcohol, and on that feeling of being adventurous and being stupid.

“So, Miss Brown, are you all set? Sure about this?”

“Absolutely, f\*\*\*\*\*g yes.” She grumbled and chuckled. “I usually like it when I don’t have to be concerned about things like that, and everybody’s delighted with the outcome.”

“Ah, a people-pleaser who likes to, I bet you’d look gorgeous with a collar around your throat, yes?”

“B-b\*\*\*\*y no... or y-yes! B-but no, darling.” And they all giggled again. Catherine knew when her higher brain was disabled, there was a degree of being drunk that made confidence go up a notch, and this could happen through alcohol intoxication, fear, or being wasted after the heavenly notions followed later. It could also happen from positive emotions, from love and feeling safe with this hottie on her side, and yes, she picked her addictions wisely. addicted to Shawn’s gaze and smiles.

She flushed red across her cheeks. She glowed, almost defiantly. The game was on.

“It’s been a very long time since I’ve done anything like that. Plus, I have to say I am relatively picky about husbands. I find that not everybody can inspire. Ah, how do I put this? Obedience, I guess, in me?”

“I get a feeling from you that you’re stuck in your head, in your fantasies and books. I bet if your husband knew how to get in there and make room for subordination, for their commands and needs, you’d turn into an eager, generous little girl, wouldn’t you?” Shawn’s gestured to Elvis Presley to start officiating the wedding, punctuating the last few phrases of his sentence by kissing her again while Elvis did his thing.

Lost in his words, Catherine felt herself getting heated, excited, moist and swollen all at once. Her folds ached, and she had only known this man for a few hours. ‘Goodness me, I didn’t feel this sort of excitement with my fiancé, Jason. She never did.’ She thought to herself.

A little overcome, she could barely speak when asked by Elvis, so she just nodded, and whispered: “I do!” With a smile and a heated look on her face, she kissed him again, not minding that they had been kissing the whole time.

“You need someone to give you a reason to be a very good girl, don’t you? Sweet?”

She nodded again and whispered, “Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

"Yes, sir, husband sir," she grumbled under her breath, swallowing hard, with a little more conviction in her voice than giggling again.

"Tell me what you want, Catherine."

Another warm stream between her legs. She began to evade him, shyly. "Well. I'm not sure. How do I put this?"

"Go on. Tell me."

"I want to be subjugated. I want to be acknowledged. I want to be owned by you." Her eyes were wide, almost shocked at what she said. She was flushed pink from the humiliation of being made to say the horrible things she had always wanted to say aloud. Always thought, never spoken. Oh, how she wanted those things. Every word is true. Her skin itches for the bites of his lips. She lusted after a nipple bite. She touched herself at night, thinking about being bound and stuffed in a hard, huge trunk. Even now, she thought Shawn knew just how badly she wanted it, how she wanted him.

He smiled, wolflike, and murmured, "Good girl." He turned his head to Elvis and said, "Whatever your question is, Elvis,... it's "I do." Then he kissed her harder this time as he began to carry her, bridal style, out of the chapel to the awaiting limousine. Whenever he had time to call his ride, she didn't care. All that mattered now was this man. Her new husband

She hardly noticed the limousine ride to the hotel, as he had been kissing her the whole time, and she was shy as a beggar, and he hadn't even touched her yet. Yet her tiny thread of self-control was slipping away quicker and quicker.

Another ride through the city, but this time his hand was firmly gripping her hair, whispering instructions in her ear, a secret just for her to hear.

"You are mine for tonight, Mrs. Richmond. You will do exactly as I say. You will be a good wife, and you will be rewarded for your obedience. Before you enter my hotel suite, you are to take your clothes off. Don't worry, the whole floor is mine as you are mine."

Catherine nodded just to feel the pull of her head against his hand. She could feel her wetness seeping through her dress when she stood on shaky legs getting out of the fancy ride. He grabbed her by the arm and led her inside, up to the 37th floor. At the end of a long hallway, they rode a lift, then out after a minute, then he stopped at the grand, large hallway and went to the door and unlocked it. He stepped inside, leaned against the frame, and looked at Catherine with a cocked eyebrow, rather expectantly...

Fiercely, her eyes met his and did not stray as she shrugged off her mini dress button by button. She undid her clothing, exposing the red lace and her full b\*\*\*\*s, and handed them to him.

The click of a lock a few doors down made her pulse race.

“Keep going, wifey. It’s just the lift; no one would dare come here on this floor.”

So stern. So b\*\*\*\*y hot and s\*\*y. She thought to herself.

Slowly the dress fluttered to the carpeted floor. His eyes widened at her naked folds, neatly trimmed just that day. It was Jane’s idea, just in case she changed her mind and wanted to f\*\*k someone else... And she had never been this thankful.

Another lock clicked. She took a step forward, in her bra and stockings, making an action to enter.

He held his hand out in pause. “Oh, dear... Not yet. I said, take it all off. You can keep the stockings and garter belt. They please me and it looks good with you wearing it.”

With an intoxicated mind, she fumbled with the bra clasp, and smiled, unhooking it and pulling it away from her heavy b\*\*\*\*\*s, watching Shawn at the same time. Smirking and teasing. She dropped it on the floor and stepped into the massive room.

He brought in the rest of her clothes, closing the door behind him. “A little quick, yes... though you’re entirely willing nonetheless, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mr. H-husband.” She smiled and an unusual bit of pride welled up in her chest, but she knew this was a mistake, but another part of her overlooked it. This was her day, and she was here to savor it.

“Mrs. Richmond, bend over the couch.”

Already, her head was crammed with peace. No longer concerned with skepticism or mundane undertakings, he was replenishing her with peace, through commands and her own pliant, willing response. A reaction, which, in this case, was to bend forward over a plush couch and hold her back high in the air. She gave it a little wiggle to a reasonable extent.

“Tell me again what you want.”

She could barely recall what she had said earlier. “I want you...” Shawn walked up behind her and ran his fingertips over the arch of her back. She shivered, and her voice got huskier, quieter. Maybe she was just too drunk to even think straight, and perhaps she would forget this tomorrow, right? “Please, I want -”

He spanked her once, hard.

She bit her lip to keep from screaming in the last tiny strands of need she had to maintain restraint. "I want to be claimed and,-" Another s\*\*\*k. Her voice is quieter and calmer. "Have me, I want to be owned by you."

He touched her already soaked slit, sliding a finger between the lips. "Judging by how wet you are, wife, I think there's more that you want."

She muttered shyly. "D\*\*n it! I want to be taken harder and faster." He whacked her other b\*\*t cheek twice in sharp succession.

Catherine gasped out the shivering phrases, balancing on her now twitching legs. "And be satiated. And f\*\*\*\*d. I want you to f\*\*k me hard."

The last few passages tumbled out in a broken surge.

"I think you want more than that, but that will do, my wife."

She could hear him slide his belt out of his trousers, and he slapped it once on his hands. She lunged, and he laughed, lightly trailing his hand down her back.

His hands trailed over the welts and bruises, the tender flesh so sensitive to the light touch.

"Please..." Whatever she was asking, it didn't matter as she turned her back on the couch and heard Shawn's silent gasp, watching her moist folds on the view for him to taste.

"Please, what, ... wifey?"

She cried out again and bit her lips, the spectacle flooding her already slashed awareness. "Please." She mumbled, alcohol flooding her mind, giving her enough confidence as she reached for his hand, and clumsily plopped it on her breast.

Shawn gazed at her eyes. Her silky hair was being blown by the wind, and it made her look like a goddess. The silhouette of her hair against the moonlight in the open glass window made her magical in his eyes. He halted for a fraction of a second just to admire the beauty in front of him. He could almost hear her whispering something.

However to say that Catherine was a bit self-conscious now would be an understatement. She just stared at his eyes, mouth slightly open, speechless.

"What did you say earlier, wife?" Shawn asked gently as he leaned in to touch his forehead to her while his hand kneaded her b\*\*\*\*\*s.

"I... I want you..." She muttered, her gaze fixed on him as she bit her lips and quickly closed her eyes, almost sensing the warmth of his breath.

"That's not what I heard, sweetheart." Shawn just smiled. "Are you sure you're not letting your emotions cloud your judgment?" He inquired as he gently took her hands and brought them to his neck. He then picked her up and laid her on the soft bed.

Skeptically, she removed her hands from his neck and cupped his cheeks with her hands. "All I ever wanted was you, Shawn."

And then, slowly, she brought her lips to his in a tender, hesitant kiss that bared her heart to him. Lost in the passion, her emotions were on the edge of her cobalt eyes, swirling in warmth and eager for more.

Shawn didn't take over the kiss, but he kept it slow as his hands wandered over her body.

She realize how cold the room was, but with the intense warmth radiating from both of them, she doesn't mind it as slowly as he begins to remove her stocking, staring at her eyes while doing it, as his emotions swirl all over the rims of his predatory gaze, an excitement that was both raw and affectionate. He slowly kissed her, and she felt the nipple bud under his touch and clenched her thighs together while a heated pool sat between her legs.

For the first time, she didn't feel self-conscious and rather felt relaxed as each second passed. Shawn broke the kiss and gazed at her eyes, "Tonight is all about you." Then he trailed wet kisses down her neck, her collar bone, and finally took one budded nipple into his mouth and sucked hard.

A moan left her lips as her back arched off the bed. Her mind went blank for an instant as her clothes were removed from her body one by one. But Shawn never stops; he keeps on torturing her with his wicked tongue as she withers. The cold had been forgotten as she felt completely out of control. She never felt like it in her entire life. Was it because he was different? How did he know exactly what to do to drive her completely insane with pleasure?

"Shawn, please! I can't take it anymore!" She moaned as his tongue swirled around her navel.

"Hmph! Almost there, wife! " Shawn stood up and yanked his underwear off, staring her down. Finally, he got on her legs suitably and parted her thighs, tracing her folds with his fingers. "...So wet and ready for me. Excellent!" He whispered and lowered his head to her core.

She cried out when he tasted and licked her. Her peak rocked through her with a force unknown to her as soon as he licked her c\*\*t all over again. When her mind went completely blank for several minutes as Shawn licked and tasted her, when she returned from her peak, he was there, waiting for her passionately.

She thought she couldn't get wet again so soon after she reached her peak. Her mind was still filled with clouds, but as soon as she saw the raw hunger in his eyes, she was ready for him.

"I want you now!" She pleaded. Her voice sounds inaudible.

Shawn didn't make her wait. He settled between her thighs as she wrapped her legs around his hips and then brought his head down to kiss her lips as he buried himself into her moist heat with one solid thrust.

For an instant, she felt a sharp pain at the intrusion as she adjusted to his size. He was so huge that it hurt... "please...slowly." She added as she bit her shoulder, but it subsided just as quickly as it had occurred.

"Mmmm!", she moaned. Shifting into his touch, the warmth of his naked body pressed against her felt like pure heaven. He thrust harder, making her scream. Moving in and out of her with the fury of a wild beast. She's never experienced it before. Her back arched off the bed, her eyes rolling back in her head as he drove in and out of her folds faster than she could keep up. So she simply let go of herself and let him do as he wished with her body as she held onto him tightly, her head buried in the crook of his neck as he pounded into her. She could hear his panting, the noise of his teeth gritting together as he tried to keep himself under control.

There was no room left for thoughts as Shawn thrust in and out with a steady rhythm. Their bodies finally joined together in a marvelous union. He kissed her neck as she unexpectedly felt the typical euphoria as if it was everything she ever needed.

She is coming again. Her earth-shattering climax came to a point as she felt sated and passionately satisfied after they both turned to gaze at each other. It was a feeling of fervor and passion that was more than whatever the romance book had claimed.

And at that moment, she knew she was falling to the point of no return, too deep to even crawl back to reality, and at that instant, she didn't want to stop herself, even as she knew that her affection was meaningless to him.

However, Shawn was not done with her yet. He wanted to savor this moment because tomorrow when the alcohol was gone from their system, he knew he needed to do something about their marriage, but for now, without warning, he turned her on her knees as she moaned, and he shoved his hardened shaft again inside her, as she groaned deeply.

In this position, Catherine realized that he was so big, bigger than she was used to. Bigger than earlier and she felt more than satisfied. He filled every last inch of her, appeasing that deep ache she had had between her legs since the night began. Catherine heard him mutter "O-oh f-f\*\*k, you are amazing, wife," as he began to thrust into her slowly, giving her body time to accommodate his generous girth again.

“Hell... woman!” He slipped easily in and out of her, her wetness slick down her thighs, increasing his pace at her incoherent urging and his obvious need. He saw that she reached between her legs and flicked her c\*\*t back and forth, getting closer and closer to o\*\*\*\*m again as he pounded into her from behind, aggressively, deep thrusts, and bounced her b\*\*\*\*\*s back and forth.

He grabbed her hair roughly, arching her back towards him, saying, “You are mine.”  
“Come, come for me. Be a good wife and come for me again.”

In her intoxicated heaven, all she could do was groan and bite her lips. She attempted to keep his stride with her hips, squeezing back against him at the deepest point of his hard strokes inside her but lost out to his feverish rhythm and her fingers on her c\*\*t. She tightened around him unexpectedly, crying out, lost to surges of pleasure, jerking her hips uncontrollably as they reached their peak.

Slowly, after heavy breathing, he lay down on the bed, where he enveloped her in his arms, more tenderly than she honestly would have anticipated. He kissed her on the forehead and said, “Sleep well, wifey.”

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