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He peered at his wrist. It was going to be ten minutes past to leave her. He excused himself and trotted toward his room. It was taking much more time than required. He thought to saunter toward his room. He did not want to leave the party as his guests were stopping him to congratulate him on this important day.

Receiving greetings, and blessings from his guests, he paced ahead meanwhile his phone buzzed in his pocket. He took it out of his pocket and glanced at the display. It assured him something was definitely wrong.

Did she try to run? He thought.

When he got the name of Mark on the display. Immediately, He raised it up to his ear and trotted toward his room.

"Did you call the doctor?" He asked and disconnected it as he jostled it back in his pocket.

He reached the door of his room. She was lying on the bed, her heels were jutting out on the bed and hanging. He slid his one hand under her back and second under her thighs, "What happened here?" He asked Mark. His knees were dug deep in the mattress. He lifted her up. He reclined her head on the pillow.

"I opened the door for ma'am. She was walking and

suddenly she fell on the mattress, " Mark was looking a bit upset and frightened.

"See where the doctor is." He said, putting his finger before her nostrils.

"Yes, boss." He could hear his footsteps working.

He took her delicate wrist in his heavy hand and checked her pulse. His thoughts occupied anyone to hurt her.

Mark was with her. He instantly corrected himself.

Mark came into the room with the doctor. He got up from her side, making room for her. The doctor checked her talking five minutes which seemed to be never-ending minutes of his life. She was getting under his skin. He was tapping his finger on the back of his phone impatiently.

"What happened to her?" He asked as he could not control the jitteriness.

"Your wife got dehydrated, sir. She'll be fine. The temperature was so high today." The doctor injected her and wrote down the prescription, and she sauntered out.

"Mark, I can't join the party now. Attend the guests. If anyone asks, tell them I'm unavailable." He said. When Mark left the room, he locked it.

He stared down at her and wickedly smiled. He trotted toward the closet and shuffled the night dresses. He grabbed a shiny black lacy nightgown for her. He paced

back in the room.

She rubbed her eyes and opened them in a bizarre aura. She quickly put herself straight on the bed. She swallowed hard and spied the surroundings. Instantly it hit her where she was and what happened the last day.

She brought her knees to her chest and hugged herself. She laid her eyes on her dress. She noticed it wasn't what she wore. She was in a wedding gown. She instantly got off the bed and her eyes fell on her wedding gown. His coat and shirt were resting on the heavy wedding dress.

Her hands got cold, getting the meaning of it. She spun hearing noises. He was shirtless and one hand was raised to his ear. He was talking on his cell phone. She caught his eyes slowly walking on her body. Instantly, She wrapped her arms around her chest.

"You wake up, love." He said in a sexy tone, "Call you later. " He whispered.

For a second, she forgot her anger. She glanced down at her. She strode toward him, "Why did you do this? You promised. You'd not lay a finger on me after the wedding. I didn't see any requirement to do this. " She questioned him with a mixer of anger and feeling to smack him. She pressed her teeth together.

"You were dehydrated. Cool yourself. I just changed your

dress. " He tersely said.

"I'm not accrediting you anything like that. Do you get me?"
She said roughly.

His lips' corner lifted up. He firmly placed his hand on her waistline, "I can touch you whenever I want. Indeed, " He stepped closer and bent down his face. She instantly clasped her lips with both hands. He placed a soft kiss on the back of her hand, "That's it. I don't want you to feel shy in whatever condition you are. " He completed it.

"I don't care. You gave me your words. " She said to him, almost staring in shock. She tried to release herself from his hold. It was fastened around her. She raised her eyes at him. His face was stern, eyes boarded in her.

"I've made myself clear to you. Right, love. " He said with steely eyes. She could feel the pressure of his palm against her. She nodded her head unwantedly, "Very well! " He said with a returning smile, "Get ready. I don't wanna live here anymore. " He took away his hand.

She made her way toward the washroom. She filled the bathtub with cold water. She threw the silky gown from her body. She pulled a face thinking about where his hands would run on her body. She tried her best not to think where his hands would roam. She washed herself twice. She remained in the water for a long time. But her cheeks were red with the thought.

Knocking on the door startled her, "You okay, Amiya. " His sugary voice came.

"Yes, coming. " She said it loudly. She put her feet out of it and water was dripping from her body. She pulled the black towel and wrapped it around her body. She frowned at the black towel. She bolted toward the door.

She was praying, him not to be present in the room. She cracked it open and peeped out. He was standing near the door. He snapped his hand on the door and pushed it open. He was sweating. It was difficult but she kept her eyes on his face. His face was glowing with sweat.

He plucked one step back so she could pass. She was scared he'd do something which would embarrass her. She crossed the floor toward his closet. She had three cupboards but not a closet. It was quite exciting for her.

She was stopping in front of every dress. Definitely, dresses were more expensive than her cupboard had. She found the makeup kit in one of the drawers alongside dress queues. She grabbed it and stood in front of the mirror. She was beautiful without makeup. But it was her first day after her wedding. No one got married daily. She ignored the foundation as she had already even tone more ever since she had a natural glow. She didn't want to lose it under the makeup layer. It was hot outside, almost around forty degrees temperature. She was looking for waterproof mascara and eyeliner. She easily got it. She drew the line

upper to her closed eye leaving wings at its end. She did the same with the second. She applied the mascara to her eyelashes. She already had long eyelashes. It highlighted the jelly of her eyes surrounded with black. She peered at her eyes in the mirror. Putting it back, she looked for the lip balm. There were lipsticks of all shades. She paced back and pulled the drawer and found it nowhere.

She inhaled and looked at the kit. She searched for the Lightest color. Which was darker in her eyes. She plucked a red stick and lipsticked her lips. She glanced at it in the mirror. She tore the tissues and took the color away from her lips. She knew it wouldn't go easily. Her lips were shading lighter red. It was what she wanted. She darted her eyes on all the gowns. She plucked a fire red color. It was strapless. She shook her head and threw it back. Her eyes fell on the light green silk gown. It had short puff sleeves. She extended her hand and took it in her hands. There was a small smile tugged on her lips.

Abruptly, a hand snatched it from her hand and threw it on the floor. She turned and saw his ragged face. His eyes were glaring at the gown with hatred as he wanted it to be some person and strangled it.

She saw him last night when he found both his trusted and loving persons of his life deceiving him, making love at his back in his house. She still remembered his furious face. She believed he could murder them brutally and make them alive with some spell and kill them again and again in a

more brutal way.

His fist on the glass was merely a small part of his temper. Water drops on her face brought her back to the present. He was rubbing a second towel on his hair. He recently brushed by her side. She was staring at his engraved strong back, muscles filled perfectly. He grabbed something, indeed she couldn't remove her eyes from the muscular structure, his broad shoulders, biceps, and abs.

"You're wearing it." He said in his deep virile voice.

She took it and glared at the dress and then put it before her body to see and then she realized she was still in the towel. She trotted out and reached the washroom. She locked it and changed it instantly, "Strange! I'm not feeling shy in front of him." She saw herself in the mirror. It was a strapless tomato red dress. It was going with every curve of her body till her middle then it was like opening an umbrella.

She could guess, the designer must have taken one full day to take this beautiful shape. It was such a pretty dress. She dried her hair and ironed it straight. Luckily she got a dryer and straightener in the washroom. Otherwise, God knew, he could throw them away if they reminded him of Kattie.

"Please Lord keep me safe. I don't know, where is he taking me?" She sighed and pressed her lips in a straight line.

She crossed the door and got him tugging his coat on his shoulder. Today he was in a full black suit plus his shirt. He

was looking like the king of hell as his jaw was still steeled. He turned and her eyes met his amber eyes. She could see his jaw losing a bit.

"You look pretty. " He complimented her.

She bent her head so he couldn't see the color of her cheeks, "Thanks. " She muttered.

"Come. " He said hurriedly as she remembered when he told her that he didn't wanna stay here anymore. She knew the strong reason behind it. He covered the distance between them taking long strides and placed his hand on her lower back. She flinched. He stared at her, "Get used, Amiya." He said in his steel voice.

She didn't say a word and allowed him to guide her. When she arrived out on the lawn she could hear the loud sound of the helicopter. She had been the spoiled girl of her brother. He provided her with everything she wished for. She cringed and looked at him through the corner of her eyes, "I didn't wanna leave my city." She whispered.

"You are not in a state of taking any decision." He said and pushed her toward the helicopter.

Tears stung her eyes. She didn't want to cry and gave an opportunity to think of herself as a weak one. This place wasn't to show weakness. She thought of a way out as soon as she could. She would redeem herself.

She could not sleep in the one room with him as he wasn't

trustworthy. He could do anything to her.

"Where are we going?" She whispered again.

"Home, You'll see." He said, he didn't budge his hand from her lower back which was giving her trepidation. She boarded the helicopter. She wasn't feeling hungry anymore, she was against his decision. She had grown up in this city with her family and friends.

He sat next to her and opened his laptop. She was grateful for his toy which would keep him busy and away from her. Her hope instantly died when he put his hand on her bare shoulder and tugged her closer. She was feeling bile rise and tingles at the same time, "You must be hungry. There are water bottles, sandwiches and some fruits I guess." He said.

At the mention of food, her stomach growled as she didn't eat anything since yesterday, "Why are you being so nice to me?" She asked, squinted at him.

"Because we're married. That is what couples do. Are you going to eat yourself or do I've to make it happen myself, Love?" He didn't leave his eyes from his work.

Every time her stomach did a flip whenever he used the word ' Love ' for her. She picked up the plastic bag and opened it. There were sandwiches neatly packed, water and juice bottles, and chopped fruits in a transparent box.

"Are you just staring at your food?" He said in his usual

rough tone.

"Can you be less sarcastic and crude?" She said, pressing her lips together.

He coldly glared at her. She glanced down at the bag, "Are you eating?" She asked him softly.

"Are you offering?" He asked.

She didn't look at him. She would definitely lose her temper if he'd offer her his one more cold glare.

She heaved and bit her lips, "I think. You are offering me after your brother kidnapped me outside of the airport and ruined my trip with my bestie and then my life fully changed in a few hours," She slowly whispered the last word so he couldn't catch it.

She bit her tongue for mentioning his brother's name. But it was too late now. She saw him from the corner of her eyes. His hands were clenched tight on the keyboard of his laptop. She put the plastic bag where it was before. She gazed out of the window. She could not stop her tears from slipping from her eyes. He put his laptop aside and grabbed the bag.

"You need to eat. I don't want you to swoon again." She turned her eyes at him. To know, was he actually concerned about her? When his eyes swept on her face. He frowned, "I'll not hurt you." He said.

"I don't know." She whispered. He ran the pad of his thumb under her eyes.

He tore the sandwiches from the bag and offered her. She took it from him as she wasn't sure how long his behavior would be good?

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