

Chapter 3 Blackmail to meet!

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I reached over, squinting, and shut the ringing alarm clock off.

I've been really awake before, but I can't get out of bed. The pain in my whole body, especially between my thighs. Lambert never let me sleep again last night. When he said he wanted me to be his slave, he actually meant sex slave.

I'm getting used to it. We've been married for two years now, and we do that thing almost every night, every morning, or whenever he can be reached. Sometimes my body gets really tired. I don't have the same strength as he does. He could throw me on the bed, bend down, and lift me up on top of him without difficulty. That's why I think I'm losing weight.

Though I can't really say, he's forcing me to do it because sometimes, I like it too. God knows how much I love this man lying beside me. And if this is the only way I can feel him, I can handle it.

Lambert is a monster in bed!

He wasn't like this before. When we got married, he didn't touch me for about a month. I always felt that he wasn't really interested in or attracted to me.

And the night we did that, he was so gentle. Like he was really respecting me and my body.

But now, he's different. He has changed a lot. I've never imagined he could be this wild and rough in bed.

I glanced at him now next to me. He was still sound asleep, obviously tired as well— maybe not just because of our intercourse but also because of his disappearance last night.

I adjusted the wrapping of the blanket around my naked body and lifted myself up to see him better. His thin, pinkish lips are slightly opened.

My husband is handsome, especially when asleep. This is the only time

he is not angry. When he is angry or drunk, he looks scary. I miss the old him – his gentle face. The one who had no reaction and was stuck was his former lover, but at least he wasn't angry.

I was just stunned now when his eyes widened slightly.

He looked at me for a moment before turning away. "What are you looking at?"

He was irritated again. I just lowered my gaze and went back to lying down.

When the frown on his forehead was gone, and he looked like he was asleep again, I squeezed him and hugged him.

I rested my head on his firm chest and listened to his heartbeat. I really feel like he will push me away like he always does when I hug him, but he doesn't. He stayed still. Maybe he was really tired and didn't have the strength to push.

I just used this opportunity to hug him for a long time. I can't do that when he's awake, eh?

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It was seven o'clock in the morning when Lambert and I finally woke up.

I prepared breakfast for him as soon as I woke up so that he could get himself ready. He is still going to the office.

Lambert is an heir, and he currently works at our families' business. My family's Hotels and Casino business and Lambert's Airlines have merged since we got married-just as planned.

"Brownie," Lambert suddenly called to me now. "Help me on this."

I first stopped washing the dishes here in the kitchen and approached him to fix his necktie. He seemed to be in a good mood because he called me by my nickname. Maybe it's good to be awake.

"What dish do you want later?" I asked him. "I'll cook."

"I'm not going to eat here."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Why? You rarely eat with me."

"I have a dinner meeting."

"Ah. What time are you coming home?"

"I don't know. Can you don't ask me questions? I'm bored."

I calmed down and just continued to fix his tie. This is how he really is. His patience was short, and he did not want to repeat himself.

After I adjusted his necktie, I ironed with my hands the little tangle on his long-sleeved polo. My husband has a toned body. So I could feel his hard chest and arms as I adjusted his dress. He is also tall. He's around five feet and ten inches tall, I think.

I notice now that he is staring down at me as my palms caress his clothes. I've made him feel that way before. Looks like I know it's going to continue.

I know my husband very well. I know the meaning of all he thinks. I knew he was planning to do something to me again.

And I wasn't wrong.

He suddenly pulled over my ponytailed hair, so I immediately looked up. He buried his face in my neck and started kissing me there!

I wanted to push him away, but his speed lifted me up and made me sit on the dresser. He quickly pulled down my shirt and touched a bulge of my chest.

I sighed! "L-Lambert, you're going late."

"Shut up. We'll do this quick."

I have no fight. I just closed my eyes and let him do what he wanted.

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As I expected, Lambert was late for work. Now we can get dressed very easily.

I adjusted my shirt and tied my hair while he hurriedly buttoned his polo shirt. After I did, I immediately approached him to help with the closing.

But his speed just dodged. "It's me. Just bring my laptop to the car."

I obeyed. I grabbed the laptop bag that was sitting on his work desk and went straight to his car outside.

After a while, he also left the house. I just waited for him here next to

this car. I want to make sure he's all set to leave.

As I walked closer, I noticed that he was confused about adjusting his necktie. I was just shaken. Men don't know how to tie a tie properly.

"Let me do it," I offered when I got close to him.

He let me do it. "Make it fast. I'm late."

"You wouldn't have been late if you had left earlier."

He suddenly glared at me. "Are you expecting me?"

"No. Sorry." I hurried to fix his necktie, and then I rubbed his polo shirt again with my hands. "Be careful driving."

"Of course I will."

He opened the car door afterwards. "Don't leave the house. And don't let anyone else in either."

I bowed. Every morning, he would tell me this. I have memorized even the strict tone of his voice. When will he kiss me on the forehead and say 'I love you' before he goes to work?

I just nodded. "Okay. I'll just stay here."

He got in the car and turned it on.

I followed his gaze until he was far away. I even waved, but I don't know if he saw.

When he turned the corner, I turned around and entered the gate of the house. But before I could finally get in, I felt like someone else was outside.

"Alyssa."

I was stunned for a few seconds.

I know that voice! I turned around and just stared at the man now standing outside the house. I wanted to tell myself that I was just mimicking, but no. It's really him! Zeke—the guy I had an affair with!

I felt a mixture of shock and nervousness. "W-what are you doing here? How did you find out where I live?"

I cannot believe it! When did he return to New York?

He stared at me deeply. "It's good that you still know me. I thought you really buried me in oblivion."

I didn't answer him, and I was going to close the gate so he couldn't enter, but he was strong, and he pushed it open immediately. He even pulled me over the waist and suddenly hugged me tightly!

My whole body literally stiffened! "What are you...what are you doing!"

"I miss you."

"Get away from me!" I used all my energy to push him away, but he didn't let go. "Zeke, what the heck!"

He suddenly pulled me away from him, but he was still holding both my shoulders. "What's wrong with you? You're not like that, and that's not the reaction I expect from you. Aren't you happy to see me?"

"Happy? Of course, I'm not. Go away, and maybe Lambert will come back and see you here."

"I don't care about him. Come on, come with me. I'll take you away from here."

My eyes went huge! "What? Are you crazy?"

"I know what your situation is with Lambert. I know he's hurting you. So come with me now."

I removed his grip on me. "What are you saying? My husband isn't hurting me. We're living happily together."

"Come on, Brown. You don't need to make stories. Your cousin already told me everything."

My shoulders dropped at once tightly. That Ishani! He probably also told Zeke where I live now.

I was surprised when he suddenly pulled me out. "Let's go."

I immediately clung to the gate. "No! Let me go. I don't know what Ishani is telling you, but I won't go with you." I let go of his grip with all my might. "Go away, Zeke. Don't show up here again if you don't want my husband to hit you again."

"I'm not leaving without you. I've been enduring this for a long time, Brown. I tried to keep quiet and not interfere, but I can't ignore the fact that he's

hurting you."

"I already said he wasn't hurting me."

"Then how can you explain that?" He pointed to the bruise on the side of my lip.

I just pushed his finger away. "That's nothing."

"Alyssa! If I only knew that this is what he would do to you, I would never let you come back to him. I wish I had just really run away with you."

"Stop it. Forget about me. Whatever happened between us is over."

"Okay. What, that's just the way it is?"

I didn't answer him.

I stared at him for a long time until he gave up and suddenly straightened his hair and sighed as if he had calmed himself.

"Let's go out." The tone of his speech changed. "We need to talk properly. It's not like that."

"Do you hear what you're saying? We don't have anything to talk about."

"We still have a lot to talk about. Let's meet at the restaurant we used to meet."

"I will not go."

He glared at me. "If you won't come, I won't stop coming here to your house. I don't care if Lambert and I get caught."

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How this chapter so far! Let me know. I will add another chapter if I will get response, Thank you!