

Chapter 5 Get Caught!

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It's been three days since I met with Zeke. And since then, I haven't felt good.

I have had a fever until now. The fear I feel is mixed. First, because Lambert still didn't know Zeke was back, and we then met. Second, Zeke told me that he had no intention of letting me go.

I didn't know what to do; I was afraid of what might happen.

Here, my fever is getting worse. I just lay here in bed all day. Yesterday I was then able to move, but today, I am really weak. My eyes are heavy, and I'm shivering. It doesn't matter that I'm wrapped in a comforter now, and the aircon is off. I'm still cold.

Moments later, I heard Lambert's car arrive. I think he got home early today. It's only six o'clock.

I wanted to see him and open the gate, but my body was really heavy. I just waited for him to come here.

Later, I noticed that he had entered our room and slammed the door shut.

"Why is there no food downstairs?" he preached immediately to me. "You didn't cook?"

I did not answer him. I just adjusted my blanket.

I felt him approach me and recklessly pull the king-size comforter. "Bitch, what are you doing? I'm so tired from work after I come home, there's no food yet? I hope you told me to just eat out."

I still haven't spoken. I turned my back on him and buried my face in a pillow.

I really don't have the strength to explain. I knew he would get angry when he saw no dinner on the table, but what could I do? My body can't handle it. And one more thing, I didn't know he was going to have dinner here today. It's been a few days since he came home early in the evening.

The next thing I felt was him sitting on the side of this bed. He suddenly turned me forward. He pulled me lightly on my shoulder, but I felt like I was being beaten.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you."

I tried to open my eyes properly. "I'm sorry, I can't cook. I feel bad."

He suddenly laughed as if teasing. "What's your drama now, Alyssa?"

"I'm not dramatizing. I really feel bad." I pulled the comforter again to wrap it around my body. I almost had to hug my knees just to relieve the cold.

I heard nothing from him. I was stunned when he suddenly put his hand on my forehead and then on my neck. I think he's making sure I really have a fever.

After that, he got up from the bed and left the room.

I followed him with my gaze. Where will he go? Miraculously, he didn't force me now to prepare him food.

When he returned, he was carrying a small basin. He laid it on the bedside table and sat down next to me again.

I was stunned by him. Is this real? It was as if I wanted to rub my eyes to make sure that what he was doing was real.

I watched him as he dipped the white cloth in water before squeezing it. Then he helped me to lie down properly, and he put the wet cloth on my forehead.

I don't know what I should react to. I'm confused. I looked straight into his eyes despite my blurry vision. His face was serious, but I could sense care.

"Don't look at me like that," he said while adjusting the wet cloth on my forehead. "This is nothing. I'm only doing this because I need my slave back."

What he said was sad, but I just ignored it. It was as if his words were different from his actions. He suddenly became kind. I then need to get sick just so he can be calm with me.

I gently closed my eyes.

I savoured his caressing my cheek, and he was squeezing a few strands of my bangs from my forehead. The sweetness of the feeling. Now he just did it to me. If he's just going to be like this to me all night, I'm sure tomorrow I'll be fine.

"I'll be back, Brownie," he said suddenly. "Just stay still."

I opened my eyes. I just followed him with my gaze again until he got out of the room.

What can he do now? I'm already wondering why he's such a kindness. Is it really because I'm sick?

If that were the case, I wish I was always sick. He always seemed kind to me. Also, the way he let me know earlier, the tenderness. He just needs to kiss me on the forehead. It's refreshing. I'm not really used to him like this.

I closed my eyes tightly.

I became more and more guilty and scared. When he finds out that Zeke is here again, I'm sure he'll go back to being his lion. He will lose his temper again.

After a while, Lambert came back again.

He now has a tray with food and a glass of water.

I was even more incredulous. I think I'm just dreaming because it's impossible for my husband to bring me food.

But funny. Suddenly a smile drew to my lips. He was good at taking care of me. Why do I only feel this now?

I turned my gaze back to his face. He's just giving me a bored look. He placed the tray on the bedside table, then sat down next to me again and handed me the bowl full of hot noodles.

"Eat," he commanded.

I lifted myself up and leaned on the headboard. "Did you cook it?" I took the bowl from him.

"Probably. Is there anyone else here?"

"Sorry."

His rudeness quickened again. I just ignored it. I don't want to ruin this

moment. He would only take care of me once.

I ate a little so that I could taste first if he cooked well. But I think I was in too much of a hurry to suck, and my tongue burned from the heat. I then let go of the spoon I was holding.

He was shocked and immediately handed the bowl back to me. "What are you? You're not careful. Blow it first!"

My eyes widened. I don't know if I'm going to laugh or what his reaction is. My tongue was already burnt; he even scolded me. He didn't really know the word 'calm'.

He just picks up the noodles with a spoon. He blew it before putting it in my mouth.

I looked back and looked at him in astonishment.

He averted his eyes, but he still didn't lower the spoon in front of me. He couldn't look straight at me. He seemed to be awkward with what he was doing.

"What, will you eat or not?" he asked angrily.

I was nervous and immediately shot what he was giving me.

After that, he continued to feed me.

Why is it like this? Something is pinching my heart just by his simple care? It was as if, in an instant, I forgot all the slaps, tweaks, and other things he did to me. I gave up very quickly.

I'm just watching him now as he avoids me. We just kept quiet. All I could hear was the spoon hitting the glass bowl every time he picked up the soup. He still can't look me in the eyes.

The next time he put a spoon in my mouth, I refused. "I'm full."

He suddenly looked down at the food he was holding. Maybe he was wondering how I was full even though I hadn't even half.

"Last one, Brownie," he said simply.

I smiled sparingly. The sweetness of feeling that he was forcing me to eat. "I'm really so full."

He sighed and just put the bowl of noodles on the tray. "Fine."

Then, he suddenly pulled the comforter up around my neck and made

sure no cold could enter.

I stared at him again because of what he did. He just averted his eyes again. He took the tray and carried it out of the room.

I watched his back as he walked away.

Something's wrong with my husband today. I would love to enjoy what he shows. But every time I think of Zeke's return, I feel like crying.

I'm really sorry for Lambert for this. I might be spilled hot noodles in no time.

Lambert lingered downstairs before he came back here to the room. Maybe he also washed what I ate.

When he returned, I just felt him step aside from me. "Brownie?"

My hair stood on end. I could feel the heat of his breath on my neck.

I just exhaled, "Hmm?"

"How are you feeling?"

I could not answer immediately. I felt myself first. I feel a little better somehow.

"Quite better," I said. "Thank you for taking care of me. I appreciate it."

He never spoke again. I keep feeling drowsy again because we're okay now. It was as if every breath he took was pulling at my neck. I was about to try to take a nap, but I was surprised when my cellphone suddenly rang.

I was immediately dilated and seemed to stiffen! Someone first entered my mind. My God!

I glanced at Lambert. He was already looking at the ringing cellphone that was just on the top of the nearby dresser.

The nervousness and fear in my chest came alive. I already know who was calling God! I would have tried to get up even when I was feeling bad to get the cellphone, but suddenly he got up before me! "L-Lambert!"

He picked up the cellphone and answered quickly. I just closed my eyes tightly. I'm dead of it!

When I opened my eyes again, he looked at me badly. Anger has replaced

his gentle appearance. I could still see that his hand was almost white from the tightness of his grip on the cellphone and that his other fist was already shaking with anger. He will hurt me again!

And I wasn't wrong. He suddenly threw the cellphone he was holding! He rushed at me right after, and the speed of his palm flew to my cheek! I fell to the floor, and here I was in tears.

"ARE YOU MEETING?!" He pulled my hair. I stood in pain! "You're still seeing each other!"

"N-no Lambert, it's not what you think."

"Whore, when else is this, huh?! You really don't want to follow me. I don't know what I'm going to do with you, woman!" He suddenly pushed me hard against the wall!

Hit my shoulder! I screamed because I felt like I was broken. I couldn't touch it because I was confused when I saw him approaching me again. I had no strength, but I forced myself to run immediately to the door of this room while crying. I'm scared he can't reach me, he'll kill me!

But with my panic and blurring of my eyes because of the tears, I didn't know how to turn that door knob. Don't open! It was too late when I noticed that the door chain above was closed. Lambert pulled my hair out and violently threw me on the bed!

I immediately looked around the room. I have nowhere to run! I just took the big pillow and made it a shield. But that didn't help. Lambert pulled my foot down, so I fell to the floor! I cried out in pain again because I fell on my shoulder, which had hit the wall earlier.

He didn't stop; he clung to my hair again to bring my face closer to his. I tried to remove his grip on me. "Lambert, I-let go, you're hurting me!"

"I'm really going to hurt you!" His eyes were red with anger. "Bitch, I thought you were done, still not! Why don't you stop cheating on me, huh? When will you be satisfied with just one man!"

"Please listen to me first. I don't want that."

"Stopped crying!" He tightened the tweak on my hair. "You're so hard to believe! That idiot is here again, and you meet when I'm not around. You thought I wouldn't know?!"

"No! He just forced me to meet outside. I had no choice."

"You have a choice, Alyssa. You always have a choice! You know the wrong, you still agreed! And what did you do outside? What, do you remember your past? Then what did you do then?"

"Nothing! We just talked."

"Whore, I think you were sick? I thought you had a hard time getting out of bed for a few days. You didn't even care for me now; I took care of you. That's how you can act. To me, you're weak, and then to him, you have strength. You are making a fool of me!" Suddenly he slapped me again!

I fell to the floor again. My chest hurts, and I can't breathe from crying so much. My face was soaked with tears. "I'm sorry, Lambert."

"I'm sorry. I'm just sorry! Bitch, I'm really going fucking with you!" He threw all the pillows and kicked the small table with all his might.

Crack everyone sitting there! I was covered in my ears because of the force of the noise. Then he approached me again.

I would have crawled away in case his speed exceeded my hair. He knelt down next to me and watched me cry. "I'm tired of hearing you cry. You pushed me to do this!"

"I'm really sorry! P-please stop!"

"Then now you're going to beg me? Do you really want me to lock you here at home so you can't flirt anymore?"

I shuddered while still continuing to cry.

"That idiot, I'll silence him. I'll put him back in jail where he belongs!" He pulled my hair to make me stand up, and then suddenly, he pushed me against the wall again!

My shoulder was hit again. I screamed in pain!

I couldn't take it anymore; I slid weakly down to the floor while I was feeling nothing. I rolled my eyes, and suddenly everything went dark.

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