

Chapter 5

RENEE

“Do I really need to go see him?!’m on an IV drip.”I let out.

“I think the drip bag should be empty now.”Chad replied as he walked into the room.

I sighed as he confirmed that it was indeed empty.

Chad disconnected it and repeated.

“Mr King wants to see you urgently.”

Taking a deep breath,I sat up.It’s not like I could avoid him anytime I wanted to.

He was my husband.

I got off the bed and followed Chad downstairs.

I found Marcelo seated on his wheel chair.

The luggage I had come with was in the center of the living room and my stuff were scattered all over the ground.I hadn’t had time to unpack but what was this?

“Why did you go through my things?”I asked him.

Chad moved closer to me and explained.

“Mr King is not used to people around him,as you might’ve noticed,he is very skeptical about as you were previously engaged to his cousin so we had to search your things and…”

Before Chad could complete that,Marcelo threw something at me.

It was a small bag.

“You really are even more despicable than I thought.”

I frowned as I opened the bag.I saw a lot of small bottle of pills.I didn’t even know what the pills were,I had to read the label of each to know.

Some were aphrodisiacs,some were made to help with getting pregnant on time while some were potency-enhancing pills.

I swallowed hard.

How did this get into my luggage?

“You are so eagered to birth my child already.Is that your plan?You agreed to marry me because I’m the wealthiest man of the King family.You married me even while you obviously love Andrew.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”I slammed back at him, aggrieved.

“That box should tell you what I’m talking about.The box you had brought into my house,the box of your memories with Andrew.”He sneered.

My heart raced as I approached the box for a clearer view.

I opened it to see that there were a lot photos of me and Andrew,it felt as if we had a beautiful love story when in fact,Andrew and I never went out of a date,not even once.These photos were clearly fabricated,photoshopped!

What was going on?

I looked at more items at the box,there was heart shaped necklaces and a bracelet, there were even love letters.

“Did you seriously take me for a fool?Oh,because you heard I was crippled, you thought I could be easily manipulated,I know women like you,I’ve seen a lot like you and you’re so going to regret having the nerve to become my wife!”

I shakily stared at his cold, dispassionate eyes.

Even if this was a loveless marriage,I knew that this keepsakes was an insult to Marcelo,it was something no man would easily stomach.

“I didn’t bring any of this,I swear.Andrew and I were never…”

I paused knowing that he was never going to believe me.

Any explanation would seem like a lie and feeble excuse.

I swallowed hard and let out.”I’m sorry.”

“You are not going to last long in this house.”With that,he rode his wheelchair away.

I stared at the stuff found in my luggage trying to comprehend how it got there.

And that I recalled the night when I was packing up.

When I was done,I had gone to use the bathroom.But when I came back,I saw Catherine leaving my bedroom.

I hadn’t thought much of it because I was simply glad I was leaving that house.

So this was what she came to do?!

Catherine had always been jealous us me since we were small.

I always wondered what was there to be jealous of.

She had everything while I had nothing.

She was always given everything but once she sees me with the smallest of all things,she would want it as well.

She was not just jealous,she was purely evil to me.

That was why I wasn’t too surprised when I saw her with Andrew.

But she clearly doesn’t want Marcelo!

So why would she do this to me?

I didn’t need to think too much of the answer.She clearly doesn’t want me to live a peaceful life no matter where I go.

She wanted Marcelo to loathe me,to think of me as a gold digger and she had indeed succeeded.

I guess there was no way me and Marcelo would ever get along.

Days passed and I didn’t see Marcelo even if we live in the same house.It was as if he couldn’t stand the sight of me so he did everything not to cross paths with me.

I tried to think of it as the best though.At least, he’s not hurting me,physically.

One morning,my cellphone rang out.

It was Sarah,my closest friend.

“Hey, Sarah.”I began,as I answered the phone.

“Renee,things are not looking good.Catherine sabotaged the projects you were working on.They’ve brought in a new stylist.”As a stylist,I often worked in the same circle as Catherine and she had an habit of messing with my business.

Why can she just leave me alone?!

“I’ll look into you.”

Sarah was quiet for a moment before she drawled.

“So…you haven’t given me any update on your sudden marriage?How are you doing?Is Marcelo King everything the media says he is?”

I sighed,heavily as I walked out of my bedroom.I was still on the phone.I just wanted to go downstairs and get a drink.

“He is and worst.He’s so cruel and a total douche…”I paused on the stairs while I saw someone sitting on a couch in the living room.

My skin was littered with goosebumps when he looked my way.

It was Marcelo.

He was clad in a black suit and he looked so impeccably handsome.

He slung me a cold glance and then looked away.

I swallowed the thick lump in my throat.

Did he hear me insulting him on the phone to someone else?

Oh God.

I shouldn’t be doing anything to make him hate me more than he already does.

“I’ll call you later,”Sarah,sigh that, I hung up.

I thought about explaining myself to him.I could lie and say that I wasn’t talking about him just now.

Just as I was summoning up the courage to face him,I watched him stand up to his feet and headed for the door.

Oh boy,he was so tall and so very handsome.I will never understand why he needs to pretend to be crippled.

I never thought I could find a man’s walk so attractive.