

His Unwanted Wife- SAMPLE Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Sabrina is startled when her mother-in-law barges into her bedroom suddenly. She was sitting in front of her vanity, combing her long cherry brown hair as Vivian strolled in without so much as a knock. It was a shock really. No one came to her room, she was barely even spoken too, or even acknowledged. They hardly looked her way, but, here is her mother-in-law acting as if it was her right to barge in.

She was still wearing her black nightgown from last night and had the prissy uptight expression she kept on. Her nails were perfectly done, painted red, and her hair hung above her shoulders flawlessly straightened. Elegantly presentable as always. She nears one of the four bedposts, touching the carvings throughout while letting her vision clash with Sabrina's reflection in the mirror. "All of your things need to be moved into Nathan's bedroom."

"What for?" She married her son fourteen long, boring, months ago, and it wasn't by choice for neither party. She puts down the brush and turns in her seat. She understood keeping up the pretense when they were in public together, but she sees no reason to share a room with a man she barely knows.

"Clarissa, Jacob, and the kids will be staying with us for a while. They've sold their house faster than expected, and will be here until they found a new one."

Clarissa is Vivian and Desmond Alden's firstborn. She hasn't lived at home in years. She married and just had her fourth child only months ago. Sabrina and her elder sister-in-law met for the first time at the fake wedding. She was so sweet to a woman she thought held her brother's heart.

"Does Nathan know?" She looks back at herself and puts on her pearl earrings.

"Yes, and he's not happy about it."

"Well, that makes the two of us."

Vivian rolls her eyes.

Clarissa and their younger daughter Baylee have no idea that their brother's marriage is a big sham. The only people who knew were their parents, and the maids and butlers are not blind but they're paid well.

"When do they arrive?" Sabrina remembers to ask just before Vivian's hand touched the doorknob to leave.

"Next week. Get Wanda to help you." She orders before shutting the door.

She finds herself alone on the bed remembering how her life got to this point. Her father begged her to get married by pushing the guilt of his cancer on her. The last thing she wanted was to marry a man who didn't want her. It hurt her more than she thought possible. Fourteen months of living in her room reading her life away, and with her stubborn attitude, she refused to ask for anything.

It wasn't supposed to hurt her that these people hated her. It wasn't supposed to feel good when her husband kissed her at the altar.

Her husband wasn't supposed to be forced to marry her either.

How is she going to sleep in the same room with a man who can't stand her? A man who let the maid show her to her room on their wedding night. Her eyes unintentionally close themselves as she recalls that part.

Nathan is a twenty-seven-year-old, strong, built man of 6.4, with hazel eyes and black short hair. His body is sculpted like a Greek god. The only reason she knew that is because she watched him on their honeymoon. Yes, they had to go on one. For some reason, it was very important to keep up the illusion.

The whole week they spent in Bermuda, he ignored her and focused on work and his phone. The room had one bed, and he chose to sleep away from her, on the sofa. It didn't stop her from taking her eye full of him. She hated it but she was attracted to him. She watched him take off his clothes before he showered in the morning; She watched him swim in the indoor pool they had in their suit. She was hot and bothered the entire trip, but although she was having all of these feelings, she didn't really want him near her.

She couldn't let a repeat of the honeymoon happen. She decided very quickly, as she pressed the elegant, simple, white dress she wore; and smoothing the

wrinkles out of it. "I have to do something." This would be unbearable otherwise.

Leaving her bedroom, she walks through the long hallways and up the stairs. That's where the master bedrooms were located and everything else, including her bedroom, was downstairs. The mansion was so enormous if you weren't looking for someone, you wouldn't find anyone.

Ned, one of the butlers, looks surprised to see her as she walks toward his direction. She doesn't ever go up there, but she had to finally do something. Her life was stuck in limbo, and she felt like she couldn't breathe, being confined, and hidden in a guest bedroom.

"Is Mr. Alden in his room?" She asks.

"Yes, ma'am. I believe he is."

"Thank you." She passed multiple large brown doors on the way and finally reached his room. She knocks lightly and swallows down a knot that built up in her throat.

He swings the door open and stands there glaring at her confusingly. He was wearing an open button-up white collard-shirt and looked as if he was getting dressed for the day. His collar and sleeves were unfolded and the scent of his body wash lingered beneath her nose. What made her even more nervous was his gaze slowly traveling her body.

She knew exactly what she came here to say only, now she can't seem to get it out. Eyes transfixed on him and nervously playing with her fingers.

"I...um...I..."

He glances at his Rolex, giving her a clear warning that she is wasting his time.

"I just wanted to ask you something." She finally got out.

He glances back at the bed, then back at her. "I don't have time, but, we can discuss it over breakfast. I'll be down in a minute. He pushes his door close.

She runs down and sits at the dining room table feeling like a complete moron. Why couldn't she just say what she had to say? Why did he have to make her so damn nervous?

He had a tendency of doing that to everyone. Even before she married him, she heard about him. A no-nonsense type of man. He took his father's company from being worth millions to billions. Her father would read the business section of the newspaper like it was his bible, and so she saw many stories about the Alden family. She would read about his ruthless tactics and aggressive rise to the top.

Never once in all those years did her father mention knowing anyone of them.

She was brought out of her thoughts by the smell of her favorite. Chocolate croissants.

Ned enters and sets breakfast down. Two seconds later Nathan enters and pulls up a chair.

Once again, she was nervous and didn't look up at him.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" He starts his meal.

She takes a bite, swallows, and slowly lifts her head to meet his eyes. Her mouth opens, and a little gasp of air escapes. He rarely looks at her, and all his attention on her at once was starting to make her thought process a bit sluggish.

Seeming to lose his patience with her speechlessness, he shakes his head and gives some of that attention to his plate.

"I'm really bored. I... I want to get a job, or maybe volunteer somewhere. Is it ok with you?"

He raises a brow but doesn't reply. He eats and eats and after a few minutes pass with still no reply, she wondered if he might answer at all. The moments of silent awkwardness we're just dragging on.

Finally, after what felt like ages, he responds. "Do what you want. Make sure your back before security leaves their post."

She always thought security mans the gate 24/7. It didn't matter anyway, she was sure she would be back in time before they left.

"Ok." She bites her lips joyfully. "Thank you."

Nathan seemed to go out of his way to avoid her. Her bedroom was on the opposite end of the house, and on a different floor. He never looked at, or directly spoke to her. Today was the first time they ate together. She normally waited until she knew everyone else was done with their food. No one ever came looking for her, including Nathan. Who could blame him? She had no clue what her father was blackmailing him about.

Ben Reed, her father, refused to tell her anything. She begged and pleaded with him not to make her get married. "I'm only 22." She fought. His only answer was that he had his reasons. He did tell her that he would make sure she was never mistreated.

"You will be taken care of, and you will know how soon enough." She kept protesting and even packed her bags in the middle of the night. She was caught at the door.

"I'm dying Sabrina." Her father admitted. "I'm no longer responding to chemo." She had her hand on the front door handle when he spoke. He stood in the doorway of their kitchen with a cup of something warm in his hands. "I know this isn't fair to you. But, please just trust me. Marry him. It's the last thing I'll ever ask from you."

Tears leaked out of her eyes. She's not a crier that was the second time she's ever cried in her life.

She ran to her father embracing him and weeping violently. "Please tell me you're lying."

She was one hundred percent a daddy's girl. His spoiled princesses. "All three of his girls he would say." Her mother Mariel, and sister Gracie, included. She took care of her father whenever her mother wasn't around and so they grew extra close.

"What do you need to work for?" Nathan interrupts her train of thought.

Blinking up she remembers Nathan was still sitting there and watching her.

"I don't...I guess...Something to do really."

One of his eyebrows rises again. He stands up and drops a napkin on the table. "Have fun."

Desmond Alden strides into the dining room. Just as his son walks out. He didn't look happy to see her. He immediately looks away. They made sure she felt unwanted. No one spoke to her except Nathan's older sister Clarissa.

Nathan's younger sister Baylee suspected something from the very beginning. She made sure Sabrina knew too. Not even an hour before the wedding she was confronted. Baylee catches her in the dressing room, grabs by the shoulders, and pulls her away from the mirror "Are you pregnant?" She demanded an answer.

"No." She removes Baylee's hand from touching her, and then pulls the train of dress from under her six-inch heel.

"Then why the hell is he marrying you? And why the hell is everyone so silent about it?"

"Why don't you ask your brother?" She had enough of everyone treating her like an unwanted guest of her own wedding.

"I know my brother, and he never wanted marriage. Now I'm back from school, and suddenly he's getting married?" She shakes her head. "And he definitely doesn't look happy."

"I'm going to ask again then...Why don't you ask your brother? Ask him why he has a sour face. Tell him, I'd like to know too"

She was angry. All this came down on her shoulders like a truck. All she wanted to do was make her father happy.

Baylee glares at her with her hands on her hips. "I hear the two of you are moving into the Alden mansion." She smirks. "Good luck."

Sabrina returns to the present. She leaves the tables, goes into her bedroom, and drops on the bed. She wished she could go back to how it was.

Her mom was a nurse in a hospital, and her father managed a factory warehouse. They were taught right from wrong, got an allowance every week, and ate dinner together every night. She always wanted what her parents had. A happy home and family. Now a very unlikely dream.

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