

His Unwanted Wife- SAMPLE Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Watching Nathan this past year, she's grown increasingly attracted to him. He was always dressed well, wearing suits and ties that were pressed neatly. He always smelled high of cologne and was always clean-shaven. His hands and how not only did they look strong, but they felt strong too.

A knock on the door suddenly startles her.

She looks around like there was evidence of her thoughts laying around.
"Come in."

It's Ned with a tray and a smile. "Here you go, Ma'am, I told the chef to add your raspberry lemonade just like you like."

Ned was a sweet man of his sixties. Having no one to talk to she made a lot of small talk with him. It led to discussions about his kids and grandkids. It was sad because he didn't get to see them much.

"Thank you, Ned."

"I've heard you're not doing well. He hands her two pills. "Here, muscle relaxers."

"Yeah, a little sore." She takes it and Ned excuses himself.

She eats her breakfast, swallows her pills, and silently thanks god she doesn't have to walk.

Then Wanda Knocks lightly and enters. "Ma'am, phone for you."

"Hello." She answers.

"Hi, sweetie. How are you?." It was her mother. It was really hard speaking to her. It was really hard speaking to anyone in her family. It almost made her want to cry.

Hearing the love off her mother's voice compared to talking to no one will do that to you. She tells herself.

"I miss you, Mom." She mumbles softly.

"I miss you too, baby." Mariel's voice was filled with sorrow. She didn't want to send her daughter to get married. Once Sabrina agreed with her father it was two against one. She knew the guilt would have eaten her daughter alive had she not fulfilled her father's wishes. Sabrina was more stubborn than him and so it made no sense to protest.

"Mom, please don't cry." This is why they spoke weeks at a time. Her mother could barely get out a word.

"How is dad?"

It sounded like Mariel was clearing her stuffy nose and drying her wet eyes. "He's not getting any better, sleeping in his chair right now." She pauses "Your sister would like to talk to you."

"Hey sis...miss you. When are you coming home?" Gracie turned eighteen a few months ago and is going to start college soon. She thinks her sister is living a blessed life with a loving husband. It would break her heart to know the truth...

Mustering her most cheerful voice.

"Hi, I miss you too...And I don't know when."

"Come on Sabrina, Mom cries every time she hears your name. I know your husband is Mr.busy, but why can't you come alone?"

She has told her sister many lies over the past year but the truth was it hurts too much to see her father dying. She knew if she went there she wouldn't want to come back. "I'll think about it."

She talks to her sister for a few more minutes catching up on her life and then limps in her bathroom for a hot shower.

After getting out, her muscles felt less tense. The medication was definitely helping. She gets dressed and looks at her watch. It was only nine. The shelter doesn't open until eleven.

Feeling wobbly she rested herself back on the bed.

Not even a minute later there was a knock at her door. "Come in."

Wanda enters with a bellhop cart. "Mr. Alden instructed me to pack your things and have them move upstairs, Ma'am."

She knew not to wonder which Mr. Alden, Nathan's father pretended she didn't exist.

"Does it have to be done today?"

"I'm sorry Ma'am, those are my orders."

She dreaded packing. She kinda hoped it wasn't real.

Wanda told her to stay in bed and sleep but she couldn't listen. It wasn't in her to watch someone do something for her without helping at least. "These are my things, and if you want my permission to touch them you have to let me help."

Wanda had no choice.

They spent over an hour folding clothes when Sabrina looks at the time.

"Oh. We have to finish later, I need to go." She pushes her out the door quickly.

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Elroy is her limo driver's name. He was waiting on the driveway when she came out.

"I was told to be here at your services, Ma'am." He greets her.

Seven minutes of driving is all it took to get there. Her legs hurt just thinking about her walk the last two days.

She spent the whole day with Tony laughing and working. Forgetting all her problems. Her back began to hurt but she didn't let it bother her.

While feeding the animals their dinner, she built up the courage to ask Tony what she's been itching to. "Hey, Tony."

Yeah." She was reading a magazine munching on leftover Chinese food they had ordered.

"I saw a letter on your desk yesterday, an offer from Alden enterprises. I have to know. Did you accept it?"

Tony looks at her organized desk.

"No, I don't want to sell. Who else would help these animals? You think these rich people care?" She shrugs it off and stuffs her face.

"Do you know what they want the land for?"

"No. Probably just to get me off of it." She didn't finish chewing to answer.

Sabrina didn't want to press anymore.

"You know, I've been trying to get a loan for a long time now. I have good credit and have been using the same bank for years. For some reason, they keep denying me.

"What do you think it is?"

"I don't know, I'm sure I might find out talking to one of the Alden's. They think because they've got money and own almost everything in this town, they can say who should or shouldn't own a business here. They could make me offers to double there last one, and I would still refuse."

She was obviously frustrated with the situation.

It made Sabrina question whether or not to tell her who she was married to. Would she feel a betrayal if she didn't? "I'm married to Nathan Alden." She blurts out.

She didn't want to say she was his wife. She didn't feel like a wife.

Tony stops chewing.

"I don't deal with any of his business though. I don't have anything to do with it. I just like animals and would rather spend my day here, than waiting for my nails to dry." She inserts before there was any misunderstanding.

"You don't seem like one of them." Tony points with her fork.

"I'm not. Not by blood anyway."

"What do you see in him? You don't look like the type of girl after money. So what is it?"

She was caught her off guard with that question. She could tell her that she was guilt-tripped into marrying him and she didn't know why. But that wouldn't be smart, would it? She shrugs her shoulders instead and turns her attention elsewhere.

Later that day...

As soon as she sat back in the car, it felt so good to relax, and as soon as she moved to get out, she felt all her aches and pains. The sore muscles she couldn't ignore anymore. She slowly inched her way up the front stairs and was so happy about her room being downstairs.

When she gets there though, more than half of her things are gone. Looking to her left, Wanda was packing all of her perfumes and jewelry.

"I really would have liked for you to have waited for me."

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I..."

"I gave her permission to touch your things." Nathan stood leaning in the doorway with his arms folded and his gaze on her.. "You're causing unnecessary delay."

"I just would have preferred to help." She turns and puts her hands on her hips.

"Go lay down... Ned will be up with your dinner."

"I don't want to lay down." She moves to help Wanda but gasps when she feels a firm hand on her wrist pulling her back. His grasp was electrifying.

"Look at you. You can't even walk properly. What kind of help would you be?" He keeps them inches apart. "Stop being stubborn and go lay down."

"No." She shakes her head.

His jaw tightens and so does his hold. "Wanda, leave us." He orders.

His glare doesn't move from her as the older woman quickly passes them. He bends his knees coming back up with her on his shoulder.

"Ahh!" She screams as she's carried and dropped on the bed. Her hands fly above her, and he catches them pinning her down. "What have you been doing? Huh?"

She was so confused. She told him already. "I told you..."

He searches her features intensely, staring down as if he was trying to figure her out.

She begins panting when he slides one of his hands down her wrist unexpectedly, and brushes hair from her forehead. His focus then shifts to her lips, and then her eyes, and then back to her lips again.

Her heart slams against her rib cage. It was overwhelming.

He leans down and...

Vivian barges into the room. She just doesn't knock. They both quickly separate. He stands up pushing his hands in his pocket and she sits up trying to gain control of her breathing.

Vivian's eyes travel back and forth from her face to his.

He clears his throat. "Stay in bed." He orders before briskly exiting the room.

Vivian burns her with her glare for a few seconds before leaving. It was obvious that she was livid; boiling so hot her pot was about to overflow.

Sabrina smiles. It was a bit satisfying honestly.

The next morning was Saturday.

While stretching out of her sleep she tilts her head to her nightstand and looks at the clock. It was eight-thirty. Her brows join when she notices a phone and envelope on the nightstand.

She adjusts herself to sit up and opens the envelope. Inside was a bank card, blank checks, and account information. All with her name on them. Sabrina Abigail Alden.

She reached over and grabbed the new phone. She was excited for a new toy. She immediately opens it up, and is about to call her mom when she notices some numbers already saved. Nathan's cell, Nathan's, office,

Nathan's home. Nathan's secretary one and two, and Elroy's cell. She thought it was kinda sweet that he put all of that in for her.

She changes her mind about calling her mother for now. When she spoke to anyone in her family she had to face reality. Her father dying is reality. She quickly blocks out that thought and whips her head around to look at all the packing left to do.

She brushes her teeth, changes into a comfortable short black romper, and gets started. A while passes before Wanda enters. "Oh, you're up. I was asked to check on you. I'll have Ned bring your breakfast."

When Ned comes up later, she asks "Did you bring this?" She holds up the phone.

"No, ma'am. Mr. Alden brought it himself."

The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end.

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