

## His Unwanted Wife- SAMPLE Chapter 4 - Chapter 4

### Chapter 4: Chapter 4

The entire weekend was spent packing and unpacking. She wasn't allowed to carry anything up but it didn't stop her.

Nathan's room was extremely large for no reason. Cali king bed surrounded by all black furniture, and a large flat screen on the wall. Plush carpet that felt like a teddy bear under her toes. The bathroom had double sinks, a shower with double heads, and Jacuzzi. The closet was a bedroom on its own. Black, grey, and blue suits and ties hanging meticulously. White-collared shirts neatly folded and stacked on the shelves and there were empty ones that were now filled with her things.

It was Monday so she took a quick peek at where all her things were and headed to the shelter while mentally blocking out the fact that she was coming back to sleep there.

There was still a lot to do, especially yard work which they have yet to start.

Having no equipment and in need of a few things for safety reasons they take a trip to the hardware store.

While she stands beside Tony in aisle four looking at a lawnmower, the first time, her phone, dings in her hand. She looks at it confusingly. It was a text message.

Nathan's cell. "Where are you?"

Tony decides to add the lawnmower to the cart and they keep moving.

Why did he want to know? Why did he care? Since when did he care? She pondered this hearing Tony in the background halfway down the aisle muttering something.

More than likely it was because his sister and her family are arriving tonight and he wants her to pretend that she was his loving wife.

She hits reply. "I'm at the hardware store." Sent.

They pick up wet floor signs and concrete to fix the hole in the pathway.

Ding! Her phone goes off again. Tony minds her own business looking around and she reads her text.

Nathan's cell. "With who?"

Why did he all of a sudden want to know? She didn't ask him where he was and who he was with. She lets out a breath of air and hits reply.

"The shelter owner. Tony." Sent.

They finish up in the store and head back. She didn't get another text from him, and she didn't expect one.

Later... In the backyard, the cats and dogs run loose and the smell of fresh-cut grass fills the air. Sabrina throws a ball as far as she could and watches as the dogs run after it.

"Sabrina!" She hears Tony call from behind. "Someone's here to see you."

She turns to see her stunning husband in a grey suit walking towards her.

Tony goes back to her office leaving them alone.

Nathan gives her once over; sliding his gaze down her legs and back up. She wore a pair of denim shorts that showed off her slim, smooth legs and a tight-fitting tank-top.

"What are you doing here?" She asks just as he stops inches from her body.

He looks down at the dogs and the two cats brave enough to join them surrounding his legs. "So this is what you've been doing?"

"I told you." She crosses her arms.

"Why?" He asks

"Why?" Her brows join. "Do I need a reason why?"

He inches closer to her. "You have everything you could ever want. Living the pampered life your daddy handed you. So tell me, why shouldn't I ask why you wanna play in the dirt with dogs?"

"Maybe I like dogs, and I'm not afraid of dirt."

They glare at each other for what felt like an eternity. She could hear the rapid pounding of her heart. Then... "Let's go." He grips her arms and pulls her with force.

"Where are we going?" She twisted her hand.

"My sister returns tonight, and you should be there when she arrives." He drags her through the building.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Tony." She calls out as she passes her office.

Nathan shoves her into the limo and slides in next to her. His body rubs against hers while pushing her a seat over. She gasps. He was so warm and hard. Her body tingles at the close proximity. What is it about him?

No man as ever affected her like this. His aura read dominate, and she refused to be dominated. When she's around him, it was like being under a spell. Just his scent made her feel like she was entering a hot tub on a cold winter day.

"We're going to play house." He interrupts her about to turn erotic thoughts. "So make sure to play the happy wife."

Yep... she knew it, that's what all this attention on her was about. She might have forgotten for a second, but she knew.

She crosses her arms and challenges him with squinting eyes. "I have a question. Are you going to play a happy husband? and... are you capable of playing one?"

He had his forearms on his knees and was looking at the floor up until she finished speaking. He leans over and places a hand on the bare skin of her thigh. "Wanna see?"

Her mouth opens in disbelief. Quickly she knocks it away and snaps her neck to focus out the window. She didn't expect that. He was cold and non-existent normally; she thought maybe he might give her an eye-roll

She closes her eyes and leans back. For whatever reason, their secret needed to stay hidden, and they were determined to do that.

They arrive home minutes later. She quickly runs in the direction of her room.

"That's not your room anymore... He shouts out the reminder from behind. She about-faces and heads to her new room. Temporally.

Only when she closes the door does it register that she no longer has anywhere to hide. Her only place to escape was gone.

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Dripping wet from a shower, wearing a fluffy white towel, she cracks the bathroom door and peeks her head out. No one was there so she picked out a floral dress that hugged her midsection nicely and got dressed. She was looking at herself in the mirror when she realized that Nathan was leaning upon the door frame watching her.

"Clarissa's here." He extends his hand towards her. "Come."

She finished putting on her sapphire necklace and gives him her shaking hand.

Every nerve ending in her body went on alert. His touch was surprisingly gentle, warm, and comforting.

Her right foot reached the bottom step and she was pushed by a little boy. It causes her to fall into Nathan. He steadies her by grabbing her hips. "You're okay." He assures her.

The tone of his voice made her want to melt in his arms. She grabs his hand adjusting herself back up. Her legs were still weak.

"Who's this lady?" The little boy asks.

"This is my wife, Dylan."

Sabrina almost choked on her tongue. She had to remind herself to keep breathing. His wife...

"You have a wife?" An older girl walks over and stands behind Dylan.

Nathan puts his hand on her lower back. "Don't you remember the wedding Alyssa?" He asks his eldest niece. "Ooh yeah! I forgot." She pauses inspecting Sabrina. "She's pretty."

"Thank you. And so are you, with those gorgeous green eyes of yours."

Alyssa blushes and pulls her away from Nathan. "Come." She leads her to the kitchen where her mom, dad, and other siblings are standing around.

"Hi, Sabrina." Clarissa greets her with a hug.

"How are you doing? Any bun in the oven yet?"

Her eyes widened. She didn't get a chance to answer when Nathan was near her again.

"You don't think that's too much too fast?" He intercepts.

She moves away from him and introduced herself to Jacob, little Emmie, and baby Matthew who was still sleeping.

Then she finds a spot by the counter and feels Nathan's hand on her again. He gently rubs her lower back horizontally. He really did know how to play the loving husband.

She notices Matthew waking from sleep in his car seat and picks him up.

She cradled him and gazed at his little everything in fascination.

He's going to scream his head off any minute." Clarissa hands her a bottle.

She gladly takes it, feeds, burps, and rocks him back to sleep in her arms.

Kids were screaming, and conversations were going on, but she zoned in on the baby. Then it came crashing down. She was snapped back to the real world when Vivian demanded her grandchild.

Reluctantly, she hands him back and focuses her attention on the conversation around the kitchen. Jacob was telling Nathan about a couple of houses they saw nearby. They didn't like any.

The house got crazier when movers started walking past and with Vivian around, she felt uncomfortable. The woman's glare was flamethrowers. They kept sending her a message you don't belong here. This is her family, and Sabrina was completely unwanted.

So she decides to sneak away. She finds the kids playing under the dining room table. She asks Ned, who was watching them if there are any snacks in

the kitchen. He nods his head with a smile and brings her some cookies...  
"Come, sit with me." She bribes them.

They happily join her sitting in the seats near her.

"So tell me about school."

Alyssa chews. "I'm in the fourth grade and Dylan is in second grade. Emmie just turned three and Mommy says she's too young for school, and Matthew is still a baby". "I had a going away party at school. I'm never going back."

"Oh really? Are you going to miss your friends?"

"I don't miss my friends. They said they didn't like me anymore because I'm moving away." Dylan answers before Alyssa could.

"That's ok. You'll make new ones." She assures him while stretching her hand out to the side of his head and rubbing it through his hair.

Emmie comes over and sits on her lap. She hasn't heard her utter a word yet but, she likes cookies. "Are we supposed to call you uncle Nathan's wife?" Alyssa asks.

She giggles and shakes her head. "No. You can just call me Sabrina."

Suddenly feeling like someone was watching her, she turns to look and sees Nathan's leaning against the wall. He was staring and didn't bother to look away when he was caught. She looks away. A feeling of anticipation arrived and was sitting in her stomach.

"Uncle Nathan, how come Sabrina didn't come to Grandma Margaret's birthday party?"

He pushes himself off the wall and pulls out a chair next to Sabrina where Emmie was sitting.

"Because that's your father's mother and we don't know her. Remember? Alyssa."

"Oh yeah." She takes the last bite of her cookie and looks around. "What about my birthday party? Why didn't she come to that? Swallowing she adds "You did."

He appeared to have been at a loss for words. He was about to speak when Sabrina grabbed the forearm he had rested on the table to silence him.

"I'll come to the next one, right Uncle Nathan?" She looks at him smiling. Fully believing her own words.

He nods his head when their eyes meet." Yes." He agrees.

She didn't know if he was just agreeing for Alyssa's sake, but the look in his eyes made her wonder if he was seeing her for the first time.

"Cookies at this time of night!" Who gave them cookies? Vivian enters with a distraught face.

Sabrina bites down on her lips and squeezes her eyes shut about to fess up.

"Relax mom." It was Clarissa's voice.

Emma jumped out of Sabrina's arms and ran to her mother. " They don't have to sleep for a while, and it's not like they get to see their aunt and uncle often."

Vivian holds her tongue and calls her grandkids to see their grandfather who just arrived home. She passes Jacob who enters with Matthew.

"Don't let my mother's short temper bother you. She'll never get used to another woman having her only son's love. She didn't think she would see the day." Clarissa had moved to sit on one end of the table next to Sabrina. Jacob was in front of Sabrina and near his wife, and Nathan was beside his.

Sabrina shifts to block Nathan out of her peripheral vision. She wanted to tell Clarissa that's not the reason why. Knowing that wasn't a good idea she nods instead and directs her attention to Jacob. "Can I hold him?"

He stands while handing her Matthew over the table.

"So how's married life? I actually wanted to come back home after your wedding, just to see you be a husband." Clarissa spoke to her brother.

"It's good." He didn't bother looking her way, he kept his focus Sabrina holding his sleeping nephew. His little hands were wrapped around her finger as she gazed lovingly at him.

"How did you guys meet? You never told me." She was still talking to her brother, but that didn't stop Sabrina from tensing up.

He clears his throat. "I had a business trip near her hometown. I got a little lost and stopped at a bar to get directions. She was waitressing and caught my attention."

"What did you do? I have to know. It's just so not like you." Clarissa persisted.

"I made her my wife, Clarissa..." He greets his teeth... What do you think, I'm one of your girlfriends?"

The question made Jacob laugh. "Clair, guys don't give details, especially not to their sisters. He grabs his wife's hand and laughs a little more.

Sabrina gets tense again when she feels a large hand on her lower back.

"Ok, fine laugh." Clarissa removes her hands from her husband and focuses her attention on her sister-in-law.

"You look good holding him. Am I going to be an aunt soon?"

Nathan suddenly removed his hands, and it helps her relax a little bit. "Um..." How should She answer this? She turns to look at him and she knew she wasn't going to get any help there, he seemed a bit amused.

"I don't think anytime soon." She answered feeling light tugs oh her head. Which indicated Nathan was playing with her hair. Examining it actually.

"Sabrina look!" Alyssa shouts. Grandma gave us Apple slices. She says it's healthier than cookies." She and Dylan ran into the room, and Emma ran to her daddy.

"Yes and they taste good too," Sabrina replies.

A mover enters. "They are done putting the boxes inside. Where would you like the furniture?" He asks.

The conversation is luckily broken. Sabrina involves herself in a whispered conversation between her and the kids when Vivian takes the baby from her. She then noticed she was the only one left at the table.

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