

His Unwanted Wife- SAMPLE Chapter 6 - Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

Nathan places Emmie on the bed when his phone suddenly rings. He answers and takes the call inside the closet.

At the same time, Sabrina was going to get her sleepwear and ended up following him in.

It just so happened that he decided to stand in front of the drawer she put all of her pajamas in. His back was facing her, and he was talking about some deal that couldn't get screwed up when she neared and was about to tap him on the shoulder, but he turned and they met gazes instead.

He squinted his eyes, asking her silently what she wanted.

She opens her mouth and before she could say, he unexpectedly stretches out his free hand and pushes the hair from near her eye. He was so gentle it had her weak in the knees. She flinches away unintentionally. It was the unexpectedness of it all. It was the sudden feeling of wanting to just melt into his solid arms.

He drops his hand and turns away. He babbles on about reports and statistics and while doing so, she takes the opportunity to pick out her clothes and slip out.

It was still a little early so she pulls out a novel by her favorite author and absorbs herself in it.

She finishes a chapter and notices that he had undressed, and was watching an action movie on the other side of the bed.

Before she knew it, she was watching it too. She loved action movies, comedies, romantic movies, any kind of movie. There wasn't a tv in her old room, and she missed just watching tv. She puts down the book, and couldn't help but sneak a peek at Nathan. He was sitting back with two pillows behind his back and one arm behind his head.

An unwanted idea runs across her mind. The thought of moving closer came to her brain and as fast as it came is as fast as she yanks it right out.

Back to the movie. An hour later, he gets up to open the door for Dylan and Alyssa. As soon as he closes it, a fight breaks out. Neither one of them wanted to sleep near Emmie. "She kicks," Alyssa complained.

"And takes up all the space on the bed," Dylan adds. They come to the conclusion that Emmie would sleep between Nathan and Sabrina.

Sabrina scoots to the middle of the bed.

Dylan lay beside her and Alyssa near him. On the other side of Emmie is Nathan. If she angled her foot right she could touch him.

"Tomorrow, I get to sleep next to Auntie Sabrina." Alyssa yawned.

Nathan groans and turns his back facing her. It was obvious he didn't like their plans.

The tv comes off, and the room gets dark and quiet. Soon, snoring comes from all three kids. Then the adults fall asleep too.

"Ouch..!" Sabina wakes to her hair being pulled.

Nathan is startled out of his sleep. "You ok?" His hand reaches over falling on her side.

"Yeah...Alyssa and Dylan weren't lying, Emmie is a bad sleeper."

He sits up, puts the lights on, and sees that Emmie's was laying horizontally with her toes curled up in Sabrina's hair.

He leans over and helps untangle the mess.

"Thank you." She whispers.

"Yeah..." He kneels and lifts Emmie, setting her between her brother and sister.

"Sleep there." He tilts his head to his side.

"It's ok, I'm fine."

Ignoring her, he cuts the lights off and moves near Dylan inches away from her. The whole night she felt his breathing and warmth radiating from him.

She thought as she drifted asleep she might be feeling his heartbeat as well but then it could be hers...

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In the morning, it happened again. She was startled awake. When she opens her eyes, Emmie is straddling her with a frown. "Hungee." She whines.

She looks at the clock, 6:02 AM it said. She then glances at the other side of the bed and Nathan wasn't there, but she could hear the shower running.

Groggily, she sits up, rubs her eyes, lifts Emmie, and heads to the kitchen.

Clarissa was already there. "I've been waiting for my early bird to come down." She smiles and takes Emmie from her arms.

"She said she's hungry."

"I know she would be, she's like clockwork. I already made some eggs and toast for her."

Sabrina was about to go back to bed but Clarissa stops her.

"Hey, I'm sorry about last night." She apologizes. "I did say something was weird on your wedding day, but it was because Nathan didn't look happy at first..."

She interrupts. "It's ok...There's no need for this."

"No, listen to me." Clarissa touches her arm. "Then, I saw the way he looked at you. It's not as easy for Baylee to see. Our parent's marriage made all three of us never want to get married. Baylee, I guess... just feels more strongly about it. When I got married, she took it hard. She told me I was crazy and didn't speak to me for a month. Nathan was fully on her side." She puts Emmie on the counter and gives her a plate.

"My parent's marriage was loveless. We watched them all our lives thinking that is what marriage was. I tried to tell Baylee one marriage doesn't make them all. She just can't see it my way."

"I think she might need to find that right person to change her mind."

Clarissa smiles and nods as she fills Emmie's sippy cup. "Yes, I think you're absolutely right. I mean, Jacob changed my mind, and you changed Nathan's. She just has to meet the right person."

She was starting to feel horrible. She didn't want Clarissa to treat her nicely or to apologize, and now she was confiding in her about her parent's marriage and lives. Guilt was eating at her. Her brother didn't love her, and her sister was half right. She smiles. What else was she supposed to do?

Nathan was just coming out of the closet when she gets back to the room. He was clean-shaven and striking in his black suit.

She hops back into her warm bed, covers up, and closes her eyes. Then was forced to open them again. He was standing over her fixing his belt.

"I have a charity event tonight. You will be attending with me."

She was very aware of the fact that he didn't ask. "I can't. I have to help Tony finish up some repairs at the shelter."

The only thing you have to do is be ready by seven" He put a lot of emphasis on the word have. He finishes fixing his belt and continues to glare at her.

"Why? Haven't you been doing just fine without me at these things?" She knew she could be back by seven, but it's the way he asked that made her protest.

"Don't question me, Sabrina. Just be ready by seven."

She sits up not feeling sleepy anymore. "What if I'm not ready by seven?" She challenges him.

He visually appeared mad. Clenched jaw and a penetrating stare. "You're lucky they're here." He points over to the sleeping Alyssa and Dylan.

She wanted to stand up and ask why again, but her better judgment got the best of her.

"If you're not here when I get home tonight." He points at her. "when I find you. Not if Sabrina, when... You're not going like what I do to you, and I don't care who watches."

Nathan rakes his fingers through his hair. "You're my wife, and your obligations are to me. Not to some god damn animal shelter." He storms out of the room not giving her a chance to protest more.

She takes a deep breath. She was reeling from his words. He ignores her all of their marriage and now wants to demand time from her. She didn't demand anything from him. She didn't question him or expect time with him. He probably took so many different women to his bed over the past year, and she was supposed to be obligated to him?

The day flew by. Sabrina's phone rang with an alarm reminding her of the time. She told Tony she couldn't stay until closing today and she didn't mind. They were making great progress.

She gets home a little after six. The mansion was quiet. No one looked to be home. Not that she would know.

She showers and puts on a black, long, backless dress with a slit on the side. It was simple and elegant. That's the kind of clothes she likes. It's one of the few things she bought. She then puts on some light makeup and a yellow Sapphire bracelet her father had given her.

When Nathan arrived, she was in the closet picking out a black pair of heels.

"God damn it!" He hisses as he picks up his phone. "Elroy, where's my wife?" He was silent for a moment as he listened.

Sabrina goes to the doorway and watches him. His stance was stiff, and he had his back facing her. "What do you mean you didn't see her leave? She's supposed to leave with you." He growls.

"I'm right here." Her soft voice makes him swing his neck.

"I found her" He hangs up. His chest visually drains of air. "Where were you?"

Her brows quirk up. "In the closet?"

He doesn't reply. He shoves his hands into his pockets and slowly checks her out, dragging his hooded eyes up and down her curves shamelessly. Subtle lust described his glare. "Wow." He mumbles.

She ignores the compliment. "Elroy's not just a limo driver is he?"

"He's not a limo driver." He confirms.

"Why?"

"Why do you think Sabrina? For your safety. Your father isn't the only one able to scheme for money, and you're prime target."

"Why would you care about my safety? Wouldn't that solve your problem?" She didn't know the exact reason behind her father's actions. She assumed it was money, and she couldn't understand how her marrying Nathan benefits anyone.

"What kind of person do you think I am?" He waits for her to answer and when she looks down at her feet he abruptly stalks out of the room.

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CHARITY EVENT

Their table had ten other people sitting around, all wealthy businessmen with beautiful women beside.

Nathan introduced her as his wife to everyone and kept his hand on her lower back even when she was sitting. It was nice but annoying at the same time. She did her best to ignore it and listen to the conversations about politics that kept coming up. Then dinner was served and an older gentleman convinced the other men to have a cigar before they started the bidding.

Nathan turns to her. "I'll be right back. Don't move."

She nods. She didn't plan on moving anyway. She pulls her phone out her clutch and googles the name of a guy she just met. Oil tycoon is the first thing she sees. She was reading up on the details of his life and company when out of the corner of her eye, she sees a man sitting in Nathan's seat. At first, she thinks it's him.

"Hi, I'm Jason." He introduces himself. He doesn't extend his hand, he keeps elbows on the table. He was kinda handsome, blond hair and green eyes.

She narrows her eyes at him but doesn't reply.

Then the thought occurred to her. What if he was a business associate of Nathan's and she was being rude. "Hi." She smiles lightly.

"Nathan's date? He asks."

She wanted to say his wife, however, she still didn't feel right saying it. "Yes."

"What are you doing with that brute? Come home with me tonight." He smirks.

Sabrina laughed so hard all the other women at the table zoned in on her.
"You're forward aren't you?"

"I like what I see." He reaches over and attempts to move hair from her face.
She instantly leans back.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Nathan stood behind them.

Jason stands. "You left your date here alone. I was just keeping her company."

Nathan grabs him by his shirt like a viper whipping his body at its prey. "That's my wife..."

He grins. One of those evil grins. "That's not what she said."

His brows sink in and then he smiles. Only his was sexy Sabrina thought. He pulls back his right arm and connects with Jason's jaw.

Security was only a few seconds away. "Don't touch me... He orders before he's touched.

"We're leaving." He grabs his wife and pulls her out of the venue. Then he calls the limo driver to pick them up. The whole time his grip was tightening on her wrist. "What the hell was that?" He yells.

She was still in shock from what transpired, and short of breath. He walks really fast. She was thinking. "He came over to the table and sat next to me." She explains

"So that means you have to flirt with him?"

She grabs the hand that he had on her wrist. "You're hurting me."

He slackens immediately. She could see the look of regret as he clenched his jaw. "I'm sorry."

Her mouth ajar slightly. Wow, he was saying sorry.

When the car pulls up, he guides her in. She slides over this time remembering the last incident "I wasn't flirting." She continues her explanation. "Why are you so upset? How many women have you had sex with, let alone flirt with, since we got married?"

He glares at her sinisterly. This was the angriest she has seen him by far. He was grinding his teeth and his fingers were rubbing together like he was itching to use them but was holding back.

"You can hardly expect me to claim status as your wife." She continues pushing at his blinking red buttons.

He grabs her arm unexpectedly, hauling her up to meet his eyes. "You are my wife. Isn't that why you married me? Or is there another reason?"

Her eyes went wide. "Why do you keep asking me that?"

"Because I want to hear you say it."

"Why?" She whispered.

He didn't know how to answer that. The truth was he wanted to hate her. He wanted her to say she liked to sleep late and wanted to live a privileged life, that she didn't like hard labor.

Inconveniently though, this past week, after spending time with her, he can't see the person he built up in his head. A person who spends an unnecessary amount of money on clothes, shoes, and makeup.

This past year, he blocked her out and pretended she didn't exist. His mother had told him she sits in her room all day looking pretty. So he assumed that's all she wanted to do.

The car jerks to a halt. They arrived home.

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