

Woke up married –

Chapter 4: Reading of the Will

Jason went up to the 6th floor of his apartment after instructing his bodyguards to pick up the people whose names Julia had given for interrogation. He had given the entire fifth floor of the apartment to be occupied by his security team. Just so they can intercept anyone coming to the sixth floor. He has security guards on all the floors except for the seventh floor.

On the first floor directly above where Julia was being kept, Tilly, Julia's friend, was sitting on a chair surrounded by three fearful guards. She trembled with fear as the first question was thrown at her.

"I ...I... I fell sick a few minutes later, so I left the place and went home. Julia was still at the club when I left dancing. Nothing, fishy," Matilda replied, almost stammering.

After a few more questions, Matilda was sent away and Michael was brought in by one of the guards with his hands tied behind his back. The guard pushed Michael onto the to sit down and his hands were untied. Jason began questioning him too.

"I was with my male friends. Julia left us and I couldn't find her again. I didn't know where she went," Michael said.

"You didn't see her leave to know which direction she went?" questioned Jason furiously.

"Me and my friends were a little high," Michael confessed, lowering his head.

Michael was sent away after getting a beating which brought no useful information out of him. Jason got nothing from them but Matilda went home untouched.

Jason still had no idea what had happened that night and now he had to wait one and a half years before he could start divorce proceedings. This was crazy.

He had his issues with women in general and the idea of staying with a woman for one and a half years was already working him up. He decided he need not stay under the same roof as Julia. Whatever the reason behind the marriage, he didn't care and would not go with the craziness.

With this decision in mind, Jason went to the basement and opened the door. Julia looked a lot better; the bruises were not so evident on her again and the swell on her face was gone, but some red patch remained. After everything Jason did to Julia, something about her made him ask one of the servants to attend to her and ensure her bruises were treated.

Even though Jason was unsure what to make of it, he wanted to see her face again. So, instead of asking his guards to release her, he went to the basement to do that himself.

"How are you?" Jason asked, his voice sounding cold.

Julia stared at Jason in silence and he frowned, his face becoming darker and his aura more terrifying.

"When I ask a question, you answer," Jason said through gritted teeth.

"Yes please," Julia replied quickly, trembling in fear.

Jason started walking towards Julia and she moved back, seeing he was closing the gap between them. Julia's back hit the wall and she had nowhere else to go. Jason grabbed her hand, making her let out a cry. His gaze moved from her face to her hand to examine her bruises and how well they had healed. He noticed she was wearing the ring.

"Why are you still wearing this?" Jason questioned, showing Julia's hand to her face.

"Because it's the only nice thing I have," Julia replied in one breath, causing Jason to frown deeply.

"I always wanted to have jewellery with diamonds. It's the only one I have with diamonds," Julia explained honestly, but her voice trembled and her head lowered.

Standing in such proximity to her, he lifted her head and stared into her eyes and all he could see was fear. She was beyond terrified. Jason let go of Julia and said in a low, calm voice, "You are free to go."

Jason moved away from Julia, giving her free access to the open door, surprised at his behaviour towards her. Jason had always kept women a distance away from himself, so why was he standing so close to this one?

"Thank you," Julia said and ran out of the basement as fast as she could.

Jason watched her run out of the basement like someone was after her. He was about to leave too, when he remembered his guards had abducted her so obviously, she didn't have the means to return home. It was quite a journey from where they were to her house.

Walking out of the basement, Jason called one of the guards requesting they stop Julia from leaving the compound.

The basement connects to the garage through a long hallway which feels more like a tunnel. Julia kept running and saw an open door. She ran towards it and was soon in the garage but was stopped by two bodyguards before she could proceed any further, causing her to scream out of fear, as she was not expecting that.

"Please let me go," Julia pleaded, but the guards looked at her expressionless and some even laughed, enjoying her plight.

The guard who had caught her held her by her wrist so tight that her little struggles could not set her free but rather ended up bruising her delicate skin.

Jason soon entered the garage and the place went silent. He saw Julia being held by the bodyguard. His eyes shifted to her wrist, which had turned red, and he frowned deeply.

"I asked you to stop her, not to bruise her, idiot," Jason said in a stern voice.

Jason didn't understand why he seemed so concerned about her skin getting bruised, but that didn't stop him from treating her badly, leading to the same results. He concluded he didn't like anyone aside from himself, hurting her.

"Put her in the car and come with me," Jason said to the guard.

Julia was put in the back seat of the car with Jason. She sat in the car shaken all over.

"I am only taking you home. Do you have money to go home?" Jason asked in a low voice and Julia shook her head no.

Jason pulled Julia's hand and examined her bruise. Opening a compartment in the car, he gave her an ointment.

"Here, apply this on it," Jason said in a low cold voice which sent chills down Julia's body.

Julia felt she was going to freeze to death by him but she quickly took the ointment from him, opened it, applied some to her hand and gave it back.

"Thank you," Julia said in a trembling voice and the corner of Jason's lips curved upwards briefly and he put his stern face back on.

Jason took the ointment from Julia and put it back where he took it without responding to her nervous appreciation.

They soon dropped Julia off and the car turned around to leave. Jason's phone buzzed and it was Miranda.

"Hi bro," Miranda said.

"Hello," Jason replied.

"Mum asked me to call you and tell you to come home. It's important," Miranda said.

"What is it about?" Jason asked.

"Some lawyers are in the house; I think it is about Dad's will," Miranda replied.

"Okay," Jason said and disconnected the call.

Jason had forgotten all about that. His father was very rich and had achieved a lot in life. He was wondering what his father left for him. It would be a great addition to his current business.

"Let's go to the family condo," Jason instructed.

"Yes sir," replied the chauffeur.

After driving for 45 minutes, they arrived at the family condo and Jason went inside the house.

"Jason, sit down. Where have you been? We were waiting for you," Mrs Haward scolded Jason.

"Sorry, Mum. I forgot about today," Jason said coldly.

Even though Jason was apologizing, he sounded like he was talking back to his mother rather than apologizing.

Once seated, the lawyer opened his briefcase and took out the sealed envelope that he showed to them.

The lawyer opened it, pulled out the documents inside and began to read. In the will, Mr Haward had listed all the properties he owned, their locations and their worth. He also included properties he was in the process of acquiring because the funds were there to complete the process.

"To my daughter Mirenda, I will give you the family condo. It's yours to do as you please. James, I have two businesses in Chicago. I have made you the CEO of both businesses. The rest of my properties, the Estates, the hotels, the rest of the companies and the money in the account, a total of 131 billion dollars, will be managed by the chosen heir. Any of my children can become the new heir of the Haward family under one condition. The person must be married. The chosen heir will be responsible for taking care of my beloved wife. If none of my children is married at the time this will is being read, my beloved wife will manage those properties until either of my children decides to settle down in marriage. Only then shall the properties mentioned be given to such," the lawyer read.

Mrs Haward kept a straight face but smiled inwardly. She knew she would manage the property as neither of the three children is currently married.

She had executed her plan well. She would transfer everything to her name and give it to her dearest son, James.

She has always wanted a way to inherit the Haward fortune since her husband found out about her infidelity. Lucky for her, she overheard him when he was writing his will with the lawyer in his study and acted fast before he could make any changes based on what he had found out. That was when she got the medication which advanced his cancer stage quickly, leading to his death.

The lawyer continued, "If none of the children is married, his wife will manage the property till one of them does," the lawyer repeated and lifted his gaze to look at all of them seated.

"Which of you is Jason?" asked the lawyer.

"I am," replied Jason, and they all turned to look at Jason, wondering why the lawyer asked him.

"This is for you from your father," the lawyer said and handed him a white envelope.

Jason took the envelope from the lawyer and saw that it was addressed to him. He opened it under the questioning gaze of his family and the lawyer waited for him to finish reading the content.

Dear son,

I know by now you are wondering how you got married. I want you to manage my properties for me. I did what I did which you don't understand now, but you will someday. The only way you can inherit that property is when you are married. This is why I got you married that night, so you can manage my properties for me. I trust only you.

Signed

dad

"None of my children is currently married, lawyer," Mrs Haward spoke, breaking the silence in the room as she struggled to keep her joy down.

"I am married, Mum," Jason spoke without thinking after reading the letter from his father.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs Haward, looking at Jason questioningly while Jason fetched his ring from his pocket and placed it on his finger.

"Married?" asked Mrs Haward angrily, and Jason's siblings were a bit surprised to hear Jason was married but more surprised about how angry their mother was.

"To whom?" Mrs Haward questioned, getting up from her seat.

"Julia Harrison," Jason replied, not giving it much thought.

There was nothing he wouldn't do for his father, Mr Haward.

"Who the hell is that and from which family?" Mrs Haward questioned angrily.

"She is from Belle Glade," Jason replied and relaxed in his seat.

"I don't believe you," Mrs Haward retorted, "You are just making it up so you become the heir," she added.

Jason lifted his head to look at her, "Dad, arrange it for me," he replied.

"I won't believe it till I see the woman," said Mrs Haward.

"Sure, that is fine," Jason replied, pulled up his phone and called his bodyguard over.

"Go bring Julia Haward," Jason said.

The bodyguard nodded and stepped out.

"You were not joking," Mrs Haward questioned.

"No, I wasn't. I am married," replied Jason.

Mrs Haward sat down and forced a smile, but inwardly she was crushed.

"Alright, Jason, as your father wishes, you are the heir of the Haward family," the lawyer said.

Jason replied with a "huh," still thinking about the content of the letter. What did his father mean, he would understand later? Was there something about this family he needed to know?