

Love Hate Relationship

Chapter eleven

Sasha let out a deep breath again and stretched out her hand to caress Michael's cheek when a pair of crystal blue eyes was staring at her suddenly. Sasha froze and her hand hovered in mid air, she gulped as she stared at those deep blue eyes, why did he wake up suddenly? Didn't the doctor said he will wake up in the next hour?

"What are you trying to do?" Michael asked, his voice was low and almost a whisper but it still sounded cold to those who hear it and she involuntarily shuddered.

"I...um...I..." Sasha stuttered.

The man that was staring at her furrowed his brows at her lost for words "whatever it was that you were trying to do, don't ever think about it again" he warned.

Sasha let out a deep sigh and withdrew her hand, she placed it on her lap and her action some how got Michael's attention, his eyes followed her hand and he his frowned deepened.

"Why are you sitting on my bed? Get lost!"

Sasha stood up immediately, she dragged the chair in the room a little closer to the bed and sat down. Michael wanted to push her away again but decided not to waste his words on her. He sighed and his hand reached to caress his head but then he saw the drip there and placed his hand back on the bed. He was thirsty but he couldn't get himself to ask her to get him water, he will not and will never be dependent on her, he told himself.

His body was hurting but he figured he could get up himself, he tried to sit up and Sasha sprang to her feet immediately "what are you trying to do? You can't get up, lie down. You are still too weak" she placed her hand on his shoulder to gently push him down. Michael's eyes settled on her hand on his shudder and she quickly withdrew her hand when she saw his gaze.

Michael grunted due to the pain he felt in his head but he thinks he can manage, he tried to shift his legs so that he can get out of bed but to his horror, he can't control his legs. His eyes widened first in surprise and then in

shock as he tried again but his legs were not responding, he shut an inquisitive look at Sasha immediately who had her head bowed "why...why can't I...feel my legs?" He asked, he tried his best to sound cold but one can still sense the fear etched in his voice.

Sasha dared not to look at him, she let out a deep breath "you sustained an injury in your spinal cord so it will affect your movement for a while" she looked at him when she heard no sound from him.

Michael was staring at her, he appeared to be in shock, Sasha gulped and rushed to assure him "but don't worry, the Doctor said it's temporal that after undergoing rehabilitation, that you will walk again. It will only be for some time."

Michael recovered from his shock, he looked away from her and stared into nothingness, Sasha tried to speak again "get out" he ordered.

"I need to..."

"Get out!" He shouted and she ran out of the room immediately. She ran into Gary who was rushing into the room but he was able to grab her before she knocked into him. He tried to get her to look at him but Sasha was already in tears, she flung his hands away and ran down the hall, out of his sight.

Gary stared after her for some time before going into the room. Michael was lying still in the bed, if it weren't for his eyes that were open, you will think he is unconscious "boss..."

"How did this happen?"

"Your car collided with a lorry and it somersaulted..."

"I know it somersaulted, I was in it. Is it enough to damage my legs?" He bellowed at Gary who looked down at his feet to hide his face.

"It was severe" he muttered "but it's not permanent" he looked at Michael with the good news "the doctor said it will be temporal, you just need to focus on recovering and the injury will be healing and before you know it, you will be walking again."

Michael was silent, he bit his lower lip and took a deep breath to calm himself down "where is she?"

"Em, boss, mistress was really hurt by you this time. She ran out of the hospital" Gary was saying when Michael looked at him in a flash.

"And what are you still doing here?" Michael asked.

Gary was confused "boss, I came to report to you."

"I don't need your stupid report, go find her!"

Gary sighed and turned to leave the room "Gary" he turned to look at Michael "if anything happens to her, you will pay for it."

"Yes boss" Gary nodded and walked out of the room, all the while cursing his boss, "you are the one that shouted at her, if you didn't she wouldn't have ran away and now I'm the one that have to pay the price. You will just be acting irrationally and after you will blame it on someone else" he kept muttering to himself as he walked down the hall.

Thankfully, he saw Sasha sitting at the reception and heaved a sigh of relief. At least one of them is reasonable, she didn't run out of the hospital, he noted in his heart before walking closer to her. He took a seat beside her and sighed "have you pacified him?" Sasha asked in a whisper.

"Yea. He has finally swallowed it" he sighed "it's one of the reason I offered to stay. I knew you couldn't handle him alone."

Sasha looked at him with her tear filled eyes "why is he always like this, what did I ever do to him?"

Gary bit his lower lip "really mistress, I can't tell."

"I know. You can't talk about his personal affair" she smiled through her tears.

Gary nodded "but I can still tell you that he is the one who asked me to come get you" Sasha looked at him unbelievably and he chuckled "and he also threatened me that if something happens to you, I will pay for it."

"No way."

"Yes way" he sighed "the boss, he is not really that cold. If you get on his good side, you will really enjoy him" he looked at her "I told you how it started with me didn't I? For one year, he lived like I do not exist in the same house."

Sasha let out a breath "I think I'm experiencing that already" she looked at him "mine is eight months now. The first month wasn't that bad, at least he do talk to me and is aware of my presence even if it was just to spite me" she smiled "but the seven months" she shook her head with a sigh "I understand what you are talking about."

Gary remained silent for while "but how are you coping? I mean, living with someone in a house for seven months and he never said a word to you?"

Sasha looked at him "you are asking me? You lived like that for one year!"

"I'm different."

"How exactly?"

"I'm just his assistant, his worker. He can choose to treat me anyhow he likes and I won't mind as long as I receive my salary but you" he looked at her "you are his wife. So how do you cope living with a man you call your husband but he doesn't talk to you?"

Sasha was quiet "I'm sorry if I'm prying too much. You can choose not to answer" Gary rushed an added.

"I'm in love with him" Sasha whispered, she looked at Gary and saw the shock in his eyes, she chuckled "yea" she sighed "I too I'm surprise" her eyes met Gary's again "you mustn't tell anyone. I didn't even know why I told you this but you mustn't, mustn't tell anyone. Promise?"

"I am not the type to talk about people's love life. I believe any information of that sort, should be given by the person his or herself. So don't worry, it's safe with me."

Sasha smiled then "why is that the boss is cold and the assistant is friendly?"

Gary chuckled "boss really isn't that cold, when you get on his good side, you will enjoy him."

"And how long is it going to take me to get there, three years too?"

Gary shrugged "might not be up to that."

"Yea, I can see that" she laughed without humor while Gary studied her "thank you" Sasha looked at him "I haven't talked to anyone so openly for a long time. I wish you can always come around."

"I wouldn't do that" Gary rejected immediately.

"Why not?"

"Boss... You really just don't know him" he rubbed the back of his neck with his hand "there is how he thinks. You don't want him thinking something else do you?" He looked at her.

"Is he really like that?" She cringed her brows.

"He is very possessive" he smiled "and overprotective."

"Hmm" Sasha was silent "does he ever smile, like genuinely, not his smug smile or faint smile."

"Well" Gary thought about it "the boss changes like season. Back then when he was in London, they were times when he smile a lot and times when he looks like he will kill every single being in the world. Everybody knew something or someone has to do with his mood swings but you just can't tell when it will be" he remained silent "but when he is happy, we the workers always benefit from it and you will see him acting like the school boy he is, a boy his age but when he is angry, he looks like a mafia boss that is fifty or so age."

Sasha listened to all he has to say and can't help but wonder, what the thing is or who the person responsible for his mood swing was, or, could it be that girl he loves? Love can swing people's mood right? "Let's go back now" she heard Gary say and nodded. They both stood up and walked silently to Michael's room. Gary called Joseph on the way and told him that Michael has awoken, which he got a 'thank God' from the other side.

When they got to the room, Sasha hesitated before pushing open the door, she got in and Michael was staring at the ceiling, he didn't even look at her. She slowly walked up to him, fighting really hard about asking him of the girl he love but she can't or the truth is that, she was afraid of what his answer will be.

She sat on the chair again, motionless but regularly glancing at him "are you thirsty? Should I get you some water?"

The man on the bed didn't even flinch and remained silent "mom said she will be back in the morning" Sasha began again "she looked so worried and cried a lot" she looked at the man on the bed but he still remained motionless "dad was worried too. I had to force them to leave before they did" she gulped, I was worried too, so much, she yearned to add but couldn't.

Michael listened silently to her rambling, he waited patiently to know if she will say she was worried too but that didn't come and he laughed at himself in his mind, why will she be worried? She doesn't love you, so stop wishing, he chided himself in his mind, she married you because of a stupid contract, don't forget that, he told himself repeatedly.

Sasha sensing that he is not going to talk to her again remained silent. It was already two in the morning, and weariness was already washing all over her. Sitting silently without doing anything didn't help at all, he eyelids started closing against her wish. And she fought to keep them open.

Michael heaved a sigh as his eyes kept counting the ceiling, out of the corner of his eyes, he saw something move and his eyes went there out of reflex but it wasn't something that moved, it was his wife that was nodding in sleep. Looking at her like that, Michael wanted to laugh out loud but was afraid of waking her up. He tried to hold his laughter but it was still escaping from his mouth and he pressed his lips together to hush it.

He watched her nodding and his heart melted, a sweet smile spread on his lips, it's been a long time he saw her sleep. Ever since she moved out of their room, he has never been opportune to watch her sleep again like he does every night when they were still sleeping together in the same room. Michael let out a deep sigh and stretched out his hand to caress her cheek but his hands didn't reach her face, she wasn't that close and he knew he was the reason.

His fingers stroked her long blonde hair and his eyes revealed sadness, "why can't you love me?" He whispered "are they better than me? Why choose them over me? I'm I not worthy of your love?" He sighed and withdrew back his hand. He watched her sleep like that for five minutes and became restless, her neck might be hurting her with the way she was hanging it. He looked behind her and saw a bed, he tried to get up and then he remembered his predicament, he cursed and heaved a deep sigh.

Michael's eyes settled on Sasha again, his heart hurt with her position, just what was he to do, should he make her place her head on his bed? But his hand can only touch her hair. Just as he was contemplating what to do, the door opened and Gary got in. Michael heaved a sigh of relief as he watched Gary approach them.

Gary wanted to speak but Michael placed a finger on his lips to shush him and Gary shut up when he saw that. Michael beckoned him closer with his hand and he muttered to him "help her lie down."

Gary nodded and slowly carried Sasha up from the chair, he gently placed her on the spare bed under supervision from Michael. He turned to look at Michael when he had finished his task but only to discover him looking at Sasha with longing in his eyes. Gary was stupefied, 'what is going here? Is these two couples in love with each other but has no idea?' His mistress own is certain, she had admitted herself to him that she is in love with his boss, but his boss is confusing. One second you will think he loves her and the next second you will think he hates her.

You can't tell of his boss's feelings for his wife, he is so confusing. Gary heaved a deep sigh as he stood aside, just like his mistress wanted, he is not telling anyone that she is in love with him, if the boss wants to know then he has to find out himself, Gary concluded on that.

Michael withdrew his gaze from Sasha's sleeping form and looked at Gary "why is she still dressed in office clothes?" He asked softly.

"Em, boss, mistress rushed directly here when she heard of what happened to you. Madam wanted her to leave in order to freshen up and rest well but Mistress refused. She insisted on staying here with you, according to her words, she said she wanted to be here when you wake up" Gary answered softly. He might not tell his boss of his mistress feelings but he is going to put in good words for her with every opportunity he got.

Gary looked at Michael when he didn't hear him say anything again but only to see him staring at Sasha again "mistress cried a lot tonight. I just hope she won't develop headache when she wakes up" and just as he expected, Michael looked at him.

"Is it now that you went to fetch her?" Michael asked.

"Not just now. When you were still in the emergency room, she was crying really badly that everybody has to comfort her and when she was told about your condition. She wanted to kill herself that the old boss has to pick her up from the floor and comforted her" Gary kept his face straight.

Michael's stared at him but he don't why he felt like Gary was exaggerating. He looked at Sasha again and sighed "was she worried?"

"She was more than worried boss."

Michael withdrew his gaze from Sasha again "you can go. I want to sleep."

"Okay boss. I will be right outside" Gary said and left the room.

Michael was lost in his thoughts as he mulled over what Gary just told him. He knew he had lied about Sasha wanting to kill herself, she is not the type to do such a thing but what he can't understand was why Gary will lie to him for her sake, was it Sasha that asked him to do that? So that she can gain his favor? His eyes glanced at the sleeping lady again, but from his understanding of her, she is not the type that will require someone to do something for her, it's one of the things he love about her. So why will Gary behave the way he did? Did Sasha tell him something? If she did then what is that? What is it that she told another man but she didn't tell him?

He kept mulling over that till four in the morning before drowsiness finally took over him. Michael opened his eyes in the morning to see people clustering in his room, he frowned as he watched them. He knew every single one of time, they all ranges from uncles, aunties, cousins, nieces and nephews whom he has not seen again since after his wedding and was not planning to see anyway.

"Michael, you are awake" a tall man with black hair commented, the man's outburst got the attention of everyone in the room. Michael's eyes searched their faces but he didn't see the one he wanted to see and his frown deepened.

"We came as soon we heard. I hope you are feeling better" a light brown haired woman said.

"Don't worry. It's only a matter of time, you will walk again" another man put in, who Sasha would have recognized as uncle Gideon if she was in the room.

"Yes. It's only temporal" another woman seconded with a sweet smile.

"Of course it is. A friend of mine had this issue a while back, he walked after six months."

"That's too far, a friend of man walked after three months."

"Yes. I read about a similar issue in the Internet one certain time. The man walked again but it was after eight months though."

"No matter the months, as long as the person finally walked, that's all that matters. Right Michael?" They all looked at him again.

Michael creased his brows, their ramblings was giving him a headache and he couldn't wait for them to stop talking, simply because he was in this condition, they all now have a friend who has had similar case and the other has read in the Internet? He had to stop himself from rolling his eyes, they really do know how to comfort someone by giving him hope "what are you all doing here?" He finally asked.

The men and women looked at each other before looking at him again "Vanessa called us and told us about your accident. As your family, it's expected of us to visit you, isn't it?" The first lady known as aunty Katherine asked and the others nodded.

"I'm not dead yet, you can all go and return when I'm dead" Michael stated.

"That is not how to talk to your elders young man" Vanessa's voice was heard from the door as she entered with Sasha "they all rushed here when they heard about your accident because they care about you. The least you can do is appreciate them" She cautioned him.

"Don't shout at him Vanessa, he just woke up and besides, we all are used to Michael's treatment to us" a woman smiled sweetly to Vanessa.

"He still shouldn't have spoken like that Sharon" Vanessa glared at her son who was lying in the bed with his eyes closed "I'm I clear Michael?"

Michael opened his eyes and looked at her "it's too noisy, my head is hurting" he replied and closed his eyes once again.

Vanessa wanted to caution him again but seeing the bandages on his head and remembering that it's possible for him to still be in pain, after all, the accident was just yesterday, she decided to let him be and moreover, the room was really full and they were all talking, so he could really be having a headache, she sighed "fine then, rest well. We will be outside" and with that, they all left the room. Michael opened his eyes and stared after them but his eyes settled on the back of a particular blonde.

Michael stayed in the hospital for a month before he was discharged, Vanessa was talking about hiring a nurse to take care of him at home when Sasha interjected "I will take care of him."

"But sweetie, you need to go to work" Vanessa frowned.

"It doesn't matter. I still have my best friends there to look after the company for me and besides, Michael is my husband, it's my duty to take care of him."

Vanessa smiled at that and caressed her hair "if it becomes too hard for you don't hesitate to tell me so that I will hire a caretaker."

"I want a nurse" Michael said behind them and they turned to see him in his wheelchair being pushed by Gary.

"Sasha has offered to take care of you" Joseph told him.

"She needs to work" he stated nonchalantly.

"Janet and the rest can manage without me" Sasha told him.

"For a boss who is so interested in a particular contract, you need to be at your office in order to supervise how things are going. If not, your investors will think you are lazy and will withdraw their commitment. I don't want my wife to be labelled as lazy" Michael commented looking at everybody.

"Oh dear, he is right" Angelica agreed.

"Okay then. We will do it this way, the nurse will stay with him in the morning and afternoon and Sasha will take care of him at night, how about that?" Vanessa asked.

"No need, the nurse will live in" Michael stated.

Vanessa and Angelica frowned "why will she live in? She can't be trespassing in your matrimonial room" Angelica commented.

"Yes" Vanessa agreed "since Sasha will be around, she won't be needed at night, so she will leave once Sasha is back. That's preferable."

Everybody looked Michael and he relented "fine."

They got home and the nurse reported to duty. Sasha watched as Michael let her attend to him, something he has never done to her. When the nurse asks him question, he answers with a smile and Sasha found herself growing jealous and depressed. The nurse left in the evening and as Sasha didn't leave for work that day, she just sat in the living room all through the day.

Michael was in the room, he was still sitting on his wheelchair, the nurse had offered to help him settle in the bed but he had discharged her saying it was too early. He sighed and wheeled himself to the bedside cabinet, he opened a drawer and brought out a cigarette case and a lighter, he wheeled himself to his balcony, brought out a cigarette stick and lit it, just as he brought it to his lips, he remembered what the doctor said, he has to stay off smoking for the main time because it will affect his healing, he groaned and threw the lit cigarette on the ashtray.

He stayed in the balcony for a while before going into the room, he decided to climb into the bed, but when he tried to get up, he couldn't, his back hurts the more he tried and he was already sweating profusely. He grunted when he felt a sharp pain in his waist at his next try and he gritted his teeth. His wife is downstairs, she can help him but he told himself he won't be dependent on her, if she won't love him then he won't let her know he loves her and also won't let her come close to him.

Just as he wanted to give up, the door opened and Sasha walked in carrying a tray with food, she placed the tray on the nightstand before turning to look at him, she can see his already drenched shirt and the pain on his face even though he was trying to hide it, seeing him beside the bed, she already knew what he wanted and her heart hurt, can't he call her to help him? Must he do everything himself? She took a deep breath and let it out slowly before saying to him "I made dinner, you need to eat so you can be able to take your medicine."

Michael didn't respond and she walked a little closer to him "Michael, I understand I'm the last person you want to see now but, this is about your

health, you need to put all differences aside, I'm the best you have got at the moment, so let me help you, please."

Michael heaved a deep sigh before turning his wheelchair to face her "I'm not hungry."

"Then what about your medicine?"

"It's by two in the morning" he answered coldly.

"Will you take it without eating?" She asked but he didn't respond. She stood there for like three minutes before going closer to him, she bent to carry his leg.

"Don't touch me" he gritted his teeth and Sasha paused in her action, she looked up at him.

"If I don't, then how will I help you lie down?" She asked and he bit his lower lip, she is right, he can't believe that finally he has to depend on her before he can lie down in his own bed! Ha, this world is unbelievable, he thought.

When Sasha got no response from him, she continued with her action of bringing his leg down from the wheelchair, she got up and looked at him but he wasn't looking at her, she heaved a sigh before bending over and putting her hands under his arm, she then lift him up from the wheelchair and placed him on the bed, due to his weight she ended up falling on top him and he winced and gritted his teeth in pain "I'm sorry, I'm sorry" Sasha rushed to apologize but Michael had his eyes closed and his brows furrowed in pain.

Sasha got up from him and gently carried his long legs and placed on the bed, she helped him lay comfortably and covered him with the duvet. Michael didn't look at her again and Sasha contemplated whether she should stay in the room with him or not, she wanted to ask him but he already had his closed so she decided to leave.

At two in the morning, she went back to the room in order to help him take his medicine only to find him sweating profusely, his face was in a frown as if he was in pain but his eyes were still closed, Sasha felt his forehead and he was burning with fever. She rushed into the bathroom and soaked a towel with cold water before rushing out, she placed the towel on his forehead and left to get another.

His body was hot and so without thinking, she unbuttoned his shirt and started cleaning him up with the wet towel. The towel got hot in no time so she went downstairs and came up again with a bowl filled with cold water, she dipped the towel into the water and squeezed the water out before cleaning his body again. She removed the one she placed on his forehead and dipped inside the cold water before placing it again on his forehead.

After some minutes, his fever was already coming down, his scrunched up face slowly relaxed, and she almost didn't want to wake him up but he has to take his medicine and he was already twenty minutes late "Michael" she called softly and gently nudged him "Michael" she called again and his eyelids shook but he didn't wake up "Michael."

Slowly his eyes opened and in it, Sasha saw another side of him which she has never seen before, his eyes was a little dull and for once, it doesn't hold it's coldness but was rather warm, she saw a helpless man who really needs to be loved and her heart melted. He was just staring at her, perhaps waiting for her to say why she woke him up "you need to take your medicine" she said to him and he nodded gently.

Michael tried to get up and Sasha got up immediately, she got a pillow and slowly help him sit up, she placed the pillow at the headboard and helped him rest his back on it. She got up and got his medicines, she placed them in his palm and poured him a glass of water. Michael collected the water from her and drank his medicine obediently.

Sasha watched him from the sideways with love in her eyes, he passed the glass back to her when he was done and she collected it and placed on the table "are you hungry?" She asked him and he shook his head. Out of impulse, she reached out to feel his forehead again, realizing what she was doing, she withdrew her hand immediately but Michael didn't even look at her nor reacted the way she thought he would. He rest his head on the headboard and closed his eyes.

After some minutes, he opened his eyes and looked at Sasha again, he eyes still revealed warmth that Sasha almost lost her balance "can I sleep now?" He asked softly. Sasha nodded when she recovered herself and approached him, she removed the pillow and helped lie down, she wanted to cover him with the duvet but remembering how sweaty he was a while ago, she didn't.

Michael fell back asleep immediately his head touched the pillow, he didn't know that he had revealed his gentle side in his sleepiness and Sasha is not

about to tell him though. She thought about going back to her room but remembering his fever, she dragged the chair in the room closer to the bed, she sat on it and used her hand as pillow on the bed. She thought about the difference in Michael just now and remembered what Gary told her, that he is not always cold, so did he act like this because of his fever? She just can't tell.

when Sasha opened her eyes in the morning, the first thing she saw was a pair of beautiful blue eyes staring at her coldly in the bed, she sat up immediately and rubbed her eyes before looking at the man lying on the bed again, he looked at for some seconds before looking away as if she was not there. Sasha stood up, she wanted to feel his forehead for his fever but she needs no soothsayer to tell her that he was back to his old self and not the warm person she encountered early this morning.

The doorbell rang and Sasha knew the nurse was there already, she left the room and went downstairs, she opened the door and fair enough, she was standing there "good morning Mrs. Brown" the lady greeted and Sasha nodded in greeting. She left the door and the lady entered and shut it gently after her "I trust Mr. Brown is awake?" The nurse asked as they climbed the stairs.

"Yes" Sasha answered as she pushed open the door to the room. The two of them walked inside and she closed the door after her.

"Good morning Mr. Brown, how are you feeling today?"

"Good" Michael answered expressionlessly.

"That is very good" she nodded with a smile before turning to look at Sasha "he took his two o'clock medicine right?"

"yes, I gave them to him myself."

"Was there any issues last night, more like, did he burn a fever?"

"Yes he did. I walked in and he was burning. I calmed the fever down with a cold towel before feeding him the medicine. Although the fever made us twenty minutes late for his medicine, I hope it didn't change anything?" "Not it's okay. I expected the fever though and it's so good that you were here to help him" the lady smiled to her and Sasha nodded.

"Glad I could help."

Michael listened as the two women conversed, he was down with fever this morning and she helped calm it down? How come he doesn't have any memory of it? Could it be the reason he woke up to discover that his shirt's buttons were open? She fed him his medicine, how can he not remember any of this? He frowned as he searched his memory but he can't seem to remember anything.

"I will be downstairs, if you need anything you can call me" Sasha turned to walk out of the room.

"Go to work" Michael ordered and she turned to look at him.

"But I..."

"You don't need to worry about anything. Belinda can take care of me" he said indifferently.

Sasha took in a deep breath and let it out slowly before nodding "okay. I will leave now then."

"Take care of yourself Mrs. Brown" Belinda said after her and Sasha forced a smile before leaving the room.

Three months later, Sasha walked into Michael's room to help him take his medicines. Belinda has called to notify them that she would be late that morning and that Sasha has to be with Michael till she arrives. Michael was sitting up in the bed, there was a pillow in between his back and the headboard, he had already trained himself to do that. His laptop was on his laps and he was typing into it.

"Belinda called. She will be late this morning" Sasha reported but the man on the bed didn't even acknowledge her "I will stay with you till she arrives" but yet, she got no response.

She walked to the table and poured a glass of water for him, she turned and passed it to him but he didn't even raise his head to look at her. Gary had visited that morning and had brought him breakfast and some documents. Michael had ordered him to always bring food for him along with some documents to keep him busy, so the one he was working on now was brought by Gary this morning "you need to take your medicine Michael, it's for your health" she added, she was tired, not physically tired but emotionally tired.

It's been one good year but no progress in her marriage, she had thought maybe in his condition that they could get close to each other since he was always at home but no, he doesn't even let her stay at home, always ordering her to go to work, he had gotten Gary to place a table before his bed and there, he always put his laptop and his medicines. He could sit up on the bed on his own now, so he had set his alarm to wake him up in the night for him to take his medicine. He just doesn't want her helping him and she knows and it hurts her that her husband can't even depend on her in his condition.

Sasha sighed and placed the glass cup back on the table, she stared at him and her eyes welled up with tears, she is tired of leaving like this, she is tired of leaving like a ghost in her own matrimonial home "what did I ever do to you?" She asked softly.

Michael's busy fingers paused on the keyboard for a second before continuing with his typing "why do you hate me so?" She asked again.

Michael stopped typing and looked up at her "why all these questions?"

"Is because I'm tired" a tear dropped from her eyes "I have tried. I have tried to make this work, but you have just decided to hate me. You have concluded never to look at me. Why, what did I ever do to deserve this? One year" she showed her index finger to him and tried to keep her tears from falling "three hundred and sixty five days, I stayed with you, I endured your silent treatment, I lived like everything is okay, I stood by you. I swallowed everything but it's not enough for you right?"

Michael wanted so badly to tell her his reasons, to tell her he is also not comfortable with the way they are living but remembering all his past pain and again, that she married him for a stupid contract, he remained shut, he looked back at his laptop and continued typing.

"Do you love her that much?" Finally she asked the question that has been troubling her all these months.

Michael looked at her immediately "who?"

Sasha chuckled without humor "the girl, the one you love so much. The one you filled your closet with her clothes, what happened, why are you not with her?"

Michael furrowed his brows, where did she hear all these? Who told her he is in love with someone? "Who told you all these?"

"I can't live like this anymore Michael" she avoided the question "I tried, heaven knows I tried but I guess, you can never cheat nature can you? We were never meant to be and I'm forcing it. But even after sacrificing a year of life, nothing changed. So what's the use? What's the use of fighting when nothing is working?"

Michael felt his heart missed a beat at her words "what are you talking about?" Where is she going with all these?

Sasha smiled through her tears but it was pained "I have been thinking" she sighed "I told myself to persevere at least a few more months, maybe something different might happen but no" she shook her head lightly and closed her eyes "I have decided" she looked at him "I'm moving out."

Michael went into shock when he heard that and asked after he recovered "what?"

"I'm moving out" she repeated "we can take the time to decide if we both still want this marriage or not. I will give you some space and I will also check myself. If we can do it, I can always move back in but if you decide we can't, we can always have a divorce. But for now, let's separate."

"When did you decide this?"

"Right now" she answered "I can't go on like this. I have lowered myself enough for you, I have lost my pride just to satisfy you. I have contributed a lot in this marriage but you just don't want it. So for now, let's separate. I need some time to think, if I decide I can go on then I will come back but if I find out that I can't, I will send you my lawyer."

Michael mulled over her words, of course, she will leave him, he has been waiting for this day, he knew she will leave but why does it still hurt like hell now that it is finally happening? But why will she leave, don't she want the contract anymore? He swallowed his pain and continued typing on his laptop "do whatever you want."

Sasha felt her heart shattered into a million pieces at those four words, she had wished he will ask her to stay, that he will grab her hand and tell no, that

they will figure it out together, that they can make it work but guess she has been wishing too much, he doesn't love her and he never will.

Sasha took a deep breath and let it out slowly before nodding "fine" she turned and walked to the door, she paused and looked at him one last time "goodbye Michael" she said and left the room. Michael looked up then at the door, why does her goodbye sound like it is the end? He kept looking at the door and involuntarily, his fingers shook and his heart broke once again.