

# Love Hate Relationship

## Chapter two

"Sasha love, can you over to the house please?" Vanessa said sweetly in the phone and Sasha sighed, it's been nearly two weeks now since she left their home, her wedding date has been fixed, she is to be married coming Saturday. Well, it's not a problem to her only that her husband to be has never called her or even asked to meet with her.

"Sure mom" she replied and she could swear she felt her smile, calling the woman mom really makes her happy, maybe it's because she never had a daughter, she thought.

"I'm waiting for you darling" Vanessa replied and hung up the call.

Sasha sighed and stared at the document in her hand, she is getting married but not for once had she gone wedding shopping with her husband to be, she has never been asked to select anything on her own. They had this two big wedding planners taking care of everything, talk about getting married into a rich family. She has an estimation of four hundred guests being invited and she wondered what she will be doing with so much guests.

She dropped the document and stood up from her desk, she picked up her car keys and sighed, it's been nearly two years now since she started this branch of the company and she really wants to make her father proud and nothing will shoot them up to the top front like getting the Jack and Jones contract, although the business plan is to take place in a year's time but they were already looking for the right company to handle it and almost all the growing firms are after it, well including some company's that have never met the light even after being established years ago.

Is she marrying him because of this contract? Of course it has to be for it but she knows deeply within her that it's more than that, in fact the contract is hardly remembered when talking about marrying him. How many years has she fantasized about him? From the very first moment she set her eyes on him in the middle school when she was just thirteen, it had been like that to their high school and they have only been saperated because they had to go to different college.

She said goodbye to her secretary and a few others of her staff and walked outside the building, she stepped into her car and reversed from the lot before driving with one destination in mind, the Brown's. She still can't believe she is getting married into that family.

She passed the gate and drive into the country home, she pulled over in front of the mansion and a few servants greeted her, they all knew she is the new bride, the fiancé to the young master. Some of them often wondered why she agreed to marry such a cold man but they shook their head, they already know the answer, if given an opportunity, they will also marry him heartily, for who wouldn't want to marry into such family and not to talk of, he is also incredibly handsome.

She walked into the house to see Vanessa speaking to her son and her heart missed a beat, she never expected to meet him here. She swallowed and walked up to them and Vanessa smiled when she saw her "Darling, you are" she smiled.

Her fiancé looked at her then, their eyes met and his crystal blue one burned into hers, deriving a shiver from her. She cleared her throat and decided she must talk to him today whether he wants her to or not.

"Come sweetheart, I wanted you both to do something. There is this new wedding dress that arrived in one of Michael's boutique, I need you to try it on" Vanessa said with a smile.

Sasha looked at her startled, she didn't see that coming, she didn't know what to say and just nodded and the woman turned to her son "you hurry up now, so that you can go back to your meeting as you said."

He nodded and walked out of the house, Sasha didn't know whether to follow him or not but just decided to, she smiled and mouthed goodbye to her soon to be mother in law who waved at her. She rushed outside to see him getting into his limousine and she increased her running pace, she got to the car breathing heavily, when was the last time she ran? She couldn't even remember.

She got into the car beside him and the chauffeur closed the door after her, the limousine backseat was filled with a strong sexy male cologne, she sat on her portion trying her best to keep to her self but she couldn't help stealing glance from him.

He was just sitting there, his eyes were closed and his head rested on his seat, his hands were resting on his thigh, he appeared peaceful and she wondered if he wanted to stay like that till they get to his boutique? No small talks? She mean there are getting married in the next eight days for Christ sake!

Well, no need waiting for him to start, she can always initiate the conversation, she licked her lips and turned to look at him with a determined face "hi Michael" the name felt so sour in her mouth, she had stopped herself from mentioning his name and hardly get in touch with anybody with the name. Two guys she had rejected their advances because their name was Michael.

The man sitting beside her didn't hear her or even if he did, he pretended like he didn't, his eyes were still closed and she swallowed, he couldn't possibly had fallen asleep right? She mean, it's not even up to three minutes he got into the car "how have you been?" She tried again.

Still nothing, she sighed and looked out the window, what could be his problem now? She turned to look at him again and frowned, not accepting to be snubbed like that, she reached out her hand to touch him and he showed the first visible reaction she could see, he flinched.

Maybe not expecting her to touch him, slowly he opened his eyes and the crystal blue eyes were staring intently at her, she felt her heart miss a beat and she swallowed "is there any problem?" He asked in this deep seductive voice she had ever heard, his voice was more like a whisper and she actually forgot he asked her question.

When she finally recovered herself, he was still staring at her with a half closed eyes which made him looked sexy, she licked her lips while slowly grazed her teeth on the lower one, she heard him take a sharp intake of breath and when she looked at him again his eyes were closed again. She wanted to talk to him again but decided against it, it's best if she stays on her own for now.

Thirty minutes later they stopped in front of a shopping mall, the chauffeur got down and opened the door for them, he got out first and she followed after. They walked into the shop to receive a lot of greetings from the staff.

"Good evening Mr Brown" was sounding everywhere and he walked straight to a room while Sasha could do nothing but follow him. They got seated and there was a table with tea cups and a jug waiting for them. He poured himself

tea and sipped from it. She just sat there looking around the very spacious room like a fifteen year old.

A woman in her late thirties walked in in quick steps, there was a younger girl behind her carrying a very big bag "I'm so sorry Mr Brown, I was just adding the finishing touches" she smiled.

Michael nodded and the woman turned to Sasha "will you like to try it on now Miss?" She asked with a smile. Sasha nodded and walked into the changing room with her. She stared at herself in the full length mirror and her mouth dropped open in awe, she looked like an angelic bride, the gown was pure white, it was off hand but has a lace sleeves that joined from the under arm, it showed out all her curves and then from the knee down, it looked like a freshly blossomed flower and tailed behind her.

She never expect to wear such a gown in her wedding, she turned to immediately to walk out of the room, she can't wait to see Michael's expression. The woman grabbed her hand just as she reached the door "what are you doing?" She asked.

Sasha stared at her as if she had gone nuts and the woman chuckled "haven't you heard of the saying that a groom is not to see the wedding gown until the day itself? If you show him everything now, how can he be surprised on the day?"

Sasha bit her lip, she is right but that only happens if the groom loves the bride, the man out there wouldn't even care if he see it now or on the day, she wanted to say but decided against it, there is no need putting confusion into the woman's mind course even she have not understand what is going on. She took off the gown and put on her original set of clothes.

She walked out of the room to see surprise in his eyes when he saw her but he immediately concealed it, was he expecting to see her in the gown? She thought but before she could even say a thing, he stood up and walked out of the room. She followed him to the limousine and got in after the him. The ride back was as silent as when they were coming. She looked out the window and when she noticed the road was not the way to the Brown's villa, she turned to give him a questioning gaze which he didn't notice or pretended not to notice.

She wanted to ask but told herself to forget it, where he is taking her it's not like he was going to kill her, she thought. Minutes later, the limousine pulled

over and she looked out the window to see her house, she was shocked. He dropped her off? But what about her car? She wanted to ask when she notice her car pulling over in the driveway. She looked at Michael but he said nothing, believing she knows what to do. She sighed and nodded "thank you" she muttered when the chauffeur opened the door for her.

She got out and the driver of her car got out too and walked up to her, he handed her the key and got in the limousine with the other chauffeur, she looked at the man in the backseat through the window but can't make out his expression since the glass was tinted that one outside can't see inside. She raised her hand to wave him goodbye but the limousine already started driving off before she could finish the action. She stood there watching the leaving car and the tiny voice came again, can you live like this Sasha? It's not yet late to turn back you know but she shook her head and waved the voice away, it's just a matter of time and she would crack him, she thought and walked into her apartment.

Sasha stared at herself in the mirror, she can't believe that in less than one hour she will be saying 'I do' to her teenage sweetheart, even if he doesn't know she loves him, even if she knows he is gay, she still couldn't stop herself from wanting to rush down that isle and shout it to the world, that she do. She sighed as she remembered how he has never called her on phone to ask how she was doing. He had never visited her, that day of testing the gown was the last day she had seen him.

Maybe things will change after tonight, maybe he is finally going to start noticing her after their vows, he shouldn't forget she is taking a big risk marrying him, which woman will marry a man who is gay? He should be grateful to her, at least it's because of her that his secret will stay hidden. Can that be the fact he accepted to marry her, because he knows she is aware of his preference to men and had wanted her to keep the secret for him? But if so, then how did he know she will agree?

Her train of thoughts was ruined when Vanessa and Angelica walked into the room. There were pure love and adoration in both their eyes, one was crystal blue and the other was gray, Sasha find herself wishing she could see an atom of it in her husband's burning own. Just one little emotion. Come to think of it, there is absolutely nothing she knows about him.

She knows he is a self made billionaire, in as much of his father's wealth, he still went out there and made himself somebody, a lot of malls and clubs and company's are under his name but he was always invisible to public eye,

hardly attend interviews. To invite him to a party wasn't easy too and even after trying and you succeeded, you still have to worry about him showing up which he often don't and that is the reason she doesn't see much of him, he is kind of a ghost billionaire, although she knows he owns that much but she can't point out which is his property.

"You are beautiful" Vanessa complimented as Angelica smiled proudly and walked up to her, she helped her put on her veil while Vanessa handed her a little box, she opened it to see a diamond necklace, about millions of dollars worth. She swallowed and looked at her "let me help you" she offered and took the box from her before helping her to put it on.

Sasha turned and stared at herself in the mirror, her neck had suddenly transformed into that of a duchess or even a queen, it looked exquisite "thank you" she murmured and she smiled.

"Your car is here already, are you ready?" Her mother asked and she nodded. The two women helped her out to the waiting car, she got in and waved them goodbye before they got into another car. The started moving and she found herself lost in thoughts again. Last month, she was still telling her mother that she will marry when the time is right and now here she is, getting married and not just to any man but to Michael Brown.

She smiled and took a deep breath, now this is a giant step she is taking into a new phase of her life which will either ruin her or make her the most happiest woman alive. She decided to vote on the happiest but then the voice asked her again, 'are you sure?' She thought about how he always act nonchalant whenever she is around. They were to be married and they have met each other only twice, first was one they were introduced to each other, second was when he escorted her to the mall to try out her gown and the third day will be today.

His mother had called her again when she wanted to ask what she want in their house, they won't be going to honeymoon because Michael said he had a contract he is working on and can't afford to be away, although he did promise to take her on a honeymoon once he was through with the business deal. And yes, she didn't hear it from him personally, his mother had been the one to convey the message to her.

She sighed, maybe after tonight, they won't be much of silence between them again, 'yea, hope on it' the voice said again and she waved it away, her marriage will be perfect, although her husband loves men, it will only take a

moment to sway his preference, by the time she shows him what he is missing in women.

She got to the church and the door was opened, her father was beside her in a flash, ready to escort her inside. Nicholas couldn't help but praise his daughter in how magnificent she looked. He walked her to the alter where her soon to be husband was already waiting, he looked so mesmerizing in the white suit he is putting on, his hair was dead flat on his head and glinting as if wet. His crystal blue eyes followed her till she stood beside him, that was the longest he had looked at her, she didn't feel to notice.

His cologne traveled to her nostrils and she felt her mind swirl, how can he smell so good? She glanced at him through the corner of her but his mind was fixed on the priest who is busy reading out their vows.

"I do" she said.

"I do" he said too.

"By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife, you may now kiss your bride to seal this vow" said the priest.

Sasha held her breath when he faced her and unveiled her face, she is actually having her first kiss with him? She thought. His head lowered to hers and he took her lips in a brief kiss. The audience cheered and they both walked out with family and friends to take some pictures before moving to the wedding reception.

Everything went as planned, she danced with her now husband and also some of his business partners or friends, which one? He didn't even introduced a single person to her. She danced with her father in law and her father. The party was awesome. Later on some friends escorted them to their home to still drink there.

Some left later but his partners remained, he was discussing some important matters with them which she felt has no business with her. She decide to go upstairs and get herself ready for him. She walked into their bedroom and wowed in her mind. Her mother in law do know how to arrange a bedroom. She also got her a dressing table which has all the things she need including her facial cream, is this why she asked her about all those things? She thought.

She opened the wardrobe and as she expected, there was a small packed bag for her, she opened her zipper and stepped out of her before walking into the bathroom with the bag. Staring at herself in the mirror, Sasha smiled and bit her lower lip seductively, she took the makeup wiper she had brought with her into the bathroom to clean her makeup.

Michael will be done any minute now and he will be coming straight to the room, so she had to hurry up and dress herself seductively for him. Damn, she still can't believe it, she, Sasha, married to Michael, the #1 beauty in school? Damn, this feels so much like a dream.

She turned on the hot water and stepped into the tub, after relaxing for a while, she sprang to her feet and reached for the liquid soap with lavender fragrance and poured into the water. She lie back in the tub and closed her eyes, breathing in the sweet, sexy fragrance.

As she closed her eyes, her thoughts ran wild, why did he suddenly agree to marry her? Could it be that he is hiding his preference to men from his family? It's possible, of course, how can he tell them he is gay? His mother will have an heart attack.

Well, it doesn't matter, whether he is hiding it from them or not, what matters now is that she is his wife, she smiled at that thought, Sasha Brown, she smiled again and got up from the tub before turning on the shower to rinse her body. She grabbed a towel and tie it around her her chest as she stepped out of the tub. She grabbed another to dry her hair while standing in front of the mirror.

She can't tell what will be happening tonight, whether he is going to touch her or not but whichever it is, she will be glad if she gets to sleep in his arms, to breathe in that sweet scent of his that she can't do without and having been driving her crazy since today of having to stand and sit beside him.

She fetched out a black lingerie from the bag she carried into the bathroom and put on, she also applied her deodorant and her perfume. She brushed her hair and then applied her facial cream, she checked her side view in the mirror and smiled, she is beautiful, she knows, which is why the guys find it difficult to let her go but it was not satisfying since she couldn't catch the eyes of the most handsome in school, Michael Brown.

All that has change now, she is his wife and she is going to do everything within her power to make him see the goodness in women. She smiled at that



thought before giving herself one last glance at the mirror and nodded, satisfied with what she saw, she stepped out of the bathroom into bedroom.

Shocked to see her husband in the bedroom, sitting on the stool with his laptop on the desk, she gasped, when did he come in? Well it doesn't matter, he is here now, she stood at the bathroom door and stared at him, wanting to know if he will look at her but he seems so engrossed in whatever he is typing into his laptop, she pouted and walked to her dressing table and sat down, pretending to brush her hair again while staring at him through the mirror, damn, his back is awesome, she wondered what it will look like without the shirt on.

She watched him save his file and shutdown the laptop, it is time, she thought and turned to face him, he too was facing her with his legs crossed, his black hair so flat on his head and shiny like he had just stepped out of the shower, his shirt was half opened, his crystal blue eyes burning into hers and his oh sweet sexy pink lips, closed in a thin line, she found it hard to stop staring at it and was called out of her reverie with the sound of him clearing his throat.

He smiled faintly, watching those lips arched upward, Sasha felt her heart beat increasing "I believe you are done and relaxed now" his deep sensational voice penetrated into her mind.

She stared at him and slightly gave a nod and he nodded too "good, course I want what I have to say now to sink in deeply" he stopped for a moment "being my wife comes with some rules and should you abide by it, we won't have issues."

Rules? Rules in marriage? Since when did that become a thing? Sasha thought but she can't get herself to question him now.

"Three rules:

Don't talk to me,

Don't touch me,

Stay out of my business."

Sasha eyes widened in shock, what will be marriage without those things? How can she be married to him but she is not allowed to talk to him? Not

allowed to touch him? Forget about the business one, she can handle it but the other two?

Michael stared at her wide eye expression without uttering a single word again, when he was sure his words had sink in, he stood up and walked into the bathroom, leaving her staring into empty space in shock.

She watched him as he stepped out of the bathroom, there were beads of water on his body and a towel round his chest, he walked into his walk in closet she didn't know was there when she entered. After three minutes, he came out and went straight to the bed. He laid on his own side of the bed and turned off his bed lamp.

Sasha sat staring at him, is he for real? What has she gotten herself into? What kind of marriage will this be? She couldn't get herself thinking of all the possibility and slowly walked to the bed, she lay on her side and stared at him, he seemed to have fallen asleep immediately his head touched the pillow and she couldn't believe anything. She reached out her hand to touch him but then it froze in mid air as his second rule rang in her mind 'don't touch me' she swallowed and slowly let her hand fall, she turned her back to him and turned off the bed lamp while she prayed for the night to just be a dream.