

Love Hate Relationship

Chapter four

The cab stopped her in front of the club, it was one of the biggest and widely known club in Los Angeles, she got down, paid the cab and turned to walk in when she saw her girls walking up to her "what the hell took you so long?" Questioned Agatha, she was dressed to kill in a short black gown, her hair in a ponytail.

The rest all glared at Sasha and she clasped her hands together in front of her chest "I am so sorry, I had to wait for Michael to get back, that's what delayed me. I'm so sorry" she pouted.

"Oh I see, you guys didn't rush to have a quickie right?" Agatha asked and the girls all shouted her name "what?"

Janet shook her head and said to Sasha "you are here now, so let's go in. I'm dying for a dance."

"And some booze" the rest added.

"Sorry girls I don't think I should..." She was saying but then, why not? She thought "yea, booze" she added and the girls laughed before they all walked in, they showed their I.D cards to the bouncer and he let them in. The place was full, sweat smelling everywhere and a lot of dancing bodies that looked wet like they were just coming from the pool.

A lot of guys were sitting in the booths nearby with one or two girls giving them lap dance, and all dressed in little or no clothing. The waitress were not different, all dressed in lack bikini with their tray filled with drinks.

"What do you say? Dance first or booze?" Marilyn asked as she was already tweaking. A guy approached her immediately and grabbed her waist.

"Hey back off" the girls slapped his hand away and he raised his hand in the air in form of a surrender before walking away.

"Definitely booze first" Agnes agreed and they made their way to the bar.

"Hello pretty ladies, what can I get you?" The blonde bartender with a sexy smile asked them.

"Hey handsome, how about you make us happy?" Agatha asked and the girls looked at her, even the blonde was dumbfounded before revealing his killer smile.

"I'm in babe" he said.

"Agatha!" the girls shouted.

"What?" She asked before smiling to the blonde and ordering her drink. The rest just shook their heads unbelievably at her and ordered their own drinks too, sometimes, Agatha just forgets that she is married and a mother.

"So, tell us, how was your wedding night?" Janet asked and the rest all nodded "we all shared" she added.

Sasha sighed, its not like she doesn't want to share but that nothing actually happened, if she should tell them that her husband actually gave her three rules on their wedding night, they will not believe her and besides, she can't get herself telling anybody that "well" she looked at their expectant eyes, come on Sasha, it's not like you are a virgin, find a story and tell them, she thought "he actually did more than I expected."

Hey words actually got them leaning more closer to her, their eyes were shining like that of a two year old promised a candy if she got something right, she chuckled "he kissed me."

"Mm hmm" they said impatiently.

"And then, he carried me to the shower, we had a bath together more like just lay in the tub with the shower one. He sucked me, really good, I mean, really really good" she bit her lip seductively and the girls all opened their mouths staring at her "and then he made me go down to give him a blowjob too, he liked it. He actually moaned when I caressed his balls and sucked the hell out of him."

"Oh my... Bad girl. I always knew you had it in you" Agatha complimented.

"And then what happened?" Marilyn asked.

"Well, we were in the bathroom for nearly twenty minutes, doing nothing but just sucking each other. Later on, he lifted my ass up before slowly digging his shaft into me and boy was he big and hard, it felt so good. We went on like that for as long as I can remember, I released on him thrice before he finally let it out. We finished our bath and then he carried me back into the room and placed me on the bed, that was when I felt him, he was still hard. Before I knew it, he started again and boy did I moan. I haven't had it that good for as long as I can remember."

"Fuck, Michael actually did that?" Agnes asked.

"What do you mean? He is not a saint and besides, I always like a man who is good there" replied Agatha and they all laughed.

"Of course you do" Marilyn and Janet said in jinx.

The blonde bartender couldn't believe they were actually talking about that, he grabbed his napkin and started cleaning a glass while trying to not pay attention to their discussion.

"Damn, that must feel so good. I'm actually wet now just imagining it" Agatha added.

"Not just Agatha this time, me too" Janet added " he really did give it to you that night. I'm still surprised how you managed to come to work today course I'm pretty sure, he didn't leave you alone yesterday too."

"Well, he got a call and I couldn't bring myself to stay at home alone, so I just got up and prepared, you know."

"Yea I do" Marilyn agreed.

"Hey get us more drink, I need to drink to forget what you just said" Agatha said and they all laughed while the bartender got them another round of drinks.

A tall man in black suit walked into the club and all the bouncers there rushed to greet him. His crystal blue eyes searched the whole dancefloor but he seemed not to find what he was looking for, he reached for his phone to dial a number as his eyes roam around the whole room before settling on a blonde sitting at the bar with four extra women. She looked so happy as she was downing her glass content.

He furrowed his brows, if she continues like that, she will get drunk. He cursed and walked up the stairs to the VIP lounge, they were tables around and people were sitting and drinking. He walked past them into a private booth where he sat, two bouncers followed him and each stood beside him.

There were a lot of people in the club but his eyes were focused on one particular blonde in red skimpy dress. It's been long he had seen her that happy, there were a lot of clubs in L.A but she actually chose he's? Well he can't blame her, he owns about sixty five percent of all the clubs so there is no coincidence that she happens to come to one of he's.

He cursed when he saw her ordering for another drink, that will make it three that he had noticed, how many had she taken before he came? He can't remember her being a drunkard and with the way she was consuming the alcohol really pissed him off. He couldn't make out what she was discussing with her friends but she suddenly laughed and his eyes dimmed, it's been long he had seen her laugh and how beautiful she looks when she laughs or is it that dress she is putting on, he cursed again because of the contents of his thoughts.

Why in the world would she choose that dress, he looked around and saw the way some men were lusting after her, he is not sure if she is the one there were lusting after since they are five women down there, but the fact that they are looking at them means they are looking at her, he felt like plucking their eyes out, how dare they try to convert his property?

He looked at the drinking women again, maybe one of them suggested a dance, he can't tell but they were already making their way to the dancefloor. Right from his seat he could see the alcohol was already kicking in on them and he frowned. They started dancing, each still carrying a glass and drinking from it. He doesn't care about the other women, they can drink themselves to death, he don't care but the fact that she is drinking along with them really annoys him, can't she tell she is okay now, that anymore can make her loose her mind?

One of the ladies was already tweaking, she is wearing a black short gown and her black hair is in a ponytail, he frowned for he doesn't like her, she will spoil her for him, make her wayward and he doesn't like that, she needs to stop seeing them, especially her, he thought, but how can he tell her that?

Five men approached them and offered them drinks which they accepted and almost drank half the glass in a go, his frown deepened, how can she accept

drink from someone she doesn't know, is she that stupid? If he is correct, she should be twenty six now and her twenty seventh birthday is coming up in the next three months, she is no more a baby, don't she know what happen in clubs? How can she accept drink from anybody?

The man that offered her a drink suddenly grabbed her waist and she let him, in fact she smiled to him. His hands gripped tightly on his chair, he almost snapped the hand, how dare she? They were just married on Saturday and she is already cheating on him? How can she let another man touch her? They marriage is only two days old and she is already making out with someone else?

Easy Michael, she is drunk, he told himself but still, why should she let herself get drunk? Didn't she know she is now a married woman and they are some things she is not supposed to do? Even if she wants to come to a club, she shouldn't have got drunk, he will make her pay for that later. That's how she is, she is always so cheap, any man can come to her and she would accept, that was what she did that time in school which broke him, he shook his head, he doesn't want to think about that.

"Throw him out" he ordered icily. One of the bouncers leaned forward to hear what he said, since he always speaks so low "throw him out" he repeated.

The bouncer followed his gaze "is it the man dancing with Mrs. Brown?" He asked.

Michael didn't say a word to him again but the bouncer already knew what to do, that's how he behaves, once he gives an order, you need to figure out who or what yourself, especially if you didn't get him the first time he spoke.

"Wait" he called back the second bouncer.

"Sir?"

"Get me Gary. No need, get me everything about the asshole, let that be the first thing I will see in my desk tomorrow. That idiot has no right to touch my wife" he said the last words icily.

The bouncer nodded and Michael frowned "find Gary, let him know of this new assignment" he added.

"Yes Sir" he replied and walked away. Just then the first bouncer has reached the dancing Sasha and her friends. He grabbed the man by the collar and dragged him out, the man was shouting at the bouncer, he was furious but the bouncer didn't care about his anger, he has received orders from his big boss and his duty is to carry it out.

Nobody paid attention at what happened, Sasha and her girls had looked at them for a while before continuing with their dance.

A young man went up the stairs in flight to meet the cold looking handsome man "Mr. Brown, that was the minister's son" he complained in fright.

The cold man looked at him and his crystal blue eyes burned into his and he shivered, he actually forgot who he was talking to "if the minister comes to make trouble, then I will destroy him too" was his reply and the young man sighed, of course what was he expecting him to say?

He sighed and turned to leave "I want to see his file on my desk first thing tomorrow. Is that clear Gary?"

"Yes boss" Gary replied before walking away. The two bouncers returned then and stood beside him again. He looked at the dancefloor again and saw her whispering something to her friend. After that, she turned and start walking away from the dancing crowd. Where is she going? He thought as he noticed a young man getting up from his chair and following her.

He cursed and got up from his own seat, walked out of the lounge in long strides. He was down the stairs in no time and saw her getting into the ladies room. The man followed her and he increased his pace. He was at the door in no time and pushed it open. The man was resting on the wall, maybe waiting for her to finish her business and come out. He looked up when the door opened and his eyes revealed shock and then surprise.

"I never expect to see Michael Brown walking into the ladies room? Are you drunk?" He asked.

Michael didn't hear him or pretended not to, he just stood there with his eyes scanning the whole closed doors until he finally hears the toilet flush.

"Ah" the man said as he turned expectantly to the door, Michael cursed inwardly, just why is she so beautiful that she is always attracting trouble? He thought. The door opened and she stepped out, first she was shocked to see

a man in the room and wondered if she had stepped into the men room by mistake when she looked ahead and froze. What is he doing here?

"You really do know how to get yourself drunk don't you?" Michael asked icily and she closed her eyes, is she really that drunk that she is imagining him? She opened her eyes and tilt her head to the left.

"Michael?" She asked to confirm and he cursed audibly before walking up to her and grabbing her hand.

"Whoa whoa Michael, she is my catch" the man blocked their path with his hands on Michael's chest. Michael looked at his hand and looked at him, his eyes turned cold and the man shivered, he must be really drunk to forget who he is talking to, but still, he saw the babe first "hey, how about you let me just have her for ten minutes and then you can..." He was saying when a punch landed on his face.

"Ah" he groaned as he reached to caress his jaw "damn it, I saw her first okay" he insisted and another punch landed on his face. He got up and raised his hand to throw a punch but someone grabbed him from behind.

"Throw him out" Michael ordered and dragged Sasha away with him.

"Michael wait, I can't go yet. My friends..."

"Oh no young lady, you are going home" he snapped.

"But my friends..."

"I don't freaking care! Get it?" he shouted and she jumped. Why is he angry? She thought, she didn't do anything. He turned to pull her away with him again but she snatched her hand back, he turned to look at her really angry.

"Hey don't think you are the boss of my life, you are the one that told me not to touch you, why are you touching me then?" She asked with her eyes half closed.

Michael scoffed and shook his head unbelievably "I can't believe this, are you really this stupid? If I hadn't arrive here, do you have any idea what that guy would have done to you?" He shouted at her.

"Well at least, he knows that I'm a woman and he will treat me like one. Unlike you who actually chose to give me rules on our wedding night!"

Michael sighed and closed his eyes "come home with me."

Sasha opened her eyes to look at him "why?"

"Because you are my wife damnit!"

"I'm not leaving with you" she refused, wow thanks to this alcohol she gets to say her mind, looks like she will be drinking everyday...her train of thoughts was interrupted when someone picked her up "hey, put me down!" She shouted but it fell on deaf ears, he carried out through the exist door in the hallway and to his car. He opened the car and put her in the passenger's seat and secured her with the seat belt "you have no right..."

"Shut up" he ordered and she actually shut up and that's because there was something in his eyes that made her shut up "good girl, for once you obeyed."

He got around the car to his driver's seat before calling to the bouncers "get her friends home."

"Yes boss" they answered and went back into the club. Michael got into the car and drove off.

Sasha sat in the car, she still don't believe he was actually there, with her, when she told him where she was going he didn't want to hear it, he even said he didn't care and yet, here he is, how did he even get to know the club there were in? She looked at him but his face was tight, his eyes were on the road and he looked angry, well not that it matters, after all, when was the last time she had seen a smile on his face, not that his usual half faint smile, she mean a real smile, a genuine smile, come to think of it, it's actually none, she had never seen that such smile on his face.

She sighed and rest her head on the seat, maybe he don't even know how to smile, she thought but her mind was blurring, the alcohol has finally kicked in, she closed her eyes to have a short nap since it's still a long way home.