

# Love Hate Relationship

## Chapter five

Sasha felt the sunlight on her face, she frowned and wondered in her sleep how the sunlight was able to seep through into the room with its drapes always closed. Her neck hurts just like her back, she noticed she wasn't laying comfortably and her eyelids fluttered open. The first thing she noticed was the windshield and her brows creased, how can they be a windshield in their room?

The sunlight shines through the window and that was when she noticed she was sitting. She tried to get up but noticed the seatbelt strapped on her body, her frowning face turned uglier and she looked around her surrounding, only to notice the steering wheel, the driver's seat, the gear and for her to make up that she is in the car.

Why would she be in the car? She wondered and details of last night came pouring in, she had gone out with the girls and they had gotten drunk, she had gone to the ladies room and then she had seen Michael. He had carried her on his shoulder after shouting at her and punching a guy, he had brought her to his car and had put on her seatbelt. Thinking to that, she now realized what happened, she had fallen asleep in the car and heaven help her, he left her in the car!

Sasha laughed at herself, her husband actually left her sleeping in the car the whole night. Oh God, she thought, what have I gotten myself into? She unlocked her seatbelt and got down from the car. Her back hurt so bad, she tried to stretch herself but it only made it worse. She walked into the house yawning.

"Well I thought I got married to a gentle lady" she heard and turned to see her husband lying on the couch with a newspaper in his hands. He was looking at the papers and she had to question herself if he actually is the one that talked and by the way, what is he still doing at home? She decided to just forget about him, her back really hurts. She made her way to the stairs.

"Only to find out she is actually a slut" she heard and stopped in her tracks, she turned to look at him again and this time, he was looking at her, his crystal blue eyes burning into hers.

"I am not a slut" she answered and the corner of his lips arched upward in a faint smile.

"Aren't you?" He folded the newspaper and dropped it on the table before getting up. He walked closer to her and folded his arms on his chest "care to explain what happened last night?"

"I can't remember" she answered.

Michael scoffed "you think I'm a fool? If I am then I wouldn't be where I am today."

Sasha sighed and licked her lips, today that she doesn't want to talk to him, he actually chose it to be the day to talk to her? "What do you want?"

He raised his eyebrow and chuckled but she can see that it didn't reach his eyes "what do I want? My wife left our home two days after our wedding and to go to a club to be dancing with another man. What do you make of that?"

Sasha thought hard and then she remembered when it happened, she bit her lip and wondered how he got to know, just why was he at the club? "Nothing to say?" He asked and she looked at him.

"I was drunk."

"Really? I didn't ask you to get drunk."

"Is that why you left me in the car?" She asked looking intently at him.

"I didn't ask you to sleep in the car. And as drunk as you were, you wouldn't wake up if I call you. What do you expect me to do, to carry you? I don't have such strength" he replied.

Sasha closed her eyes and sighed "and you let me spend the night outside!"

"Whoa, I didn't ask you to spend the night outside."

"I was drunk!" She shouted.

"I didn't ask you to get drunk and you don't shout at me young lady. Nobody shouts at me" he was looking at her, really angry now "nobody."

Sasha let out a sigh and tried to keep the tears in "why...why do you hate me?"

Michael was shocked, he wasn't expecting that so soon and he was lost for words at the moment. He thought of a way to refute her but he can't possibly think of the best answer, does he hate her? Of course he does, but why? He can't even answer himself. He turned away from her not wanting her to see his battling with his thought "no more work for you."

Sasha was dumbstruck, what did he say? "Wh...what..what did you say?"

He turned to look at her "no more work for you."

"You can't do that!"

"Yes I can."

"No you can't" she refused to accept it.

Michael sighed and walked to the couch he was laying on before. He picked up a brown envelope and brought out some papers "this is why you married me right?" He held up the papers for her to see.

Sasha saw it written bold and clear J&J and knew immediately what it was but his words that followed later shocked her "I...I...I.."

"Don't deny it. You were told I can get you the Jack and Jones contract and you agreed to marry me immediately" he bit his lip trying to hide the hurt in his eyes, he mustn't let her know he is hurt, he mustn't show her that it hurts him to find out that she married him simply because of a contract, a freaking, lowly hundred million dollars worth contract. Is that what he worth to her? Hundred million dollars? Heaven knows he really wants to ask her that question but no, he can't, he can't tell her how he feels.

Sasha stood staring at him, how did he know? Should she tell him that her plan changed immediately she knew he was the groom? Will it change anything? Will he believe her? She thought of what to say but can't even think of anything.

Michael took a deep breath and hid his emotion deep in his heart "since that's the case. I will give you the contract but you have to do everything I say, starting from no more work."

"But what will I be doing here?"

"You are going to stay here and practice how to be a good wife and yes, you are not to see those women you called friends anymore."

"What!"

"Yes, if you want the contract, you have to earn it" he replied and walked past her to the stairs.

"It's not fair" she whispered.

Yes, it's not fair, because you married me for a freaking contract, he so much wanted to say but changed it to "I do what I want."

Sasha couldn't control the tears anymore, she really want to shout at him that she love him, that she married him because of her love for him and not because of the contract. That he doesn't have to treat her like this, that he can be loving to her, caring, but will it change anything? He hates her, shouting that to him won't change anything. She slumped on the floor and hugged her knees to her chest.

Michael watched her from the stairs, he wanted so bad to go to her, to pull her in his arms, to hug her and tell her he is sorry to make her cry, to tell her everything is going to be okay. He took a step and stopped himself, hell no, why will he do that? She started it all, she hurt him first, back then in the school, she hurt him first, why should he apologize to her? She brought it upon herself, he is only paying her back, let her feel the pains she made him feel. He knows it won't hurt her like it did to him after all, she doesn't love him. But he is going to make her life a leaving hell.

Thinking to that, he shut his eyes and when he opened it again, all the compassion was gone, all that was left there, was coldness, cold enough to freeze even a Yeti, he turned and walked into their room.

Sasha walked into the bathroom fifteen minutes after Michael left the house. She stepped into the tub, the hot water sooth her aching bones. She shut her eyes and held her breath before going under the water. She raised her head when she was out of breath. She opened her eyes and filled her lungs with air. Should she call his mother? But won't it be bad for her to call her mother in-law to complain about her son three days after their wedding? But what about her own parents, should she call them?

She heard her ringtone blaring in the room and wondered how it got there, she could remember she wasn't with it in the car when she woke up, including her purse. She stepped out of the tub and wrapped herself with a towel and wrapped her hair with another. She stepped out of the bathroom and saw her phone on her dressing table together with her purse.

She shook her head unbelievably, he brought her phone and purse upstairs but he actually let her sleep outside, just what kind of man is this? Her phone started ringing again and she picked it up, it was her mom calling.

"Hi mom."

"Hello baby, where are you?"

"At home."

"Wow, enjoying your honeymoon?"

"What honeymoon mom?"

"Oh, come on sweetheart, you mustn't travel before you have a honeymoon. You staying at home now proved it."

Sasha sighed, of course she will say that "why did you call mom?"

"Sweetheart, I haven't heard from you since you got married and you never bothered to call either. Why don't you come home and have lunch with me hmm?" Angelica asked.

Sasha thought about it, her dear husband stopped her from going to work but he didn't stop her from going out. Thinking of how boring it was in the house on Sunday when she was at home, she really don't want to experience that again. She would rather she listen to her mother non stop talking than stay alone, she thought "fine. I will be there."

"That's my honey. I will be expecting you" Angelica said.

"Bye mom."

"Bye love" she hung up.

Sasha sat on the bed and unlocked her phone only to see fifteen missed calls, ten from Janet, two from Agatha, two from Agnes and one from Marilyn. She groaned and called Janet first "hey love."

"What was the meaning of what you did last night?"

"Sweetie I'm sorry."

"Sorry? Sasha we went out together and you abandoned us at the dancefloor."

"It's not like that, I swear. I went to the lady's room but Michael showed up, he carried me to the car from there. I swear I didn't just leave."

"We were all drunk, we wanted to leave but decided to wait for you cause we can't leave without you only for some bouncers to approach us, telling us, you asked them to take us home. I mean we appreciate the lift but at least you should have told us yourself, tell us you are okay. Agatha refused to leave until she sees you and I was calling you only to realize that you left your phone and purse with us. It was after we found out that Michael is the owner of the club and that he took you home that we agreed to leave. I gave them your phone and purse to give to you."

"Baby I'm sorry please. I was so drunk, I was almost raped in the restroom, that was when Michael came in and he refused leaving me alone then, that was why I left. I'm really sorry."

"It's okay. When we didn't see you today at the office, we called. I mean countless times but you didn't answer."

"I was still asleep."

"I figured, I know he wouldn't let you go in that state."

"Shut up" she laughed along with Janet before remembering what she said "wait you said, Michael owns the club?"

"Yes, I mean I was surprised too."

"Damn. No wonder he showed up uninvited."

"What do you mean uninvited? If I had known he was around, I would have made you introduce us to him and the fun would have been merrier" Janet commented.

Sasha sighed, if only you know, she thought "well, yea. It would have."

"Okay babe, enjoy your honeymoon while we work ourselves to death here."

"I'm sorry, I need to call the girls."

"No need, they are here with me and the phone is on speaker."

"Oh, babes I'm sorry. Please forgive me" Sasha apologized.

"It's okay but you owe us lunch" She heard Agatha said.

Sasha laughed "fine, but not today. I will let you know when it will be."

"Sure, bye girl."

"Bye" she hung up and heaved a sigh, glad that was settled. She looked at the time and it was 12:25pm, well, looks like she is going to have a late lunch with her mom, she thought as her tummy rumbled to remind her that she didn't even have breakfast. She breathed out and got up to dress.

Sasha stepped out of the cab in front of her parents home. She walked to the porch and reached to ring the doorbell but then remembering how her mother is going to start again with her lecturing, she decided to just turn the handle and get in. She removed her jacket and hanged it on the coat hanger near the door "mom?" She called when there was no sign of her. This is why she always ring the bell when she comes, now she is in and her mother doesn't even know. If she is a bugler now won't she make away with the valuables?

"Mom?" She called again and walked to the kitchen but she wasn't there, she looked out through the window to see her in the garden picking some vegetables. She walked out to the garden, her hands in her jean pocket "hi mom."

Angelica turned at the sound of her daughter's voice, she smiled when she saw her and stood up "hey baby" she removed her dirty gloves and rubbed her hands on the apron she was putting on "sorry I didn't get the door."

"It's okay, only that if I was a bugler, you wouldn't even know I came in."

"I left the door open because I was expecting you" Angelica tried to defend herself.

"And still if I was a bugler I wouldn't care if you left the door open for your daughter. I will just come in."

"Buglers? In broad daylight? Baby, it doesn't work like that."

"So you believe, it mustn't be in the night" she retorted and went to help her carry the basket filled with the vegetables "what a bountiful harvest."

"Really? Take some home with you when leaving. Use it to cook a nice dinner for my son in law" Angelica smiled.

If he will eat it, Sasha thought and nodded to her. They carried the basket into the kitchen where she filled a bowl with water in the sink and started washing them while Angelica washed her hands and settled to make their lunch.

"How has your married life been like?"

"Good, nothing different from my everyday life, only that I now wake up with someone in the bed."

"Well, if you think it is that boring then you can consider getting pregnant. I'm sure Vanessa will want a grandchild as fast like I do."

Sasha froze at the sink, pregnant? Her husband has not even touch her and she is talking about getting pregnant? If she should get pregnant now, that means she is leaving her matrimonial home, she got hold of her thoughts "I will tell Michael."

"Good, at least by this time next year, we will have a little one" Angelica smiled to her daughter as her eyes spoke of her joy. Sasha chuckled nervously and faced what she was doing, hoping her mother will drop the subject.

"So when will Michael have dinner with us? You know as our son in law, we haven't had dinner with him nor even speak with him. Thinking of that, your dad made a big mistake. We should have invited him to dinner before your wedding, get to talk with him and ask him some questions as your parents. Well, we can't go back now but that doesn't mean we still won't ask him to



dinner sometime" she looked at her daughter "I'm sure he is taking good care of you. He is capable."

You are just thinking of this now? Bravo, she thought and smiled while nodding. Angelica returned the smile and they made the lunch happily. Leaving later in the day, her mother walked her to the door.

"Where is your car?" She asked looking at the empty driveway.

"I'm still going home to pick it" she replied.

"I don't understand, Michael didn't give you a new car?"

"There are tons of cars at home mom, I just didn't feel like driving any of them."

"Why?"

"Because I want to go to my resident and pick my car and some of my stuff. I need to vacate from the house you know."

"Yes I do, but you should have just hired a truck to get your things for you and that also doesn't mean you shouldn't get a new car."

"Mom I don't want a new car. I have my car remember?"

"Sweety, you have been driving that car for two years. Your husband is capable of getting you a new one."

"Mom, I don't want a new one. I feel comfortable in my car and it's still new. Yes I have been driving it for two years now but it doesn't look it."

"Baby ..."

"Mom, please. I will come by next time" she replied and walked off while Angelica stared after her. She watched her get into a cab before walking back into the house.

A young man knocked on the office door before going in "yes boss?" Gary asked while looking at the cold man sitting on the chair and going through a document. He lifted his head from the papers and looked at the man standing before him.

"Cancel the contract we have with the minister, his son is in charge of it right?" He asked coldly.

"Yes boss."

The cold man nodded "good. If they ask why, tell him next time when he goes to a club, he shouldn't touch any woman."

"But boss, the contract is almost at the end. If we call off now, we have to pay five million dollars as compensation for canceling on them."

"Transfer it to them then" he ordered.

"Boss, don't you think you should reconsider?" Gary tried to stop his action.

Michael looked at him "he touched my wife, nobody touches my wife. If they refuse the compensation fee. Ask them to come meet me."

"Boss ..."

"Don't Gary" he ordered and Gary shut up immediately, he values his life. Michael closed his eyes and let out a sigh after five minutes before asking "what did she do today?"

Without thinking, he already know who is asking of "nothing much. After you left, she made a few phonecalls and left the house."

He looked at Gary immediately, his eyes asking "to where?"

"Her parent's. Stayed close to three hours before leaving."

"Did she go back home?" He asked.

"Not really, she is currently at her old resident. I think she is packing."

Michael rest his head on his seat, his eyes were closed, he remembered the pitiful woman he left at home and sighed "do you think I was too harsh with her?"

"I shouldn't say boss."

"I'm asking you."

"Well, if I am to say, you shouldn't have stopped her from working. It's the only thing that can keep her busy. Staying at the empty home all day is really going to affect her" Gary answered carefully.

"Then should I get the housekeepers to live in to keep her company?" Michael asked.

"I wouldn't suggest that. I think you should allow her to continue working. She started the branch only two years ago and is still trying to take it to it's peak."

Michael bit his lip and looks to be in thought "fine then. She will resume work tomorrow."

"Thank you boss."

"Why are you thanking me? I did nothing for you" he retorted.

"But still ..." Gary was saying when Michael's phone started ringing. He looked at the caller I.D and waved Gary away who bowed and left immediately.

Michael picked up the call "hi mom."

"Hello son. How are you?" Vanessa asked.

"Good."

"And Sasha?"

"Good."

"Okay, I have been thinking. We didn't get to know each other more before the wedding not that I'm complaining, so why don't you bring her over for dinner tonight? It's the first time we will be seeing you two after your wedding."

"Mom I ..."

"No excuses, I'm inviting you two to dinner tonight. 8:00 pm, we will be waiting."

Michael sighed "yes mom. We will be there."

"That's my baby boy. Mama loves you" she blew him a kiss before hanging up. Michael dropped the phone on the desk and his eyes were on the ceiling.

Sasha was packing some books into a box when her phone rang. She looked at the screen to see an unknown number, her brows creased as she picked the call "hello?"

"Dinner with mom and dad 8 pm. I will pick you up, be ready" the call ended.

Sasha stared at her phone in shock, what the heck? Who could it be? She thought as her brain processed the words before she gasped in shock, was that her husband? Is this his number? She remembered that he had never called her before and just last night she was complaining that she didn't have his number.

But wait, is that how he talks to people? Dinner with mom and dad 8 pm, I will pick you up, be ready, just like that? He really needs to go to school to learn how to talk to people or even ask for a date. She glared at her phone and made a face, hoping he could see it before dropping the phone and continuing with what she was doing.

She carried a box to her car and opened the trunk, she dumped it inside before walking back into the house and carrying out a few more boxes. She checked her time, well, she still has one hour and some minutes to prepare for the dinner, she rolled her eyes and got into the driver's seat, inserted the key in the ignition before stepping on her accelerator.

Sasha stepped out of the bathroom while thinking of what to wear, she rummaged her wardrobe but wasn't satisfied with any of the cloths there, her eyes kept drifting to the walk-in closet and the rack filled with lady wears. No no, Sasha, don't go there, she cautioned herself. She opened one of the boxes she came back with and brought out some of her old wears but none of them seem to be the right thing to wear. Her eyes drifted to the walk-in closet again and she bit her lower lip.

Of course, this will be the right time to get him to talk, why should she be afraid? She is his wife, why should he be keeping female wears and she is not allowed to touch them? How possible? After seeing through her reasons, she got up still wrapped in a towel and walked into the closet. She reached the rack and wowed again, she strongly believes there is only one piece of each gowns in the world, she touched a red long gown and immediately fell in love.

She brought it out and walked to the mirror, placing it on her chest, exquisite, she thought while staring at herself in the mirror. She also took a red stilettoes before leaving the closet. She dressed in the gown and styled her hair in a

buffet ponytail. She applied mascara and a red lipstick, an earring and a necklace. She put on the stilettos and stood up to look at herself in the mirror. The gown clasped to every curve in her body. It had a long split to the thigh that you can see her leg when she walks. It looked beautiful.

She glanced at the time and it was thirty minutes to eight, she grabbed her purse and her phone. She looked at herself again to admire in the mirror when she heard the sound of a car parking, she rushed out of the room immediately.

Michael parked his car, grabbed his briefcase and stepped out. He need to take a quick shower and change into some fresh clothes, he thought. He walked into the house in time to see Sasha coming down the stairs in a princess style. He froze while looking at her, the gown looks familiar but it looks like it was made for her body, he looked from her hair to her lips, her chest, her curves and down to the split exposing half her thigh, he gulped as his eyes reached her feet and back to her face, there is only one word, Beautiful.

Beautiful, he screamed again in his mind but will he tell her that? Hell no. Realizing he has been staring that much, he blinked twice and looked away, he swallowed and walked past her up the stairs. He rushed to their room and blinked again and again and again, trying to wipe away that image of her from his memory. Realizing it's not going to happen, he undressed and walked into the bathroom to have a cold shower. He turned on the shower and let the water splash on his face but then he remembered her eyes, her lips, her bosom, her curves and her very fair thigh, he shut his eyes tightly but the memory keeps coming.

The feeling of her lips that day at the altar, how soft it was even though it was a brief kiss, heaven knows he had wanted more, and the torture of sleeping beside her on the same bed but can't touch her on their wedding night, he hadn't slept till three in the morning while trying to wipe away the thought that she is lying beside him just a meter away. He shook his head to shake away the thoughts and his body shivered. He opened his eyes and looked at the lower half of her that has reacted to his thoughts and cursed.

Trying to keep himself from thinking about how soft her body looks, he remembered he had seen the gown some where and then thinking, he recalled that he picked the gown himself, it is the only piece of it's kind and his designer had gifted it to him. Anger boiled inside him as he remembered that

he had placed it his closet along with the others, then does it mean she went into his closet?

He turned off the shower immediately and left the bathroom. Drying his hair with a towel, he walked into his closet and searched for the gown and indeed, she took it from here, of course she did, he can remember he told his designer not to make one like it again. He grabbed the nearest shirt and put on along with it's pant and suit. He put on his shoes and left the closet, dried his hair and combed it, put on his wristwatch and left the room in a fit of anger.

Sasha was sitting on the sofa while waiting for him, she heard the door slam and looked up at the stairs to see him coming down. Perhaps due to his anger he didn't notice the color of his dressing, he was dressed in red all through. She wanted to compliment but then she noticed the anger in his eyes.

"You really have no fear do you?" He asked icily.

Sasha creased her brow, what now? She thought "I don't understand."

Michael snorted "of course you don't. You love playing dumb. My third rule, stay out of my business. Why can't you just do that!" He shouted.

Sasha finally figured what was wrong with him "I saw it in the walk-in closet."

"Exactly. Who gave you the right to go in there?"

"I was just looking around when I chanced upon it. I saw the rack with dresses. I didn't know what to wear so I picked from it."

"You have no right."

"Why? Why don't I? Why do you have so many lady wears in your closet?" She retorted.

"It's none of your business!" He replied icily.

"Oh really? If I am not allowed to wear them, then who is?"

"Still not your business. It's my house, my closet, my clothes. I do with it however I want!" He shouted.

"But why? Why have so many? Why I'm I not allowed to wear them?" She shouted back.

Michael walked closer to her, he grabbed her on the neck "you do not shout at me. Nobody shouts at me. You do not talk back at me, understand? When I'm talking, you shut up, clear?" He tightened his hold on her neck. Sasha struggled for breath as a tear slipped from the corner of her eye.

The tear dropped on his hand and he woke up, he released his hold on her immediately and walked out of the house. Sasha sniffed and wiped away the tear but more kept coming. She tried to get her emotion in place and when she finally succeeded, she picked up her phone and purse and walked out of the house too. He was already sitting in the car, she walked to the passenger's door and got in. She buckled her seatbelt and tried her best to minimize her presence.

Michael stared at her, he wanted so badly to hold her, to say he is sorry for his earlier action, but he couldn't, he couldn't get himself to say it. Her silent sobs burns in his heart and the place her tear touched on his hand scorched him. He closed his eyes for some seconds before opening them again, he started the car and slowly pulled out of the driveway.

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