

Love Hate Relationship

Chapter nine

Sasha opened her eyes slowly, her body aches a little, she felt her hand on the bed but it was empty, she furrowed her brows and looked around the room, her eyes settled on the man sitting leg crossed on the chair near the door that leads to the balcony, his eyes were sharp, clear and cold. She sat up immediately while holding the blanket to her chest, her hair was disheveled and was blocking her face, she immediately swept it from her face and tucked some locks behind her ear with her eyes not leaving the cold man in the room.

Michael watched her and slowly uncrossed his legs, "I never knew you are this scheming" his low, cold voice rang in the room.

Sasha gulped as she wait for him to continue but when he said nothing more, she got out of the bed with the blanket still covering her, she walked to her wardrobe and fetched out a robe which she quickly draped around her, she sighed and then faced the man whose eyes refused to leave her "I don't know why you are sounding like this."

Michael snorted when he heard her words "you don't know why I'm sounding like this? You took advantage of me."

Sasha's eyes widened in shock "I took advantage of you? How?" She asked stupefied.

Michael sat up and strode towards her "I never knew this is how you crave for a man. So all this while of staying in this house and acting like you don't mind, you have actually been waiting for the day you will see me at my weakest, I'm I right? That was why you didn't hesitate to throw your body at me last night."

Sasha's eyes stung at his words, throw her body at him? Why is he making it sound like she is a harlot? "I...I..."

"What, speechless? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Forcing yourself on a man?" His voice was cold, devoid of any emotion, one look at him and you will know that he is angry, very angry.

"For...for...force...my...myself? I didn't... Force myself" Sasha stammered, her eyes welled up and a lump grew in her throat, she tried to breathe but her

chest was heavy, his words kept slamming in her head and straight to her chest.

"A man returned home drugged, all you were supposed to do was to leave him alone!" Michael shouted.

"You were the one who came to me, you were the one who kissed me."

"Stop lying against me! I will never kiss you!" Michael shouted, his eyes furious.

"I'm not lying, you approached me. I was asking if you were okay because you came in with your shirt in your hand, you looked so...I don't know, I tried to know what was wrong but then you started kissing me..."

"I was drugged!" Michael interrupted with a shout "I was drugged! I was not myself, do you think if I were I would touch you, that I will let you come close to me?"

Sasha kept staring at his face, trying to decipher his thoughts "why are you saying this to me?"

"You crossed the line. I told you, don't touch me, my second rule, don't touch me. Even if you are to fail to keep the others, you were not supposed to fail that one!"

Sasha couldn't take it anymore "stop! I am your legal wife. Why are you shouting at me like I have committed a big offense?" She shouted.

"You have committed a big offense, you touched me!"

"We are married! For crying out loud Michael we are married. I am your wife, and you are my husband. Whatever that happened between us last night was expected."

"We are married but only in name. You are not in my heart and you will never be."

Sasha opened her mouth to speak but no words came out, she tried to refute him but couldn't find her voice, a big lump was in her throat and her chest felt heavy, tears poured down her face as her eyes spoke of her pain "Stay away from me" she heard Michael say.

He looked at her, he could see her pain and he knew his words hurt her but he just couldn't get himself to swallow it, he had kept himself all along, and then one night, she took it away, he can't take it "I can't stand seeing a slut."

"A slut? Michael..."

"Don't, say my name" he enunciated each word carefully "I don't want to see you. Get out."

"Michael..."

"Get out!" He shouted.

Sasha shuddered at his voice but she couldn't get herself to take a step, her mind was blurring and the image of how passionate and loving he was last night flashed in her mind, is this the same man? "I..."

Michael suddenly grabbed her wrist and dragged her, he opened the door and dragged her out of the room, he climbed down the stairs while still dragging her behind him, two more stairs, he stopped and pushed her down. Sasha missed a foot and she fell at the foot of the stairs, she had waded her fall with her hand and now it hurts like crazy, more tears pour from her eyes but the pain she feels in her hand cannot amount to the one she feels in her chest.

"Stay away from me what ever your name is" he said to her and turned to walk up the stairs "Sasha" he heard and turned to face her again.

With her head bowed and a few sobs escaping her mouth, she turned to look at him with her tear filled eyes "my name is Sasha, do you remember now?"

Michael could hear her voice breaking and the emotion attached to each word, a string was pulled in his heart but he couldn't care less "I don't care!" He turned and climbed up the stairs.

Sasha sobbed badly, her face was red, where he grabbed her on her wrist hurts, her hand that she used to reduce the impact of the fall hurts but none, none of the the pain she feels physically could amount to the one she feels in her heart. Her heart was typically shattered by his words, she remembered how loving and sweet he was last night and smiled at herself "you knew this was coming, why are you crying now?" She muttered.

In as much as she had prepared herself to face the consequences this morning, she couldn't deny that a part of her had secretly wished that when he wakes up, he will not be angry and that last night will be the start of their happy marriage, but she was wrong. Although she had prepared herself for this, it still hurt like hell.

Michael left the house not long after, Sasha had curled herself on the floor in the shape of a ball but he didn't glance her a second look when he left the house. He got into his car and sped off.

When he got to the president office, all his workers knew that there was something different about him and it was not a good one. Everywhere grew silent immediately and even the sound of the keyboards seems to be hushed and no one dared to breathe heavily. He walked straight into his office and everybody felt sorry for Gary, who is both his assistant and secretary.

Gary opens Michael's office door only to be stopped short when a coffee mug was hauled at the door. The mug broke at the contact with the wall and a clashing sound was heard, Gary gulped before proceeding into the office. There were papers everywhere on the floor.

"Boss..."

"Where is she?" Michael interrupted.

"Em Boss, according to your order, I did track her but she is no longer in the country" Gary answered.

Michael looked at him, his eyes full of rage "what do you mean?"

"She left the country last night. After you left the hotel, she also did but she went to her home and stayed for an hour."

"Where did she go?"

"She is in Amsterdam currently boss."

Michael gave a half chuckle, he sat on his chair and swirled it left and right, he was chewing his left thumb with his elbow resting on the chair arm "she think she can run away? Track her down, find her!"

"Yes boss" Gary replied and left the office.

Michael rest his head on the chair with his eyes closed, a pitiful picture of a woman lying on the floor flooded his mind, he shut his eyes tightly and snapped it open to clear the image, he don't want to see it anymore. He knew he reacted harshly but he couldn't stop himself, he was angry.

When he woke up this morning to see her in his arms, he was shocked at first as he tried to recall what would have happened. A terrible headache had started then and he rubbed his temple, the headache was severe forcing him out of bed. He had been shocked to see himself naked as well as the woman in the bed, he walked into the bathroom and while taking a shower, event of the previous night started playing in his mind, he had been angry because she took advantage of his weak state.

Never had he touched a woman before, last night was his first. Although he had been keeping himself for her at first but later gave up since he believed she will never be his. He had wanted to touch her so many times for the past one month they had been living together but he couldn't because he can't get himself to be that intimate with her when she doesn't love him and he also hate her, he can't forget that she had married him for a stupid contract anyway.

He sighed and opened his drawer, he brought out a case of cigarette, took a stick, lit it and took a long drag, his mind wandering wild and before he knew it, he started thinking of last night. He could remember the feel of her body in his hand, the taste of her. Michael shut his eyes and tried to clear the image but it seems to come with force once his eyes was closed.

The pleasure she had brought to him with her mouth, he must admit, it was the sweetest feeling he had ever experienced. Her mouth on his nipples and her kisses, the pleasure that surged through him when he joined their bodies, her caresses....

Michael was brought back to present by a sharp pain in between his fingers, he snapped open his eyes and threw away the cigarette that has burned him. He lit another one and took a long drag before puffing it into the air, this memory will hunt him forever that, he already know because a part of him has already reacted with the thoughts alone. He sighed and buried himself in the smoke that soon enveloped his office.

Coming home late in the night, Michael parked his car and got down, he walked into his house but only to see Sasha sleeping on the couch, remembering how she took advantage of him last night and how he had

thought of nothing today but last night, he got angry. He knew it, she wanted to use her body to lure him to her, that's why she did that and now he just can't stop thinking about her body.

Michael walked closer to the sleeping Sasha, he stared at her face and how beautiful and peaceful she looked while asleep, he was gripped with the sudden urge to kiss her and he hated it, how can she still sleep peacefully when he thinks of nothing but last night and how he really want to entangle himself with her like that again? He looked at the side table and saw the television remote, he picked it up and turned on the television, he raised the volume to maximum and changed the channel to a music station.

The sound blasted through the speakers and Sasha jumped up in shock, she looked at the man towering over her and with the music still loud, she figured what he had done and her eyes welled up. Michael looked at her coldly and walked up the stairs without glancing her a second look. Sasha picked up the remote and turned off the television. She sat on the couch and sobbed silently.

Days later, Sasha received a call from her mother, asking her to bring Michael to dinner that night "mom, I don't know if he is going to free, he been kind of busy lately."

"Why won't he be free? We have never have dinner with you guys since you got married, he can't refuse that. Just tell him, we will be expecting you guys. Bye" Angelica hung up.

Sasha sighed and stared at her phone, Michael has not spoken to her again since the day of the incident. He seems to be engrossed in his rule of her not talking to him and it seems worst now, before he will occasionally drop a few words to her and even engage in a discussion sometimes even if it is to spite her but he hasn't even said another word to her, he practically behaves as if she does not exist so how is she going to ask him to dinner?

She heaved a sigh and decided to still give it a try, she got home that day to see his car in the garage, he is back already? She thought before climbing out of the car, she went inside the house but he was not lying in his usual couch, she went upstairs to their room and opened the door, she was greeted by a cloud of smoke, he seems to be smoking a lot this days, she thought.

Sasha walked up to Michael in the balcony where he was standing with his hand in his pant pocket and the other holding a cigarette stick close to his

mouth, he seemed to be lost in thought as he stared into space "mother called me" she noticed him flinch and knew he was now with her and so continued "she asked us to join them for dinner tonight."

The tall man standing before her acted as if she was just talking to an empty air, he brought his fingers to his mouth and took a long drag from his cigarette before puffing it into the air "I told her you might not be free, that you seem busy these days but she refused to listen. She said that we have not have dinner with them since we got married and it's true, so I'm thinking if you can spare the night and let's go over there just to make it up to them" Sasha added but Michael still remained silent without gifting her a glance. He took the last drag from his cigarette and tossed the butt on the floor before stepping on it, he turned and walked past her into the room.

Sasha followed him and he walked into his walk-in closet, he emerged with a towel on his waist and walked into the bathroom. Sasha sat on the bed to wait for him, maybe he agreed since he was taking his bath, she concluded.

Michael walked out of the bathroom and into his closet, he came out again in his pyjamas and laid down on his side of the bed, Sasha was shocked to see him like that, what is going on? Why is he sleeping? "Aren't we going to the dinner?" She asked him but he pretended not to hear her "mom is waiting for us" she continued "it will be wrong if we don't go."

Michael groaned when she wouldn't stop talking, he got up from the bed, got his laptop and sat on the bed, his back resting on the headboard, he switched on the laptop and started working. Sasha watched him and knew that what his silent way of telling her to shut up. She got up and left the room. She called her mom in the living room "hi mom."

"Hey baby, are you guys on your way?" Angelica asked on the other side of the call.

"No mom. Michael is being delayed in a meeting, he just called me now to tell me and he said I should ask you if you can reschedule the dinner? He really wish he could go though but the directors insisted they must finish the meeting because it has to do with their current project. I'm so sorry and he said I should send his apology too" Sasha bit her lip as she lied to her mother with a straight face.

Veronica was silent on the other side that Sasha had to call on to her again before she spoke "okay then. We will have it next time, you dad will be going

to Florida tomorrow because of that business I told you about so it will have to be when he comes back then."

Sasha could sense from her voice that she was not happy and she sighed "I'm really sorry mom, if you want I can come, I'm basically alone now and in other not to waste the food, I can come over."

"No it's okay, stay over and prepare something for Michael, he will be really tired and famished if he should return now and it will be wrong if he should return and not see you at home, it's okay."

"I'm sorry mom."

"It's alright darling, send my regards to Michael when he returns."

"Alright mom, good night."

"Goodnight my pumpkin" Angelica hung up.

Sasha sighed and looked at the phone, she turned to walk back upstairs and she received the shock of her life, Michael was standing on the staircase and his face looked scary, his eyes seems to be questioning her 'why lie with my name?' Sasha gulped and after she steadied her breathing, she said to him "there is no other way to explain our absence, I just have to do it. It's wrong enough that we won't be going so I have to give them a good reason for that."

Michael stared at her aloofly and descended the stairs, he walked past her to his mini bar where he took out a glass and a bottle of brandy, he poured himself a glass and took a sip while acting as if he was the only one in the living room. Sasha stared at him, she took a deep breath and let it out, she turned and ascended the stairs, straight to their room, she undressed and took a quick shower, dressed in her nightgown, she blow dry her hair and laid in the bed.

Sasha awakened to someone crushing her hand, her eyes fluttered open at the massive pain, her brows were creased and her face in a frown, the first thing she saw when her eyes opened was a beautiful pair of blue eyes, staring coldly at her, not understanding what was happening, she looked down at her hand which was in pain only to see her hand in Michael's grip and he seemed to want to crush her hand.

"What are you doing?" She asked with pain and tried to release her hand from his grip.

Michael stared at her with a cold face before releasing her hand, he got out of bed and left the room. Sasha sat up, staring at him while massaging her fingers, what has suddenly come over him? She thought, why would he want to crush her hand? She then looked at the bed only to find her reason. In her sleep, she had shifted closer to him in the bed and might have mistakenly touched him, she looked at the space in the bed and realized that she was currently sitting in his side while her side was empty, just how did she not know that she was getting closer to the devil? Was she that tired and deep in sleep? She asked no one in particular.

After massaging her head, she shifted to her side and laid down to sleep but the sleep refused to come again. She sighed and shut her eyes tightly while mulling over the thought of getting her own bedroom, at least she won't have to mistakenly touch him while sleeping.

The next day, after coming back from work, she waited for him, she had been making savings to pay him back his money for the clothes and heaven was on her side, at least now she can pay up, all thanks to the guy that kept sending contracts to her company, she is very glad at least she can clear her debt now and won't have to worry.

Michael returned later and as usual, he walked past her and headed for the stairs, Sasha followed him immediately "can you give me your account details so that I can pay the rest of the money?"

Michael stopped in his track, he opened his briefcase and tear out a piece of paper, he brought out a pen from his suit pocket and scribbled something on the paper, he let it fall on the stairs and he continued with his ascend. Sasha sighed and picked up the paper to discover that it was his account details that he wrote there, she fished out her phone and transferred the money to him.

With each passing day, she kept feeling like she and Michael are drifting father and father apart, ever since that morning of shouting at her, he had never said a single word to her again, she concluded that if she is to leave the matter to go on like that, then there is no hope for her marriage anymore, she thought about talking to him or better still apologizing to him and she later settled for the latter.

She left work early that day to prepare a candlelight dinner for him, she knows he might not eat the food but it will show her goodwill and she will use the opportunity to apologize for what happened that night. She decided to cook his favourite food but it was after donning herself in an apron that she realized that she doesn't even know his favourite food and not just that, she doesn't know his favourite color, she doesn't know his favourite drink, she doesn't know his favourite movie nor song, she practically doesn't know anything about him.

She stood holding a spatula as her mind ran wild, what does she know about her husband? Absolutely nothing. Sasha couldn't believe herself, how can she not know a thing about her husband? If they are to go for an interview now, there is not a single thing she can say about him, she wanted to beat herself before she remembered, he also doesn't know a thing about her, so they both doesn't know a thing about the other, thinking to that, Sasha consoled herself with the fact that he is the same with her.

She made a simple dinner after and set up the dining table with the candles, a bottle of red wine and two plates. Looking at her handiwork, she smiled with satisfaction before rushing up the stairs to their room to have a quick bath, he will be back soon.

Sasha sat on the sofa in a short black gown waiting for her husband, her eyes glanced at the wall clock for the hundredth time, it was 11:00pm, why isn't he back yet? His normal time of coming home is 7:00, sometimes 8:00 but it's been a long time he came home this late. The candle lights was already dimming because it has burned all the wax, the food was cold but it's not a problem, she can always warm it but what is taking him so long?

She grabbed her phone and thought about calling him but decided against, her call might just infuriate him more and moreover, what's the guarantee that he will even pick up? She decided to wait a while longer. The clock showed 1:00am when Sasha looked at it this time, the candlelights has already gone off a long time ago, she got up and walked to the dining table, he is not coming back, she finally accepted, but where is he? If he knew he won't come back, why didn't he call her to tell her? Will it be that hard for him?

She silently cleared the table, she went upstairs and undress before lying on the bed, since they have been married, this is the first time Michael is not coming home and it worries her, did something happen? Did he encounter danger? She immediately brushed it out of her mind, who is Michael for him to encounter danger? She berated herself for her low thinking, but where is he?

Is he with another woman? Perhaps the lady that owns the cloth in his closet, after all, she had already confirmed that he is not a gay which means that the clothes and bags and shoes is for his girlfriend, maybe his ex?

Sasha heaved a deep sigh at her thoughts, did the lady call him and apologize? Have they made up? Is he currently with her? What are they doing? "Ah" she groaned "what are you thinking Sasha?" She asked herself but it can be the truth, she can still remember how he reacted when she took a dress from the rack, maybe he acted like that because the dresses are a love token to his ex? She just can't name it and it's not helping with the fact that this is the first time he didn't come home.

Sasha couldn't tell when she fell asleep last night, when she woke up, she instantly looked at his side on the bed but he wasn't there, she got up, dressed the bed and started preparing for work. When she got outside and walked to her car, her phone started ringing and she brought it out of her bag to look at the caller ID and it was Vanessa, her mother in law and she immediately picked the call.

"Hi mom."

"Sasha dear, how are you?" Vanessa gentle and graceful voice was heard on the other side.

"I'm okay mom, you?"

"I'm great. I was thinking, since Michael is out of the country why don't you come over and spend sometime with me, maybe we can have lunch together."

Sasha was shocked, Michael was out of the country? Why didn't he tell her, she wanted to know where he went to but can't get herself to ask her mother in law "okay mom, I will have lunch with you this afternoon."

"Alright then, I will pick you up at your office" Vanessa said.

"Sure mom. Bye."

"Bye dear."

Sasha stood outside of her car for some minutes, he left the country and he didn't tell her, she almost stayed up all night waiting for him, whereas he was

not even in the country, Sasha laughed at herself as she questioned what kind of marriage she is into. She got into the car later and drove to her office.

Just like promised, Vanessa picked her in her office with her white limousine, Janet, Agatha, Agnes and Marilyn couldn't contain the shock on their face. They just can't believe how lucky Sasha was.

They went to a luxurious restaurant, it had a mall upstairs and Vanessa said that they will go shopping after eating "this place is owned by friend, I usually come here whenever I want to eat steak, it's their signature food here" Vanessa remarked as they were handed the menu and just like she said, she ordered for steak and some other varieties. Sasha decided to follow her step and ordered exactly what she ordered.

Vanessa requested for a wine and it arrived soon after "you should know this don't you?" Vanessa asked while the waiter opened the wine and poured half a glass for them each.

"Know what?" Sasha asked timidly.

Vanessa chuckled lightly "this wine."

Sasha stared at the wine and shook her head "no I don't."

A look of surprise flashed through Vanessa's eyes before she gently smiled "it's Robert Mondavi, Michael's favourite wine."

Sasha was shocked but she soon concealed it, a soft sound of "oh" escaped through her lips, well, thanks to her mother in law, she now knows her husband's favourite wine, one down and more to go.

Vanessa watched Sasha as she tried to conceal her shock, a tender look appeared in her eyes and she smiled to the younger one, she gently picked up her hand in hers and Sasha looked at her "you know you can't hide a thing from me."

Sasha looked confused and Vanessa smiled gently "when I spoke with you this morning, I sensed your shock when I said Michael was out of the country, and right now I purposely ordered this wine to ask you and you proved me right" she sighed "things are not moving well for you and Michael isn't it? Whatever you do outside and how loving you both appear is just a facade" She stated with certainty.

Sasha sighed and bowed her head, Vanessa saw that and her heart ached for the younger girl "what makes you think you can live like this? Marriage is not a game of chess, you shouldn't take it for gamble dear."

"What I'm I to do? I just want to make it work" Sasha told her in a whisper.

"I know. You love him" Vanessa stated again and Sasha looked up at her shocked, she smiled at that "I have seen the way you look at him but he is a fool to not know that."

Sasha bowed her head again, she can't fathom how Vanessa came to know about her inner feelings "I'm sorry for arranging this marriage for you dear and I want you to know, you will always have an option" Vanessa told her.

Sasha looked up at her immediately, her eyes asking what she meant "I don't understand."

"If you think you can't carry on, you can always ask for a divorce. Although I really want you to be my daughter in law, I also can't get myself to tie you down in a loveless marriage. I have always known it will be hard for things to strike up between you two but I was almost led to believe that I was worrying for no reason when I saw how he protects you in public. But being loving outside home and being a stranger once inside is not a marriage, I can't let you be in that. If Michael doesn't turn around to know what he has, I want you to know that you have my support to divorce him."

"Mom ..."

"No" Vanessa interrupted with a smile "he is my son and I love him but I won't use because he is my son and put you in pain, you deserve better Sasha, you are a nice girl and I know my son. I have never seen him with a girl before and once I heard a rumor that he is gay" she chuckled "of course I didn't believe that but if there is one thing I know is that there is someone in his heart. Although he has never admit that to me but I have always known."

Sasha was shocked at her revelation, so her speculation is true, he loves someone and she must be the owner of the dresses at home, her heart ached at the news but all she could do was smile.

"But what I don't seem to understand is, why can't he go to her? I'm not sure the girl in question even know he loves her, she might be married for all I know" Vanessa continued "but Michael seems to want to live with the love

alone or maybe he has told the girl and it was not reciprocated, I can't tell" she looked at Sasha and smiled "that's that, if he doesn't let go of an old love to cherish you, I will even help you and ask for a divorce, he has no right to treat you whatever way he is treating you. How dare he travel without telling you?" She frowned.

That was practically the first time Sasha was seeing her frown but she couldn't worry about that yet, her mind was still thinking on the piece of news Vanessa told her, so Michael has a girl he love, maybe that's why he finds it hard to even acknowledge her, but can she bear to divorce him? She don't know and again, what about the contract, will he still give it to her if she divorce him? Well not just only about the contract, she just can't divorce him, she has waited for a long time to be by his side and she is not giving it up now, she is going to try her best to make her marriage work.

She looked at Vanessa who was watching her settle her thoughts "I think I can still hold on for now, I will wait to know if he can change for me."

Vanessa smiled "what ever you want or decide, just know that you will have me backing you up."

Sasha smiled at that and a warmth feeling flowed in her body, she really love this mother in law of hers "thank you" she bit her lower lip before looking at her again "do you know where he traveled to?"

"When I called him yesterday, he said he was going on a business trip to Amsterdam and will be back in a few days."

"Oh" was the sound Sasha made, Vanessa squeezed her hand and smiled.

Their food arrived then and after eating, Vanessa took her shopping just like she promised.

Three days later, Sasha came back from work only to be frozen at the door when she saw the man lying casually on the couch while flipping through the pages of a magazine "you are back!" She breathed but he didn't even look at her, his hand leisurely flipped the pages as he continued reading. Sasha sighed as she watched him, at least now she knows while he behaves like he do, he has been rejected by his love one, she actually found herself feeling bad for him and also wishing for him to give her a chance to love him, but will he do that? She can't even tell.

She ascended the stairs to their room where she had a quick shower before leaving for the kitchen to make dinner which she ended up eating alone because the man in the house treated her like air.

Sasha couldn't sleep well in the night, she woke up in the midnight and couldn't sleep again, her mind kept wandering wide and she kept tossing and turning on the bed. The man beside her suddenly groaned and got up from the bed, he looked at her with fierce eyes and she shivered, he got out of bed and walked to her side, he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of the bed "what are you doing Michael" she asked shocked as he dragged her.

Michael opened the door and pushed her out before shutting the door on her face, he bolted it and walked back to the bed, he fell on it and rubbed his temple. He was already finding it difficult to sleep with her by his side as his mind kept playing the memory of the night they were together and she was not helping the matter with her tossing and turning, her restlessness was just arousing him the more.

He sighed, at least now, she was no longer a meter away from him, he can easily stop thinking about that night and have a good night sleep, he thought. Sasha stood outside the closed door and sighed, she had actually been thinking of having her own room, she walked into the guest room and fell on the bed. It's a good thing the house keepers always come twice in a week to clean the house, if not the room would have been too dusty for her to settle in, after thinking for a while, she finally drifted back to sleep.

The next day, after Michael left for work, she went into the room and packed all her clothes before moving into the guest room. Michael came home that day and when he didn't see a single thing on her dressing table, he instinctively opened her wardrobe and just as he expected, it was empty, she had moved out of his room, without notice, he became angry and sad, angry because she had moved out of the room, they are husband and wife, why should she move out of his room? Sad because, he knew he was the reason, if he hadn't pushed her out of the room last night, perhaps she wouldn't have moved out and without warning, the room became empty and lonely for him.

Six months later, Sasha was in the office when her phone rang, she looked at the screen and discovered it was her mother in law that was calling, she picked it up "hi mom."

"Sasha dear, where are you?" Vanessa's gentle and graceful voice was anxious this time.

Sasha instinctively knew something was wrong and her heart pounded "I'm in the office, is something wrong?"

She heard Vanessa sighed "Come to the hospital, Michael had an accident."