

Get me married by Tori Chapter 2

Chapter 2: the beginning

LEONA CHASE I was totally dumbfounded by the way things turned out. As I walked down the stairs, my thoughts travelled far and wide for a solution to my pending problem that came in the name of a person. Jordan. How could he have demanded for such an outrageous thing? He was clearly making things difficult on purpose for me. The maids scurried away immediately they saw me, they always did that and it was flattering. Maybe I would have taunted them for a while, but I was in a deep dilemma to even bother about them. I came down the stairs and walked through the large sitting room before I came out at the entrance. My escorts and security guards that were all dressed in a black suit and shade immediately went over to their position, while one of them opened the back seat of my car for me and I stepped in. He opened the front door of the car and sat next to the driver. The driver waited till the first car moved before he followed and then the car behind us. When we started moving, my thoughts were still scrambled with the discussion I had with Jordan. I wanted what was good for my son, that's why I was pressed into doing anything so he could get those properties and the only way possible for it to happen was for him to get married as his grandfather wished. Which was an absurd wish to begin with, I didn't understand why he was adamant in getting married Jordan married before he could get access to properties that were his rights. How could getting married be a criteria to having what was his? As we drove along, I suppressed the urge to groan out loud. Things were not going as I had planned, I never knew Jordan still had his eyes on Samantha and even if he did, it was absurd to want her as a wife after so many years. She was the best daughter in law for a mother such as myself but then again, I didn't like her that much. She had the name, the reputation, plus we were pretty close friends with her family but that was it. She was a spoilt brat. I turned to my bag and picked it up, placing it on my leg, I searched for my phone and dialed a number, the number of my personal assistant. It rang for a while and she didn't pick up. I dialed the number again and waited impatiently for her to pick her phone and again she did not pick the call. I glared at my phone like it was the actual cause of my predicament, I was clearly frustrated. I dialled the number again while staring at my nails, they needed to be changed, though I had it done the previous day, but I no longer liked it on me. The phone beeped and it signified that she had picked up the phone, finally. "Good day ma'am" her voice came from the other end of the line. She sounded breathless and nervous. "Get me in touch with Samantha Brandon, I need to know her where about immediately" I said to her. "Yes ma'am" she said immediately, still trying to catch her breath. "Keep the private jet ready for me, I might be leaving town soon" I added "Yes ma'am" she repeated. "And the day you miss one of my calls again, bear it in mind that you will loose your job that same day" I said sternly before hanging up, without allowing her to explain herself. ***** GENESIS I stared in my sleep, an excruciating pain shut into my

head as I turned around on the bed, my hands automatically found my duvet and I dragged it over my body, I felt feverish and cold. I literally shivered. Then I felt someone turn on the lights, it felt like it could make me go blind forever. My hands voluntarily went to my face and covered my eyes. "Rise and shine baby" I could hear Nate speaking cheerfully. I groaned at the sound of his voice, every thing was irritating to me that morning. "Come on, its noon" the bed dipped under his weight as he came closer to me. "Babe, you can't sleep all day" he said again and I groaned louder in frustration, he was clearly annoying me that morning. My eyes slowly opened and closed again when the lighting that came from the room felt unbearable. But I opened it up again and allowed my eyes adjust to the light before I turned slowly to Nate. "My head hurts" I said in a voice that could express how I felt at that moment. "It's called a hangover, you drank a lot last night" he smiled at me. "I have always drank a lot, it has never hurt this way" I added. He suddenly stared at me concerned and came closer. His hands went to my head and then my neck. "Shit, you have caught a fever" he said with concern written all over his voice. "Great, awesome" I said sarcastically and he groaned. He got up from the bed and went over to the first aid kit and brought out a thermometer. He came back to the bed and he gestured me to open my mouth which I did. He placed the thermometer in my mouth and came down from the bed again. I fell ill, I never fell ill. I was always immune strong and was always strong, how could I had fallen sick? I needed to go back home and great..... I fell sick. When Nate came back, his hands were filled with tablets and drugs. I rolled my eyes and almost whimpered at the thought of taking those drugs. I hated drugs, I hated it so bad, I felt like I could shed tears at the sight of it. He pulled out the thermometer from my mouth and gaped at me. While I felt cold, I was beginning to fill so cold it felt like I should just wrap myself into my body but that was impossible. "Babe, we are going to the hospital" Nate said and my eyes shut open. "What? No" I protested. "You are burning up beyond words Genesis, you need more than this routine drugs" he said and came down from the bed. He walked over the ward rope and searched for a shirt for himself. "I will be fine, come on don't stress" I insisted when I saw him taking out my clothes too. He gave me no response and came back with the clothes he held in his hands. The look on his face proved he wasn't going to listen to anything I had to say. I actually regretted why I followed him to his apartment, I should have gone back to the apartment I shared with the girls and sleep myself to stupor and I didn't. "Babe, I can't take you back home looking sick please" his eyes softened and the concern in his voice was more profound. "Where the hell are you going to get money for." "Shhhh, let's get to the hospital first" he interrupted. I became more worried, I knew Nate for sure would do anything for me if he could and that was what scared me. I didn't want him spending all he had because I was sick, he still had to go home and see his parents and get a job. "Come on, I am not changing my mind" he said and helped me up. Getting up made my headache worse, I could barely stand up at the state I was in. But I had to, I needed to change the party clothes I used in sleeping into something more appealing before I get dragged to the hospital. So I slowly got up from the bed and went over to the bathroom with Nate holding me steadily like I could fall with out him. Which I didn't doubt that I would actually do. I still felt terribly cold but I pretended to be better, I could actually do anything at that moment to

escape from going to the hospital. I just hated hospital. I took off my clothes and tried my possible best to put on the cloth he gave me and sat down at the toilet seat, feeling really weak and terrified at the state I was in. I knew that my body wasn't mine, it wasn't the Genesis it was the previous night and I couldn't deny that I was not fine. "Genesis" Nate called out from the door. "Your mom would so get worried about you if you show up sick after your graduation, you" at the mention of my mom I felt the headache tearing my head into two. Gosh, the thought of my parents and how they have been striving made me worry sick immediately. Not to call it selfish, but I try my possible best not to think about them, it was always pulling me into depression and I almost died one time because I had been in a depressed state because I was thinking so much about them and my sister and one day I collapse on my way to a very important test. The doctor said a lot of gibberish and made me spend weeks in the hospital and at the end of the school year, I decided to push the thought of them away from my mind so I could focus more on my school. My head immediately felt heavy at the thought of them again, just as immediately I felt dizzy. "Babe..." This time he walked into the bathroom and stared at me concerned. I gave him a weak smile and got up from the toilet seat but that was a mistake because a nagging pain shot into my head and that was it. ABIGAIL CONNOR I felt my body going limp at the sight of my daughter Ava. Tears streamed down my cheek in a frightening way, my heart was beating so fast, I couldn't react at the sight of my little Ava lying down so lifeless. Her skin looked pale and her breathing was laboured. "What are you doing?" My husband yelled and shoved me aside. He picked up Ava by carrying her in his arms before he ran out of the kitchen. I wiped my tears and ran behind him till we came out of the house. He literally ran into the road to stop a vehicle, any vehicle that could stop so we could take Ava to the hospital. Most vehicles ignored him, by passing him by and most started yelling and cursing at him like he was a mad man. Just as he was yelling and screaming for help, I noticed a convoy coming in full speed. "Connor....Connor...." I yelled so he could hear me and get away from the road but he didn't hear me. He didn't move away and he just kept doing what he was doing, yelling and pleading for the cars and cabs that drove by for help. "Connor...." I yelled again, tears streaming from my eyes. "Get out of the way, Connor get....." the convoy was close, too close. "No...oooooooo" I screamed at the contact the car made with my husband and the convoy came to a terrifying halt. My eyes widened when I couldn't see my husband standing with Ava on the road as he was earlier before. Most cars came to a halt too and men on suit came down from the convoy. I found my legs moving to the place where he was standing with my heart in my mouth. I pushed through the men and gathering that were piling up and lunged to where he laid. His body covered that of Ava as he covered her protectively. "Connor..." I whispered in fear and panic. The fear that I had lost them both, the fear that something had happened, something I couldn't control myself. I was a terrible person when I was under pressure. He groaned and moved aside, while Ava remained unconscious. "I am fine" he said immediately, reassuring me and helping me to not have a heart attack. Then he got up while I breathed in relief and moved closer to him while he tried to carry Ava in his arms again. "Are you okay sir?" one of the men that came down from the convoy asked. "Yes..." he replied. "Are you really begging for death" a

woman said coldly while the men in suit gave way for her. She came into view and I immediately realized who she was. She was the wife of the former head of state. The sight of her frightened me, she looked angry and pissed about what had transpired between her convoy and my husband. "You can't just jump into a busy road like a mad man, has your poverty stricken self blinded you that much to not understand the difference between life and death, you almost....." "Ma'am, I am so sorry. My child is dying, I need to get her to a hospital" my husband said immediately, interrupting her outburst and ignoring the insult she gave us. "What's wrong with her?" her voice softened as her eyes immediately dashed towards Ava with concern. "She...she...." I stuttered "Get into the car" she ordered immediately without waiting for any response. *What do you think about Leona Chase?*